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THE WOMAN'S

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

Edited by

MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

SIGNAL

No. 167, Vol. VII.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

MARCH 11TH, 1897.

Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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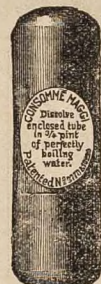
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In replying to an advertisement in this column, when the advertiser's own address is not given, but only an office number, write your letter to the advertiser (where the stamp should go), on the outside, the letter and number of the advertisement, 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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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

Vol. VII., No. 167.] MARCH 11, 1897. One Penny Weekly.

MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS. A PERSONAL SKETCH.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

HASTINGS in recent years has become a favourite place of abode for literary and scientific people. Miss Matilda Betham-Edwards, who has resided there since 1869, is one of a circle which included the late Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Dykes Campbell, the editor of "Coleridge," Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, Mr. R. O. Prowse, author of "The Fatal Reservation," Mr. H. G. Detmold, the artist, Mr. T. Parkin, F.R.G.S., &c., founder of the Hastings Natural History Society, and others of intellectual distinction. Miss Betham-Edwards' residence on the East Cliff, overlooking the old town, reminds one of her first novel, "The White House by the Sea," of which a new edition was called for only the other day.

Miss Betham-Edwards has no family connections with Hastings; she went there in the first place for health, secondly in order to be near her life-long friend, the late Madame Bodichon, whose house was at Robertsbridge, a few miles from the seaside resort, and she has been induced to stay there by an admirable climate and the pleasant social intercourse to which I have referred. Her family belonged to Suffolk; her father was a farmer at Westfield, near Ipswich, where her girlhood was spent. Miss Betham-Edwards' early life, like that of many another of intellectual tastes, would have been terribly dull but for books. There was no one in the village whom she could make a friend; even the clergyman, as she remembers him, was rough and uncultivated. Her father was, fortunately, an exception to his class at that time in possessing an excellent library. Before she was in her teens Miss Betham-Edwards had read all Shakespeare, Scott, and Addison's "Spectator," whilst she knew about half "Paradise Lost" by heart. Apart from reading, the greatest pleasure of this rural life were the occasional visits of her cousin, the late Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who afterwards became famous as an Egyptologist, when the two girls would talk in their room far into the night—there were so many subjects on which they wanted to exchange ideas. In after years, when they both became well known, the similarity of their names caused some contention between them, which, however, was too good-humoured to disturb their friendship. There were constant errors of confusion between "Miss Amelia B. Edwards" and "Miss Betham-Edwards." The latter would not give up "Betham" because it was her mother's maiden name and carried with it some literary associations of her family. Her maternal aunt and godmother, Matilda Betham, was the friend of the Lambs, Coleridge and Southey, and was herself the compiler of a biography of famous women, which had some vogue in its day. Her cousin, on the other hand, would neither drop the B nor use her name in full, Amelia Blanford Edwards. Consequently, their common friend, Miss Power Cobbe, used to say, wittily, that they had both a bee in their bonnet.

Miss Betham-Edwards' keen interest in France, which her friendship with Madame Bodichon (whom Miss Betham-Edwards describes as "by temperament and marriage French," though by parentage British) did so much to foster, had its origin in the chance circumstance that the school to which she was sent as a child was conducted by a lady who had spent many years of her life across the Channel. From her she learned to speak and write the language with ease, Miss Betham-Edwards having the gift of the linguist. She is now mistress of German, Italian, and Spanish; whilst ever since her girlhood she has delighted in the originals of Latin and Greek authors. Her exotic reading is a striking proof of what women could do even in the days when Girton and Somerville were only visions of the future.

The room in which Miss Betham-Edwards writes her novels overlooks the whole of the old part of Hastings, from the Fish Market to the Pier. Even Beachy Head can be seen on a clear day, and Miss Betham-Edwards sometimes fancies that she discerns the coast-line of her beloved France, 40 miles distant. On the walls are water-colour sketches made by Madame Bodichon, in the course of the travels she and the novelist were wont to enjoy together. In the centre, just above a long bookcase, hangs the brevet, conferring on Miss Betham-Edwards the title of "Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France." She is the only Englishwoman to whom the French Government has given this honour, which testifies, of course, to its appreciation of the books Miss Betham-Edwards has published on the social condition of France.

The comparatively small room is not overcrowded with books, but what Miss Betham-Edwards has are all of the best. "Now and again I have to weed out my library," she says, with a smile, "or I should be driven out of home by the books I accumulate."

Her own works, in their various editions, fill several shelves in the little corridor. There are the orthodox three library volumes, picture, boards, Tauchnitz editions, foreign translations in paper covers, and American pirates. You can count over twenty different novels.

Miss Betham-Edwards once gave me a sketch of her "day."

"In summer I rise at 6.30 a.m., take half an hour's stroll on the Downs, read for half an hour some favourite classic (I have now in hand the Prometheus of Æschylus, which I almost know by heart), then I work till 1 p.m., allowing no interruption. A little rest after lunch, a walk, tea—often partaken with a sympathetic friend or friends, sometimes the excuse for a little reunion. Then, from five to eight in my study again, this time to read, not write, and give myself the relaxation of a little music. Occasional visits to London or elsewhere, two months or more in France every year; this is my existence.

"If I am asked," Miss Betham-Edwards adds, "my opinion as to the secret of a happy life, I should say, first and foremost, the conviction of accomplishing conscientiously what

as an individual you are most fitted for; next, the cultivation of the widest intellectual, moral, and social sympathies (especially in the matter of friendships); and lastly, freedom from what I will call social superstitions—that is, indifference to superficial conventionalities and the verdict of the vulgar, in other words, the preservation of one's freedom, of what the French call *une vie de dégaçée*."

Miss Betham-Edwards takes a keen interest in public affairs, which she regards—as readers of her lately-published book, "France of To-day," will know—from the standpoint of advanced Liberalism. On many occasions she has been asked to take part in various public movements. On one occasion, I believe, she was asked to stand as a candidate for the School Board. She could not be diverted, however, from her literary work. But in thinking of this she says:—

"How hard it is in these days of working at high pressure for all possessed of strong convictions to hold aloof from sympathetic workers and good causes, to adhere uncompromisingly to Goethe's maxim, 'An der nächsten mussman denken' ('We must stick to the matter in hand')."

"Madame Bodichon, your loved friend, was, I believe, one of the early workers for the higher education and other rights of women?"

"Yes, she and Miss Emily Davies between them matured the scheme of Girton. The pair discussed the matter morning, noon, and night, and the result was the opening of the first college for women, the temporary premises at Hitchin that afterwards grew into Girton. It was the self-sacrifice of those two that carried out the plan, for Madame Bodichon contributed £1,000 to the initiatory outlay, and Miss Emily Davies freely undertook the onerous post of resident principal. Madame Bodichon, too, set on foot the amendment of the Married Women's Property laws, getting up the first petition for their alteration."

"She was, herself, I believe, happily married?"

"Very happily—Dr. Bodichon was a man of no mean attainments, and was in the fullest sympathy with his wife's aims. Again, it is worth mention that she was as beautiful and healthful in person as in mind. She was, even in middle-life, 'fresh as a rose,' with magnificent complexion, golden hair and beaming blue eyes. She was a model for Titian."

"So that she could richly well afford to despise the silly saying, 'Women's rights women are men's lefts.'"

"Then she was so joyous and light-hearted, though gifted with a tender readiness to feel others' woes. 'It is a benediction to see you,' said Browning to her once; and it was so still after her health failed, and to the very last in her sick-room—living, not there, but in the large life of others, the future of humanity. She bequeathed £15,000 to Girton, and £1,000 to Bedford College. I have several times since her death had to call the attention of editors and writers to her work, for she took no care of

her own reputation in what she did, and desired no praise, and hence she has not been properly appreciated."

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," and the reader will value the generous love that Miss Betham-Edwards testifies to her friend.

GRADUATE WORK FOR WOMEN

AT AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

REAL, earnest students do not look upon work as ended when the degree is taken. The study after graduation is often more important than that required for the degree.

Unusual opportunities for graduate work are offered to women by Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., and the advanced courses there have been attended from time to time by young women from Girton, Newnham, and other British colleges. The following statistics, compiled from the records of the Graduate departments, now on file for 1896-97, will, therefore, be of interest to English readers:—

There are enrolled forty-six graduate students, including three European holders of Fellowships. The distribution according to Departments is as follows:—Mathematics, 6; Biology, 8; Chemistry, 5; Physics, 1; Greek, 6; Latin, 6; English, 13; German and Teutonic Philology, 2; Modern Languages, 5; Romance Languages, 1; History, 1; Biblical History and Literature, 1; Philosophy, 1; History of Art, 2. In cases where the graduate student is not a Fellow, a combination of subjects is frequently elected. A consideration of the adjoined list of the groups arranged by the forty-six students will show the tendency towards special rather than general lines of work. Two students are combining biology and chemistry, two Greek and English, one English and Latin, one English and German, one English and French, two Greek and Latin, two German and Teutonic philology, two modern languages, one Romance languages, one Semitic languages, one Biblical history and literature, one English and history of art, one biology and English, one mathematics and Latin, one mathematics and modern languages.

Of the graduate students pursuing single studies, four have elected mathematics, five biology, six English, three chemistry, two Greek, two Latin, one philosophy, one physics, one history, and one history of art. Twenty-five colleges and universities are represented by their graduates, but many of the students have also taken graduate courses at other colleges than their own, both American and foreign, before coming to Bryn Mawr. About half the number come from Pennsylvania and New York, although many districts contribute. Of the three European Fellows enrolled among Bryn Mawr's graduate students for 1896-97, two are back in Europe, one at Marburg, studying biology, and one at the University of Munich, studying Greek. The third, a member of last year's graduating class, has deferred the use of her fellowship for one year for the sake of further preparation in mathematics, her chosen subject.

As will be gathered from the above paragraphs, Bryn Mawr offers valuable "fellowships" as aids to graduates seeking further culture. Scholarships are also available to help Bryn Mawr graduates to study in Europe—"traveling fellowships."

A new travelling fellowship was established last spring, designed for the benefit of students enrolled for the Bryn Mawr degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and open to those in the first year of graduate work. It is of the value of 500 dollars, and applicable to the expenses of one year's study and residence at some foreign university—English or Continental—as the holder may decide. The holder will be known as "President's Fellow," the founder, Miss Mary E. Garrett, of Baltimore, having named the fellowship in honour of President M. Carey Thomas. This makes the third European fellowship offered annually by Bryn Mawr.

Miss Garrett was led to found it by the intense competition for the "Mary E. Garrett European Fellowship," established by her in 1894. The latter fellowship, in all respects, resembles the new one, except that it is open to students in the second year of graduate work. The first student to hold the Mary E. Garrett Fellowship was Miss Isabel Maddison, of Reading, England (B.Sc. University of London, 1893), who devoted it to advanced work in mathematics at the University of Göttingen, and came up for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy last June.

The third European Fellowship, of equal terms with the others, is awarded annually to a member of the graduating class on the ground of general excellence in scholarship.

A number of English college women have attended lectures at Bryn Mawr as resident fellows and hearers. The resident fellowships, of the value of 525 dollars, are eleven in number, and are awarded to the graduates of any college in good standing. They are given in the following subjects:—English, Greek, Latin, Romance languages, German and Teutonic Philology, History or Political Science, Philosophy, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology and Physics. Of the English girls at Bryn Mawr last year three were fellows. The fellowship in German and Teutonic Philology was held by Miss Minna Steele Smith, of Newnham, who held it the preceding year also, the fellowship in Greek by Miss Eleanor Purdie, of Newnham, and the fellowship in English by Miss Phoebe A. B. Sheavyn, University of London. Miss Frances Lowater, of Nottingham and Newnham, student and Asst. Dem. in Physics during the year 1895-96, now holds the fellowship in Physics. Among the fellows of former years Miss Isabel Maddison was Math. Fell. in 1893-94; Miss Wilmer Cave Frances, of Mason's College, Birmingham, and Girton College, Greek Fellow in 1892-93; Miss Frances Harcastle, of Girton, Math. Fell. in 1894-95.

Miss Eleanor Anne Fyfe Andrews, of Hastings, England, a former student at Newnham, who attended lectures at Bryn Mawr last year, holds this year the Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore fellowship in English at the University of Pennsylvania.

GIRLS' EDUCATION IN NEW ZEALAND.

A HIGH but well-earned compliment has been paid to one of the very early workers in the education of girls in New Zealand, Miss L. W. Dalrymple, in the presentation, by a public subscription, of a life-size oil painting of that lady, to the Governors of the Girls' High School of Dunedin, a southern city of New Zealand. The portrait now occupies an abiding place on the wall of the great hall of that institution.

The object accomplished—mainly through her instrumentality—and now commemorated, may be shortly described in the language used when the appeal for it was, in 1865, first laid before the Legislature, viz.: "That educational facilities, with the necessary equipment, which by usage and tradition, have been hitherto provided for boys only, be created for girls, to enable them to follow with equal advantage the culture of their mental faculties." The effort on Miss Dalrymple's part to obtain this deed of justice, was continuous from the date just given, and resulted in 1871 in the establishment of the existing school, the first, it may be noted, for the purpose indicated, in the Southern hemisphere.

The ceremony of unveiling the picture took place at the Christmas break-up of the school, and was performed by Mrs. Reynolds, wife of the Hon. W. H. Reynolds, amidst a crowded and enthusiastic assembly. Her appropriate address was listened to with profound attention and loudly applauded. As specially invited guests were those ladies (the band of whom, naturally, has sadly thinned) who had assisted

and upheld Miss Dalrymple in her arduous and self-imposed undertaking. Mrs. Reynolds having, also, been one of the promoters.

The recognition comes late, but in the hearts of all Progressive women neither time nor distance can stay their sympathy and interest in this mark of appreciation having been paid, even after the lapse of a generation, to one of their number, and Miss Dalrymple has truly earned that distinction. She was an active and enthusiastic promoter of the Woman's Suffrage Movement (now, happily, crowned with success), and rendered appreciative help to Mrs. Sheppard and Sir John Hall in their struggle to have this great reform initiated. She is also a working member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and is seldom seen without sporting the pretty little badge of the order—the speck of white ribbon near the left shoulder.

Miss Dalrymple tells her friends how her eyes were opened to the need of good girls' high schools by her own early difficulties in gaining learning. A Scotch woman by birth, she sought in her girlhood, when she was resident in that seat of wisdom, St. Andrews, to learn mathematics; to-day, the fact can hardly be credited that in that city, literally peopled with professors, teachers and students, not one could be found to give her lessons in this branch of science, the request being met with a sort of incredulity as to its being serious—was it not a joke, that a girl should want to learn this "masculine" exact science?

After this she had the exceptional advantage of being for a time at Blackburne House, in Liverpool—the precursor of the Girls' High Schools in England. It had been but lately organised by that great educationist, Dr. W. B. Hodgson, and he was the first Principal. It will be remembered by many, that this gentleman was among the first champions of the right of every woman to exercise her own judgment as to what studies she was able to follow. He continued the friend and occasional correspondent of Miss Dalrymple, up to the time of his death at Brussels, whither, along with Miss Buss, he had gone as delegates to a European Conference on Education, held there during the seventies.

Leaving Liverpool, Miss Dalrymple studied education in Switzerland, and became in every way fitted for the work of her later life in raising New Zealand girls' education.

THE CHILDLESS.

SHE sits alone. The day is done,
The house is orderly and still.
Across her floors no quick feet run.
Within her heart no longings thrill.
She fancies she is satisfied
That motherhood has been denied.

All day her busy hands have wrought
The tasks belonging to her lot,
Unhindered by an anxious thought
Of those sweet cares she misses not,
And now to-night she sits alone
And views the work so deftly done.

From weariness she falls asleep,
Within the quiet of the room,
And dreams a dream so real and deep
That she awakes amid the gloom
And cries aloud to find it gone
And she still sitting there alone.

What new, strange longings fill her heart!
What discontent, unknown before!
Within her eyes the quick tears start—
She longs to dream it o'er and o'er—
That touch of baby arms that seem
To clasp her neck as in the dream.

Lillian E. Knapp.

TIDES.

By COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

LOWELL, in his lecture on "Democracy," points out that democracy is not a mere matter of debate—a question simply to be argued for or against—but that it is to be rather regarded as a tide, which must, whether we will or no, be accepted as a fact, so that we may adapt ourselves to it. So we can all see, on looking back to history, how constantly the realms which have been at first limited to men only have successfully opened themselves to women and been closed no more.

Thus we see that in many Oriental countries the very liberty of locomotion is an attribute of men alone; the world of women being a barred and imprisoned world, so that it is even regarded as a discourtesy, in speaking to an Oriental, if one mentions the women of his family. Even now we see the survival of this habit in Western Europe, among the hooded Spanish and Portuguese women, and in the prohibition of the streets to unattended young ladies in Paris.

The dramatic stage, from the time of Æschylus to that of Shakespeare, was a wholly masculine world, though now it doubtless counts, numerically, more women than men. When reading and writing were still such special accomplishments that their possession excused criminals from the gallows, this "benefit of clergy," as it was called, extended only to men, on the ground that they alone could be supposed to possess such knowledge. The whole world of academical life was till lately—except here and there in Italy—a wholly masculine world. The same was true in the main of all business and professional life—even including, till within some fifty years, the educational profession. Club life was, until within a year or two, a life for men only, and was regarded with distrust and shaking of heads by women. Even the simple modern indulgence of the bicycle was at first absolutely masculine in its limitations, and the modest tricycle was supposed to be the absolute limitation of the realm of woman. Man could ride at will on two wheels, be they larger or smaller, but no woman, while the world lasted, could ever mount on less than the correct and conservative three.

It is useless to go farther into details, for we all recognise the transformation. What we do not recognise is that this whole change is not a question of mere argument, but that it is to be viewed as a tide, whose end, for all that we can see, is not yet, and which must be simply recognised and reckoned with. In the meantime, a companion fact is to be also noted. Each of these successive steps, like all great changes, brings incidental perils with it. The Oriental woman has the follies and even vices of the harem, but it keeps her from other perils; no Turkish woman ever enters a dram-shop. The exclusion of women from the stage kept away the perils of the stage—its seductions, its vanity, its occasional demoralisation. . . . No doubt Woman Suffrage is destined to produce in time its share of women wire-pullers and demagogues and bosses, and all the rest of it. Thus each step, in turn, has brought its dangers or drawbacks. What then? In recognising human nature, you have to accept the limitations and perils of human nature. It is of no use for a committee of gentlemen to meet in a back room and pass a series of resolutions, "Whereas we object to human nature, and hereby enroll ourselves against it." Democracy is not an experiment, but a tide, and the changed position of woman, which is really a part of the great movement for self-government, is a tide also. Now it is clearly useless to pass

resolutions and collect subscriptions to prevent the incoming of the tide.

What we can do, however, is to build all our piers and wharves and canals with reference to this tide. By meeting a reform half-way, even Conservatives may make it more reasonable, less extravagant, more courteous.

For one, I often see statements and claims made in women's conventions which seem to me foolish and extravagant; but they are usually traceable to some equal or greater extravagance on the other side. Enormous wrongs—such as the power given to a husband to take a child from its mother by his last will and testament—are not to be driven out by prayer and fasting. It is too much to demand of women, as Madame de Staël told Napoleon, that they shall have nothing to say about the laws in nations where the laws may send them to the guillotine. It is too much to ask of women that they should defer to such preposterous arguments as one sometimes hears from men otherwise sensible—as that women should not attend lectures in medical schools because the professor will be less free to enliven his lectures by indecent allusions, or that they should not sit on school or library boards lest they prevent the masculine members from smoking during the sessions. (The present writer mentions no arguments which he has not himself heard from reputable sources.) Scarcely above this is the argument against the service of women as lawyers or on juries for fear of the painful facts that may be brought out in trials; as if there was any such regard for the delicacy of the woman in the prisoner's dock or on the witness stand, or as if the worst woman in the community, when placed on trial, did not need the presence of the best woman to influence and protect her. It would help all Reformers and all Conservatives very much if we could apply a little reason and common sense all round, and could recognise that we are not merely dealing with a little argument, *pro* and *con*, but are actually wrestling with a tide. No doubt every tide has its ebb, but it also will surely have its flow again, and only high-water mark will satisfy it.

A VISIT TO AN UPPER EGYPT HAREM.

By MRS. CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

(Continued from last week.)

AFTER the coffee we bade them farewell, promising to return on the morrow. The ladies took our hands, kissed them, and then laid them on their foreheads.

Next day the news came that the Khedive was expected up the river, and might possibly stop for a short time. The whole morning was passed in suspense, flags were nailed up on every point visible from the river; crowds of natives were down by the landing-place with a native orchestra and two dancing girls. When the Khedive's boat appeared there was a signal given that he would not land. The little knot of Europeans waved their handkerchiefs, the Khedive returned the compliment; Mr. Smith's cook fired his blunderbuss and the steamer whistled a recognition; the crowd made a great shout, something like an English hurrah; the Khedive passed on; the proceedings were over, and we returned to lunch.

It was nearly over when we heard a hubbub on the verandah; Daherura, the cook, opened the glass door and looked out. There were hundreds of natives outside, and in the midst their much admired dancing girls. They hardly waited for a tacit permission, but entered into the free part of the end of the room. Their band started at once. It seemed to consist of a half-suffocated pair of bagpipes,

two drums and two cymbals, and the combination was most exorciating. But the natives enjoyed it. The dancers' dresses were very much Europeanised, but still were striking. The chief dancer wore an emerald green short satin dress, with tight sleeves and square-cut bodice. An immense number of necklaces of gold coins hung round her neck, some of them long enough to fall below the waist. She had a loose girdle of plates of silver and chains, with bracelets, earrings, nose rings, and finger rings, and a tinsel bandeau round her hair. They told me her jewellery was worth over £500, and was all real. The other girl was dressed much in the same fashion in grey and pink silk, with a somewhat less lavish display of jewellery. Thus attired, and thus accompanied, they began what they called *dancing*. They moved their arms and shook their metal castanets; their bodies and legs were in a perpetual wriggle, like a little dog who is too happy to know how to express himself on his master's return; or a rather thinly set jelly mould, carried by a trembling hand. Yet the general shiver charmed the multitude, hundreds came behind and peered in through the wide open doors, and every point of vantage was crowded by eager black eyes. When the performance ended, the senior girl came round and collected money. As they had performed previously at the Mafetish's house, and were going on to another native home miles off, they made up for the non-appearance of the Khedive.

The general excitement caused considerable loss of time in the village, therefore it was somewhat later than we expected, when after patriarchal manners, a messenger arrived to "bid us to the feast, for they were ready." We, who were ready, set off, the first detachment consisting of five ladies, two children and my husband.

The Mafetish stood at his gate to welcome us with native dignity. He explained to Mrs. Smith that having many other gentlemen visitors he was about to ask our kindness and condescension to dine with the ladies of the harem, and thus divide the pleasure. My husband mischievously accepted the translated invitation as including himself, and attempted to cross the sacred courtyard, holding my arm devotedly. But I soon let him go, and fled to conceal my laughter. The other ladies had already disappeared. My last view of the courtyard showed me my husband gesticulating gravely that he wanted to follow his wife, the Mafetish holding on to him frantically, imploring him to respect the customs of the country and remain with him. Neither knew a word of the other's language, but they gradually seemed to come to a perfect understanding by signs and gesticulations, and they sauntered down the road together to meet the other men. I dropped the heavy curtain, and ascended the staircase alone.

Moonlight fell into the court and lit it with a dreamy charm. It concealed the meanness and the dust, threw trellised patterns from the windows on the steps, and shone in Eastern glory through the cupola. There was a souvenir of the fabled East in its fairy light. This time I had no disappointed illusions to combat, and resigned myself to the full enjoyment of the scene. But for a moment. Then the black slaves, the lamps, the chatter, the preparation, and the reception. The stranger's room was well lit, the curtains drawn, the fire blazing; the ladies, though not much more tastefully dressed, wore some sort of collar round their necks, and supposed they were attired in true French fashion. They had laid aside their jewellery at the death of the Mafetish's father eight months before, and the period of mourning had not yet expired; so they could wear none of their gems. But their mourning did not affect their garments. Their plain-dressed hair and the absence of any headdress threw out their plain features more strongly.

The children remained dressed as they had been when they went down to the river for the expected arrival of the Khedive. One little girl had on a scarlet satin dress, made much too tight, and a home-made faded blue crape bonnet trimmed with orange blossoms—the most incongruous little

chapeau possible. Another little girl, wearing a grey woollen dress, had a large tuft of artificial orange blossoms in her hair. Mustapha, a lad about six years old, had a real Arab dress of "many colours" and a loose Arab jacket of silver-trimmed magenta stuff that seemed always slipping off. It roused one's ire to know that Western traders palm off such out-of-date modern colours on the Eastern purchaser by assurance of its fashion, and thereby supplant the beautiful old Eastern tints in garments and carpets alike. The result is disappointing to the art students.

Mustapha amused himself for some time with the two European children, his sisters and cousins, and the games we taught them. Later on he exclaimed, "I do not wish to eat with the women to-day, I will descend to the gentlemen." He was the eldest son at home, and his father's darling, and he could do pretty much as he pleased with every one. The children subsided into silence after his departure; I soon exhausted my translated remarks, and brought out my netting-work. They all admired it much, and the red-haired bride begged me to teach her, and said she would teach the others. They could all do crochet, but they had never seen netting before, and it was an event in their dull lives. They drew round in a circle, and at the risk of spoiling my work, I allowed the girl to try. I was surprised to find how quickly she caught the knack. A very few phrases of "mouch taib" not good, and "taib" good, were sufficient, and then she went on triumphantly, absorbed in the delight of the new work.

The Mafetish came up to see us, and paid his compliments all round. All his own women rose, except his mother, who only inclined her head, but he motioned them to sit. He spoke pleasantly to them all, chatted with the children, admired my netting, and thanked me for teaching his niece. When he left we were led to another room of very much the same appearance, which represented the dining-room. We were there also to be treated in that confusing hybrid style, a forced union of dissimilar civilisations.

They told us we were to have an English dinner. We all sat round a circular table. In the middle was a large round green tray, bordered by table-napkins, pieces of Arab bread, and a row of small dishes containing olives, beetroot, various pickled vegetables, salt, pepper and seasonings. Each of us had a spoon presented. They were proud of knowing the use of knives and forks, and a few were lying about the table, but, as they were not arranged for everyone, nobody liked to appropriate them. Two black slaves came round with a basin and ewer of warm rose water, which the one poured over the fingers of each guest, then the other offered a table-napkin to dry them. A soup tureen, as the first course, was then set in the centre of the table, and each of us helped ourselves, with our own spoons, to a few spoonfuls of a white, richly-flavoured mutton soup. The meat that had been boiled in it was then set on a plate, and we pulled off a few pieces with our fingers, dipped it in the common salt-cellar and ate it. I did not like to use a knife and fork when nobody else did, fearing to offend, and so rubbed my fingers as clean as possible on the table-napkin. Next came in the *pièce de résistance*, a whole roast lamb. No knives were supplied. Mrs. Smith, who sat next me, began, and, encouraged by her example, I also put out my hand to help myself. I was next the haunch, and found the meat very tender and thoroughly cooked. One or two nice little lumpy pieces came easily off, which tasted very sweetly, in these novel circumstances. After this came lentils and stewed meat. I was husbanding my powers, for I was told I was expected to taste every dish, so the smallest possible quantity of these were sufficing. After these came nicely-grilled lamb chops, which we managed, in the rustic fashion, by holding the bone. Turnips, stewed with sugar, was the *entremet*, and then mutton custards, then, switched white of egg and custard sweets. This I enjoyed, after having carefully wiped my soup spoon with my table-napkin. I could then have rested content with my dinner. Alas! to spoil the pleasant flavour, came my special distaste, meat

stewed with onions and garlic, a dish that politeness made me taste and smile over. Next came sweet pastry, then beef olives, then an especially good, sweet sponge cake. I ate a piece of that, again hoping the labour was over, but there were several courses of varied meats still to be attacked, and a large dish of sweet jellied starch, trimmed with almonds. Then came the favourite Arab dish, pilaff, or rice and gravy. Mrs. Smith whispered that this was the termination, pilaff always being the last course. The ladies of the family used their fingers, I cleaned my soup spoon once more. There had been 18 solid dishes, and though many complaints of my eating so little had been made, truly grateful was I to see the end, even at the rate of one mouthful each.

I had hardly courage to attack the fruit, but no one can ever refuse an Egyptian mandarin orange, the true fruit of the Hesperides, that spoils one's taste for all less delicious flavours of orange or other European fruit. A pyramid of these soon disappeared, but we had to give in before the rich dates, the luscious bananas, the great nuts and *miserable little apples*. It is a strange fact that Egypt does not produce and cannot find good apples. They are expensive, and consequently the natives think more of them than of their own delicious home-grown fruits. Then came the black coffee, crown to every Egyptian feast, and I was asked if I should like cigarettes. I refused, and nobody else tried to smoke, the Scotch and English ladies because they could not, the Arabs because they would not. I asked for a glass of water, and it was brought me in a jewelled cup, cold as ice and flavoured with roses. Then the slaves came round again to wash our fingers, and the dinner was over. It had not taken so long as we might have expected, for the cook was clever, the attendants active, and the changes only in the centre dish.

We all then expressed our satisfaction with the dishes and our hostesses, and wished them all good wishes as we prepared to descend and see how the gentlemen were getting on. Great lamentations were made at our early departure, after we had robbed ourselves they all fell on our necks and kissed us. I could not help saying with a yearning heart to my poor Zara, "God bless you, and keep you, and help you!" And she answered me, apparently, in some Arabic benediction, as her eyes too looked full of earnest sympathy.

Descending to the front dining-room we found the gentlemen in a mist of smoke. They had also got through dinner, and were in a prolonged stage of coffee and cigarettes, enlivened by local gossip, the highest intellectual variety of the place. The Mafetish, accustomed enough to European ladies, received us courteously and offered us a share of both the refreshments he was enjoying, which we politely declined. They had had the same dinner, course by course, as we had, a whole roast lamb gracing their repast also. When it appeared, my husband, being the greatest stranger was expected to begin, and did not very well know how. He was offered a knife and fork, but seeing that none was offered to the others, he felt sure that to decline would gratify his host. Still he hesitated about the proper mode of action. Mustapha, however, set him an example, by laying hold of the tail, which, being well cooked, came away readily in his hand, and he commenced eating at once. My husband essayed to pluck a piece from the leg, which, seeming too modest, the host pulled off a whole shoulder and laid it on his plate. The others he helped much less liberally, for still, as in Biblical days, the most honoured guest was helped most abundantly, though, of course, he could not be expected to eat all set on his plate. Master Mustapha's tail took him a longer time to clear than the same amount of solid meat would have done, and the black waiter was moving off with the great dish from the tray before he had quite finished. "Bring it back; I want some more," said the young man. The slave hesitated and looked at his master, but Mustapha gave no time for contradiction, saying, imperatively, "Must I speak to you twice; bring it again." The guests laughed, and the Mafetish smiled, being greatly amused with his masterful boy.

No wine is used in the houses of good Mussulmen, but as one of Mr. Smith's guests considered wine a necessity, he had brought some claret with him, which they all shared, with the exception of my husband, who felt it only polite to his host to refuse. The Mafetish was evidently gratified by his doing so, and increased his civilities. They offered some to Mustapha, but he boldly said, "No, thank you, I will drink wine when my father drinks it," showing a fearlessness of scorn, and an adherence to the paternal example that would be well to be followed among our own boys. The father and son were strongly attached to one another, and my husband was much attracted to both. He kept saying how much he admired the boy, and wished to run away with him, until our host's fatherly pride and affection were thoroughly satisfied. Meanwhile, he had made friends with Mustapha by playing with him, and when we started to go home in the moonlight he swung the boy high up on his shoulder and ran off. Mustapha laughed with delight at his rough ride; but he did not have the fun of going thus the whole way to our temporary domicile, as two black slaves were sent from his father to convey him back, and he obeyed immediately. Bidding him good-night, we went home through the Avenue of Palms, each leaf silvered by the keen moonlight overhead; the breeze was cool and refreshing after the rather close atmosphere we had left, the scent of bean blossoms made the air delicious, and it was difficult to believe that we had just finished a Twelfth-night dinner in the story-haunted land of Egypt.

Public Meetings.

THE WOMEN OF RUSSIA.

In the course of a stirring address on Russian women, delivered last week before the Eastbourne Liberal Association, by Jaakoff Prelooker, secretary to the Russian Reformation Society, the lecturer made the following statements:—Among the primitive Slavs woman seems to have occupied an exalted position, as far as we may judge from the "Bilins" or national legends. By-and-by, however, under the influence of ascetic views from Byzantine ecclesiastic literature, and general demoralisation caused by the Mongol supremacy during the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, the seclusion of woman and her full subjection were introduced. With Peter the Great the doors of the "Harems" were opened, and, emancipated, the Russian woman has since made enormous strides, and has produced many noble and talented writers, scientists and artists, as well as patriots, whose heroism, and frequently martyrdom, for the cause of civil and religious liberty, are unsurpassed in the history of all nations. Politically, Russian women have equal rights with men, but that means they both have none. Among the people at large wife-beating is still a general practice, not punishable by law. Among the various non-conformist bodies, the Stundists, Durhobortsy, Molcans, &c., her position is the highest owing to the general purity of morals, sober habits, and other moral qualities which distinguish the sectarians from their brethren of the Orthodox Church. The marriage age is limited by law between 18 to 80 for a man, and 16 to 80 for a woman. Engagements can be broken without any responsibility for damages. Divorce can be granted: 1st, in case of adultery of one of the parties; 2nd, in case of the husband or wife being condemned to banishment, with deprivation of all civil rights; 3rd, in case of unknown absence for a period of more than five years; and 4th, in case of unfitness of one of the party for conjugal life. The Married Woman's Property Act dates as far back as the last century, and was decreed by the renowned Empress Catherine II. Madame Evreinova is the first Russian lady with a diploma of Doctor of Law, and is the able editress of the leading monthly, "The Northern Messenger." There are in Russia more lady doctors than in any other country. In her character, the Russian woman is most impulsive, in her love more romantic than practical, in her public service

enthusiastic, devoted, enduring, and self-sacrificing, and almost without fail on the side of the oppressed and downtrodden, consoling them with tears, or, when necessary, fighting their cause with pistols.

The lecture was accompanied with magnificent lime-light views illustrative of women's life and work in Russia, marriage ceremonies in the Greek Orthodox Church, portraits of popular lady writers, artists, patriots, martyrs, &c. An additional attraction was the picturesque national costumes worn during the evening by the lecturer and a number of friends representing various classes in Russia—a bride, bridesmaid, &c. Women's Societies could not do better than to invite Mr. Prelooker, addressing him at the office of "The Russian Reformation Society," 90 and 91, Queen-street, Cheapside, E.C., of which he is the hon. secretary.

LADY MARY MURRAY ON TEMPERANCE.

At the twelfth annual meeting of the Glasgow Free Church Temperance Society, held in the Cowcaddens Free Church, the Right Hon. Lord Overton, honorary president, occupied the chair, and amongst the speakers was Lady Mary Murray, daughter of the Countess of Carlisle. Lady M. Murray said that Professor Murray had had a very heavy session, and was also engaged in literary work. He was therefore unable to come; but she had taken his place. (Applause.) She proposed to speak of temperance as causing suffering to the children. Some persons argued for moderation as more dignified than abstinence, and others asked what would become of the revenue if the drink traffic were put down. All such arguments could be met. But as regarded the sufferings of children the women could give ample evidence. The children suffered from heredity. She had been looking at a wedding gift—a book from a Band of Hope—and came upon remarks of Dr. Norman Kerr upon infantile morality, which, he said, was most largely caused by the drinking habits of parents. Dipomania was the most obvious form of drink heredity. It might be handed down from one or both parents, and also from a grandparent, so that it was impossible for the innocent child to escape. Statistics from Massachusetts showed that of 800 idiot children in an asylum there, 145 owed their condition to the fact that they were children of one or both drunken parents. Then there was pauperism and crime and disease which children suffered from in consequence of drunken parents. She did not believe that all the pauperism and crime were caused by drink, because there were other agencies, but she could bring evidence to show that the large mass was due to that cause.

That was the opinion of clergymen, inspectors of schools, and workers amongst the poorer class. Mr. Williams, a Government inspector, stated that an investigation in the lowest parts of London showed that extreme poverty was found amongst very few total abstainers. Ninety-five per cent. of the inmates in children's refuges were there in consequence of drunken parents. The same children grew up without good example, and might grow up without good schooling. But if these children were taught that drink was more healthy and more dignified than abstinence, they might ultimately go down to a drunken grave. (Applause.) In a word, the children were the greatest sufferers from the tyranny of strong drink. Then what about the remedy? Certain legal enactments could be made for their benefit. There was a law in Norway that no drink should be sold to any child under 15 years of age. Why not have that law here? Then the children should be made thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the drink from which they were asked to abstain. There were two and three-quarters millions of children in bands of hope, but that number did not cover all the children. The many others should be compulsorily taught the nature of alcohol in the day schools. These two modes, together with the example of teachers and parents, would do much to save the children.

THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL PROGRESSIVE UNION.

On Thursday evening, February 25th, the first annual meeting of the Women's International Progressive Union was held at 128, Harley-street, W., by kind permission of Mrs. Alderton. Miss Amy C. Morant occupied the chair, and said how very heartily she rejoiced that the Union had passed through one year of its existence. She considered that the object for which it had been formed, that of educating and bringing women together, had been well kept in view. Woman's sphere was widening rapidly, and there was much to do if they were to cope with the work which was waiting and ought to be done.

Mlle. Adrienne Veigél, the hon. secretary, wished to congratulate the members and committee on the success of this their first year of work. The meetings had been spoken of all over the world, and she thought there was every reason for satisfaction. It was her great hope that all would work on in harmony as heretofore, thinking only of the great cause. After a few more introductory remarks, she read the report of the year's work. With a capital of only a little over £13 the whole business of the year has been carried on, and no fewer than 39 meetings held, even now leaving in the

treasurer's hands a balance of over 9s. It may well be said that the most has been made of the funds available. After the reading of the balance-sheet, the chairman expressed the opinion that their honorary secretary must possess the secret of the multiplying of the loaves and fishes, such wonders had she made the money do. A unanimous vote of thanks was accorded to Mlle. Veigél for her indefatigable work, in replying to which she said that for herself she wished no thanks, it was her great gladness to work to advance the cause of woman, but to those who had helped her in her undertaking, and especially to Miss Amy C. Morant, she must express her gratitude.

Mrs. Alderton, Miss E. Wardlaw Best, Miss M. Wolff van Sandau, Mrs. Watson, and Mrs. Somerville, made a few remarks. The following new officers were elected: Madame Alexandrine Veigél, to the presidentship; Mrs. Eamons, treasurer; and Mrs. T. R. Allinson to the committee. Votes of thanks to hostess and chairman closed the meeting.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

THE DEATH PENALTY.—"Capital Punishment" formed the subject of an address by Mrs. H. Bradlaugh Bonner at a meeting held at St. Martin's Town Hall, under the auspices of the Humanitarian League. She remarked that she did not wish to appeal to the emotions, but to convince them by a calm and dispassionate study of the facts. About half a century ago many societies were working for the abolition of capital punishment, but now that it was reserved for only one crime, the question was treated as of little importance. She maintained that for the safety of society restraint would be sufficient, and as a deterrent the death penalty had failed. In conclusion, Mrs. Bonner moved: "That this meeting believes that capital punishment can only be justified by necessity, and respectfully prays Her Majesty's Government to suspend the operation of the death penalty for a period of ten years, substituting in its place the punishment of imprisonment; so that by this means it may be definitely ascertained whether capital punishment is absolutely necessary as a deterrent or whether some secondary punishment would not prove equally effective." Mrs. C. Mallet seconded, and after some discussion, the resolution was carried.

As wellbred women when moving from a house always leave it clean and wholesome for the next occupant, so we, in moving from this world, should seek to leave clean places for those to occupy who come after us.

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SIGNALS FROM OUR
WATCH TOWER.

On Monday Lord Templeton introduced into the House of Lords, doubtless with the kindest and best intentions, but hardly wisely, his Women's Suffrage Bill. As was to be expected, it was opposed on behalf of the Government on the ground, which cannot be gainsaid, that a reform in the constitution of the House of Commons never has begun, and never properly can be initiated, in the House of Lords. The "Previous Question" was therefore carried. The only noticeable feature of the brief debate was the fact that the Government put up the Liberal-Unionist Duke of Devonshire to declare his own personal intention of voting against any such measure, and then he was followed by the official leader of the Liberals in the House of Lords with a similar declaration. It is obvious, therefore, that the Liberal Women Suffragists have to concentrate their attention on converting the leaders of their own party. Their opinions we cannot hope to change, but their actions are amenable to party pressure.

The report to Cambridge University of the Committee or "Syndicate" appointed to consider the giving of degrees to women has now been published. The terms of reference to the syndicate were "To consider what further rights or privileges (if any) should be granted to women students by the University, and whether women should be made admissible to degrees in the University; and, if so, to what degrees, on what conditions, and with what restrictions, if any." The syndicate consisted of 14 members, of whom nine—viz., the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Chawner (Master of Emmanuel), Professor Stanton, Professor Maitland, Mr. R. D. Roberts, Clare; Mr. W. N. Shaw, Emmanuel; Mr. A. W. W. Dale, Trinity Hall; Mr. A. N. Whitehead, Trinity; and Mr. Berry, King's—have signed the report. The other five members of the syndicate dissent—viz., Dr. Taylor (Master of St. John's), Professor Robinson, Dr. Shore, Dr. James, and Mr. J. W. Cartmell, Christ's. They have issued a statement giving their reasons for not signing the report, and make an alternative proposal.

What the majority advise is almost equivalent to giving women the degree. They recommend that the title of B.A. shall be given to women who have kept terms and passed a tripos (i.e., an honour's) examination; and that the women who have passed before this regulation comes in force shall also be henceforth entitled to use the same name. But in order to prevent these graduates from making any claim to the vote in either the University government or the election of an M.P., the title given to them is to be conveyed by a "diploma," and not as the ordinary degree. They further recommend that women who have taken the B.A. shall be entitled, two years after the end of their course, to receive a "diploma," of M.A., and that honorary degrees may be conferred on specially distinguished women as they now are upon men. It will be seen that the preposterous demand is still maintained that women shall pass in honours before they receive the diploma, while men can take the same title for a mere pass; and, of course, all prizes and advantages are to be refused to women, though they would be practically, if not avowedly, graduates of the University.

This is the friendly report. The unfriendly five disagree with this proposal, because, as they very truly say, such an evasion of the situation could not be permanent. If women were allowed to become thus in fact graduates they would soon be discontented at being shut out from the franchise and other benefits that the graduates of the other sex were allowed to enjoy. Therefore, the five propose that a brand new set of titles shall be invented for women only. Thus the women, though they in fact pass an examination far superior to that passed by most of the men who are B.A. and M.A., would not be recognised as having done so by the world at large. These gentlemen say:—

They believe that the disadvantages under which some women students are found to labour owing to the absence of a titular distinction would be wholly removed if the University were to confer on them the title *Magistra in Litteris* (M.Litt.) or *Magistra in Scientia* (M.Sc.), according to the subject of their study, so soon as they have attained the standard of honours

in a tripos by which a member of the University can proceed to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Such titles, while not being titles of degrees granted to men in this University, would have a recognised value for women professionally engaged in education, and thus would meet the need which has been put forward as the main ground of the present appeal to the University. They would not be liable, in the same way as titles of existing degrees, to be made the basis of further agitation for actual degrees.

Of course, no new-fangled titles invented for the use of women alone would have "a recognised value." The great public would never believe that a female title represented more (as it really would do) than the ordinary title, familiarised by centuries of use for a certain degree of acquirements for men. Nor is there a shred of reason for the invention of a new name. The examination to be passed is that which gives a man the right to use the title of B.A., why then is it not to give a woman the same right? For this difference in name there is no explanation to be given, because there is no respectable reason in existence. Fortunately, the majority in favour of the old and familiar title is large.

Yet even they, it must be remembered, are only willing that the degree shall be given to those women who pass an honours examination, while men take it for a bare pass—a very much lower test, as every University man knows. Why are the women, the sex whom the other day people believed quite incapable of severe study, and who are certainly at a disadvantage from the scarcity of scholarships and endowments applied to the assistance of their studies, to be asked to pass a more severe test than the men? The present leaders of women's University education at Cambridge, I understand, do not rebel against this, for an easily comprehended reason—they have very limited accommodation, and they can get enough women to fill their rooms who are desirous of studying for honours. But there is a wider point of view. Why is the average woman, the girl who answers in ability and in cash possibilities to the average young man who takes a poll degree, to be placed on an unequal footing with her brother? A degree, a mere pass, is an assurance of a certain amount of scholarship for a young man; why is a young woman who can attain that same degree of scholarship, and yet cannot go beyond it, to be forbidden to receive the title on equal terms with the males?

Mr. Goldwin-Smith has sent another of his illogical, self-contradictory and malignantly spiteful letters against Women's Suffrage to the *Times*, and again the *Times* finds large type to dignify this effusion to the utmost. But the letter is in itself as contemptible as the speeches of the opposition in the House of Commons, and it is difficult to suppose that it can carry the least weight with any ordinary impartial person. The old gentleman says that the three States in which women had votes all voted for Bryan; he apparently intends his readers to suppose that this was because the women voted, yet he instantly adds, "and Idaho, which has now adopted Woman's Suffrage, went the same way," thus informing us of what we all know, that it was not the States that had

Woman's Suffrage that went for Bryan, but the Western States generally: those three in which the women actually voted; that one in which the men, at the same moment when they voted for Bryan, were asked if they would give, and did give, their women the vote for the future; and those others in which the Suffrage for women has not yet been given. It was the interest of the locality that ruled the vote; and the same motives that were paramount in the States where women did not vote proved also to be paramount in the neighbouring ones in which women did vote, as Mr. Goldwin Smith himself points out. This is a striking illustration of the truth of our assertion, often made, that the minds of women in matters in which sex interests have no part, are likely to be governed and swayed by the same considerations as those of men, and that the phrase, used by the *Times* itself, that to give the vote to women would make our Empire to be "governed after the manner of women and not after the manner of men," is a sounding phrase without meaning. The cleavage in the American Presidential election was a geographical one, and the sex vote made no difference.

Mr. Goldwin Smith says: "The movement, however, seems to make little way in the United States. Wyoming is a far western State still in the frontier stage. Utah is wilder than Wyoming. Colorado is a mining State. In California woman suffrage was defeated by a large majority, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of its promoters. A very trustworthy observer tells me that 'in the older and better settled States political suffrage for women is in less favour than ever.' The same observer tells me that 'except in wildernesses like Wyoming and Utah, the mass of women decline to take any interest in the suffrage question, and all that we hear or see comes from the abnormalities.' Such is the net result of an agitation which has been going on for more than thirty years. 'Municipal suffrage,' my friend says, 'has not been sufficiently worked to see what is in it.' It has been sufficiently worked in Toronto to show that it is in favour of sentimental legislation and opposed to practical reform. A strenuous effort made some years ago by our leading men of business and our principal ratepayers to put a stop to the course of maladministration was defeated by the women's vote. The activity of the women in canvassing, particularly that of the 'abnormalities,' is extreme."

This belittling of the States in which women vote is of course the fruit of the exposure of the falsehood of his previous assertions as to the failure of the voting of women in Colorado. It will be remembered that on a previous occasion this reckless old man told the civilised world, through the columns of the *Times*, that in Colorado it had been found by experience that the good women did not vote, but that all the bad ones were bought in blocks and driven to the polls to "shame all the decent women," and that the decent women aforesaid desired nothing but to have the power of voting removed from them. The important document published in our columns on February 4th, signed by the Governor, the ex-Governor, the Governor-elect, the two United States senators, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and

nine other Judges, the Attorney-General, the Mayor of the capital city, and nineteen ladies all holding some prominent position in Colorado, directly contradicted every word of Mr. Goldwin Smith's unscrupulous and disgraceful libel. This manifesto "bore testimony to the value of equal suffrage in Colorado," and stated that as many women as men voted, that no evil results had followed, and that "the vote of women was markedly more conscientious than that of men." This incontestable document having made it impossible for Mr. Goldwin Smith to repeat that particular aspersion, he takes refuge in explaining that Colorado is "a mining State," and that Wyoming and Utah are thinly populated in relation to their size, as if intelligence depended in some way on the principal occupation and the pressure of population to the square yard! Who can doubt that the aspersion on the ladies in the Municipal elections in Toronto is equally false with that exposed above? We are well aware that women voters are not the upholders of maladministration, though we are prepared to learn with equanimity that they are of a different opinion from that of Mr. Goldwin Smith as to what is maladministration!

Our critic continues that "It is not inferiority of intellect in woman that makes it dangerous to put the government into her hands, though the difference between the sexes in practical intellect, or at least in practical training, is a fact which no one who has a respect for facts can disregard. It is woman's irresponsibility, which no legislation can remove. Put the power where you will the responsibility must rest on man; and where the responsibility is the power ought to be." We would like to know what responsibility that the Goldwin Smiths and the Laboucheres of the world undertake is removed from the shoulders of women? They pay a tax to provide soldiers to fight, and so do women; if there is war, the taxes increase on women as on men; if our country engaged in war and lost, we should have to contribute heavily to an enormous indemnity to the conqueror. But we who are thus responsible have not the power either to influence the course of affairs that leads to war, or to see that our money is so spent as to give us the protection that we are paying to have. We are the persons who have responsibility and no power, and we agree with this writer, that where the one is the other should be also.

Lady Henry Somerset has kindly promised to preside, if her health allows, at the lecture to be given by Mrs. Fenwick Miller at the Crystal Palace on the evening of March 31st, the subject being "Progress of Women in the Victorian Era." As, however, she has not been able to promise to attend even the quarterly meeting of her own B.W.T.A. at Bristol at the beginning of April, her presence at the Palace must not be counted upon.

Several subscriptions have been received during the past week for the SIGNAL Free Circulation Fund. Next week, I hope to print the first list of subscribers, expecting to receive more during the week. Subscribers may nominate, if they please, persons or institutions to receive weekly free copies. Meantime, will the kind friends who have so quickly responded accept most grateful thanks?

Such announcements as the following are now growing quite common, everyday occurrences:—Miss M. M. Traill Christie, M.B., B.S., has been unanimously re-elected to the post of second resident medical officer to the Greenwich Union Infirmary and Workhouse. Dr. Helen M. Greene, L.S.A.Lond., M.D.Brux., has been appointed to the Staff of the Provident Dispensary, Derby. Dr. Lily Leney, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.Edin., M.D.Brux., L.M.Rotunda, has been appointed Clinical Assistant to the New Hospital for Women, and Assistant Resident Medical Officer to the Canning Town Medical Mission.

Proof of the willingness of women to receive and trust in the medical and surgical treatment of qualified practitioners of their own sex is given by the figures stated at the 25th annual meeting of the New Hospital for Women, Euston-road, which was held at the hospital last week. All the medical staff and all the students are women. The report showed that during the year 500 in-patients had been treated, and 12,921 out-patients had paid 30,220 visits. Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the Bishop of London, who presided, said that she had been most favourably impressed by an inspection of the hospital. She regretted to hear that the institution was for the first time in debt, and pointed out that the enormous success that had been achieved demanded largely-increased support. The trouble to get subscriptions, she remarked, was part of the weariness which attended efforts made on behalf of others. Dr. Garrett Anderson, Dr. Mary Scharlieb, and Mr. H. Graham, M.P., were amongst the other speakers. This hospital began as a small dispensary at a time when the fully qualified women doctors in this country were less than a dozen in number.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE
SUCCESS.

ONE of the most recent proofs of the axiom that "Nothing succeeds like success" is furnished by that enterprising firm, Messrs. Newball & Mason, of Hyson Green Works, Nottingham. First of all they made a success, from John O'Groats to Land's End, with their Mason's Extract of herbs for non-intoxicating beer; following that, their Mason's wine essences for making non-intoxicating wines have become very popular for winter parties. Now they have recently introduced Mason's Coffee Essence, a sample of which we have tried and found to be excellent, whilst the price is so reasonable as to lead us to confidently expect that it will achieve yet another success for the makers.

We understand that the finest coffee obtainable is used in the manufacture of this essence. This essence will be found more convenient than the old-fashioned form when a cup of coffee is required immediately. A teaspoonful will make a cup of delicious coffee.

Dr. Collins writes as follows of this new preparation of coffee: "I can unhesitatingly recommend Mason's coffee essence as an agreeable, sustaining and stimulating beverage. The volatile and aromatic products of the coffee berry are so developed in its manufacture as to give it its agreeable aroma while retaining its nutritive and tonic properties. For as all the soluble substances are retained, it is equal to a mixed infusion and decoction of coffee prepared in the ordinary way. Containing, as it does, a considerable amount of nutritive substances it forms, especially if taken—as coffee ought to be taken—with plenty of warm milk, a highly sustaining food."—M. COLMAN COLLINS, M.D., M.R.C.P., Lond.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS WOMAN.

MRS. PHILP'S NEW TEMPERANCE HOTEL IN LONDON.

NEXT door to the WOMAN'S SIGNAL office—that is, about a stone's throw from Charing Cross—there is a great hotel; it runs through from Maiden-lane to the next street, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, occupying the whole width of the block. It makes up about 180 beds and has some very fine public rooms. It was with much interest that the Editor heard that a lady was about to undertake the proprietorship and management of this great business.

Mrs. Philp is already well known to the travelling public in a similar capacity. The "Cockburn" Temperance Hotels at Glasgow, and at Endsleigh-gardens, London, have both been highly successful for some years, and the name "Cockburn Hotel," as indicating a temperance hotel of the highest class, is of even older significance, the Edinburgh "Cockburn" having nearly half a century's repute as a high-class hotel.

Mrs. A. D. Philp, when at length she could spare a few moments from the heavy work of superintending dozens of men re-painting and papering and bringing in furniture, was found to be a handsome lady in the prime of life, with the fair complexion and the general look of practical capacity that distinguish Scotchwomen so often, but with an accent in her pleasant decided voice which showed that she hails originally from across the "big water."

"This will be a great undertaking, Mrs. Philp?"

"Yes, but you see I am prepared for it by long experience. I have made a success, first of the Glasgow Hotel, and then of the house in Endsleigh-gardens, both of which are constantly busy; the London one is crowded to its utmost capacity during the London season, every little room and almost cupboard being occupied; so that I am prepared to go on to a fresh undertaking."

"What experience had you when you began hotel management?"

"Absolutely none; I had not even kept house privately before I started on managing the Glasgow Hotel nearly twenty years ago. I spent my girlhood in the Southern States, to which I belong; my childhood passed there under the slave system, when ladies had nothing to do with their own housekeeping, everything being left to the slaves, so that I had not even had the ordinary training of an English girl in domestic affairs, when I married a son of Mr. Philp, of the "Cockburn Hotel," in Edinburgh, who was visiting mutual friends in my native town, and, soon afterwards, went to undertake the management of the new hotel which my father-in-law had just built in Glasgow."

"And did he ask you to become his manageress?"

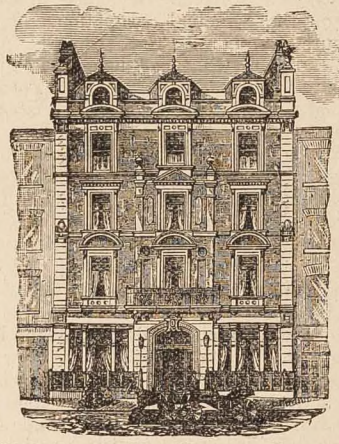
"That may have been in his mind, but I never was so. From the first, the business was my own; I had no one over me, but was free to do the best I could, and I would not have undertaken it under any other conditions."

"Did you succeed there very quickly?"

"Quite as quickly as there was reason to expect—having four R. R. station hotels to compete against. In proof, I may say that there are two licensed hotels in almost the same position, quite near neighbours of mine, that jog trot along just as they were doing at the time I commenced, while the "Cockburn," as a first-class temperance hotel, towers above them in enlarged size and increased patronage."

"And now you intend to make the new one go ahead just as much?"

"Well, I am going to give to it the same attention and energy by which I have worked the others, but, of course, I do not expect to have it booming all at once. When I began in Glasgow, I believe I did think I had only to open my doors, and the travelling public would troop in to fill the house up, but now I am aware that a business has to be built up. Still, with the start given me by the number of persons who know my other houses, I feel confident that I shall not be overlooked in so central a position and so fine a building, indeed, I acknowledge no such word as 'Fail,' and I am determined to succeed."



MRS. PHILP'S NEW HOTEL IN LONDON.

"And are you going to keep on both the other houses?"

"Certainly, they are much too prosperous to be interfered with. I shall manage them all myself, though, of course, I have assistants."

"Have you any children growing up to help you, Mrs. Philp?"

"I have three; they don't happen to be exactly my own, they are my sister's, but I have had them with me all their lives, and they are quite like mine. My eldest daughter is now fully able, with the assistance of a housekeeper, to take the daily oversight of the Glasgow house."

"Do you find the temperance ladies are your chief customers?"



MRS. PHILP'S HOTEL IN GLASGOW.

"I am sorry to say that if I depended on temperance ladies I should have shut my doors long ago. My principal support and recommendation comes from the most influential temperance gentlemen and their families, and non-total abainers who can dispense with wine and who value an hotel in which they are not asked to drink, and yet have everything else on as comfortable and liberal a scale as in any other hotel. I may mention that I do not allow any liquor to be brought into the house. At some so-called temperance hotels anyone who wishes may bring drink in for himself, but I will not have it even used in my house. For this reason, several doctors in Glasgow, a little against my will, sometimes bring inordinate

patients to my house as a temporary home, knowing them to be as secure against intoxicating drink as if in an asylum. They know that every servant in the place is thoroughly well aware that nothing must be brought in under any pretext."

Now Mrs. Philp asked a question in her turn. "I have more large rooms in the house," said she, "than there is reason to keep for the general purposes of the hotel. Do you think there would be enough temperance gatherings in London, dinners, or teas, or meetings, to make it worth my while to keep one of these large rooms ready for such a purpose?"

"Considering the central position of the hotel, and the great run that I know there is for meetings, in connection with which drink is certainly not required, at places like the Westminster Palace Hotel and Anderton's," replied the Editor, "I should almost think it would be worth while, though no doubt it would take some time for people to get to know that you had such a room available. As soon as it was known, it would be more pleasant for ladies to come to meetings of every kind there than in ordinary hotels. One thing I can tell you, that under the old management there was a good deal of theatrical and musical rehearsing going on there, for many a time I have been worried half out of my wits by the noise of the singing next door to my office."

"I am not going to have anything of that kind," said Mrs. Philp, decidedly, "I am going to keep the house quite private and free from parties of that description, but I should be pleased to have respectable meetings, or afternoon parties and the like, for the refreshments of which I could cater. Of course, however, the real support of such an establishment is in the visitors who take the bedrooms, and I should think that in this very busy year I shall have a good chance of the house being well filled."

It was a pleasure to see a lady who looked so capable, so strong, and yet so pleasant, to realise that she had had so much success, and to wish her further success in such a great new enterprise.

Ladies coming to London in June for the B.W.T.A. and W.L.F. meetings would do well to write at once to Mrs. Philp, at the "Cockburn Hotel," 13, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, and secure rooms. It is three minutes' walk only from St. Martin's Town Hall, where the B.W.T.A. meetings are to be held, and is a most central and convenient position for "doing London" from generally.

SIGNALS FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

MRS. GARNETT (Warrington B.W.T.A.).—The annual meeting of your Association is fixed for June 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Her Majesty's Jubilee festivities will be fully three weeks later, so you see the two cannot be exactly combined in your visit. With regard to temperance matter in the SIGNAL, I think you will find all news of any importance given here, and the SIGNAL is a woman's newspaper, not a temperance organ.

K.—What you describe as "bachelor ladies' flats" are to be found at "The Ladies' Dwellings," Chenies-street, Tottenham Court-road, London.

C. P. S.—Your letter (abbreviated) is in type for insertion, but in reply to your second letter you must understand that much more correspondence is received than can be used, and many letters, even some that really are good in themselves, have to be excluded—sometimes because their topic is not of general enough interest, sometimes because they are too verbose, sometimes because all they say has already been said, etc. A signed letter has more chance than an anonymous one.

DR. ALICE VICKERY suggests that the difficulty about a dissolution following on a Woman's Suffrage Act being passed might be met by deferring the date of the new law coming into force, say to January 1st, 1900. She holds that not only would this avoid the difficulty referred to, but that it would really be the best plan, because it would allow time for women to better their political education before using their new power. She concludes:—

"I do hope that you will be able to look at this matter from my point of view. I hope earnestly that we shall signalise this year as the year of emancipation, and look forward to the opening of the new century as the date of coming into our kingdom."

TREASURES AND TROUBLES.

A DOMESTIC SCIENCE STORY FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

CHAPTER X.

"You have not told me yet," the doctor said as they went along in the cab, "why your sister cannot nurse her child?"

"She is so weak."

"But she will get stronger in a little while, if all goes well. Does she want to nurse the baby?"

"Oh, yes, poor girl! it is a great disappointment to her to have to give it up."

"Has her doctor ordered her to do so?"

"He said that the milk was evidently insufficient to nourish the baby, and that it was too great a strain upon her."

"But in that case she need not give up altogether," said Dr. Wynter. "The baby can be helped with the bottle, and yet its mother can nurse it about four times in the course of the day. To a delicate lady, undisturbed sleep is of great importance. The baby can be kept away all night by its nurse with the bottle, and can go to its mamma for breakfast, when she is almost sure, after her night's rest, to have some ready for it. Then the mother may take the baby herself again, perhaps, two or three times more before supper."

"What would be the use of that, John?"

"You say she would like to be able to nurse the baby—well, if she follows this plan, she has the very good chance of becoming fully able to do so as she gathers up strength. Besides, it is good for the baby to have what it can get of its best food in this way."

"But is it not injurious to 'mix the milks'?" I thought it was very desirable, even, to get the milk always from one cow for bottle-feeding, if possible."

"It is not in the least injurious to 'mix the milks,' as I have just advised; it can be no more mischievous than it is for you and me to eat at one meal potatoes grown in two different fields. Having the cow's milk always from one animal, if possible, is very desirable, but it is quite a different question from that of mixing natural and artificial feeding."

"Is it? How so?"

"The point is that no two cows can be relied upon to give milk precisely the same in strength and composition. It is very nearly the same, of course; but there is the chance of enough difference to make it worth while, whenever convenient, to have the milk invariably from the same cow, so that when you have once got your mixing of it suited to your baby's stomach, you may know what you are doing. Then, again, cow's milk varies a good deal in flavour."

"Yes, that it does. Some milk tastes very strongly of the turnips!"

"Well, a child sometimes rejects milk—either will not take it, or brings it up again off its

stomach—because of some flavour or other peculiarity in the milk, which we often cannot discover with our senses. If the milk in such a case is had entirely from one cow it is easy to change the cow, and often, doing so will lead to your finding milk that suits, and so you enable the baby to keep down its food; but if the milk is a mixture, you can do nothing else but entirely change your dairy, if the food disagrees with the child."

"And you believe that Elfie would keep her milk if she only nursed the baby at longer intervals?"

"That it is not possible to foresee exactly. Not unfrequently, the less the milk is asked for the less of it is supplied by nature, until before long it stops altogether; but I should certainly recommend Elfie a trial of this method, if her medical attendant sees no objection."

"Am I to ask him, then?"

"Yes, decidedly; as he is still calling, you must submit the matter entirely to him. You need not even tell him that I have had anything to do with the suggestion."

"Do you think he would not advise it of his own accord?"

"Probably he would; but, on the other hand, he might consider it, as some medical men do, outside his province to go into such details of nursing."

"Well, now please go on quickly, my oracle, and tell me exactly what I am to put in the bottle for a three weeks old baby?"

"You are to give it at present not one particle of anything else but milk," said Dr. Wynter, smiling at her. "Until it is a month old it should have two parts of warm water to one part of pure milk. I suppose you will get good milk, as it is in the country, or else, of course, if it was milk that was watered before it came into the house, you would not have to put so much water yourself."

"It must be rather vague work to mix a town-baby's milk," said Bertha.

"Yes, if the strength of the milk is not known; and, therefore, it is of the greatest consequence to get pure milk for babies, however young, in order that the mother or nurse may know how much water to add to it. Most good dairies will send nursery milk in sealed cans, and warrant its purity, at a small extra charge; and this it is quite worth while to pay to have the milk pure."

"And after it is a month old, I suppose it has its food stronger?"

"Yes, gradually increase the proportions of milk. From about six weeks old, it may have half and half; the quantity of milk is then to be gradually increased, until between five and six months old it has it nearly pure. The great mistake commonly made in mixing tiny babies' food is to give it them too strong; stronger, that is to say, than mother's milk is for a child of the same age. Mother's milk gets stronger week by week."

"Well, is there anything else to be put in?"

"Yes, a little bit of sugar, just enough to make it slightly sweet, not too much so. Swiss milk, which is otherwise good, disagrees very often, simply because it has too much sugar in it. Then, in addition, you should put to each bottle of milk a teaspoonful of lime-water."

"Where do you get lime-water, and what is it for?"

"Its purpose is to prevent too great acidity of the stomach, and so to aid in the digestion of the milk. As to where to get it, you can buy it very cheaply of the chemist. Threepennyworth lasts a good while. It is simple water, distilled or boiled as is most convenient, and

then poured cold upon quicklime. It is quite easy to make, whenever it is more convenient to anybody to make it than to purchase it. You would put a piece of quicklime, weighing about half a pound, into a stone jar, and pour on it a gallon of cold water that has been boiled and allowed to go cold. The water must be poured slowly, or the jar will break. Then stir it up well, and let it stand for a night, when the lime will all settle to the bottom, and the clear water is to be poured off the top into bottles, and well corked."

"And that is the proper way to make the food? Let me be sure that I remember. Milk and warm water, equal parts, at first; a pinch of sugar, and a teaspoonful of lime-water."*

"Yes, that makes the bottleful, quite right. You know, I suppose, that a baby's food should never be hot or cold, but with the chill nicely off. Cold food gives a baby stomach ache, and stops its digestion."

"Yes, of course, that stands to reason; we could not do ourselves with cold food very often. And now, if I do just as you say, all will be right?"

"Don't be quite so sanguine, my dear; that is all right for an average baby; but they differ in digestive power as adults do, and your charge may be one of the exceptional youngsters, needing something special."

"How shall I know?"

"Simply by seeing if its food agrees with it. If it keeps it down usually—you need not mind at all an occasional sick fit, but take it as a warning against overfeeding—but if the food does commonly keep down, and if the baby does not have diarrhoea, and gets duly heavier from week to week, it is an ordinarily healthy baby, and is digesting and assimilating its food all right. But if it frequently brings up curdled milk, or cries persistently after a meal, or is wasted and feeble—then it needs special treatment in diet. The curdling, you understand, is the natural and necessary beginning of digestion; it is not because the milk curdles, but because it is then vomited, that you are to be anxious."

"What am I to do in that case?"

"The first thing is to try changing the dairy; then you can reduce the quantity of milk to the water, and make up for doing it by adding a teaspoonful of fresh, good cream to each bottle; or use condensed milk for a week in place of cow's milk—but any of these things should be only for a time; say for a week, for condensed milk is too sweet and lacking in cream for continuous use. If diarrhoea continues, always have a doctor quickly; it is a dangerous symptom, I assure you. But if the symptoms are only of failure in the food to nourish, then we can partially digest the food for the baby by what is called 'peptonising,' and sometimes to that

* It may be mentioned that the writer of this series of articles brought up two children very successfully "by hand;" they were all through infancy very fine specimens of babies, and above the average in height and vigour as young children. Nothing was given them but milk, gradually increasing its strength to quite pure, till seven months old, when a good "Infant's Food" was added, at first to only the morning bottle, and by degrees to every meal. It is important to keep the lime-water in a well-corked bottle. If either constipation or diarrhoea be found to occur, sugar of milk (to be had from good chemists) should be used instead of ordinary sugar to mix in the food. Some infants become much constipated by cow's milk. For immediate relief 10 to 20 drops of syrup of rhubarb may be given, or a piece of *mamma* the size of the thumbnail may be put in the bottle, or a small injection of lukewarm soapy water given, from a 3 oz. indiarubber bottle enema. But such aids must not be often repeated; they must not be habitual, at any rate; it is best to make some little change of diet. In such cases it sometimes agrees better to use barley water in place of plain water to dilute the milk made by boiling two teaspoonfuls of pearl barley in a pint of water till reduced to three-quarters of a pint, and then strained through muslin. Less should be made for one baby—these are the proportions—as it must be made fresh every day. If this fails, oatmeal water may be tried. Using Demerara in place of castor sugar, or else "sugar of milk" will sometimes prevent constipation, and in some cases the addition of a little Mellin's or other high-class "infant's food" to the milk almost from the first agrees with the baby, but at first very little.

for a month or so will work wonders for a delicate baby."

"It sounds something very serious."
"Oh, but it is very simple. In that event you would buy some 'peptonising powders' from a good chemist, and follow carefully the instructions that are on them. By this help, you give the baby the curd, or solid part of its milk, already partly digested. But pray understand, my dear, that it is not *desirable* to have to give this help to the stomach, it ought not to be needed, and by a healthy baby it is not; and even when you have been obliged to give this assistance, you should try every second or third week if the comparative rest has not sufficed, and if the baby cannot now digest by its own powers, by giving it a trial meal or two without 'peptonising' first."

"Well, I think, now, I am fairly armed with knowledge; and it is a good thing, for here comes the train."

"How much longer are you going to stop away?" asked the doctor, becoming the husband again.

"I hope Elsie will be well enough to take charge of things herself in a fortnight."

"Well, don't hurry even then, if the fresh air is doing you and Maggie any good. But I shall be glad to have my own again."

(To be continued.)

ECONOMICAL COOKERY

By Miss LIZZIE HERITAGE.

(First Class Diplôme Cookery and Domestic Economy; Author of "Cassell's New Universal Cookery," &c., &c.)

LITTLE DISHES FOR INVALIDS.

At this time of year, as there is always much illness in our midst, these dishes may be helpful to any with a convalescent to cater for. Those who have been on slop diet for some time, and are making a change to semi-solids, will find this soup soothing and nutritious.

VEAL AND BARLEY CREAM.

Half a pound of lean fresh veal is to be shredded or scraped with a sharp knife, and put at once into half a pint of water. Better still is a weak stock made from any bone of the meat. Then cover the jar (or basin) and set in a pan of boiling water, which should be kept boiling round the jar for an hour and a half; at this stage add half an ounce of patent barley mixed with cold water to a paste, and allow a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes more cooking. Then rub through a sieve. This is best done with an iron spoon; a basin of hot water should be at hand in which to heat the spoon now

and then, and a second spoon is wanted to scrape the meat from the under side the sieve. As to seasoning, the nature of the illness must decide the kind and amount. A little salt at starting in any case, more being used towards the end, and a few white peppercorns with a clove or pinch of mace; and for some, a strip of lemon rind can be simmered with the rest, or a little parsley may be used. As to the cream, if the preparation is likely to be used soon, it may be added at once, from half a gill to a gill, but where little is taken at a time it is a good plan to add the cream at the time of re-heating, in the proportion of a dessert-spoonful or thereabouts to every two table-spoonfuls. Re-heating is best done by setting the vessel in a saucepan of water; if poured in a saucepan (the common mode), there is risk of burning, and it is wasteful where such minute quantities are being dealt with.

"Many are wedded to pearl barley; in such cases it may be used, being put on with the meat; when done it should be pounded, and as much as possible rubbed through the sieve. It always requires blanching, *i.e.*, put on in cold



E. 732. Spring Walking Costume. Pattern from this office, 1s. 1½d. post free.

E. 732.—Walking costume suitable for making in striped material; at the hem the skirt is ornamented with three rows of astrachan; the material is pleated into the waist at the back. Bodice cut round; it is made tight-fitting at the back, whilst in the front the material is draped. The bodice is made with a square yoke of applique material, which is edged with astrachan. Band collar of material edged with a narrow fringe of lace, and ornamented at the back with a large bow of ribbon. The bodice is made to fasten at the side. Deep waistband of silk rounded in the front and pointed at the back. Tight-fitting sleeves of material, ornamented on the shoulders with a drapery of the same; they are cut pointed at the wrists, and there trimmed with a fringe of lace or chiffon. Quantity of 44 in. material required, 7½ yds.; astrachan trimming, 14 yds. 21 in. fancy material, 1 yd.

water and brought to the boil, then rinsed in fresh water; for if this is omitted it will spoil the colour of anything to which it is added.

The yolk of a raw egg will be found an agreeable change from the cream, when the mixture becomes "veal and barley custard." It should be beaten first with a spoonful of the soup, the rest being added gradually, the beating continued; it wants stirring over the fire to cook the egg, but boiling point is to be guarded against.

A MORSEL OF STEAMED FISH

will be found more tasty than boiled fish, which is unfortunately very frequently deprived of the greater portion of its nutriment by over-cooking. This way is simple. A fillet or two of white fish, such as sole or a whiting, may be used; just butter very lightly two plates, season the fish with a pinch of salt and pepper, and sprinkle a little lemon juice over, place it over a pan of boiling water that will take the plates easily, and cook for twenty minutes, more or less, according to thickness. Turn once, the top plate to the bottom. If acids are not allowed, omit the juice. The liquid that will be found in the plate should be served with the fish; or if sauce is allowed, it can be added to any that may be preferred. There are cases where a morsel even of butter disagrees; then a spoonful or two of milk may take its place for the requisite moisture. The moment the fish looks white throughout and loses its opaque appearance it is ready to serve and there is nothing gained by prolonging the cooking; all the same if left a moment too long it takes no harm, which cannot be said when boiling is resorted to.

THE PUDDING COURSE IS OFTEN TRYING.

It is apt to become monotonous, and generally there are but few kinds allowed. Much may be done, without departing from any enforced rules, by a little ingenuity. If milk puddings are ordered they may be steamed for a change instead of baked. Again, the mixture of milk and rice (or whatever may be used) can be cooked in a basin, set in boiling water over the fire, and steamed for a couple of hours or more; in this way any required consistency can be got; the flavouring may be varied, and if eggs are to be added they may be beaten in a few minutes before serving. In this way they often agree better than in a baked pudding of the kind. Vermicelli may be instanced as one of the most digestible of the starch foods, and it cooks in less time than many others—no small consideration very often.

A STEAMED CUSTARD

from a couple of eggs and half a pint of milk, sweetened very little, may be served hot or cold; the cooking should be very slow, so that it is smooth all through when done; the water round the mould should barely simmer. By using half to three quarters of a gill of soup or beef tea to each egg in place of milk, one gets a savoury custard, and these are usually very much liked.

WHAT TO WEAR.

I HAVE been favoured with a sight of a number of dresses which have just come over from Paris, and there seems now no manner of doubt that the trimmed skirts are coming in. There is no very great change apparent in the cloth costumes which are to be worn in early spring, but all the *filé* dresses which are ready for the summer are made with a very full skirt, draped over a silk foundation—or perhaps I should rather say under-skirt—as the lining is quite a separate affair from the top. All canvases and cashmeres are made in this style, with a loose over-skirt over a silk petticoat, and they are usually adorned with curved flounces, which are generally arranged at the back and sides, so as to give sufficient height to the figure when seen from the front. The pouch bodice is the almost invariable accompaniment of the draped skirt, and some of them are full at the back as well as in front. There seems only one idea

for sleeves, and that is that they should be plain and tight-fitting all the way, with an epaulette at the top. Nearly all the epaulettes have a fringe of lace underneath, which gives a very dressy effect to the bodice.

There is a great fancy for a single rever, and this feature is seen in many of the new bodices, as well as in the out-door jackets. The bodice is made double-breasted, and the side which buttons over shows a single rever of satin or velvet, edged with a tiny pleating of corded ribbon. Bands and buckles will be worn with the pouch bodices, the favourite material for the former being black velvet, or green Swedish leather. The buckles are of paste, silver, or fancy enamel, according to the character of the dress with which they are to be worn. Sometimes three large buckles will be placed at intervals on the same band, but they will be set on hinges so as to follow the shape of the figure, as otherwise they would give a clumsy effect to the waist.

The new out-door jackets are very short, and the favourite model is double-breasted, with a single rever, and is fastened at the bust with one large ornamental button, similar buttons appearing at the back of the waist and on the cuffs. A description of a few of the Paris models referred to may possibly be of interest to some of my readers, though there is so much detail in all the new dresses that it is difficult to do them justice in black and white. A charming dress was in fawn coloured cashmere with a pouch bodice (full all the way round, like the old-fashioned Garibaldi), brightened by a neck-band and waist-band of orange glacé silk. A V shaped piece of copper-coloured guipure appeared in front, laid over white glacé silk. The sleeves were perfectly plain except for the addition of epaulettes of the material laid over a fringe of the lace. Both bodice and skirt were embroidered with long lines of the Greek key pattern, outlined in wide white braid.

Another pretty dress was in dark blue canvas with borders of white ribbon figured with narrow green stripes. The bodice was double-breasted, and ornamented with a single large rever of green satin, with a folded collar in the same pretty colour, and the waist was completed by a belt of moss-green *Suède*, fastened with a steel buckle. The bodice was fastened with large steel buttons, which made a pretty finish to the costume.

More simple in style was a tailor-made toilette in blue cloth, with the jacket cut very short and fastened at the bust with a single large button of mother-o'-pearl and steel, both jacket and skirt being enlivened with a little fine braiding in black and gold.

High dresses, with long sleeves, are coming more and more in to favour for evening wear, more particularly for theatres or small dinners. The newest thing in transparent sleeves is to make them in chiffon—not gauged but set in tiny horizontal tucks. Skirts of accordeon-pleated satin are being veiled in chiffon for evening wear, and the inevitable buckle and black velvet band is even being applied to ball-gowns. As for the new hats, they are almost like the Eiffel Tower for height—not that they are so tall in themselves, but that the trimming is made to stand so high. I saw a stylish hat of green straw, which was trimmed with three tall sprays of hyacinths standing erect at the top of the crown, and apparently growing out of a clump of shaded pansies. Another hat was chiefly trimmed with violets, but had a tall group of yellow tulips rising up in the centre.

A pretty spring toque was trimmed with an aigrette of hips and haws, the rest of the confection consisted principally of foliage, with a fan of glacé silk at one side, half in white and half in geranium red. There is a positive mania for purple straw hats, trimmed either with Neapolitan violets or with pansies. At a bazaar at the Town Hall, Kensington, nearly every stall-holder had a purple hat with Neapolitan violets on the crown or round the brim. The fashion was particularly becoming to Lady Mary Sackville, who has a brilliant complexion and red-gold hair. Her dress was in black striped silk, with a white lace jabot at the throat, and a buttonhole of Neapolitan violets kept in place by a urquoise pin.

POWER OF PERSONALITY.

MEN too little realise the subtlety and power they carry about with them from day to day. No voice can utter it. It emanates from them like heat from a burning centre, or light from the sun, or shadow from the cloud. The secret is so tabernacled in clay that personal influence becomes associated with some familiar form, expression of the eye, grasp of the hand and general "feeling" connected with that particular presence, so that one soon learns whether a man is a walking Bethel or a moving plague. Paradises or purgatories are borne about in our breasts, and we cannot keep them buttoned in. The light of the one or the blight of the other will reach away from us in spite of all we can do, and pass from life to life till our own personality has become a known centre of "sweet influences" and uplifting power, or a veritable fever spot and pestilential sore.

RESULTS.—Out of good will come good, no fear what man or devil will do. Rectitude today opens up vistas of rich harvest, and there is no anxiety for the morrow.—S. Edger.

THE WONDERFUL FOOD BEVERAGE.

Do not use drugs, medicines, and so-called curatives.

What! Is there any other means by which tone and vigour can be promoted, and the rosy cheeks natural to health restored?

Certainly. There is a valuable discovery that meets your case entirely.

But what if I have much and hard work to do?

It is no matter whether physical or mental labour is meant, or even if an excess of either has to be accomplished, causing undue jadedness and tiredness, with disinclination for further effort or exertion—in any case the discovery referred to will be of inestimable service to you.

Ah! but I want something that is pleasant and nice, not nasty or unpleasant, nor, on the other hand, sickly and insipid. Have you this?

Yes! your needs can be satisfied to the letter. The evidence of medical men and the public is conclusive on this point.

What does this evidence prove? It proves that Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa as a Food Beverage possesses nutrient, restorative, and vitalising properties, which have hitherto been non-existent.

It aids the digestive powers, and is invaluable to tired men and delicate women and children.

It has the refreshing properties of fine tea, the nourishment of the best cocoas, and a tonic and recuperative force possessed by neither, and can be used in all cases where tea and coffee are prohibited.

It is not a medicine, but a unique and wonderful Food Beverage, prepared from Kola, Cocoa, Malt, and Hops.

The wonderful African Kola-nut which it contains has concentrated powers of nutriment, and imparts stamina and staying powers, adds to power of endurance, and enables those who use it to undergo greater physical exertion and fatigue.

But the expense?

You can try it free of expense. Merit alone is what is claimed for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and the proprietors are prepared to send to any reader who names the WOMAN'S SIGNAL a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post-paid. There is no magic in all this. It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is not sickly or insipid like the ordinary cocoa extracts; on the contrary, it has a pleasant and distinct flavour all its own, and which is much liked. It has all the refreshing properties of fine well-made tea, but with a hundred times its nourishment.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins, of all grocers, chemists, and stores. Sole Proprietors:—Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, Suffolk House, Cannon-street, London, E.C.

"How did this vase get broken, Mary?"
"It fell off the pedestal, ma'am." "How did you upset the pedestal?" "O! niver touched it. The chair bumped into it, ma'am." "And didn't you push the chair?" "O! did not, ma'am. It was the table done that. All O! did was to push the sofa up agin the table, an' Lord knows O! can't see phot's a-goin' to happen that far off."

A LITTLE girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed, "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment, and honour my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at 7 o'clock."

LITTLE Mary was sent to the store one day to order some syrup to be sent up for the table.

"Does your mother want refined syrup?" asked the merchant.

"I think she does," answered Mary. "She is a very nice lady."

A DOG.—Every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young.—Dr. J. Brown.

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**Current News
FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.**

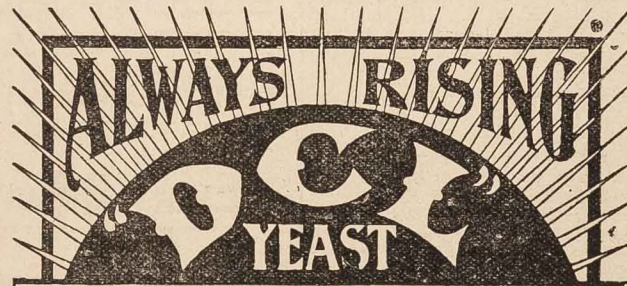
HERE IS WHAT IS LOOMING BEFORE US.—At a meeting held at the Royal United Service Institution, a Provisional Committee was formed to obtain the protection of Her Majesty's forces in India from contagious diseases. The following gentlemen have joined this Committee:—Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, G.C.S.I., M.P. (Chairman), Lieut.-General Sir Havelock Allan, Bart., V.C., G.C.B., M.P. Lieut.-Colonel E. M. Alexander, Colonel Christopher Blackett, Sir Terrence O'Brien, K.C.M.G. (Hon. Treasurer), Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edmund Commerell, V.C., G.C.B., Brigade Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel Hill-Climo, M.D., Sir Henry Cunningham, K.C.S.I. (Vice-Chairman), Major-General Dashwood, General Sir Martin Dillon, K.C.B., C.S.I., Major-General E. D. Elliot, Surgeon Major-General Hamilton, Rear Admiral R. Hamond, Colonel Lonsdale Hale, Major R. H. Jary, E. James, Esq., Sir Allen Johnson, K.C.B., Sir James Hills-Johnes, V.C., G.C.B., Vice-Admiral Kennedy, Colonel F. C. Keyser, C.B. (Hon. Secretary), General Laurie, M.P., Stanley Leighton, Esq., M.P., Lord Edward Manners, M.P., J. M. Maclean, Esq., M.P., Colonel the Hon. George Napier, C.I.E., Colonel Ouchterlony, Dr. Payne, M.D., Major Sir Rose Price, Bart., the Lord Raglan, Major Carne Rasch, M.P., General Russell, M.P., Major General Tulloch, C.B., Lieut.-General H. E. Wilkinson, C.B., the Hon. Secretary is Colonel Keyser.

There was a large assemblage of members of the Incorporated Society of Authors at the twelfth annual meeting, held in the large hall of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, 20, Hanover-square, W. Mr. Rider Haggard presided, and in moving the adoption of the report, said that in accordance with the decision of the last annual meeting, five ladies had been elected upon the committee.

It is pleasing to know that sufficient money has been raised to purchase a statuette of Sir Thomas More for Chelsea Public Library. A full-sized statue would have been better, and seeing that Sir Thomas was a Lord Chancellor and a martyr, his effigy might probably have been placed in the open. He can hardly be called a forgotten hero. Every year, hundreds of people make pilgrimage to the Well Hall, near Eltham, the beautiful old moated grange where More used to enjoy rural felicity in the home of his daughter, Margaret Roper, whose husband owned the estate. The property has within the last year given name to a railway station on the South-Eastern line, from which the old moat, the home of innumerable wild-fowl, can be seen.

LONDON VEGETARIAN ASSOCIATION.—This being the jubilee year of the above association, a conversation of the athletes connected with it was held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street. Prizes were distributed to members of the cycling club by Lady Gwendolen Herbert. The chair was taken by Mr. A. F. Hills. The principal prize winners were: A. R. Wall, for 100 miles in 4 h. 38 min.; J. Sidey, 100 miles in 5 h. 3 min. The following secured prizes for the twelve hours race: A. R. Wall (158 miles); J. Sidey (140 miles); C. P. Wall (161 miles); Wick (129 miles). Mr. E. P. Walker, the holder of the bicycle record, Hull to Driffield and back; and Mr. John Barclay, winner of the Champion Shield of Scotland, received handsome prizes. The chairman, in moving a vote of thanks to Lady Gwendolen Herbert, for associating herself with one of the greatest and most far-reaching movements of the day, said the meeting was of a special character, proving, as it did, what vegetarians were capable of doing in the field of athletics. Mr. Barclay, who was received with cheers, said that vegetarianism had done much for him, and he wished he had been a life vegetarian.

A Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Bousfield to enable women to be elected and to serve upon County Councils.



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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. ALLISON, Box Z, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W., in return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

JUST PUBLISHED.
DISEASES OF CHILDREN.
By DR. ALICE VICKERY.
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HENRY RENSHAW, 356, Strand, W.C.

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

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.]

THE INDIAN FAMINE AND CHILD MARRIAGES.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.
DEAR MADAM,—I noticed in your issue of January 25th the case of a child marriage in Hindostan, contracted between a native judge in Madras, aged 50, with a child of 10 years. Perhaps it is not understood by many of your readers that this religious practice of marriage of young female children is the real cause of the ever-recurring famines of Hindostan. There have been, it seems, upwards of 30 such famines in India within the last 100 years, so that the present visitation is only a degree more afflicting than ordinary famines. Nor is it wonderful that such scarcity should exist, when we know that the ordinary pay of a common labourer in many parts of Hindostan does not exceed two annas a day, or about threepence of our money when the rupee was worth two shillings. The early marriage of young Hindoo girls causes an immense number of births to take place, which may be understood when we know that British India has a population of about 270,000,000, and further remember that here in England the average age at marriage of English women is about 25 years. In one part of Hindostan, it is said, 40 million people exist on 20 million acres. It is, I maintain, impossible to prevent the future occurrence of such tragedies as are contained in these famines in India, among the natives under British rule, until a strong public opinion is aroused in India against these disastrous child marriages of Hindoo girls. All those who have a slight tincture of knowledge of the works of Darwin and Malthus, our illustrious scientific discoverers, know that when birth-rates are as high as they are among the Hindoos of India, early death and famine are certain to sweep away the redundant population.

This appears to me to be *par excellence* a woman's question, and I entreat the attention of your thoughtful readers to it. A strong effort should be made by the intelligent women of England to rescue young Hindoo female children from this disastrous custom, which is almost as bad as Suttee.—I am, &c.,
(DR.) A. VICKERY.

NURSES A LA MODE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.
DEAR MADAM,—It seems to me that Lady Priestley and Miss Waddington are speaking in the main of two different classes of nurses, and each is correct in the description of her own particular kind. At the same time I must say in all candour, that I fear Lady Priestley is nearer facts than Miss Waddington, who may, not unreasonably, be inclined to take a more partial and lenient view of a profession with which she is so closely connected.

I know nurses who are women of the highest and noblest type, who have entered the profession from a sense of deepest devotion. But I have known fully qualified hospital nurses of a very opposite kind, answering exactly to the description of Lady Priestley, "masterful, gossiping, and conceited."

I know from behind the scenes that few classes excel nurses in the art (?) of gossiping and making work. Again and again people have said to me, "If I get a nurse she will require one person to wait upon her, and will make far more work than she does." I am driven (reluctantly enough) to the conclusion that the trained nurse is not by any means a success, and it seems to me the reason is not far to seek. A celebrated professor used to say, "Take care what you are, and then what you do will take care of itself." The whole thing then lies here. There are nurses and nurses, and we can distinguish between them by results only, and these results are dependent upon the motives which caused them to enter the profession. If a girl takes up this work simply because she is obliged to earn her living and thinks this "respectable," or because she is

unhappy at home, or because it is "lively" (for in spite of its terribly sad side it has its brightness also), or hoping it may prove "a new road to matrimony," or for any other motive that is lower than the highest, then what can we expect?

"What we are that shall we do." Remembering that the pendulum swings as far in one direction as another, we cannot wonder that the reversion of "Sairey Gamp" has not yet found her proper level. We have gone very much to the opposite extreme since the early part of the century, but if our energies and efforts are set in the right direction by the law of the "survival of the fittest," we shall probably evolve the "model nurse." I think this paper of Lady Priestley's will do good by ventilating a subject which certainly calls for reform in many ways, and we must remember that we should never fear to face truth, for only so can errors be removed.—Yours truly,
C. P. S.

THE LADY WHO "KEEPS HOUSE."

I AM a sceptic. I don't believe in modern miracles. There could be no doubt, therefore, that from the point of view of "nothing but the truth," I was the best possible man to despatch on a mission of investigation into what is described as the Chorlton marvel. So writes a *Stockport Advertiser* reporter.

Brook-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, is a long street of small, respectable, working-class dwellings, and No. 33, the dwelling of Mr. Anderson, is an excellent specimen of its class. The door was opened by a charming young lady of about 20, whose youthful, smiling face was the very picture of health.

"I want to see Miss Anderson."
"I am Miss Anderson."
"But the Miss Anderson who has been ill."
"I am she. Will you step forward, please"—and the next moment I was ushered into the pretty, well-kept parlour.

"You have been very ill, I understand," I began.
"Yes, very ill, indeed, but I am better now."
"You might tell me something about it. I am a newspaper man, and if you have been cured of a serious illness, there are hundreds of others suffering who would be only too grateful to have the way of relief pointed out to them."
"I shall be glad to tell you all I know."
"And you won't mind if I print it?"
"Not at all."

Miss Anderson's attractive face grew quite animated as she gave me her narrative. I may remark that she is the eldest of the family, and keeps house for her father, her brother, and three sisters, her mother being dead. She has no light task therefore in housework.



"Keeps house for her father."

medical advice from a very able doctor, and I became an out-patient at the Manchester

Hospital. All the doctors, however, seemed to look upon me as incurable. I grew rapidly worse, until at length my chest was attacked, and I would lie sometimes actually fighting inch by inch for my breath.

"One day in last April," Miss Anderson continued, "a little book was placed under the front door containing an account of some wonderful cures which had been accomplished in this neighbourhood. I showed it to father, and he found that they had actually been printed in the great newspapers. They were effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father asked if he should bring me a box home. I said he might, though I wasn't very hopeful. He obtained them; they were in a closed pink wrapper, on which was printed the name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People'; and I found that this was important, as 'Pink Pills in other forms are sometimes sold, which, however, are quite useless. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, however, are not like this; they are not like any other medicine, for they cured me when all other medicines failed. By the time I had got through the first box I was so much better that I gave up all my other medicine and stuck to them. Why, when I used to have those headaches and backaches I was so bad I could hardly see. Once or twice I was literary blind with the pain. But they have gone, and so has my spinal trouble, and now I am quite strong and well again."

Miss Anderson's illness perhaps is not of first-class public importance; but her cure (a matter of congratulation to herself), and the method by which she obtained relief, must be of the utmost consequence to the great company of suffering humanity.

And that is why Miss Anderson's story is given to the world. It is only one of many published cases which prove the cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of all such diseases as arise from weak nerves and over-strain, such as paralysis, locomotor ataxy (the latter always incurable by ordinary medicine), sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, spinal disease, nervous headache, and heart disease; also of disorders arising from weakness and impoverished blood, such as anæmia, consumption, rheumatism, indigestion, shortness of breath, hysteria, female disorders, and pale and sallow complexion. These Pills are genuine only when sold in a wooden tube-shaped box, almost two inches long and as big round as a shilling, with a pink outer wrapper bearing in red letters the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." In case of doubt it is best to send direct, enclosing the price, 2s. 9d. per box, or 13s. 9d. for six boxes, to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C. Substitutes sold loose or from glass jars are worthless.

MAMMA: "Where's papa?" Flora: "He's down stairs." Mamma: "What's he doing?" Flora: "His bicycle is out of breaff and he's giving it some more."

CURIOS TOURIST: "What are you fishing for?" Farmer's Boy: "Fish." Curious Tourist: "What do you use?" Farmer's Boy: "Bait." Curious Tourist: "How do they bite?" Farmer's Boy: "With their mouths."

"JOHN," she said, rather sternly, "the coal bin is empty." "Yes," was the disconsolate reply, "it's that way most of the time. It's never of use in an immediate emergency. I'm going to change its name and call it the coal has been."

GREEN (to Black, who is preparing for a Continental trip): "How do you get on with your language, old fellow?" Black: "Capitally. Why I've got so far now that I can think in French." Green: "Well, that's a blessing, for it's more than you could ever do in English."

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	Heat & Force Producing (Carbonaceous)															
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	[Bar chart showing high percentages of Nitrogenous, Carbonaceous, and Natural Salts components]															
Raw Lean Beef & Mutton.	[Bar chart showing lower percentages of Nitrogenous and Carbonaceous components]															
Eggs.	[Bar chart showing moderate percentages of Nitrogenous and Carbonaceous components]															
White Bread.	[Bar chart showing very low percentages of Nitrogenous and Carbonaceous components]															

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