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THE **WOMAN'S**

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

Edited by  
**MRS. FENWICK MILLER.**

**SIGNAL**

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Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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In replying to an advertisement in this column, when the advertiser's own address is not given, but only an office number, write your letter to the advertiser and enclose it in an envelope: close this, and write (where the stamp should go), on the outside, the letter and number of the advertisement, and nothing more. Put the reply or replies thus sealed down in another envelope, together with a penny stamp for each letter you want sent on, loose in your envelope to us; address the outer envelope "WOMAN'S SIGNAL Office, 80 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, W.C.," stamp to the proper weight, and post. We will then take out and address and forward your replies to the advertiser, and further communications will be direct between you both. Postcards will not be forwarded.

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- C. 124. **WIDOW** Lady taking good house in or near town would be glad to hear from one or two ladies or gentlemen who would join her as paying guests. Moderate, inclusive terms.

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- E. 136. **FRENCH Novels**, Sale Cheap, or Exchange. Good Writers. Please send list of what offers.
- E. 137. **4 VOLS. Cloth. The Household Physician**, by J. McGRIGOR-ROBERTSON, M.B., illustrated with 400 figures and plates. 8vo. size. Cost 28s.
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# THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

## A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

Vol. VII., No. 168.]

MARCH 18, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

### A QUIET WOMAN'S SERVICES.

ON the long roll of the names of women who, in varying ways, have devoted a large part of their lives to a ministry of helpfulness to their fellow-creatures, should be placed that of Elizabeth Comstock, of Rollin, in the State of Michigan. She is one of thousands of women who have done noble service so quietly that fame has scarce noticed them, yet their efforts well deserve to be recalled for our encouragement and emulation.

Mrs. Comstock was an Englishwoman, and all her life a much esteemed member of the "Society of Friends"; a person of much intellectual ability, and well educated. Being left a widow in early middle life, with but small means, she emigrated to America with her only child, a little girl, thinking that her small capital could be turned to better account there than it could be in England.

Mrs. Wright, as her name then was, took a small shop, which, by her industry and frugality, in a few years realised for her a moderate competence, upon which she retired, feeling that there was higher work for her to do than shop-keeping. After retiring from business she devoted much time to visiting the sick and afflicted in their homes and in hospitals, work which she felt greatly called to, and for which she possessed a very special gift, which qualified her to minister to both high and low, rich or poor. After a few years, which were fully occupied in Christian work of one kind or other, Mrs. Wright was married again to Mr. John Comstock, a farmer in comfortable circumstances, living on his own land in the State of Michigan, then considered quite a Western State.

After the passing of "the Fugitive Slave Law," which made it a penal offence to shelter an escaped slave, many fugitives fled northward through Michigan into Canada, where, of course, they became free. Both Mr. and Mrs. Comstock did all in their power to assist the poor fugitives, many of whom sought and found shelter and help at their house. Mr. Comstock had always been a friend to the slaves, and was known to have a "station" on the "underground railway." Most thrilling accounts would they relate of those who had escaped by their and their neighbours' assistance.

In 1862, Mrs. Comstock was staying in New York, and felt herself called to visit the poor women and children in the hospitals, prisons, almshouses, poor houses, blind and lunatic and other asylums. A lady who felt a similar call, united with Mrs. Comstock in this work. In a letter Mrs. C. says:—

"Yesterday we went to the 'Tombs,' a large prison in the heart of the City, a sort of Newgate. It was mournful to me to see the hardened, depraved, and degraded countenances of some of the poor women there, yet there was evidence during our meeting with them that they were not wholly lost to feeling. There are thousands of children in this city from 3 to 18 or 19 years of age, in houses of refuge, houses

of correction, reform schools, and asylums of various kinds. We saw about 2,000; they were classified, the nurseries containing those under 7 years."

In such like visits, Mrs. Comstock was often engaged. There were few prisons, penitentiaries, and hospitals in the large cities and towns, that were not visited by her. Referring to the work Mrs. C. said:—

"I know I have a gift to comfort the afflicted, and for this power I do thank God. It is very touching to go to the hospitals and see the suffering there, and it is very sweet to feel that the poor sufferers are a little soothed and cheered by our loving words of sympathy."

We in England have no idea of the demands made upon the hospitality of those residing in out-of-the-way country places in America, especially in the west, where inns are far apart. When Mrs. Comstock was at home she often felt these unknown and uninvited guests somewhat burdensome, frequently having but inadequate domestic help. One day, which she had mentally devoted to letter-writing, six of these unknown and unwished for visitors put in an appearance. Number 1, a Polish Jew pedlar; 2, a negro, and then four rough, dirty looking men who were going about the country with a thrashing machine, who with their four horses wanted supper, lodging and breakfast. Sometimes such people would offer to pay for what they had received, but Mr. and Mrs. Comstock would not receive remuneration. Indeed, so universal was this sort of visiting, and so entirely the custom to give hospitality to all comers, that Mrs. Comstock would have felt herself quite disgraced had she not yielded a ready compliance. The rough and dirty were a trial; but referring to the negroes she said, "At the sight of these oppressed people, our hearts, our hands, our houses, our purses are freely opened. Would that the kindness, the sympathy, the liberality shown by the abolitionists towards the fugitives who cross their path, could wash away some of the dark stains blotting the records of this nation, could lessen the cruel wrongs heaped upon their race by ours."

In 1861, the terrible civil war between the Northern and Southern States broke out, which cost the lives of hundreds of thousands, and spread devastation and misery far and wide.

In a letter dated July 1862, Mrs. Comstock says: "We have now reached a terrible crisis in this land. Fearful accounts reach us daily of war and bloodshed, affecting details of killed and wounded." Then alluding to the defeat of the Northerners at Manasses Junction, "the poor wounded soldiers claim our earnest sympathy, where upon the space of one square mile 3,000 dead are lying, with multitudes of wounded mixed up with them. How fearful must the sufferings of the latter be in that warm country at this sultry season, lying there almost incapable of moving, and their friends compelled to retreat."

The "Society of Friends" has always been opposed to war, and Mr. and Mrs. Comstock,

holding fast to their peace principles, felt that they were in disfavour with those around them. Mrs. Comstock says: "A strong prejudice is springing up against our Society, because of our testimony against war; people look upon us as a sort of half secessionists, because we will not fight for the Union, but oppose all war." A good many young men of the Society of Friends did, however, lay aside their peace principles, and joined the army from a sense of duty.

"The war news," Mrs. Comstock writes, "is terrible, more and more awful as the strife goes on." Her keenest sympathies were aroused for the sufferers, and she left her comfortable home, resolved to endure great privation that she might be able to minister to the sick and dying soldiers.

In a letter, Mrs. Comstock says: "It is harrowing to witness the sufferings of the poor soldiers; I hear piercing shrieks from them as I walk outside while the wounds are being dressed and the limbs amputated."

About this time Mrs. Comstock was in Baltimore and visited the Penitentiary, where she found an intelligent man of about 35, sentenced to forty-five years imprisonment for helping a slave, his wife and seven children to escape! The penalty was five years incarceration for each one. The prisoner had "harboured" them, given them food, and shown them the way to Philadelphia. Another man, a coloured preacher, a very respectable man, was under sentence for 15 years for having "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in his house! There were seven prisoners in the penitentiary for "harbouring" or giving food or clothing to fugitive slaves.

About this time she wrote: "What a terrible thing this war is! There are near 100,000 sick and wounded, 35,000 in and around Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria D.C., and 12,000 in Baltimore. About half of the latter I have seen, and endeavoured, as way opened, to direct the poor sufferers to 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' They eagerly listen, and very urgent are their requests, 'Pray for me, pray for me!' Poor things, it is touching to hear their cries for their mothers, and the homes of their childhood."

One of the doctors told Mrs. Comstock that more of the young men died from home sickness than from their wounds.

"The moans, the agonised groans, and almost shrieks of the poor sufferers seem to enter my very soul. But I have felt that it is a blessed commission to comfort the afflicted, to soothe the sufferer, to guide the wanderer to the fold."

Some time later she wrote: "The poor soldiers are dying off rapidly for want of proper nourishment." When this became known, some rich people did what they could to supply some of the most pressing needs, and entrusted Mrs. Comstock with their benefactions; and a great joy it was to her to be able to alleviate some of the misery caused by the want of real necessities.

The condition of the sick and wounded was bad enough among the Northern troops, but it was ten times worse in the South, and in the wretched places in the South where Northern prisoners of war were immured, the state of things was most terrible, and the consequent sickness very great. In the Libby prison, the food *each day* for a man was about 2 ounces of boiled meat (taken out of the soup), and a small piece of bread; *occasionally* some wretched soup and another piece of hard, dry dirty bread made of Indian corn and the cob ground with it was also given in the evening. The wretched men's hunger was at times almost intolerable, and they sold nearly everything they possessed, clothing included, to obtain food; but the dirt was almost as great an infliction as the want of food. One officer, a relation of one of Mrs. Comstock's friends, was not able to wash even his face for two months. Mrs. Comstock visited the hospitals in the States of Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, as well as in Northern States; in many places the hospital accommodation was carried on in churches, asylums, and other public buildings, the hospital itself being utterly insufficient to house the sick and wounded. In all places her visits were much appreciated, and she was warmly received by those in authority, as well as by the poor sufferers. She received many letters from those in authority, sanctioning her work.

In many of the visits she was accompanied by another lady, who showed her sympathy in Mrs. Comstock's labours by her helpful companionship. They had to endure great privations, and put up with such wretched accommodation as would have deterred many from prosecuting such work. Sometimes they could stay at the house of a "friend," but the Southern "friends" had generally been stripped of all they possessed by the foraging soldiers, and were living on army rations, without which they must have starved. Even ancient and wealthy families were brought to this pass, and endured many perils and much suffering through the war.

At last, as we know, the resources of the South were so exhausted, and their defeats so signal, that the Confederates capitulated; but not before President Lincoln had issued a proclamation setting all the slaves free. The Northerners rejoiced exceedingly at the conclusion of the war; the whole country was for a time in joyful excitement when, in the moment of their greatest triumph, the awful news that their honoured and beloved President Lincoln had been assassinated, sent a thrill of horror, anguish and indignation throughout the land. The coloured population felt President Lincoln's death a dreadful disaster to them, and when Mr. Hayes, and not General Grant, was elected to be the President, they lost heart; a sentiment of distrust and apprehension spread among the newly-freed people, who feared to remain amidst their old masters. This led to a very extensive emigration towards the North; and the then new State of Kansas was regarded as the land of promise, to which the alarmed Freedmen directed their steps. They arrived in that State in such numbers and in so destitute a condition that the somewhat sparse population then resident there were utterly unable to cope with the situation.

Mrs. Comstock, who was enjoying the rest and quiet of home after her arduous labours among the soldiers, felt herself impelled once more to deny herself this well-earned rest, and proceeded to Kansas and put forth her earnest efforts to meet the emergency. The Governor of the State was ready to co-operate with her in the work and to give her all the assistance which his position enabled him to afford.

Appeals for aid in money and clothing were made, and help came from all parts of the Northern States, and also from England. The labour involved in the distribution of goods, and helping the people to get employment, &c., was immense, and continuous for a long time, until the coloured people gradually settled down on the lands allotted to them or found suitable employment.

Mrs. Comstock did not return home until the difficulties of the position seemed to be mostly overcome. In the course of a few months, however, came urgent requests that she would return, as the exodus from the South was larger than ever. Mrs. Comstock would have been glad to be excused from such arduous work again, as she felt her health to be impaired by all she had gone through. She said in a letter, "I long for the rest and quiet of home, but am urged so strongly to go back to Kansas speedily, that I fear I must go soon. When we went there last year the work was very heavy, there were only 10,000 refugees there then; now there are 50,000, and more coming daily."

So, soon, Mrs. Comstock took up the work again, and for some months was indefatigable in her efforts on behalf of the poor destitute ones for whom she felt so much. But the constant strain upon her strength, and the exposure to cold, thoroughly undermined her health, and she returned home an invalid, and continued in shattered health a long time. "I feel a prematurely old woman, and am advised by my physician to do nothing but sleep, eat, and vegetate."

Her public work was now pretty well over; but when strong enough she wrote letters and addressed meetings on behalf of the poor refugees, who needed all the help their friends could obtain for them, and as long as health permitted she was always ready for any service which she could perform.

Her declining years were peacefully passed with those dearest to her, in a pretty country home at Union Springs. She lived until August, 1891, when she was called from the service of earth to the joyful service of Heaven.

ONE WHO KNEW HER.

## SENTIMENT AND SENSE.

BY O. ESLEIE-NELHAM.

"I THINK it is so nice for women just to be womanly," observed the conventional prig. "I cannot myself understand how they can desire to be anything else."

"Nor I," coincided the brisk busybody. "I should like to have a definition of the thing you speak of," interposed, dispassionately, the rational weigher of words. "Of womanliness?" simultaneously ejaculated the other two.

"Yes," answered the temperate weigher; "it is a term that is rather frequently adverted to in these days; indeed, one might say that it is brought forward *ad nauseum*, and yet one wonders if any of those who so glibly insist on womanliness have ever studied the heights of womanliness and depths thereof."

"Do you think the thing wants so many words?" objected the prig, glancing at the reasoner with a pitying smile. "Surely it is simple enough; to be pure-minded, self-sacrificing, devoted to duty, and to keep well within her sphere."

"That sounds terse enough, certainly, but before we can accept that as a definition we must proceed to define two of the clauses of your sentences; we must know exactly what the duty is that demands her allegiance, and we must ascertain definitely where lies the boundaries of her sphere."

"But, my dear sir," objected the busybody, "surely it is altogether unnecessary to go into these matters to define things that are generally

understood; everyone knows by instinct what a woman ought to be and do."

"You will pardon me, I'm sure," courteously intimated the weigher, veiling his impatience with a suave smile, "but my profession demands such exactness that the explanations you give, the reasons you are pleased to assign, do not impress me as being reasons at all, but merely as surface phrases. May I ask you again kindly to define instinct?"

"Instinct," stammered the busybody, "it's difficult to say, and rather unpleasant to be expected to give an account of every thought one utters."

"But if those thoughts are, so to say, allowed to rule other people's lives, is it not rather unpleasant and unjust that they should be permitted to do so if one is not able to give an exact account, a reasonable exposition of the faith one holds?"

"It is all very well, in a general way, to insist on exactness," exclaimed the prig, "but certain facts of nature do not require to be argued about; there they are, straight before you, and all the reason in the world will not make the ordinary man see what he has not been accustomed to believe."

"In that case it is fair to assume that the ordinary individual lives in unthinking subjection to custom, regulating his life in obedience to the feelings engendered by it; he does not order his life, or the lives of those about him, by reason or by personal judgment. He is the blind slave of rooted ideas."

"Yes, I suppose he is, what then," asked the busybody, with something of defiance in his tone, "the ideas that guided our forefathers are good enough for us."

"Not for me," maintained the weigher with lofty pride; "I consider myself, and every aspiring human being, such an advance mentally, morally and physically upon our ancestors, that I should no more dream of ordering my life in conformity with their erroneous notions, than I should cast in my lot with savage cannibals, accepting their standard of ethics."

"Don't you think it rather arrogant to talk like that, and to exhibit such scorn for the past?" observed the virtuous prig.

"Arrogant? No, I think I only display justifiable pride when I exult in the fact that I am a human being of the nineteenth century. I should have thought myself that the latter performance was more derogatory to the dignity of womanhood than the other. Will you kindly explain why you countenance it of preference?"

The busybody and the prig turned a lowering, speechless look upon the questioner. The weigher, seeing that they were stricken dumb, veiled his mirth, and sedately observed: "You have no explanation ready. I will give you your answer. It proceeds from the attitude I ventured to accredit you with before; at heart you still desire the woman to be the creature of your convenience; you do not want her to be your helpful councillor and true comrade. That being so, your utterances about the sacredness of womanhood prove themselves to be merely sentimental. Where your entertainment and so on is concerned, no profound sentiment for the dignity of womanliness restrains you; you do not care what publicity surrounds her, in what indecent garment she capers for your pleasure. No feeling for outraged womanhood bids you pause, or turn aside; you like to be entertained and so you are content. You want your feminine comrades to minister to your pleasure only; not to give you instruction or helpful advice, as they are so well qualified to do. If you can quietly see lower class women dishonoured without pity, satisfied as long as your own women are kept immaculate, it is clear that you are not animated by public-spirited zeal for women at large, but rather by a kind of narrow and jealous regard for the feminine complement of your own household."

"Well, of course, we naturally prefer to look after our own women; let others see to theirs," commented the prig, without having the least suspicion that he entirely overlooked the principle involved in the foregoing argument, or that he made clearly manifest the callous selfishness of his nature.

The weigher seeing how futile it was to attempt to bring light into the prejudiced

darkness of conventional prigs and busybodies gave up the endeavour, deciding mentally, that such persons must not be reasoned with, but must be left to accommodate themselves as best they could, to the new views and customs that must inevitably obtain. As he rose to go, he could not resist firing a parting shot, and observed drily, "The idea of the day seems to be that women are quite equal to looking after themselves." Seeing that the others had no answer ready, he added, "and, when we see the womanly woman in her completeness we shall allow that she is well qualified to do so. We can call no unit a genuinely 'womanly' woman until that unit has attained to the ultimate possibilities of womanhood. The womanly woman of past sentiment was an ignorant and enslaved weakling unworthy of the name to which she aspired. The true woman of the future will have nothing feeble about her, she will be mentally, morally and physically strong, a royal and capable creature."

"Your view is exactly the same in all essentials," maintained the weigher, in righteous displeasure, "you would have bound down women for ever, to be the creatures of your convenience; it is owing to no generous help of yours, but only to their own heroic endeavours, only to their own noble appreciation of their grand powers that they have advanced at all. You have made every step forward they have taken woefully bitter, woefully hard, and you deny them, now, even at this day, the legitimate fruits of their toil. You bar their way, putting endless obstacles in their path and trying to hem them in, but you will never succeed in putting limits to 'their sphere,' because their sphere is limitless. It is such a monotonous old story, this putting difficulties in the way of those who try to advance, that one wonders the conventional do not see for themselves how foolish and futile the repetition is. Since the beginning of time, always the same; contumely and derision showered on the pioneers, and when the pioneers have gone steadily to work, and have undermined the mountains of custom, then the tame acceptance of the new paths they have levelled."

"I wonder you never went into Parliament," exclaimed the bored busybody, with a view to changing the subject, "you appear to be quite an orator."

"Well, I rather think of letting my name be put up when some lady members are elected."

"Lady members!" ejaculated the others, in shocked resentment, "you surely do not want to see women taking part in Parliament?"

"Taking part in the councils of the nation, certainly I do. Do you see any objection to lady actors, lady singers; I need not ask, seeing the countenance their exhibition receives, whether you object to feminine dancers? I should have thought myself that the latter performance was more derogatory to the dignity of womanhood than the other. Will you kindly explain why you countenance it of preference?"

The busybody and the prig turned a lowering, speechless look upon the questioner. The weigher, seeing that they were stricken dumb, veiled his mirth, and sedately observed: "You have no explanation ready. I will give you your answer. It proceeds from the attitude I ventured to accredit you with before; at heart you still desire the woman to be the creature of your convenience; you do not want her to be your helpful councillor and true comrade. That being so, your utterances about the sacredness of womanhood prove themselves to be merely sentimental. Where your entertainment and so on is concerned, no profound sentiment for the dignity of womanliness restrains you; you do not care what publicity surrounds her, in what indecent garment she capers for your pleasure. No feeling for outraged womanhood bids you pause, or turn aside; you like to be entertained and so you are content. You want your feminine comrades to minister to your pleasure only; not to give you instruction or helpful advice, as they are so well qualified to do. If you can quietly see lower class women dishonoured without pity, satisfied as long as your own women are kept immaculate, it is clear that you are not animated by public-spirited zeal for women at large, but rather by a kind of narrow and jealous regard for the feminine complement of your own household."

"Well, of course, we naturally prefer to look after our own women; let others see to theirs," commented the prig, without having the least suspicion that he entirely overlooked the principle involved in the foregoing argument, or that he made clearly manifest the callous selfishness of his nature.

The weigher seeing how futile it was to attempt to bring light into the prejudiced

darkness of conventional prigs and busybodies gave up the endeavour, deciding mentally, that such persons must not be reasoned with, but must be left to accommodate themselves as best they could, to the new views and customs that must inevitably obtain. As he rose to go, he could not resist firing a parting shot, and observed drily, "The idea of the day seems to be that women are quite equal to looking after themselves." Seeing that the others had no answer ready, he added, "and, when we see the womanly woman in her completeness we shall allow that she is well qualified to do so. We can call no unit a genuinely 'womanly' woman until that unit has attained to the ultimate possibilities of womanhood. The womanly woman of past sentiment was an ignorant and enslaved weakling unworthy of the name to which she aspired. The true woman of the future will have nothing feeble about her, she will be mentally, morally and physically strong, a royal and capable creature."

## A HYGIENIC HOSPITAL.

(A RECORD FOR VEGETARIANS.)

BY DR. T. R. ALLINSON.

As far as I know the Hygienic Hospital at Willesden Junction was the first Vegetarian and Hygienic Hospital in the United Kingdom. Its origin is due to my medical editorship of the *Weekly Times and Echo*. In 1885 I began to contribute a weekly medical article for this paper and give hygienic medical advice. Readers soon found out that hygienic treatment was much better than drug treatment, and I was frequently asked to start a hospital on hygienic lines. But I was too busy, and the treatment was too new to ask the public to support. In 1888 a Mrs. Masson, of North Kensington, was told she had ovarian dropsy, and must undergo operation. She came to see me, was dieted, and got rid of her trouble. As a mark of gratitude her husband asked me whether he might try to get up subscriptions to start a Hygienic Hospital. Leave was given, meetings were called, and nearly £200 was promised. A committee was formed, Mr. Hills kindly promised a generous donation yearly, and everything seemed to be on a fair way for its establishment.

But there was some dispute about the religious question, and I backed out. I have made it a rule from the first to let the Hygienic Hospital be unsectarian. All creeds are found in it, and therefore we cannot honestly allow one denomination to annoy the others by holding services, but patients can go to any church or chapel they like if such preachers do not make their complaints worse. The committee broke up, but many of those who had promised subscriptions were willing to give them on condition that a hospital was started. Mr. and Mrs. May, of Harlesden, took the thing in hand; we hired an empty house in Ruckledge-avenue, Willesden, bought beds, and furnished the place as far as our scanty means allowed. Patients soon came in, and thus the Hygienic Hospital began. Mr. and Mrs. May acted as Master and Matron for about two years, and worked willingly without pay for love of the cause. After a little time we had more applications for treatment than we had room for, and so hired another house next door. Now the Hygienic Hospital consists of two houses, 154 and 156, Ruckledge-avenue. We can treat 28 patients at a time, and our average is about twenty all the year round. We have no funds, therefore all the patients pay for their treatment. The poorer pay 10s. 6d. a week, others 12s. 6d., and there are some few who pay £1 1s. for a little room all to themselves. So far we have managed to survive, we receive every week a few shillings as subscriptions, and if there is

any deficiency I am responsible. When we have run into debt, we have had a "Living Pictures" display, and so got free. We have no free beds, because we have no funds, and no yearly subscribers.

All kinds of diseases have been successfully treated at this Hospital. We get a great many dyspeptics; diet works wonders for these. Sufferers from rheumatism get great relief from our non-flesh diet, baths, and massage. Sciatica and lumbago are usually cured in a short time. Cancers are only relieved, rarely cured, because they come to us too late. Sufferers from scrofula receive much benefit and are often turned out cured. We rarely use the knife, for we find that hygienic treatment often cures without it.

A day in the hospital passes as follows: The meal times are 8 a.m., 1 p.m., 6 p.m., and there is cocoa at 9 p.m.; this is our ordinary diet. Breakfast and tea meals consist of four or six ounces wholemeal bread and butter, four or six ounces fresh raw fruit, or whatever green stuff is in season, and a large cup of cocoa or milk and water. Dinner varies. One day we have a vegetable stew, wholemeal bread, and pudding; another day, macaroni, green vegetables, and wholemeal bread pudding; a third day there are vegetables, sauce, bread and pudding. A fourth day we have potatoes and onions made into a savoury and eaten with bread, and a pudding to follow. We never have had any white bread in the Hospital, nor are any patients ever allowed coffee or tea. We are strictly vegetarian, no beef tea, mutton broth, meat extract, or animal essence has ever been prescribed. We are also purely without drugs. During the seven years we have been established we have not spent more than a pound on drugs, and what has been spent has been on a few ointments to kill parasites, and a few doses of male fern to poison tapeworm. Constipation is treated by appropriate foods, or the use of the enema. Pain is relieved by hot fomentations and diet. The only applications we use for wounds and sores is unsalted lard. This is not a vegetarian preparation, but it is convenient to get, and at present I know of no good substitute. The windows are open night and day in all weathers. The patients go out twice or thrice daily, according to strength and complaint. We have a bathroom, but do not use packs as in the hydropathic establishments, chiefly for two reasons. Those who believe in the water cure use packs instead of drugs, so do not pay that attention to diet which is so necessary in disease. Secondly, packs can do harm as well as drugs.

We trust to Nature and a properly regulated life, and, so far, we have not needed to repent it. In proportion to our size we turn out more cures than any hospital in the world. We also live strictly on temperance principles; no intoxicants have ever been used in the treatment of disease. Tobacco is absolutely forbidden, and any patient known to be using it whilst with us is liable to instant dismissal.

We use massage in cases of rheumatism, and in all kinds of paralysis with splendid results. Mrs. Dorrington Boyle comes twice a week and gives massage to those patients who need scientific massage. I visit the patients twice a week, and diet them and order exercise or rest according to the disease. We have treated some thousands of sufferers and with surprisingly good results. Ulcerated legs are usually cured in four or six weeks by rest in bed and a non-flesh diet. Diseased bone often works out when the patient is properly dieted, and the need for operation is done away with. Dropsy from heart disease is often got rid of by rest

and a non-flesh diet. That arising from kidney disease is more stubborn, but many cases have been cured. We have successfully treated diphtheria. Inflammation of the lungs, pleurisy, inflammation of the bowels, inflammation of the brain, &c., are successfully treated by a diet of milk and barley water every four hours, rest in bed, a daily warm sponge bath, good ventilation, and hot fomentations to the affected part. Erysipelas, sufferers from abscess, and local inflammations receive the same treatment and usually get well very quickly.

We have had a few operations, and all did well. The most serious was amputation of the arm at the upper third. The patient was suffering from cancer of the wrist which defied dieting. Our surgeon operated, the patient did well, there was never any rise of temperature, and she was discharged well in fourteen days. Her diet was milk and barley water for four days after the operation, then wholemeal bread and milk sop a few days, lastly our ordinary diet.

From a purely scientific standpoint, a vegetarian diet is superior to any other in the treatment of disease. Under it disease is shortened, death is rare, pain is at the minimum, and convalescence is short. We are also non-vivisectionists, we do not believe that experiments on animals will do good or help us in relieving suffering humanity. Our Hospital has also another good point, it shows patients the value of diet in disease, and that meat is not a necessity for life. This coming year I hope to hand over the Hospital to a committee and have it made more central, and turned into a regular hospital to compete with the other large hospitals of London. It has worked wonders in my hands, and now it must be given to the world to cure some of the thousands of sufferers that need its beneficial aid.

**EYES THAT WAIT IN VAIN.**

By MAY LEWIS SMITH.

THE church was beautifully decorated for the harvest festival, and a general air of festivity prevailed.

The pulpit was almost hidden beneath a wealth of snowy blossoms, interspersed with trailing ivy.

The lavish gifts of fruit, and roots, and grain seemed to speak of thankful hearts and generous hands offering of their abundance a tithe to the Giver of all.

A wretched figure, hunger stamped on every feature of his face, and poverty crying aloud from every seam of his worn and threadbare clothing, crouched behind a festooned pillar.

Opposite to him, above the preacher's desk, on an illuminated scroll, he read: "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

"In due season; my eyes ache with the 'waiting,' but the 'due season' never comes," he muttered, and, faint from lack of food, and lulled by the subdued singing, he dropped asleep, listening to the words, "God our Maker doth provide for our wants to be supplied." He dreamed that he had entered Heaven in the train of an angelic band, returning from a mission to the earth.

To his surprise, he found that those mild, benignant-looking spirits were holding an indignation meeting among themselves, and he caught such expressions as "intercepted supplies," "fraudulent trustees," as they swept onward to present their record at the throne of the Most High. With awe and trembling joy he fell prostrate before the great All Father, and when once more sight and hearing were restored he found that a register was being presented, wherein were written those who had received much in trust under the Father's will, but had not duly distributed that which was left in their charge. Then, from the Great Throne the fiat went forth that they should

be called "to give an account of their stewardship." For "Now is the judgment of this world." It was found that there had been no lack of supply—for food was spoiling and clothing becoming moth-eaten while many died of want and cold. Then, painted by an invisible hand, two pictures appeared before the throne.

On one side great barns were filled to overflowing, which their owner, contemplating, says, "I will build greater," and in the forefront appeared tables laden with dainties, fruit and wines and luscious foods, but all sternly guarded from the threatened onslaught of a foe, at first unseen.

Turning to discover the reason for this care—the second picture met the eye—of starving outcasts, famine pinched, in the midst of plenty, who look with longing eyes, and vainly outstretched hands—hands destined never to be filled—until the "elder brother" sees with his Father's eye—that "this thy son" may be otherwise written and read as "this my brother." Seeing food piled near in such abundant plenty, the stowaway within the heavenly gates cried aloud, and stretched his hands for succour, and all sternness vanished from the judge's face, as the Father spoke, "Give ye him to eat."

Quickly the food was brought and placed within his reach. But the cry for aid had been no dream, it roused him partially, to see, as he fancied, the food his gracious Father had bestowed. As he began to eat, with the eagerness born of his great need, he was seized by those around.

And while the officer of the law waited with his hand upon the prisoner's arm, the minister of "good news" sternly rebuked him. Taking for his text the words "Will a man rob God?" he showed how depraved must be the condition of one who, taking advantage of the crowded state of the church, carried on his sinful practices within the very walls of God's temple. The magistrate decided, judging from the man's appearance of poverty, that no doubt his object in appearing among the festival crowd was to relieve his neighbours of their purses and other gear, and though no money was found on his person he probably had associates who had escaped. He was therefore sentenced to two months hard labour. The sentence was never completed, for the victim died in three days. But, "verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

**GOSSIP.**

PERSONAL interest, personal attachments, personal prejudices are, whether we own it or not, the ruling bias of all us women; and from this peculiarity, which, when rightly guided, constitutes woman's chiefest strength and charm, springs the hateful propensity to tittle-tattle—the love of gossip—proverbially an attribute of women-kind.

Men, whose habits of thought and action are more selfish and less personal than ours, are, truth to tell, very seldom given to gossiping. They will take a great interest in the regrettable blunder of Dr. Jameson, or the cooking of their own dinner; but any intermediate topic, such as their neighbour's domestic mismanagement, or the extravagance of Mr. So-and-So's wife, are trifles quite beneath their notice.

No! It is the women—nearly always the women—who poke about in the dark passages of the world, unearthing secrets which, spread abroad by that delicate little member, called in Scripture "a fire, a world of iniquity," shakes society to its lowest foundations. In the narrowness or blankness of their daily lives—especially the unmarried, rich and idle—they are glad to catch at any straw of interest and, though not otherwise ill-natured, are pleased with the misfortunes of their neighbours, simply because it gives them something to talk about. But, after all, it is not the "gift of the gab" that does the harm, it is the lamentable fact that whether from a superabundance of the imaginative faculty, or a readiness to jump at conclusions, and represent facts, not as they are, but as they appear to their presenters, very many women are not absolutely veracious. Inwardly, they love truth, and

yet they habitually give to things a slight colouring cast by their own personality, never telling a direct lie, but frequently a prevaricated truth.

And herein lies the danger of gossip. If people who are inclined to gossip at least told absolute truth about their neighbours, it would not so much matter; but instead they speak what they imagine, or think, or wish, and this is at the root of nearly all the family feuds, lost friendships, cut acquaintances, with which the world is so pitifully rife. Truly gossip—public, private, social—is the curse of civilised life.

And yet to fight against it, either by word or pen, seems like fighting with shadows. Everyone laughs at it, protests against it, blames and despises it, yet everybody at least encourages it. We must talk about something, and it is not all of us who can find a rational topic of conversation, or discuss it when found. Many too, who in their hearts hate the very name of tale-bearing, are fearful of raising their voices against it, lest they should be ridiculed for Quixotism; others, from mere idleness and indifference, are drifted away by the unclean stream.

But how is this curse to be removed? How are hundreds of well-meaning women, who in their hearts really like and respect each other, who, did troubles come to any of them, would be ready with countless mutual kindnesses, and among whom the unexpected coming of death would subdue to honest praise every idle tongue, and silence for ever every bitter word against the neighbour departed; how are they to be taught to be every day as generous, liberal-minded, and considerate—in brief, as womanly, as they decidedly are in adversity? How are they to be made to feel the littleness, the ineffably pitiful littleness, of raking up and criticising every peculiarity of manner, temper, habits, character, word, action, motive, children, servants, furniture, and dress, thus constituting themselves the amateur (not scavengers, for they leave the streets clean), but chiffoniers of all the foul by-ways and alleys of society, while the bright, beautiful, busy world, with its countless interests amusements and pleasures, lies open before them.

A complete revolution is, I fear, quite hopeless this side the gates of Paradise; yet every woman has it in her power personally to withstand the spread of this plague of tongues, since it lies in her own volition what she will do with her own, which takes its character solely from the manner in which it is used.

First, let every one of us cultivate in every word that issues from our mouth absolute truth; even in the most every-day statements we cannot be too exact. The "hundred cats" that the child saw fighting "on our back wall," and which afterwards dwindled down to "our cat and another," is not so foolish a story as it appears. It is too near frequent practices.

Again, let us remember that it is impossible for any human being with two eyes, two ears, one judgment, and one brain, all more or less limited in the apprehensions of external things, and biased by a thousand internal impressions purely individual, to decide on the plainest actions and words of another, to say nothing of the motives which can only be apparent to the Omniscient Himself.

For His sake, therefore, let us be "quick to hear and slow to speak," slowest of all to speak any evil, or listen to it about anybody; the good we need be less careful over; we rarely hear too much of that. Remember this, judgment is pre-eminently the prerogative of the Most High; for those who usurp it was uttered that solemn warning, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

**THAT WHICH IS TO BE.**

HE who would win the name of truly great must understand his own age and the next, and make the present ready to fulfil. Its prophecy, and with the future merge gently and peacefully as wave with wave. The world advances, and in time outgrows the laws that in our fathers' days were best.

—James Russell Lowell.

**A LETTER FROM MISS WILLARD.**

Castile, N.Y., Feb. 28th, 1897.

MRS. FENWICK MILLER,—My ever dear friend, —Thank you very much for your most kind letter, and for the book which "our folks" are reading to their great pleasure, for they are tremendous admirers of "the new woman." I shall be sending you items from time to time and letters once in a while. I would send you anything I could that you cared about. I get the paper regularly now, and it is a great pleasure. Give my love to your dear daughters. I am glad they think well of me, as I certainly do of their mother.

I will not go into the subject of our beloved Lady's illness; you may imagine what I have endured, but the anxiety now seems to be over. I am hoping she will get a good rest, and rejoice that she is in such excellent care and loving companionship.

Our work here was never doing better; all goes well and the outlook is bright. We fully believe the Arbitration Treaty will be adopted. The delay, we think, is simply a hateful piece of personal jealousy on the part of certain members of the Senate towards the President. We are hoping greatly that the Powers will allow Greece to take possession of Crete, and we hope for the freedom of Cuba. The world is certainly moving along, although by a hitch here and a hitch there, like a very slow team that finds it hard to get under way and keep its equilibrium.

I am fast growing strong and am working very hard in a quiet cottage in this mountain health resort. Our hostess is a dear wise woman who was once a noble and helpful teacher.

Not a stone's throw from this congenial environment, where we are all growing better in mind, body and estate, is the sanitarium, which without ever putting a line of advertisement in any paper has always more patrons than it can possibly accommodate, and is, in my opinion, the most thoroughgoing rest for weary women that can be found on this terrestrial ball. Dr. Cordelia A. Greene is a chemical amalgam of saint and scientist (and her associates, Drs. Slade and Findley, are worthy of her). She is a Presbyterian without

narrowness, and a Christian without cant, a humble-minded little child in her spirit, the gentlest of women in her voice and bearing, but when decisions must be made, although in manner she is flexible as the Indian's bow, her splendid will sends home its arrow with a force that lodges it precisely where she purposes it to go. Dr. Greene is so generous a woman that she has always desired to help those who were workers for God and humanity, no matter whether they could give her any adequate return or not, and she has made it a fixed rule not to take a larger number than she could personally attend. Her ingenuity of method, her gentle, slow approaches whereby we are led on to change diet and dress until both are perfectly hygienic, her beaming face and loving smile as she encourages us to accept the highest and best things in mind and body, I have never seen approached by any other caretaker of that "worn garment of the soul," which as she often mildly says, "I try to mend." In her talks with me she has repeatedly said, "You owe everything to your magnificent heredity, to the fact that you come of generations of people who did not abuse their physical organization by bad habits, and to a mother whose constitution you inherit, and whose devoted care of you when you were a child it has always touched my heart to hear about; you have a right to expect to live to be at least eighty years of age; there is plenty of vitality, a surprising amount of reserve power, a quick response to every opportunity of improvement; the only trouble is you have lived wholly above here," with a gesture across the neck. "One's body is like a household, and you have been like a mother who pays attention to one child only and lets the others go to destruction. But your Heavenly Father has been very good to you, and now that you have become a more docile daughter of His I fully expect to see you not only as well as you have been for years past, but so strong that you will thoroughly enjoy life and do perhaps better work in the future than you have ever achieved in the past."

Now I would not write this out except that some misinformed journalistic friends of ours have stated that my case was serious, and that I had grown much worse since I came here. What folly! I am 50 per cent. better than I was in St. Louis, and you know I went through

the Convention there without missing any of my duties.

With every affectionate remembrance, I am, your sister,—  
FRANCES E. WILLARD.

**THE EVIL POWER.**

THE late Bishop Brooks, in a most suggestive sermon on the "Mystery of Iniquity," comes to the following conclusion. "If," says Brooks, "we try to generalise them (the phenomena of sin), and find out thus something of the real nature of sinfulness, I do not think it would be hard to read one general character in all these various workings. They all show that wonderful activity, mobility, facility, malignity, which we always conceive of as belonging to a personality. We have almost been driven to a personal phraseology in speaking of them. When we see some force working its way with restless energy against the sluggishness of higher forces, choosing its persons and points of attack, choosing its times of action with some marvellous discrimination, putting on, when need demands it, the cloak and mask of a diviner power, malignantly, dexterously, with such strange choice doing its work—what better conception can we form of it than that which the sublime language of Scripture gives as of a personal evil, a Satan, a bad spirit set to the endless work of thwarting God and ruining the hope of man."

It is quite true, as Bishop Brooks remarks, and as everybody knows who thinks at all, that reason may find difficulties in such a doctrine, but it has in its favour the authority of Jesus Christ, and the deepest convictions of earnest men who study the most, and who struggle the most against, this power working for unrighteousness. Would it not be well to pay more heed to this view of things? Readers of the *Drama of Exile* may remember how Mrs. Browning's Lucifer speaks to the angel Gabriel:—

"Farewell Gabriel!  
Watch out thy service; I achieve my will.  
And peradventure in the after years,  
When thoughtful men shall bend their spacious brows  
Upon the storm and strife seen everywhere  
To ruffle their smooth manhood and break up  
With lurid lights of intermittent hope  
Their human fear and wrong—they may discern  
The heart of a lost angel in the earth."  
*Australian Christian World.*

REJOICE in the joy of life. Be touched with tenderness and sympathy for all this life that can feel and can suffer, and do not dare to add a pang to the burden of the world's sorrow.

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

SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

It may quite safely be said that no Briton, with a true British heart, of whatever political "colour," but felt a thrill of disgust and repugnance at hearing that the British fleet had taken a share in the shelling of the Cretan insurgents. The Conservative tries to believe that it was inevitable, while the Liberal gives free scope to his disgust without seeking for the excuses and reasons why. But all alike loathe the broad fact that British power has been exercised in the Sultan's service, and that British blue-jackets have been compelled to fire shells at a people who have given us no offence except by struggling to free themselves from the execrable rule of the blood-stained Turk.

Yet, under our own flag, it appears from last week's evidence before the South African Commission, a sort of slavery, based on and upheld by the torture of the whip, is maintained. It was given in evidence that the native chiefs are com-

elled to send in as many men to work in the mines as the Chartered Company want, that those men must work for any master to whom they are assigned, for as many hours as they are ordered, and for practically no wages—a shilling a month. If they refuse to work they are flogged. While such dealings go on under the suzerainty of the Queen, perhaps the Continental Potentates are entitled to jeer at our anxiety to free the oppressed from foreign tyranny in remote lands. How sorrowful it all is.

With regard to South Africa, the revelations of this Commission should prevent the formation and authorisation of any more "Chartered Companies"—people seeking simply their own financial benefit, holding practically sovereign power in their own hands, yet able to involve the Imperial Government in the disgrace of their misdeeds. And with regard to Greece and Crete, must we not recognise the necessity for a more open system of diplomacy in a democratic State? The male portion of the nation is supposed to be the depository of national power, and yet our Ministers can enter into serious agreements, can use the nation's armed forces, can even actually declare war, without the nominal masters of the State knowing anything at all about it till the whole thing is over and the mischief is done. These old methods of diplomacy, continued under the altogether altered and new conditions of democratic rule, affords a probably dangerous illustration of the evils of "putting new wine into old bottles."

Mr. Augustine Birrell well observed the other day on the contrast between the Queen's own messages to the people, with their unaffected style and their depth of sympathy, and on occasion their vivid patriotism, and the stilted, dry words commonly put into her mouth by her ministers. The Queen has, indeed, an individual style, and an excellent one; very simple and unaffected, yet forcible and attractive. Lord Palmerston admired it much in his day; he was charmed with the letter that the Queen wrote to Louis Philippe on "the Spanish marriages," and says that "it was quite her own, and I did not see it till she had finished it, but I concurred in every word," and he further described it as a "tickler." Again, when her Majesty had given him her views under the guise of what she would have said if she had been in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston replied that "it was fortunate for those who were opposed to her Majesty in opinion that she could not speak in the House of Commons." Moreover, the Queen has two styles, both equally individual and excellent—the State and the familiar styles.

A point worth emphasising was mentioned by Dr. Mary Scharlieb at the annual meeting of the New Hospital for Women. It is that the hospital, with its exclusively female management in every department, is conducted as economically as successfully. Another hospital for women, of the same size and in-patient accommodation, spent £1,500 more last year than the Euston-road charity expended.

One of our correspondents suggests that nurses are made too much fuss over, and that they are no better than many other classes of workers. Well, but some allowance must be made for the admiration excited by the public knowledge (in their case as in that of soldiers) that they must at any moment be prepared to take their lives in their hands in the performance of their ordinary duty, and, moreover that it is very rare for a nurse to flinch from the peril of nursing the most infectious cases. Heroism greater than that of the battle-field is thus daily quietly shown by unpretending, simple-minded women, and it deserves honour. This week six English nurses have been sent out to Bombay to nurse the plague-stricken. Not only was there not the smallest difficulty in finding women ready to go, but a singularly heroic volunteer stepped forward, in the person of Catherine McIntosh, one of the sisters at the Government Civil Hospital at Hong Kong, who had a good deal of experience in plague nursing when the disease was prevalent there. She actually then caught the plague and nearly died, and was in consequence granted 12 months' furlough. She has had only six months of it, and now volunteers to return, with her special knowledge, to work in Bombay. But still, women do not fight—they only risk life and health for mercy's sake; and that does not count for courage!

At the annual meeting of the London Temperance Hospital, the Duke of Westminster, president of the hospital, occupied the chair. The meeting was well attended, amongst those present being the Duchess of Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Lawson, Sir John and Lady Hutton, and the Hon. Conrad Dillon. Dr. Dawson Burns, the hon. secretary, in giving an abstract of the annual report, said that last year there were 1,157 in-patients, and in only one case was it deemed advisable to administer alcohol, and there had not been more than twenty such cases during the whole existence of the hospital. The results of the treatment have proved very satisfactory. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Wilfred Lawson, M.P., urged the interests of the hospital.

I hear that Mrs. Massingberd has benefited the Pioneer Club by her will, but not to an extent that ensures its continuance on the same scale. The fine house in Bruton-street must be parted with, and the profit which accrues from this sale is to be at the disposal of the committee, provided they can see their way to guarantee the continuance of the club for a certain time. Should they fail to do this the money is to be divided between the Duxhurst home and another charity.

At the last meeting of the London School Board a seat vacated by the resignation of a member was filled up, as the law directs for School Boards, by election by the other members. It is pleasant to observe that a lady was the chosen candidate of one party. Mrs. Danby was not returned, the party by which she was chosen being in a minority. But the interesting fact remains that a lady was selected to stand for the place by a large party on the School Board—a powerful proof of the recognised value and success of lady members.

The School Board at Woodend, Victoria, has elected one of its lady members to be its "Chairman." The gentleman who proposed the lady's election spoke of the wide antagonism shown to women stepping into the arena of social progress, but said he believed that when the welfare and education of the rising generation were at stake women could not stray far from their proper sphere. He was convinced the lady he named was well able to carry out the functions of this office.

For men who are given to tobacco to throw on a lady the onus of objecting to smoking in public places is always rather mean, and she is not always prepared to rise to the occasion. We regret to chronicle the following occurrence, for surely it will be most objectionable to have smoking introduced into our public bodies, thus closing the unpaid service of the nation to that very large number of excellent citizens, both male and female, who will not endure to be poisoned by tobacco smoke.

When the members of the Newbold-on-Avon Parish Council held their February meeting, they had not recovered from the excitement of a School Board election on the previous day, and tried the soothing effects of pipes and cigars. This proved so agreeable that a resolution was passed that at future meetings smoking should be allowed. Another meeting was held last week, and when the minutes were read over Mr. George Leeson said he objected to smoking during the transaction of business, because it was out of all reason. The Chairman (the Rev. G. Bridgman Boughton Leigh) told him it was too late to object—he should have done that when the resolution was passed; and another Councillor, who asserted his fondness for his pipe, expressed the opinion that the man who objected to smoking would object to anything. After more badinage, the minutes were duly confirmed, and at that juncture Mrs. Lowe, a lady member of the Council, came into the room. The Chairman told her what had happened, and said no one, of course, would smoke if a lady was present and she objected. Mrs. Lowe said she only regretted she was not at the previous meeting to second the resolution, and added incisively: "I think it does gentlemen good to smoke sometimes—it soothes the brain and stills the tongue." Nothing more was said on the matter, but towards the close of the business the Reverend Chairman lit his pipe and handed the case round to the others, whereupon the objector rose from his seat and left the room, and the remainder of the meeting was devoted to signing cheques and enjoying the tobacco.

At the same moment, the worthy Chief Templar, Mr. Joseph Malins, who wields a vigorous pen, is making an appeal to ladies to "strike" against men smoking in their company after public dinners. He suggests that if men cannot possibly consent to do without smoking for two or three hours in a mixed company, where a great many persons are sure to much dislike the odour of tobacco, they should have a smoking-room provided to which they could retire for the inevitable cigar. Certainly it is very objectionable to ladies when, after a perfunctory inquiry of the ladies to right and left of him whether they object to smoking (which as guests, they are not likely to feel free to do, however much they really dislike it), the chairman

authorises all the men in the room to light up tobacco. But, at any rate, ladies knowing that they are liable to this annoyance, can stay away from public dinners; to introduce smoking on representative boards, and thus to make the performance of a public duty offensive to most ladies' has a more serious aspect.

The recent shocking and still mysterious murder of Miss Camp in a railway carriage has again drawn attention to the danger of our shut-in system of railway carriage building. It is obvious that any two passengers are at the mercy of one another, and that women are specially endangered, and the question arises, what can be done? "Ladies' only" carriages is an easy settlement, but it does not answer in practice. Ladies will not travel in them as a rule, and on short journeys, such as this on which Miss Camp was killed, it would not be possible for us to find such special carriages in the short time that the local trains stop. But even on long journeys ladies' carriages do not answer. They have been tried, but lady passengers, as a whole, refuse to ride in the reserved compartments.

This perverse unwillingness of women to travel in a "Ladies only" carriage has been supposed to indicate their affection for masculine society, even that of strange men on a journey. But the fact is that the ladies' carriage is always made uncomfortable. It is crowded to its full capacity by the guards, and ten women will be crushed together, with no place to put down a handbag and scarce room to breathe or change position, while the remainder of the train has abundance of room left. After a previous stir of this kind a distinct effort was made by the authorities to compel all ladies travelling alone to enter this one reserved carriage; and as I was then travelling a great deal (lecturing) I repeatedly was led past ten or twelve carriages with abundant vacant space, to the door of a carriage in which nine women were huddled up, and I was to make the tenth. I naturally always said with all the firmness possible, "I am not going in there, thank you"—not that I specially wished to be in the same railway carriage as men, but that I did distinctly prefer to risk the extremely distant chance of being shut up with a maniac or a villain of that sex to the absolutely certain misery of being crowded closely by other ladies for five or ten hours. Again, in these "ladies' carriages" it is almost inevitable that there shall be a baby, perchance two, or even more. Most women are fond of babies, but, poor mites, they are wretched, and make everybody else the same, in railway travelling; and the sour atmosphere and protracted squalling and fidgeting that they cause form a serious addition to the fatigues and trials of a journey.

So ladies prefer the small risk of travel with men to these certain miseries in the ladies' carriages. After all, assaults in railway carriages are not every-day occurrences. Men, as a rule, are not wild beasts. Indeed, I believe there is as great necessity for "corridor carriages" being provided for the protection of men from blackmailing by vile women as there is for the reverse cases. But while awaiting the general adoption of the "corridor" carriages for

with communication from end to end, the Board of Trade might enforce a rule for all the companies to adopt a uniform plan of fitting up the communicator, so that a person suddenly attacked may know by heart where to find and how to use it, and not have first to read whether it is a cord outside a window, or one on the floor, or a knob against the wall of the carriage. A small window between every two carriages, so that the occupants of the adjoining one might be called on in an emergency, is also imperatively desirable.

Miss Frances E. Willard sends me the following "item":—"For the first time in the history of the Jewish Church a woman has spoken in the synagogue in the Rabbi's place. This occurred in Chicago, in the synagogue which is under the administrations of Dr. Hirsch. The lady was Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon, and in the sense of progress and human fellowship it is true that when she spoke 'A greater than Solomon was there.'"

FREE CIRCULATION FUND

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

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

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

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

FIRST LIST. FREE CIRCULATION FUND.

Table listing donors and amounts received for the Free Circulation Fund. Includes names like Mrs. J. P. Thomasson, Mrs. T. Taylor, Miss R. N. Price, etc., with amounts in £ s. d.

Further subscriptions are respectfully asked for

## TREASURES AND TROUBLES.

A DOMESTIC SCIENCE STORY FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

### CHAPTER XI.

WHILE Mrs. Wynter was quietly talking to her friend and her husband in Restingham, the home where she had left her sick sister and the two babies was becoming in sad need of her presence.

There was a train from London, reaching the station nearest to Elm Lodge, about eight in the evening. By this train Mr. Crofton came down from town. His appearance was unexpected, in one way; for his wife had no intimation that he was coming. On the other hand, he had come in this fashion not infrequently before, so that Elfie was left in a state of excitement every evening by not knowing whether to look for his appearance or not.

He had not been much at home since his baby's advent; business had detained him in town, he said. He was very proud indeed of his infant son—*proud* is the word, *fond* would not be accurate. To such a nature as his, a child—a *boy*—is of consequence, as a part of self-importance.

He had spent Saturday afternoon and Sunday at his country home each week. But the truth was, although Elfie would not have acknowledged it, his presence was not really any comfort. He worried and excited her, when he was there, rather than soothed and helped.

Hugh Crofton approached and entered the house upon this occasion, not exactly quietly—of that he was incapable—but suppressing himself as far as he could. He was doing so consciously, for he knew that he was in a state of great excitement. It was his desire and intention to conceal this fact. Whether he should communicate to his wife what had occurred to excite him, he had not definitely made up his mind. If he had had any experience in his family relationships, or if he had had any natural tact and sympathy, which could supply the place of experience, there would have been no such question in his mind. He would have known perfectly well that every whisper as to the situation in which he found himself standing, should be kept from his wife, in her then state of health. As it was, he did not, in any degree, recognise how ill she was, and how necessary calmness and peace were for her complete recovery.

He met the nurse just outside the bedroom door, and learned from her that Mrs. Crofton was still awake. He went in unannounced. His sudden appearance was in itself something of a shock. Had an expert been there he would have noticed at once by the colour in the cheek of the patient, and by the light in her eye, that her pulse and her temperature had risen, and that by so much her nerves were shown to be disturbed. Crofton made a few hurried enquiries of Elfie about her health, and told her, in response to her question, that he had to return to town by the early morning train, so as to be there when business commenced.

"Where is Bertha?" he then asked.

"She has gone to Restingham," answered Elfie, innocently.

"Could she not live any longer without seeing her husband?"

"She has not gone for her own sake, dear, but for mine. She thought, before baby took

to the bottle, she had better go and ask her old friend there something about the proper way of bringing up by hand."

"Before what baby took to the bottle?" said Mr. Crofton.

"Mine—ours."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh! dear, haven't you been home to get the letter which we sent this morning to tell you? Yesterday Dr. Baynes said that I must give up nursing baby."

The storm-cloud gathered upon the husband's brow. It had never entered poor Elfie's head that she could possibly be *blamed* for not being able to nurse her baby. She had never dreamed that her husband would be angry; but it was easy to see that, from some cause or other, he had suddenly become violently wrathful.

Nor was she left long in doubt as to the cause; for after he had briefly enquired the reason why his child was not to be properly fed, she found herself in the midst of a storm of scolding, not only about the fact, but directed against her personally, as though her delicacy of health had been entirely her own fault.

In a sense, indeed, it was; for she should not have married at seventeen; she should not have pinched herself up tightly in handsome evening dresses; and she should not have spent her whole time in the crowded rooms and the unhealthy avocations of a continual whirl of society. But for all these faults, if so they might be called, the husband who now upbraided her was far more responsible than she was herself.

Vainly she asked him how she could have helped it; what she could do? He was not in a state to be reasoned with, and reason had nothing to do with his anger. He was not altogether unconscious of this himself; but the passion of a man of naturally violent temper once let loose, became a whirlwind; his mind was greatly excited, and he did not stop to think either of justice or of consequences.

Presently the poor sobbing girl tried to stem the tide with a suggestion.

"You know," she said, "if I had been nursing the baby all next winter, I should not have been able to go out with you in London as you always want me to do."

"Go out in London?" he exclaimed, loudly. "When do you suppose you will go out in London again? You are not going to London. I shall not be able to afford to let you see London for years!"

His wife did not feel quite sure if he was in his right mind.

"Do you mean that I am not going back to Prince Consort-road?" she asked breathlessly.

"Certainly not! The furniture is all gone—the house is to let."

Elfie lay and looked at him in speechless horror, while he poured out the tale which he had half thought he would keep to himself awhile.

"Here have I lost a hundred thousand pounds at least, over South African things. The stock has fallen, and fallen, and fallen against all reason, and here am I 'hammered' as a defaulter on the Stock Exchange! Then I come down here, and find you going to starve my boy, because you think you are to spend next winter rushing about squandering my money like dirt, as you did last year. You nurse your child, madam, for Heaven only knows whether I shall have ten pounds a year to give you for a girl to scrub up, let alone a nurse to take all the trouble off your hands!"

Having thus relieved his own mind, he began

to be calm enough to get a glimmer of consciousness of his own brutality, and this drove him out of her room.

Elfie had not been many minutes alone when the silly old nurse must choose to come in with the baby. She came really less because the poor child wanted food than from curiosity, for the raised voice had been heard all over the house, and the servants were as well aware, as they generally contrive to be in such cases, that there was something very wrong.

"Perhaps you'd like to take the dear little lamb, ma'am," said the nurse.

Elfie was cowering down in her bed, with her face hidden, and was about to refuse, when the remembrance of her husband's cruel accusation nerved her to try. She took her baby to her breast, and found some comfort in the little form nestling against her heart. She had never even imagined such trouble as seemed to have suddenly descended upon her out of a calm sky; but there was some joy left in the mother's love for her tiny treasure—it seemed to her at the moment the only thing remaining in a desolate world.

Just now, it fortunately happened the time had gone on to bring Bertha back again. She entered the house, and, half unconsciously, felt something of that curious over-charged atmosphere which seems to fill a house where there is trouble. But the servant who let her in said not a word of anything being wrong.

She went into her own bedroom to remove her bonnet and mantle, and then peeped into the night nursery to see if her own darling was all right. The baby's nurse was sitting near the bassinette, and promptly assured Mrs. Wynter that the little one had been perfectly still all the while she had been away.

It seemed, however, as though Maggie heard her Mamma's whispering voice; for, at this juncture, she began to stir uneasily, and as her mother looked at her she opened her eyes, and started an imploring cry.

Not being aware that there was any occasion for her to hurry to her sister, Mrs. Wynter took her baby up and sat down herself to attend to the young lady's demands, asking the nurse to go and bring her a glass of milk for her own refreshment.

She had not been thus seated for more than two or three minutes when there was a sudden commotion, a banging of doors, and running to and fro; and almost instantly the young nurse passed into the room again, crying out—

"Oh! ma'am, nurse says the baby's in a fit."

The nurse admitted of no hesitation. The unhappy Maggie was forcibly handed over to her young nurse, and her mamma, disregarding the loud and energetic remonstrances which this cruelty called forth, ran out of the room. When Bertha looked back afterwards to the terrible half-hour which followed she became aware that the wailing of her own baby, and the knowledge that it too was suffering, had added to the strain upon her, though at the time she could hardly notice her own child's hungry cries.

Elfie's baby was perfectly stiff in its old nurse's arms; its face had a dark blue tinge, and its hands were drawn inwards and half clenched.

Without waiting to make any fruitless enquiries about cause, Bertha hastened one of the servants for a bath full of hot water, and bade another run as fast as possible for the doctor. Until the hot water came she could do nothing but rub the little limbs, though she did not know how this process could be of any avail.

The baby's father was not in the house. He

had stopped to order his dinner to be got ready as quickly as possible, and then had gone out for a walk. The servant, running for the doctor, however, met Mr. Crofton, and he was soon hurrying homewards.

Before he reached there the stiffness of the baby's form had passed into a series of convulsive movements, followed by re-stiffening. When the hot water came, Mrs. Wynter put the child into it, right up to the neck. She had the water as hot as her own hand could bear it; knowing that, under these circumstances alone, was it right to expose the tender skin of an infant to so great a heat. While she kept its entire body in the water, she bathed the head with cold water.

The convulsions continued for a moment or two after the baby was in the water, but then they ceased; the little limbs relaxed; and though the infant still seemed unconscious, yet its condition was somewhat less terrible.

She kept it in the water for about ten minutes, having some more hot water added at intervals to maintain the temperature. Then, to her horror, she saw the premonitory symptoms of another fit. The muscles of the face became slightly convulsed, the eyelids twitched, and the hands were flexed.

She could not think of what else to do, except despatch a second messenger for the doctor. Had the doctor himself been there it would have been of little avail; in the crisis of a fit scarce anything more than the hot-bath can be used. In another minute or two Bertha ceased to wish vainly that medical-aid would come; for, after a second violent convulsion, the baby ceased to breathe.

It was impossible to keep the truth from the poor young mother. When her eager cries for news from the dressing-room were not answered, she got up herself, and, gifted with sudden strength, overcame the efforts of the old nurse to stand in her path, and, unfortunately, witnessed her baby's last struggles. At the same moment Hugh Crofton entered the room.

When the doctor arrived, it was not for the dead infant that his services were required, but for the young mother, who, it seemed likely, was going to follow her baby.

When at length, after some hours, the doctor thought it safe to leave her, he made a few enquiries as to the possible cause of the baby's death.

Bertha had by this time heard all that the servants could tell; and, Crofton, in his self-reproach, had enlightened her further.

\* Medical treatment can be directed to remove the cause which has produced a fit. And where one comes on in a child during teething (from five months to two years old), lancing the gums is sometimes required, and the performance of this trifling operation may stop a fit. But one caused by bad food in the stomach cannot have much done for it till the infant is got to swallow an emetic.

"I cannot find out that anything went wrong with the baby," she said to Dr. Baynes, "except that my sister had been a good deal upset; and then she took it and nursed it; and the fit came on while she still had it beside her."

"Do you think she had been very much excited?" asked the doctor.

"I fear that she had."

"Then I can have but little doubt that that was the cause of the convulsion.\* The infant was weakly, as I have told you all along, you know, Mrs. Wynter; but, there is no doubt in my mind, that it really has died from the alteration in the milk, in consequence of the mother's excitement rendering it so unhealthy that the child could not digest it."

Little Maggie was fed with sweetened milk and water out of a bottle for the first time in her life that night. Her mother dared not risk the natural food, after the excessive agitation which the baby's death had caused in Mrs. Wynter.

Her tears fell fast. It seemed so shocking that she should have been striving to learn how to do the best for the little one's health, at the very moment when it was being hurried to its end by passion and cruelty.

"I did my best; it is in no way my fault," was the thought which gave her most consolation.

(To be continued.)

\* It should be understood that the author's imagination is not drawn upon for this incident. There are several instances recorded in medical literature of the excitement of the mother having so turned the milk as to produce convulsions and death in the infant; and cases where colic and disturbance of the child's system have followed upon distress and agitation of the mother, are so numerous that many readers will have had them under their own observation. The moral to be drawn, of the necessity for care and quiet for a mother during nursing, is obvious.

"Oh, suffering world!  
Oh, known and unknown of my common flesh,  
Caught in this common net of death and woe,  
And life which binds to both! I see, I feel  
The vastness of the agony of earth,  
The vainness of its joys, the mockery  
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;  
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,  
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,  
And death in unknown lives, which will but  
doe deeds  
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round  
Of false delights and woes that are not false."  
THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

\* Pity and need  
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,  
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,  
Which trickle salt with all. Who doth right  
doe deeds  
Is well-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile."  
THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

## SIGNALS FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

Mrs. T. criticises a recent paragraph inserted in the SIGNAL (not written but of course passed by me) in which the deaths caused by the violence of husbands to their wives were estimated at 2,000 annually. This, our correspondent thinks, is not sufficiently precise, as it may apply to the whole world, or to any one kingdom; and in either case she thinks it exaggerated. It was designed to apply to the civilised world; the context of the statement I thought made it clear that this was so. It was but an *estimate* of the number; for statistical *precision* on the point is not to be had, as in no country is a return officially given of the number of wife murders as distinguished from other murders. But alas! there is too much reason to believe that it is no exaggeration to say that 2,000 wives die annually from their husbands' violence. In the small population of England and Wales, some 60 women over 20 years of age are officially declared to have been murdered (or manslaughtered) annually. But these are *by no means* all the women who actually are killed by the violence of men. To form an adequate judgment of the degree to which our poor helpless sisters are brutally and ruthlessly slaughtered, more or less quickly, we must have some notion of the violence to which they are subjected. If they do not fall down then and there and die under the attack, their deaths are not recorded as due to marital cruelty, but they are no less surely caused by it. Take, for instance, such cases as the following, and say if the women so treated are not being killed in the cruelest way, by inches:—

A painful story was told by a young woman named Caroline Hayes, living at 16, Gaisford-street, Kentish Town, who summoned her husband, Baker Graham Hayes, before Mr. Plowden. The complainant said she had been married 22 months, and at intervals during nearly the whole of that time her husband had subjected her to brutality. He had smacked her violently in her face, and had struck her in the chest, and caused an abscess to form. Owing to his violence, mostly by kicking her, she had had two miscarriages and a large wound on the lower part of the body, and the child she was then carrying in her arms was both imbecile and blind. Often she had been compelled, in order to escape his violence, to seek the protection of a lodger.

Charles Edwin Woodcock, of Northcoat-road, Norwich, was summoned by his wife, Laura Woodcock, for having been guilty of persistent cruelty to her. The complainant stated that she was now living with her father. For years her husband had treated her very badly, he had given her blows with his fists and sticks, and kicked her, and blacked her eyes. She had scarcely ever been without bruises, and the marks at present on her face were caused by blows. Last Christmas time he kicked her in the body and punched her face, and she had to go to her sister-in-law to have her face attended to. On the 14th of this month he blacked both her eyes and knocked her down on the fender. Her head was cut in two places and when she got up her

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husband knocked her head against the wall. A week ago he struck her in the face, and last Monday she left him, as she was afraid to be in the house with him. The magistrates made a separation order, and remarked that the defendant appeared to illtreat his wife when he was sober as well as drunk.

Thomas Steene, forty-seven, a carpenter, living in Nelson-row, Clapham, was charged before Mr. Francis with violently assaulting his wife Louisa Steene. The complainant, whose head was enveloped in bandages, said her husband returned home the worse for drink, and threw a large breakfast cup at her, striking her on the head, and inflicting a nasty wound. He was constantly assaulting her. He had kicked her on more than one occasion. Police-constable 15 WR, said he was called to the house, and found prisoner with a poker in one hand and a cup in the other. The magistrate was informed that the wife had twice attempted to commit suicide, once by taking poison, and on another occasion by cutting her throat. The complainant: I did it in order to get out of the prisoner's way, because he is so cruel. I want a separation. Mr. Francis: I cannot grant you a separation, because there has not been what the law requires—persistent cruelty. The wife: There will be murder then. Mr. Francis made no reply, but committed the prisoner to one month with hard labour.

John Thomas Lay, of 2, Eastward-street, Bow Common, was charged with committing an aggravated assault on his wife, Mary Ann. The latter, whose head was surgically bandaged, stated that on Saturday night her husband came home, and she went to an upstairs room in order to get out of his way. He followed, and struck her on the head with a piece of boarding, and with such force that it was broken into pieces. The witness added:—"It is very hard to put your husband away, and it is also very hard to have to live with him and be murdered." Constable 684 K stated that the husband had previously suffered one month's imprisonment for assaulting his wife.

Now I agree with the poor women themselves. Such conduct is murder. Ask any doctor what the beating heart, the trembling brain, the injured tissues, must lead to. It is to speedy death, and I call such frequent and exaggerated violence by its true name—murder. Now, my dear sisters, who care for other helpless women who cannot help themselves, have you any idea how frequent is such treatment of wives by husbands? It makes my heart sick, and my soul burn within me, that I do know something of it. I have sent my correspondent who thinks that the statement made exaggerated the truth, the reports sent me from various newspapers of violent assaults on wives in one month—there are 126 distinct cases, all attacks on wives, and all assaults of a character so violent as to be indirectly murderous. Yet these are only from leading newspapers, and they do not represent one tithe of the cases that monthly occur; for women are slow to seek protection from the public courts, and bear and bear—partly because they shrink from exposing their degradation and misery to the world, and partly because they

know how little help and protection they are likely to receive, when they do beg for it, from magistrates, so long as the present theories of the "inferior sex" and the proper subjection of women to their husbands prevail. In most of these cases of murderous violence, the punishment awarded is very small; and a few months' imprisonment generally is held sufficient, even when the violence has caused immediate death, and the male jury bring it in "manslaughter"—rarely murder. But of this another time.

Our correspondent, it should be understood, is one of the truest and most generous friends of women alive, and only desires not to have the cause weakened by exaggeration; but I hope she will see that it was by no means overstated in the wide yet perfectly just sense explained.

Mrs. P. sends a cutting from the Western Daily Mercury, reporting a speech by a Mr. Lambrick, of St. Keverne, who asserted at a Wesleyan Conference that, "Wesley's mother instigated him to allow the first lay preacher to go and proclaim the Word of God. A certain Bishop, writing or speaking lately, said that women were scarcely fit even to worship God in their churches, and that men were far more fit to worship God. Well, he did not believe that. If John Wesley's mother instigated the noble work done by the local preachers, he did not wonder at the Bishops of the Anglican Church speaking like that." I have not heard of such a Bishop's speech, but of course the High Churchmen and the Catholics even refuse to have women in choirs, and the "Fathers" abused our sex dreadfully!

Mrs. SAUNDERS (Kettering W.L.A.) sends a silly newspaper cutting in which it is stated that the Woman's Suffrage Bill on which the House of Lords refused to vote, was Mr. Faithful Begg's Bill. This is, of course, quite erroneous, as our readers know. Our correspondent thinks most women ignorant of and therefore apathetic about foreign affairs, and asks if more guidance cannot be given them here. It is difficult to touch on such matters at any length without getting immersed in party; and we think that women's first duty is to women, and that not till we have the franchise should we take party responsibilities on us. The Editor cares about Crete and cares about Armenia, but cares more about the beaten wives of the English barbarians; and placing the protection and elevation of women in the first place, the WOMAN'S SIGNAL seeks primarily to rally all women, Churchwomen and Primrose dames, if they will come, equally with Radicals in politics and liberals in religion, to the first duty of helping our own countrywomen to a more honoured and more free position. Hence we cannot treat foreign affairs at length or with freedom.

AGE may possess both a noble and a beautiful life. Only you must make ready for it. Keep your soul healthy, your heart and brain awake, and quick to realise great thoughts.

Theodore Parker.

"WOMAN'S SIGNAL" ARMENIAN REFUGEE FUND.

TO BE DISTRIBUTED THROUGH LADY HENRY SOMERSET. The following subscriptions have been received at the WOMAN'S SIGNAL Office from Tuesday, February 16th, up to Tuesday, March 16th:—

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes entries like 'From the following branches of the North Wales Women's Temperance Union...' and 'COLLECTING CARDS...'.

With this list the WOMAN'S SIGNAL Fund is closed. Any further donations will be gladly received and acknowledged by Lady H. Somerset, 53, Victoria-street, S.W.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S LETTER OF THANKS.

DEAR MRS. FENWICK MILLER.—I want to express my deep admiration for the self-denying generosity which your readers have displayed. It seems to me that the £563 contributed by the subscribers of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL is an eloquent proof of the worth of your paper, which has gathered round it the best hearts of the womanhood of England. The sum is not only very large, but it has been entrusted to me with such confidence that I have felt great responsibility about it. I have, however, resolved, after long consultation with experts, to devote the greater part of it to the care and education of orphan children at Van.

The need there is piteous, and the money supplied through you will educate, feed and clothe 100 orphans for a year. The Women of America and other subscribers have placed enough money in my hands to enable me to pledge that this work shall be carried on for three years.

Dr. Reynolds, the American missionary at Van, has selected the children, and they are to be brought up in families carefully selected, thus often supplying a means of subsistence to the widows with whom they will be boarded, as well as benefiting the children themselves.

I shall be glad at any time to supply any information to your generous subscribers, whose efforts I most deeply and gratefully appreciate.—I remain, dear Mrs. Miller, yours sincerely, ISABEL SOMERSET.

20, Park-lane, March 12th.

SUCCESS. ANOTHER COCKBURN TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

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

Mrs. A. D. PHILP, appreciating the very liberal patronage hitherto accorded to her at Cockburn House, 9 and 10, Endsleigh Gardens, and regretting her inability to accommodate many intending patrons for lack of room during the past two seasons, is pleased to announce to the public that she has secured the above Hotel premises, containing large and numerous public rooms, and accommodation for 150 guests, by which she hopes to cope with the expected large influx of visitors to London during the coming season, due to Diamond Celebrations. Bedrooms very quiet.

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

It will be the finest, largest, and only well appointed HOTEL IN LONDON built from the foundation for the purpose, conducted on strictly Temperance principles. New Passenger Elevator, Electric Light, Telephone, and latest improved Sanitation. Telegraphic Address: "Promising," London. Mrs. Philp will give her general superintendence to all three of her Hotels, and will spare no effort to make all her patrons comfortable and at home.

NOTE.—In connection with, and under same management—

COCKBURN HOUSE, 9 & 10, ENDSLEIGH GARDENS, opposite EUSTON (Telegrams—"Luncheon," London and COCKBURN HOTEL, 141, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, and COCKBURN TURKISH BATHS.

Current News FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

TEMPERANCE NEWS FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE B.W.T.A.

Mrs. J. K. Barney, superintendent in the World's W.C.T.U. Penal, Charitable, and Reformatory Work, including Police Station work, has been appointed eighth "Round-the-World-Missionary" of that Society, and sails for the Hawaiian Islands, New Zealand and Australia the last of this month. Mrs. Barney has by invitation of the B.W.T.A. made three trips to Great Britain, where she has worked with the utmost acceptability.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Vice-President-at-Large of the National W.C.T.U. and President of the State of Maine, and Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, Superintendent of the Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction in the public schools, have been appointed fraternal delegates to the British Women's Temperance Association, meeting in London the first week in June. Mrs. Stevens is the next officer to Miss Willard in the W.C.T.U., and Mrs. Hunt has led the movement that has resulted in placing Scientific Temperance text books in the hands of sixteen million of children and youth in the public schools of this country.

It is expected that Miss Tatiana Tolstoi, daughter of Count Tolstoi, the famous novelist, will attend the great White Ribbon Conventions to be held in England, America and Canada this year, and it is also hoped that Miss Olapia Johannisdottir, President of the Society in Iceland, and sister of the Premier of that island, will also be in attendance. Several years ago Miss Willard sent a full description of the work of the white ribboners to Count Tolstoi, who, with his family, signed the pledge and formed a total abstinence society—so far as we know the first one established in Russia.

Several English and Scotch delegates are expected at the W.C.T.U. World's Convention, to be held in October next in Toronto, Canada. Miss Agnes Slack sends the following particulars:—The Fourth Biennial Convention will meet on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th October, 1897, in Toronto, Canada. Officers of all affiliated countries are urgently requested to send names and addresses of their delegates to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Agnes Slack, Ripley, Derbyshire, not later than June 30th, 1897. National W.C.T.U.'s have power to appoint some of their members to represent them on the World's W.C.T.U. Executive Committee. Each country can appoint one delegate for every thousand members. Hospitality will be given in Toronto to all delegates. The Dominion and Toronto W.C.T.U.'s are making most extensive and attractive arrangements in connection with the meetings. The Churches, City Authorities,

Temperance and Philanthropic Organisations are also giving great assistance.

Reduced railway rates are offered to delegates as follows:—Return ticket from New York to Toronto, 14 dols. 15 cents, instead of 21 dols. 20 cents. Steamer rates to New York: First-class saloon for the single journey, from March 31st to October 31st, £20; after October 31st, £15; Dominion Line, Liverpool to Montreal: First saloon, single journey, £10 10s.; second ditto, £7 5s.; return, second saloon, £13 15s. 6d. Between Montreal and Toronto the first-class single railway fare is £1 13s. 6d.; return (first), £3 9s. 7d.

Intense interest continues to be expressed in the B.W.T.A. in regard to the erection of the statue representing Jesus Christ that Lady Henry has ordered for the centre of the green at Duxhurst Village. Some members claim that the President is giving a Romanising tendency to the village by erecting an image of the Saviour, while others maintain that she has a perfect right to exercise her own judgment as to the effect of the visible image of our Lord. The question is arousing a great deal of feeling all over the country, and discussion pro. and con. is stirring the branches.

The next meetings of the National Executive of the B.W.T.A. Committee will be held at Bristol, April 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th.

A meeting to bid farewell to Mrs. Harrison Lee, prior to her return to Australia, will be held on May 13th. Place and time will be announced later.

The annual meetings of the National Council will be held at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross-road, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 1st, 2nd and 3rd. The annual public meeting will be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham-place, on Wednesday evening, June 2nd.

Branches desiring to send resolutions for the National Council Agenda, or nominations for the National Officers, or Executive Committee, are reminded that such must, in accordance with the Constitution, reach the secretary at the office, Albany-buildings, 47, Victoria-street, S.W., not later than April 20th. The members of the present Executive Committee are eligible for re-election without nomination, except those who have attended less than two meetings of the executive during the past year; these (if they consent to stand for re-election) require to be re-nominated by a branch, as stated above.

The Duke of Cambridge has consented to review the children in the march past on the occasion of the festival of the London Diocesan Juvenile Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, to be held at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, May 8th, to commemorate the long reign of Her Majesty the Queen and the jubilee of the Band of Hope movement.

A prize of £5 is offered by the British Medical Temperance Association, to medical students in their third winter session, for the best essay on "The Influence of Alcohol on Digestion and Nutrition." Essays must bear a number only, must not exceed four pages of the Medical Pioneer, and must be sent to the hon. secretary, Dr. J. J. Ridge, Carlton House, Enfield, Middlesex, not later than March 31st, 1897.

The Daily News says:—"Women have voted in the Parliamentary election for the Isle of Man, under a recent Act of enfranchisement, and they have cast their votes for beer. It was a licensing question. The boarding-house keepers desired a renewal of the Act under which they were permitted to supply drink to their customers from their own cellars, and without having to purchase it at the nearest public-house. The Act had been in operation for four years, and, as its advocates allege, has worked well. The Temperance party, however, raised a powerful opposition to it, and the renewal was defeated in the House of Keys. This led to a dissolution; and the policy of the Act was the one question at the late elections. The women voters—spinsters or widows as owners or occupiers of premises of an annual value of not less than £4—contributed materially to the victory of the boarding-house keepers. The reason is that many of them are in that line of business, and that they backed their own interests at the polls "just like the men." This should dispose of the apprehension that the vote of the women will always be a "faddish" one, that is to say a vote for ideas, and that they will be insensible to those considerations of personal interest which notoriously give so much dignity to the franchise as exercised by their former masters. It should also make short work of the allegation that they will all vote one way. The women of the little island were in two parties on this question, again just like the men. The rural districts, where no boarding-houses are kept, were mainly with the Temperance party; the towns, and especially Douglas, voted more or less straight for the extended licensing law—a law now to be carried, it is believed, far beyond the original limits. On the policy of the measure it is difficult for those at a distance to pronounce. The deeper significance of the election is that it entirely falsifies the predictions as to the "incalculableness" of the female vote. In fact, to paraphrase a well-known French saying, nothing is changed; there are only so many thousand voters the more.

POLICE COURT WORK AMONG WOMEN.

A UNITED meeting of members of the local branches of the National British Women's Temperance Association was held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Northumberland-street, Newcastle, recently, to hear an address by Mrs. Goddard, of Stockton, on "Police Court Work among Women." Mrs. Knox Loyal presided



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over a good attendance. Mrs. Goddard asked her hearers, as English mothers and sisters, and as British women, to make up their minds that the hearts that beat in their breasts should not beat for themselves alone, but in practical sympathy with others. They had an organisation that there was no reason to be ashamed of, but their meetings were too often of a purely business character. On this occasion she trusted that they had come together to voice their responsibility in one certain direction. Did they, she asked, as British women and workers and citizens, feel their responsibility with regard to their fallen sisters, with regard to those who were being entrapped and ensnared, and with regard to those who were stepping out into life with a thousand temptations in their pathway? While they did what they could to stem the torrent of strong drink, to get existing public-houses closed and prevent the granting of new licenses, they should remember that there were some millions of young people in this country who required looking after. She felt that they were their brothers' and sisters' keepers, and they had a right to go out of their pathway to look after them. Mrs. Goddard went on to recount at length the work she had done among the female prisoners in the police cells of her own town during the past year, and the good that had resulted. Six or eight months ago a deputation of magistrates came to her, and said, "We have heard of the very blessed things you have done in the cells, and we want specially to ask if you will come to the police court." She consented, and her presence had had a very beneficial result. Since then no foul language of any kind had been heard in the Court. A great number of cases had been handed over to her instead of being sent to Durham Gaol, and she had a room set apart in her house to receive them. Preventive work was better than rescue, but what was to be done with these girls? No one liked to take anyone who had just come from the police court. This was where the practical sympathy came in. If Christian mistresses would not take these girls and give them a fresh start in life, there was nothing but ruin before them. In the way of work of this kind she asked British women to wake up to the fact that there were many things that they could do. They blamed the officers, the Watch Committee, and the Legislature, and said they were not doing this and that, but what were the women doing to help them? There was a way to get into every police court in the country if they only tried, and the police officers and magistrates would thank them for work done in this direction. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. Goddard, and to Mrs. Knox Loyal.

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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.]

#### HOSPITAL TRAINED NURSES.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.  
DEAR MADAM,—The training of nurses is, no doubt, a magnificent work, and in many cases the nurse comes as a "Ministering Angel" to the poor sufferer. But that there is a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction with trained nurses, no one will deny. It seems to me that the mistake lies in the exaggerated idea that is given of the effect of two or three years hospital training.

If a nursemaid or housemaid were well trained for the same length of time, no lady would, for a moment, suppose that henceforth she would never find one of these workers who would be guilty of frivolity, gossiping, untidiness, pertness, thoughtlessness or any of the usual indiscretions of young people under thirty-five.

TEMPERANCE MISSIONS.—Applications for the Services of Mr. TENNYSON SMITH, Temperance Reformer, Leader of the New Crusade to arouse the Christian Church, Founder of the "Temperance Ironsides," and Editor of the *Temperance World*, may be addressed to 337, Strand, London, W.C.

But in the case of a nurse, she is supposed to emerge from the hospital infallible. All correction is taken as an insult if not given by the doctor. She is given a position of authority and superiority over even the closest relationships in the household. Little wonder that our trained nurses so frequently fall in these circumstances, especially the younger ones. Away from the watchful eye of the hospital sister—often tired—they are impatient and indiscreet with the patient, imperious with the servants, and ultimately leave the house without a regret on either side.

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#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### A BOOK FOR LADIES.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every Married Woman, and it will not harm the unmarried to read. No book is written which goes so thoroughly into matters relating to married women. Some may think too much is told; such can scarcely be the case, for knowledge is power and the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in envelope from Dr. ALLINSON, Box Z, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W., in return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

##### JUST PUBLISHED. DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

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do so for their own profit.

Surely it would be very much happier for both the nurse and her employer if she were given a truer estimate of her own imperfections, and instead of always "striving for the mastery," she would be willing to serve.  
May I just say how greatly I appreciate the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, of which I have always been  
A CONSTANT READER.

#### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.  
DEAR MADAM,—In reference to that part of the article in last week's WOMAN'S SIGNAL, which speaks of the difficulty with which Members of Parliament will be confronted—in helping to pass the Women's Suffrage Bill they should bring to Parliament the necessity for an immediate dissolution—will you kindly allow me to say that no less an authority than the Right Hon. Leonard H. Courtney, M.P., has declared that a dissolution of Parliament is not a necessity, it is simply "antiquated superstition."

That a dissolution would be "in accordance with precedent" is true, but every friend of Women's Suffrage would be willing to accept, during the life of this Parliament, the enfranchisement of women for simply the bye-elections, as they arose, and on the present Local Government Register. Before very long Parliament must introduce a Registration Bill to sweep away those anomalies and contradictions which you have pointed out, and which alike affect men and women.—I am, dear Madam, yours faithfully,  
HARRIETT MCLQUHAM.

#### THE STATUE OF JESUS CHRIST AT DUXHURST.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—As most of the educated members of our Association look to the WOMAN'S SIGNAL to keep them in communication, I am surprised to have seen no notice of the great ferment and dissatisfaction that has been caused by the announcement of its being the intention of our President to erect an image of our Lord at our B.W.T.A. Inebriate Home. We see this stated as in connection with "Lady Henry Somerset's Home" for inebriate women, but we do not consider it as *her*, but as *our*, effort, and we do not think that she has any right to take so objectionable a step to the consciences of Protestants as putting up an image of our Lord without any consultation with those who have supplied funds generously, and, moreover, who stand before the world as responsible for the undertaking of Duxhurst. Of course if it were "Lady Henry Somerset's Home," she would have a right to do as she pleased, and we should only be entitled to respectfully remonstrate with her as to any course of action that seemed to us mischievous to our religious freedom, but it is the "B.W.T.A.'s Home," and we have in many of our local branches even crippled our local efforts to raise money for this Home, so it is no use to say that we are not responsible for what is done there.

We are not bigoted, as we showed by raising no objection to the care of the village being given over to "sisters" from the "Church Army," and the religious services being fixed to be always those of the Established Church of England. Though most of the members of the B.W.T.A. are as a fact Nonconformists, and we would have preferred to have had no sectarianism, at all events in the nursing, and might even think it most proper that occasionally the service should be conducted by dissenting ministers, yet we let all this pass, which frees us from any imputation of being bigoted; but we do draw a deep line between us and Rome, and we are not willing to be the ones to begin the erection of images of our Lord in the open air for the first time since the Reformation, which alone gives us our civil and religious liberties. The inebriate women are not to be led to look to visible images as a means to their salvation, but to the cleansing of the heart; and the communion with the Holy Spirit, and not the gazing at an inaccurate stone image of one of whom we have not been given any genuine

portrait, is what we hope to help to lead them towards. The feeling is so strong that I cannot think Lady Henry is aware of it, or she would give up the idea of something so repugnant to the judgment and consciences of so many of us that it will not only damage her influence as our honoured leader, but will hurt the interests of the Home amidst us.—Yours truly,  
A MERE WORKER.

#### To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—I observe in the SIGNAL an explanation on behalf of Lady Henry Somerset, about the erection of a statue of our Saviour at Duxhurst.  
Now, I think we British women should not need such an explanation from our wise, large-souled, clear-brained president. If we do not mind, we shall make it impossible for her to do her work, by our harassing, carping, critical ways.

And what is this matter that is so disturbing the minds of some? The erection of a life-sized figure of our Saviour at Duxhurst! And not out of our Association funds either!

Well, if this is Popish, or irreverent, or anything else the critics think it, then let us away with Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," and Doré's wonderful masterpiece (and I have seen copies of these in some very very orthodox homes), for at least do let us be consistent, and, for my life, I cannot see why a painted figure of the Saviour may be permitted to a good Protestant, if a sculptured figure may not! Do, above all things, let us *think things out*, and try to get enlightened minds to do it with. Then shall we not be narrow, and intolerant, and apt to be frightened by the bogies conjured up out of our prejudices and imaginations.—Yours truly,  
ADA I. D. ADAMS.  
Newlyn, Penzance.

### A GALLANT DRUMMER OF THE WELSH REGIMENT.

"IT'S GOOD FOR THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER."

A SOLDIER'S life even in quiet times at home is by no means free from danger. Patrol and other duties which have to be rigorously attended to in all kinds of weather are in themselves very serious enemies of Tommy Atkins, and it is often a matter for wonder that the percentage of troops in hospital is not greater than it is. Even among the most finely-built men there are bound to be some who are affected, to a greater or lesser degree, by this constant exposure, and who have a hard task to keep moving. Such difficulty was experienced by Drummer A. G. Smith, of the Welsh Regiment, quartered in Plymouth Citadel, whom a reporter of the *Western Daily Mercury* talked with. He was at dinner, and had very few minutes to spare before the parade, but willingly sacrificed time to tell his interesting story.

"It was about three months ago," he told the reporter, "or perhaps a little bit more, that I first found there was something wrong with me. I stuck to my duties, for we were short-handed a bit, and I knew that if I went into hospital it would mean that the other drummers would have to do my duty between them. I couldn't exactly say what it was that caused me so much pain; I felt out of sorts, and generally weak. I didn't take too much notice of it at first, but it got worse every day, until I felt thoroughly miserable. I had a sense of pain in my back, felt languid and despondent, and didn't seem to care what I did, or what became of me. I had no stomach for my food, and ate very little."  
"Then you didn't go into hospital?"

"No. I stood the duties the best I could. All of us had enough to do, and I didn't feel like putting more on the others. While I was off guard one night I was looking through the paper and read of a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It struck me that the Pills might apply to my case, and I wrote and inquired about them from people who knew. I was advised to try a box, as they had done a great deal of good to many people who had occasion to use them, so I got myself a box. By the time I had taken them all, I felt pretty well all right again. I continued to take them, and was soon in perfect health. I haven't felt the same symptoms since that first box. I can eat and enjoy my food, and get benefit from it."  
"What do you think caused your illness?"

"Well I suppose it was a general run down. Route marching has to be done in all weathers, and we had a stiffish lot of route marching just then. And then there was the guard duty, and only being a few of us here, we had a heavy turn at it. I didn't look very bad, but I felt awful."

Having remarked that he looked well enough now, the reporter asked if any of his comrades had known of the good he had derived from taking the Pills, and Drummer Smith said he had told them all, and they had certainly seen the change in him. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were the cause of my recovery, I am sure," he said, and I should know what to do if ever I felt like it again. I told all my comrades of it, and advised them to take these Pills if ever they felt anything of the same weakness."

That such a cure as this should arouse interest, and lead to the report of the case by the newspapers, is not surprising, but it is only one among thousands of cases in which wasting and debilitating diseases, such as indigestion, anemia, consumption, general weakness, and disorders arising from impoverished blood, such as scrofula, rickets, chronic erysipelas, general muscular weakness, depression, palpitation, shortness of breath, pains in the back, nervous headache, and early decay, have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills are a reliable and valuable tonic, especially for the nerves and spine, and have thus cured many cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, sciatica, and St. Vitus' dance; they invigorate the blood and nerves when broken down by overwork, worry, diseases, excesses, and indiscretions of living. The Pills are not a purgative medicine, and contain nothing that could injure the most delicate. They are sold by chemists everywhere, but should only be accepted in boxes bearing the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d.; they may be had post free from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46 Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C., if there is any doubt. Pink Pills sold in bulk, or from glass jars by the dozen or hundred, are not the genuine pills, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided.

"Mr. Briggs, I should like to ask you for a small rise in my wages. I have just been married," said the workman. "Very sorry, my good man," said the employer, "but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to workmen outside the factory the company is not responsible."





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