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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. 171, VOL. VII.

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APRIL 8TH, 1897.

Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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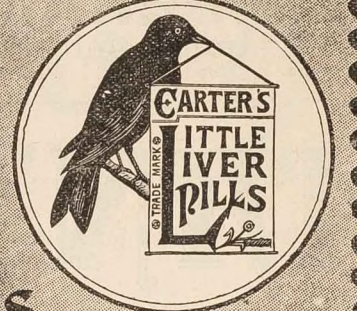
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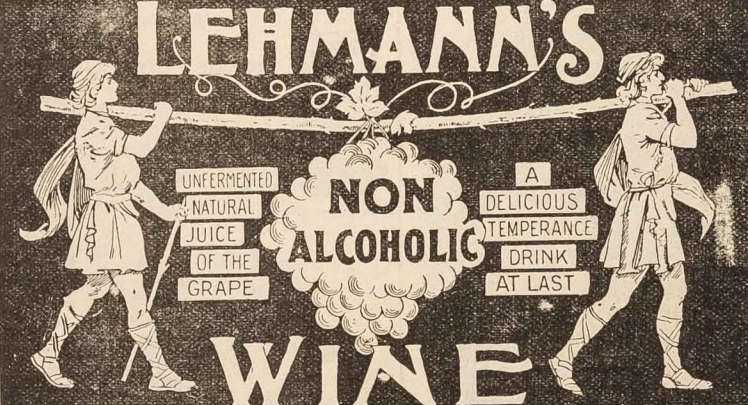
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# THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

## A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

VOL. VII., No. 171.]

APRIL 8, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

### A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

SOME INDIAN STORIES.\*

The keenest sympathies and the most open mind must find some difficulty in understanding and being at all in harmony with the people of India. The vastness of the population, and the divergencies of customs, opinions, and even race amongst them, would make their existence difficult of comprehension to us, even if they were more like ourselves. But when the fact is added that the religion of the Hindoos is at once childishly superstitious and cruel and immoral, we must feel that a very special effort is needed to enable us to do the unfortunate people born under the yoke of that faith anything like justice in our minds. The author of this interesting little book does not appear to give himself any trouble in such an effort to be sympathetic. He obviously despises the natives, and writes with an almost brutal frankness from the "superior race" point of view. Whether this proves him an unsympathetic observer, lacking in insight and power of comprehension of individualities and ideals entirely outside his own range—or whether the view that he presents is the true one beheld by a clear observer without any false sentiment or pretence—we do not feel prepared to say. But it is certainly worth while to recall to our minds from time to time that false sentiment and flattery are not the ways to help the races of India to better conditions than those which they at present are born to endure.

There has been too much of a pretence amongst us of late years that the vile faiths that render existence a degraded misery to the masses in India, and in particular that so cruelly depress and torment the unhappy women of the Hindoos are, after all, as good as any other religion. "Theosophy"—the attempt to make English women accomplices in Eastern superstitions—as a fashionable fad amongst us, may be lightly passed over. But the women who dabble with it need to be reminded of the base realities connected with the faith that they thus profess, and especially of the way in which it works out to the hopeless misery and degradation of the members of their own sex in India.

The tone of contempt and derision for the natives that runs through "Chola's" work, therefore, need not be necessarily taken to mean a contempt for the individualities of the subject races of our great dependency. It is, perhaps, rather a protest against the institutions, and the priestcrafts, by which those conditions are produced—causes that make the Indian natives unworthy of the pretensions that are in some quarters put forth in their behalf.

"Charaka Puja," the title of the book, is, it appears, the native name for the disgraceful practice of swinging a man by hooks passed through his flesh, as a propitiation of, and a source of pleasure to, the Deity. The practice, we are told in the preface, was forbidden in 1894 by the British Government, in consequence of the many fatal cases that resulted. The practice

of burning widows was also long ago forbidden; and the car of Juggernaut is no longer allowed to take its fatal way, crunching under its wheels the hapless wretches who believe that the Maker of heaven and earth is pleased by such voluntary anguish and self-immolation on the part of poor mortals. "But," says our author, "the spirit that prompted these cruelties still survives." He believes that it is true that the devotees of these disgusting superstitions still carry on their practices wherever they dare, and he describes the hook-swinging as something that he has himself actually witnessed. His native servant takes the white man, concealed in a shut-up sedan chair.

"From our closer position I am able to note the apparatus more exactly. To either end of the horizontal pole, which I can now see is a short bamboo, are fastened ropes. The victim, who is apparently a *sanyasi*, or religious devotee, is prostrate before the upright post, and is no doubt doing *pauja* to it, as an emblem of the god Siva. As he rises from his devotions and turns to approach the ministers of this degrading worship, I can see him plainly. His hair is long and matted, his nails are also hideously long, his whole body is emaciated, and his sunken eyes have a wild and unnatural brightness. His only clothing is the most diminutive of cloths. He now crouches before the attendants, one of whom marks on his back with sacred ashes—that is the ashes of the dung of Siva's sacred animal, the cow,—the places through which the hooks should pass. Hereupon another attendant smartly slaps the ascetic's back, and pinches up the flesh, while a third person drives a hook through the quivering flesh. The second hook is passed through the flesh in a similar manner, and they are both speedily attached to the rope which hangs from one end of the horizontal bamboo. Several men now seize the rope attached to the other end of the bamboo, and by pulling it down, raise the poor *sanyasi* high in the air. Then, rope in hand, they run round, and cause the victim, whose whole weight is borne by his two great wounds, to swing round at the other extremity. The *sanyasi*, rising and falling as he whirls round, describes a circle of some thirty feet in diameter.

"Being fully convinced now as to the reality of the proceedings, I had no desire to remain any longer as a spectator of this unpleasant worship, so made my way back again through the delighted crowd. On the bank I paused a moment to look behind me, and saw the devout *sanyasi* still gyrating. If his lacerated flesh did not give way, he would perhaps be kept swinging for half an hour.

"Who was that man, boy," I enquire, "they putting on the hooks?"

"Some people saying too good man; some people saying plenty bad man. Some peoples saying that man one time doing plenty bad business, now making sorry and big shame. Sometime that man making kill some person."

"You mean he is probably a murderer?" I suggest.

"Master, please not say that word. How Ramaswami saying such a kind (of) thing. Doing hooks' business that man plenty *present* getting. That only Ramaswami thinking. Black people all too much liking *present*."

The comical "pigeon English" in which this conversation is carried on is, we are told, the best approach to a common language that most masters and native servants reach. An

amusing specimen of a native servant's letter, asking for an increase of wages, may be quoted:—

"To Master Esquire.  
"Respecting Sir,—  
"Master's honour's Chokra humbly making petition master's feet very poor boy plenty big family man consisting of fourteen souls including too old very no use female grandmother eating daily too much rice master giving very little pay Chokra how keeping all peoples. Every gentleman knowing one Chokra doing all proper business too nicely six rupees only getting pay not sufficient each day cooking rice how such a thing possible. Chokra never leaving master's honour's work, how getting such another good gentleman always making support for poor peoples. Begging plenty excuse too much trouble making for master's honour, please making answer for which act of charity always making pray master's long life and too much happiness, your honour's

"Very truly,  
"CHOKRA."

It is, however, the tales that treat of the position of women that we find most interesting. One is called "A Missionary's Crime," and gives a striking picture of religious fanaticism at work, and, as the author believes, inadequately repressed by the timidity of the British Government. He evidently holds that our Government carries its complaisance to the priests and other persons interested in maintaining the superstitions of the country, to an extreme of toleration. In this tale, a young English traveller in India hears by letter from a friend that a girl whom he had known at home, and who is now a missionary, is in great trouble. He sets his imagination to work as to what this can mean—fearing for her all sorts of diseases or losses.

In fact, he inflicted upon her all the sufferings of Job; yet, never in the wildest flight of his imagination did it occur to him that she could have committed a crime, and brought herself within the clutches of the Indian penal code. Yet such was in fact the case. This gentle girl, whose every act breathed of kindness, who had out of the pure goodness of her heart devoted herself to lightening the sorrows of India's women, was about to undergo her trial on the serious charge of kidnapping.

The penal code, of course, is the law of the British rulers, and our author proceeds to tell us in his own person how this code is applied for the benefit of the cruel Hindoo to priestly practices that are called religious, and that it is supposed must therefore be condoned and even facilitated by our laws and our Government officials. This was how Ada Tunstall's trouble arose:—

"One evening a poor Indian woman, to whose home Ada Tunstall had on one occasion paid a sadly unwelcome visit, came to her bungalow and poured out a tale of miserable domestic suffering. This woman was a recent widow, and was smarting under the lash of daily insults and petty persecutions of many kinds. The single visit paid to her home by the kind-hearted English lady, whose gentle sympathy had been so boorishly repelled, had inspired this poor woman with a sure conviction that she would find a loving friend in the time of trouble in this generous stranger. So to Ada she came for refuge and protection, when life among her

\* "Charaka Puja," by "Chola"; Roxburgh Library, Roxburgh Press, Is.



own people seemed insupportable, bringing with her a melancholy dark-eyed little daughter. The little girl was too sad to smile or play when first she came to the Christian home, but in the sunshine of love she soon learnt to be bright and merry. Surrounded by kindness, mother and daughter had become quite other than they had been, and one of their chiefest pleasures was to sit and listen to the beautiful Gospel stories, told by one on whose heart its simple truth was written, and, as a natural result of this sympathetic teaching, the two had been baptised.

"Then fell the thunderbolt. Infuriated relatives of the young girl invaded one day the peaceful compound of the mission bungalow, uttering the vilest threats, and with insolent abuse demanding that the child should be immediately restored to them. From the confused babel of their cries it became at last intelligible that the child was married, and that consequently her husband and not her mother was her lawful guardian. This fact, for so it proved to be, poor Ada had not known before; but now she found it impossible to surrender her trembling charge to this wild mob. With imploring tears the unhappy pair were clinging to the dress of their young protectress, as she stood in the verandah, confronting the bawling group below her, and she could not let them go to meet what fate she knew not. So boldly facing the angry crowd she told them in one brief sentence that she would not give up the two unfortunates who had fled to her for refuge, and then drawing them gently with her, she quitted the verandah and entered the house, leaving the disappointed relatives to vent their rage in noisy volutes on the empty air.

"Thus it came to pass that criminal proceedings were instituted against Miss Ada Tunstall."

Mr. Dawson arrives in the neighbourhood of Miss Tunstall's station at the very moment when her affairs come to a crisis. The chair in which he is being carried suddenly stops, and when the Englishman puts out his head to ask the reason, the cautious native servant replies that there is "plenty people making fight," but that the traveller need only "keep quiet," and they would get on presently. But in face of a fight the average Englishman declines to "keep quiet," and Dawson is out of the chair to see the row. To his astonishment he plainly perceives that the centre of the disturbance is an English lady. "She was being dragged out of the carriage by some of the ruffians, while others were pummelling her with their fists, and even beating her with sticks. Shouts of approval from the neighbouring houses added horror to the scene." Needless to say, the Englishman forces his way through the brown-skinned mob, and by the combination of the prestige of his race and his powerful use of a thick stick, drives off the crew of ruffians to find that he has rescued his friend. The explanation is that the Judge has dismissed the charge of kidnapping, but expressed strong condemnation of the missionary's action in sheltering the women refugees. This "perversion of justice," as a native paper called it, had made Hindoo society indignant.

"The criminal charge having failed, a civil suit, likewise instituted, was coming on, and the matter now to the fore was the custody of the little girl pending these proceedings. As the complainants had insisted that the English ladies should be prohibited all access to the child, while she remained in neutral keeping, there had been some hitch in the arrangements. Matters being in this condition, Ada and her companion left the court with their two charges, and had scarcely started on their way home when an excited rabble of low-caste fanatics, instigated, no doubt, and remunerated by others of better position, had surrounded their *bandy*. These ruffians at once stopped the carriage, dragged the coachman off his seat, tore off the doors, and snatched away the poor little terrified girl and her mother with her, and bundling

them into a *bandy*, which they had in readiness, drove them off.

"As to the treatment of the English ladies, having witnessed it with his own eyes, Dawson needed no enlightenment.

"You have had a rather curious introduction to the mild Hindu," was Talbot's remark, in conclusion.

"Well, Harry, my boy," said Dawson, "it strikes me that there isn't overmuch mildness in these feeble specimens of humanity where women and the weak are concerned. It riles me horribly to think that the best of our girls should deliberately waste all their goodness upon these despicable beasts."

This view of the case he enthusiastically presses upon Ada, with what result may be guessed, or found out in the book.

The most touching tale, however, is that of a child-widow's suttee, or self-burning with her husband's corpse. We hope the author does not mean us to believe that this terrible sacrifice of women still goes on in any part of India, but in any case the picture that he draws of the influences brought to bear on poor girls to make them submit to this most horrid form of suicide is no doubt historically correct.

The little girl wife, Kamani, only ten years old, is accustomed to hear of honours being paid to her dead mother, because she had been a suttee, while her old grandmother, who had failed to fulfil this "duty" at the Brahmins' request, she sees despised and neglected by all. Young as Kamani is, she is made to understand all this and to desire to emulate her "noble," her "pious" mother.

"So Kamani went home, and in her childish heart, pondering on the probabilities suggested by Rama's words, she said:—

"If my lord dies, then I die too. Yes, I will go with him. Only the dead are blessed. I will be a virtuous woman as my dear, dear mother. I will be *sati* too."

"On reaching her home that evening, Kamani stole into the dark little chamber where she knew that she would find her grandmother. Treading quietly with her bare feet, she approached the corner where the old woman was seated on the floor, and then, overcome by her feelings, she threw her soft brown arms round her neck, and burst into tears.

"Tell me my mother's story; tell it me once again," she broke out amidst her sobs.

"Do not cry, my heart's darling. You are your sainted mother's precious jewel. No harm can touch you, my sweet one. You shall hear the story, for I can never grow tired of telling it. I loved your mother very dearly. I loved her from the first, though she was my daughter-in-law."

"So while the little wife nestled close to her, the old woman fondly told the story of the wife's immolation on the husband's funeral pile. As she heard the oft-repeated tale, the young girl's eyes sparkled with excitement. She uttered not a sound, nor moved once, but drank in every word. When the tale was ended, Kamani exclaimed, 'And she was not at all afraid! She uttered no cry, did she?'

"No," replied the aged narrator, 'she was the most devoted of women, the noblest of wives.'

"All the people worshipped her. Ah! I can see her now as she laid herself by the side of my dead boy, and put her arm beneath his head smiling a last smile at me. My heart was smothered and withered by the flames that scorched and withered those two, but the fire joined their two souls in indissoluble union, and it is better so. She said that she died for me, also, and that all my sins would be purged away by her virtue. Oh, what have I endured, my little one? Oh, this burden of widowhood! Better die ten thousand deaths than live long years as a curse and a reproach. It is a shameful thing, my darling, to be a widow. I was a coward when my lord died. I thought the flame would torture me, and I could not bear it. I have seen awful sights. I have seen them drag poor women to the flames. I have known

the wife's courage fail at the last moment, and she has tried to escape, and the priests have forced her back and thrown her on the fire, tied hand and foot. I have seen the son compelling his reluctant mother to fulfil her vow. I have known the frightened mother appealing to her son for mercy, and finding none. How could she find it? Cowards! Must we bring shame on all our families? Oh, but I have seen the heavy poles brought down upon them, while their screams were drowned by the crashing of drums and the shouts of the people. Oh, why should we fear?'

"But my noble mother never cried. She was too good. She knew her duty to her Lord, didn't she, grandmother?" said little Kamani."

So when the fatal news came that the husband that the poor child had never so much as seen within her own memory was dead, the resolution that she had formed in her ignorance and enthusiasm was declared to the priests.

"Little Kamani soon found herself the centre of a group of exhorting priests and admiring women. The priests were reciting passages from the sacred books, while the women were entreating blessings from the sainted child. One corpulent Brahmin, whose fat form, clothed chiefly with his sacred thread, shook as he walked, drew near to the bewildered girl, and told her that as her husband had died in a strange place it was particularly incumbent on her to go with him to keep him from hell."

"A chorus of praise" greeted the poor baby's consent to her own being burned alive, and the odious scene is thus described:—

"The double funeral procession had already reached the scene where the burning was to be held, when Rama's captors arrived. Using considerable violence, therefore, they forced their way through the dense crowd assembled round the funeral pile, and took up their positions in front of the eager ring of onlookers. The husband's body had been already placed on the pile, and the little widow, divested of her ornaments, was walking round it, sprinkling rice and cowries as she went. Kamani was walking in a half-conscious state, while two of her female relatives supported her tottering steps. Seven times she made the dreadful circuit, and then, in response to a whispered word from one of the officiating priests, kissed her dead husband's feet, which being done, aided by her two aunts, she mounted the pile, and laid herself down beside the corpse. One little arm was placed beneath his head, and the other upon his breast. In this position she remained motionless, whilst the attendant Brahmins rapidly tied the living to the dead.

"Piles of dry wood and other combustibles were now heaped upon them, and the whole mass held down by heavy bamboo poles. The Brahmins now advanced from all sides, holding torches in one hand, and clarified butter in the other, and threw the butter over the pile, at the same time firing it with their torches. Instantly the whole was in a blaze. A deafening din rose at the same moment, the excited yells of the vast concourse of spectators mingling with the crash of the drums and the invocations of many women. One woman, endowed by her excitement with the strength of a maniac, burst through into the open space around the pile attempting to throw herself into the flames. Before, however, she reached the spot, she was felled to the ground by a blow from the heavy staff of one of the attendants. She never rose. She, poor woman, was a thing accursed—a widow. It was profanation for her to approach that sacred fire. Thus two widows died that day, the child and her grandmother, the one a blessing, the other accursed."

It is surely no less amazing than it is deplorable that educated Englishwomen, like Mrs. Annie Besant, should now be doing their utmost to bolster up the despicable faith that has worked such crimes in the past against our sex, and that is only kept from continuing them now—as many scarcely lesser evils are continued—by the recognition of the eighth Commandment in our laws.

## THE RUSSIAN POLITICAL MARTYR.

FURTHER particulars have been received by the *Daily Chronicle* from a St. Petersburg correspondent of the death of a young lady student, asserted to be by suicide, while she was imprisoned in the terrible "solitary cells" of the fortress of Peter and Paul, on a charge of belonging to the "Revolutionary Party" (see *SIGNAL*, page 184). The St. Petersburg writer says:—

"It was on February 26th (March 10th) that the first rumour about the horrible suicide of Mlle. Vetrov spread in the town. Maria Vetrov was born in the province of Chernigov, and was attending lectures at the Philological and Historical Faculty of the Higher Educational Courses for Women (so-called *Bes-touzhnev's* courses) in St. Petersburg. She was originally a teacher in a village primary school for a year or two, but abandoned that career and came to the capital for further self-education. She was in the third year of her studies, the full course being four years. While in St. Petersburg she has worked for the monthly *Northern Review*. Not further back than the middle of December last her friends and mates were in the habit of seeing her strong, lively, energetic figure pacing the sidewalks of the Vassili Ostrov (the part of St. Petersburg where the building where the lectures for women are given is situated). But at the end of last year she was arrested on suspicion of having taken part in helping the workmen of St. Petersburg factories to organise their big strike of last summer, and because some clandestine literature issued by the 'People's Will' party was found in her possession.

"About February 22nd (new style) the mother of the girl, getting no news from her daughter, applied to one of her fellow-students entreating her to make inquiries about Maria. At first all the endeavours of her friends to get information from official sources were of no avail. Then the fact of the arrest was admitted by the authorities, but at the same time all offers of assistance to the prisoner were declined in the official phrase:—'Mlle. is in no need of money now, as her food is good and she has also books for reading.' At last, on March 2nd, the Commandant of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul in Petersburg made to one of the applicants the following statement:—'I must tell you the lamentable fact that Mlle. Vetrov has put an end to her life by suicide; she has spilt kerosene oil on herself, and burnt herself' to death. . . . Notwithstanding all the efforts of the doctors she succumbed within two days.' About the same time it transpired that one of the political prisoners incarcerated in the fortress had heard heart-rending cries coming from one of the neighbouring cells, and that he believes the voice was that of Mlle. Vetrov. All the officials concerned in the affair were, very naturally, besieged with eager questions from all quarters, but their statements were confusing and contradictory. The Commandant's words did not correspond with those of the *procureur*, the latter's statement was again different from that of the doctors. An especially perplexing particular was the horrid mode in which the suicide was committed—the lighting of the solitary cells in the St. Petersburg fortress is by electricity, and when the question was put to the *procureur*, how could Mlle. Vetrov procure an oil lamp, his explanations were so complicated as to prove altogether incomprehensible. At the same time the authorities would not give

up the remains of the deceased to her relatives and friends.

"Kichin assured them that the body was buried at the Precobrazhensky Cemetery, but the keepers of the latter, when asked about the grave of the deceased, replied that no such body was ever buried at that cemetery. They may be acting on official instructions with the purpose of concealing the grave which would inevitably become a place of pilgrimage to thousands of persons who have a 'heart within'; or they may have told the truth, the officials having on purpose mentioned the wrong cemetery. The official who conducted the inquiry, being pressed with questions, said that his impression of the personality of Mlle. Vetrov was that of a person of 'deeply rooted principles and strong will, who might have carried out any plan once determined upon.' On March 13th (N.S.) the whole of the higher courses for women were in a ferment, and all the students (over 700 in number) joined in a unanimous outburst of protest against those who were the real cause of this unheard of 'suicide.' Professor Alex. Vvedensky, lecturer on psychology and philosophy, delivered a powerful and glowing speech. Were this case to be looked upon even from the point of view of the 'interests of the State'—he said, among other things—even then, and admitting Mlle. Vetrov's guilt ('which, however, has yet to be proved'), he could not term what had happened otherwise than 'as a crime,' and 'the case cannot remain without an enquiry into it.' At the same time, the speaker entreated the students to abstain from demonstration, as otherwise the police would term it a 'student's riot,' and use it to distract attention of the public from the original horrid fact.

"No lecturing was possible at the courses that day, as excited talk, loud lamentations, tears, and angry exclamations were filling the lecture-halls. Next day a requiem mass was held at the building where the courses are held, and again no lectures were delivered. Another mass for the dead was planned for March 4th, at noon, at the Kazan Cathedral. The students of all the higher educational institutions in St. Petersburg were informed of this, but it was agreed beforehand that no speeches should be delivered.

"All this enormous crowd waited till twenty minutes to one, expecting all the time that the priests would yield to the general desire, but towards one o'clock it became evident that there would be no service, and the patience of the young people being exhausted a certain commotion, murmurs, even loud exclamations occurred, and no one can say how it would have ended had not somebody been struck with the happy idea of starting singing the hymn, "In everlasting remembrance." The grand waves of sound of this beautiful lament over the grave sung by several thousands of young voices filled the gigantic cupolas of the church. Five or six wreaths appeared over the heads of the singers; one of them, presented by the students of the Higher Courses for Women, was especially striking, being made of thorns, and bearing the inscription, "To the memory of the champion of freedom, untimely lost." This ocean of young humanity then moved towards the large exit leading into the Kazan street, where they met a cordon of police."

Over £2,000 was taken at the exhibition and sale of Irish work held in connexion with the London Branch of the Irish Industries Association at Chelsea House on Wednesday and Thursday last.

## WOMAN'S WORK.

By MILLIE S. GREENE.

In the account of "A Year's Work at Dux-hurst, by Lady Henry Somerset, given in the *WOMAN'S SIGNAL* of January 21st, she writes: "We have found that the out-door employments in which most of our patients (inebriate women) are engaged, have a curiously exhilarating effect, both mental and physical." It strikes one on reading it that Lady Henry Somerset has made the discovery of the reason for the fallen and depraved condition of so many women. The ordinary daily work of the married woman with a large family, of the working classes, is only too apt to lead to gradual deterioration. So few thinking and educated women realise what monotonous indoor hard bodily work is like, nor the state of apathy into which the mind falls when that sort of labour is continued year after year, without break or pleasurable excitement of any sort. I am speaking of the indoor, home-work of the poor married woman; let her outward circumstances be what they may, there is very little difference in the main points. The wage-earning woman is in quite different circumstances. There is hopefulness as she is labouring through the grimmest of tasks. There is intense excitement and exhilaration to the female mind in the mere fact of being able to earn money, it dates back from centuries of pent-up emotion and mind-anguish—from generations of women who have been forced into living a life of labouring dependence and unrequited toil. It is so concentrated and intense in its nature that no living man could understand it. The bailiff's wife who is singing over her dairy work, with the glorious knowledge that her earnings almost equal those of her husband, can put her foot down with the rare joy of knowing that she has as much right to her little corner of the world as any human thing in it, she is a queen in comparison with the woman who probably works very much harder and lives much more poorly, while employed only in that most desperate of all work known as "keeping the house going."

It takes a thinking, educated woman, to find interest in the continual washing of greasy pots and pans and plates, the continual "cleaning up" of the mud and dust brought into the house by others, the never-ending washing-out and mending-up of little out-door garments, which only grow thinner and more hopelessly depressing every week. It is all very grand to preach about the dignity of labour, there is great dignity about some work, but there is very little in a certain sort of household drudgery, and it takes the educated eyes of the cultured woman to see what there is of it. The hopelessness, the almost degrading influence of that ceaseless round of domesticated drudgery, which is unpaid and unrecompensed, and even verbally unacknowledged, is almost enough to make a woman who has become physically weak from ceaseless toil and a joyless life, become a drunkard.

Is there a man in the whole world who can understand the feeling of subjection, and hanging-on-to-some-one-else, which the dependent and penniless working woman experiences? Is there a man, who could hold up his head and go on cheerfully with his daily work, if he realised that he had no stake in the world, no right to be interested in anything which goes on in it—no legal right to anything at all?

Lady Henry Somerset was wise when she thought of gardening and green-house work for her fallen protégées. No wonder she remarks that their very natures seemed to change with their new life. It was the new form of labour which they had to thank for that. Out in God's sunlight and air, with all the best qualities in them brought out by the tender care which the baby seedlings need. The mind cannot wander far, nor brood on home troubles, for the work is not by any means mechanical. Such work gives just sufficient exercise to keep a woman's frame healthy and as it should be kept, and it is not taken in a damp, dark kitchen, where the worker is half roasted by the fire, and half frozen at the same time by the draughts on the opposite side of the room, but it is taken out in



the glorious fresh air. But there is a more material side yet to this treatment which adds excitement of the best kind to the lives of those who never felt the blood coursing through their veins before from any more worthy cause than fear or alcohol. They have the knowledge that they are really taking part in the world's business, they experience fluctuations of hope and fear as to whether their special productions will be amongst the earliest to journey to the London market—they feel that they are of value and have a stake in the world, that their lives at last have become realities, and they have something in which to take a proud interest, and have that best of rewards, hearty praise for good work done. I know that there are plenty of people who never will sympathize, for they have not done the real drudgery of the world's work, and they cannot understand the results of what they have never experienced (not for a short time, but for a considerable period), without aid or cessation, and without relaxation.

No women in the world are more to be pitied in these particulars than our English married women. One does not see them on the Continent—many a time the remark has been made to me by newly arrived foreigners, "We don't see such sights in our country, a drunken woman, for instance, would be mobbed in the streets in France or Germany." And the reason? Because their lives, though very hard-working ones, are not all made up of grey monotonous toil, as in England. Much more consideration is shown them, their surroundings are more poetical and elevating, their frames are much more robust, and when they have done their work they systematically look forward and expect to enjoy some recreation. See the family groups in the evenings, taking their coffee and listening to soothing and restful music in the gardens and parks all over Germany and France. What sort of amusement ever comes into the scheme of life of the English working man's wife?

I have tried vainly to find the poetry in some sorts of hopeless indoor toil. It is helpful when scrubbing a floor to realise that it will be all fresh and sweet once again, and it is interesting to use one's brain power, in planning out new devices for driving the dampened dust out of crevices in boards, and the interstices of skirtings, a little of it is pleasant enough, and the motion of the arms is fairly invigorating. If one can take it easily, and give plenty of leisure to the work, there are many worse employments than the scrubbing of floors.

But there isn't much poetry in even this leisurely and refined mode of work; what is there to be said for the cleaning which is done against time, with an aching back from standing all the previous day at the washing tub, with fingers swollen and "pappy" from immersion in hot soda water and suds. The mother proceeds to scrub her floor, a dozen times she is interrupted in her task, her baby wakes screaming, she has to dry her washing-sore hands and quiet it off to sleep again, then she finds the water in her pail has cooled, and she must needs heat a fresh supply. She keeps one eye carefully on the kitchen clock, for she greatly dislikes the thought of the husband ever returning to find the house upside down. The kettle is on the way towards boiling for tea, and her floor is half done, when she is interrupted by a knock at the door, the poor hands are once more dried, and she patiently answers the summons. Then to her work once more. Her hands are shaking now, so that she can scarcely hold the brush, all the blood in her body seems to have gone to her face—from the stooping position, and her race against time—she has almost finished when she hears the kettle boiling over; fearful that the kitchen fire will be extinguished, she starts impulsively from her knees, the handle of the bucket catches in her apron as she hurries past, and the contents of the pail are set flowing all over her carefully dried floor. No! there isn't much to make a poem of, take it at its best.

I know that some district ladies—and well-meaning ones, too—cant on to young wives about the joys of motherhood, &c., and the elevating example which they are able to set to husband and children; it is all very well in theory, and these good people look at it all from their own point of view. They see the comfortably-circumstanced young mother in her

delicate embroideries, and the smiling infant well fed and clothed and cared for, and they sit down and weave up garlands of sentiment on the subject. Little they know of the reality of the birth of the unwanted child, the new "mouth too many" and the circumstances generally surrounding the poor little wretch's advent, or the want of common care and skill which the unfortunate mother has to experience. Then there comes the "getting about to see after the others" before she is fit to leave her bed for half an hour. The terrible weight and burden which her ordinary daily work seems to her in her enfeebled condition is made more terrible by the everlasting wail of a sickly infant, the most woeful of all sounds on God's earth. Joined to all this there is the labour which is suddenly thrown on the already overworked woman, by the absolute toil which the birth of a baby brings into any house. The poor soul drags along without hope, without help, with no tonics for body or mind, with nothing to look forward to but a repetition of what has been. It makes her really ill to hear the goody goodies, who are so densely ignorant on the subject, canting away to her, poor suffering woman, on the joys of maternity. They don't know what they are talking about. If Lady Henry Somerset or any other woman of position can help their greatly-to-be-pitied poor married sisters, by giving them a "good time" now and then, they will be doing a grand work.

### NURSES À LA MODE.

In the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* Lady Priestley wrote a smart and cutting article against up-to-date nurses, entitled "Nurses à la Mode." It is a pity that she should have spent so much ability on a subject of which she can know so little.

If she understood the subject on which she has written she would not have said that "it would be an impossible drop for a woman accustomed to the excitement of hospital life, with house surgeon, house physicians, students' flirtations and prospective marriages, to enter the gates of a hospital managed solely by women, and this she would have to do before she could pass into the world a fully qualified doctor." Surely Lady Priestley forgets that this same hospital, "managed solely by women," has nurses to look after the patients. And it is a fact that most of these nurses have had previous training; yet these women can manage "to endure the wards of a hospital managed solely by women," in the capacity of nurse.

To my mind the nurse's duties are fully as engrossing as the doctor's; for has she not at least as much to do with the recovery of the patient, as the doctor? And I do not find it at all "an impossible drop" to live in a hospital without male students, flirtations and prospective marriages. As to "the excitement of hospital life" it is present, of course, in any hospital, and is always rather terrible; it consists in very bad cases, shall we say for example, an accident, a "railway smash," and doctors, students, and nurses must, unless their hearts are made of stone, strain every nerve and fibre in their efforts to alleviate the often unutterable suffering of the patient—rather a gruesome kind of excitement!

Lady Priestley thinks that a shorter system of training for nurses would be beneficial to the world; four years, she maintains, is too long. Now, it is a well-known fact amongst nurses that since of late years so many women have taken to the nursing profession, matrons have so many candidates that they cannot possibly take one-half on to their staff; naturally, therefore, matrons are more independent, and can afford to lengthen the period of training; no nurse can object, she must get her training the best way she can and be thankful for it. My matron told me that she considered we did not require more than three years' training, but that for the good of the hospital she keeps her nurses on another year, so that she may have more trained nurses on her staff, and that she always considers the hospital first. But Lady Priestley would have some nurses trained for

one year only, who should be allowed to nurse the middle class for ten or twenty shillings per week. To people outside the profession this may sound feasible—to trained nurses and doctors an abomination, for knowledge is power truly, but a little knowledge most dangerous. Indeed, I think Lady Priestley must have been unfortunate enough to have had dealings with nurses of this description, otherwise she would never have quoted so foolish a thing as a nurse thinking it derogatory to her station to wash a medicine glass. It is preposterous in the extreme! No trained nurse would allow anyone else to do any part of her work for her. However this opens up a very difficult problem. Why should the poorest class be nursed by a properly trained nurse free (the middle class chiefly paying for the nurse) and the middle class who can afford, and prefer, to pay ten or twenty shillings per week have to put up with inferior nursing? It would be well if Lady Priestley bent her thoughts in this direction, rather than in the very uncharitable one of slandering nurses, who, whatever their faults, at least work hard, and do their best for suffering humanity.

When first I read Lady Priestley's article, I was burning with indignation at her sweeping statements; I felt their injustice acutely, for although I have personally come in contact with nurses who are not certainly all that we would have them, yet they are very much in the minority, and I am quite sure nearly every nurse starts with good intentions; it is overwork and the perpetual rush, not allowing the nurse time to make much of her patients, (she only has time to do what is absolutely necessary), which makes her after a time appear more callous and indifferent than when first she started her career. Of course, as I said before, amongst so many (for there are many, take England alone, you will find thousands), there must always be some who will disgrace our holy calling, whose ideal is Christ himself. But how is it possible for ALL these mere mortals to be even moderately good? And in this respect our profession is no exception. It has been my experience that nurses are on an average better than most. Why then should a slur be cast on them? Unless it is that all those who try to follow in His footsteps must expect persecution.

NURSE BEATRICE.

### A PRAYER FOR CALM.

(It may perhaps interest some readers to know that the following was the Editor's favourite hymn in her girlhood.)

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet;  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street.  
Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

Bonar.

MORALS AND INTELLECT.—The moral nature and the intellectual are closely related. Strength of intellect ministers to the strength of heart and will; strength of heart and will to strength of intellect. Clearness in perceiving truth aids the doing of duty which truth imposes. Righteousness promotes vigor of intellect; wickedness lessens vigor. Every man bad in heart and will becomes thereby worse in intellect; every man bad in intellect, obscure, superficial, inaccurate, becomes thereby worse in will and heart. Every man good in heart and will, swiftly choosing the right, becomes thereby better in intellectual part; every man good in the intellectual part, clear, thorough, exact, rapid, becomes thereby better in heart and will.

Rev. Charles S. Thwing.

THE home is the unit of the nation. The more homes, the broader the foundation of nation and the more secure.

### "SEEKING NOTORIETY."

By LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

THE most frequent public criticism upon leaders of organised groups who are working for unpopular ends is that "they seek notoriety," and it must be admitted that those who look upon us from an unfriendly angle of vision can hardly fail to receive this impression. But the position of one who has been placed at its head by a great association is unique. He must be known to the public if the association is to succeed. A scientist goes through the long and heavy task of experimentation, and rises to the level of his conclusions in the utmost privacy; seclusion is his necessary element. The poet dwells "far from the madding crowd"; the statesman, the politician, the philanthropist and the reformer have publicity as their inevitable habitat. It is their work to win the majority, to gather a host, to be themselves a part of humanity's unresting tidal wave. They can no more be isolated than the coral worker who helps to build the reef, or the beam of light that seeks to bless the sod. Around their personalities must cluster the purposes, plans and aspirations of their coadjutors. Every crystal has a nucleus, and every movement has a leader; it is not his fault, it is often his misfortune, but there he is. Those who do not like him will say that he "seeks notoriety"; those who believe in him will say that he is wisely using the means furnished to his hand by modern civilization, whereby the public thought may be permeated by the principles and plans to which he is devoted. In sending out the news of the society along the wires and by means of the press, he must permit his associates to include the news of his own movements, because the public will often read that, and be influenced by the reasons that lead him to be here and there, when the swift-moving eye would not be arrested by names that stand for less. In this fact is contained a certain stored-up electricity which lends momentum to the organism upon whose unity and enlargement, as the matrix of great principles, depends the incarnation of those principles in custom and in law.

Therefore, the philanthropist or reformer, whether it be in the small or the large circle, must look upon the imputation of personal motives in all that he does, and especially in the spread of the propaganda with which his name has become inseparably allied, as a part of the price; for unto this end was he born, and for this purpose came he into the world. He cannot shirk the difficulties, he cannot avoid the painful imputations, he must bear the brunt and pay the price of the work he is doing, and the publicity into whose vortex it has carried

him. The one great question is—will he, in that vortex, sink or rise? But that is a question of his own specific gravity. If he is borne upward by an inextinguishable faith in God, and that love for his brother which "many waters cannot quench," he shall rise above "the swelling currents," and only when his work is over, he shall, after the long and stormy journey, be "landed safe on Canaan's side."

### MR. WALTER CRANE ON ART NEEDLEWORK.

The Royal School of Art Needlework has enlarged upon the sphere of its activity and usefulness by establishing, with the aid of a grant from the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, technical evening classes for the teaching of design and embroidery, in order to give increased opportunity for the study of an art which offers considerable prospects to those who fit themselves for the position of teachers. This craft has become one of the subjects which polytechnics and technical schools generally include in their prospectuses, but very few of these places as yet have properly trained teachers. The new classes were formally inaugurated by Mr. Walter Crane, who lectured at the Imperial Institute on "Needlework as a mode of Artistic Expression." The Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., introduced the lecturer to an audience which included Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Mr. Crane's lecture dealt with embroidery, ancient, mediæval and modern, and was illustrated by choice specimens of work of various periods and countries as well as by extempore drawings by the lecturer. Mr. Crane considered that in that remarkable English revival of decorative design and handicraft which had taken place during the last twenty-five years the art and craft of the needle held a distinctive and distinguished position. The movement might, in fact, be compared with the rise of the pre-Raphaelite school of painting. As in sculpture and painting in their early forms, the most splendid specimens were devoted to religion, perhaps some of the most magnificent specimens of needlework were to be found in ecclesiastical vestments, while heraldic designs also lent themselves admirably to treatment with the needle. Flowers, feathers, and animals could also be rendered with close fidelity with the needle. The East seemed to have been the natural home of embroidery, and to-day China and Japan produced the most beautiful renderings of flowers and birds. They must not, however, be content with mere imitation of any special style. If embroidery was to be a

living art, it must, like other arts, find its own distinctive forms of expression. Mr. Crane was afterwards accorded a hearty vote of thanks on the motion of Dr. Garnett.

### DOCTOR GREGORY'S DESCRIPTION OF HEALTH

"WHEN a man is in perfect health, his mind is not only equal to the ordinary occasions of life, but is able easily to accommodate itself to all sorts of situations and pursuits; his perception, understanding, and memory are correct, clear, and retentive; he is firm and composed, whether in a grave or lively humour—is always himself, and never the sport of inordinate affections or external accidents; he commands his passions, instead of obeying them; he enjoys prosperity with moderation, and bears adversity with fortitude, and is roused, not overwhelmed, by extraordinary emergencies. These are not only the signs of a healthy mind, but of a healthy body also; and indeed they do not a little contribute to health of body; for as long as the mind is shut up within it, they will mutually and much affect each other. . . .

"The muscles are full and firm, the skin soft, almost moist, and never dry, the colour, especially of the face, fresh and constant, and, whether fair or dark, never approaching to pale or yellow; the countenance animated and cheerful, the eyes bright and lively, the teeth sound and strong, the step firm, the limbs well supporting the body, the carriage erect, every sort of exercise easy, and labour, though long and hard, borne without inconvenience, all the organs of sense acute, neither torpid nor too sensitive, sleep light and long, not easily disturbed, refreshing, and either without dreams, or at least without unpleasant ones, steeping the senses in sweet forgetfulness, or filling the mind with pleasant images. Other signs of a healthy body are the temperate circulation of the blood; the pulse strong, full, soft, equal, neither too quick nor too slow, nor easily raised beyond the ordinary rate; the respiration full, easy, slow, scarcely apparent, and not much accelerated by exercise; the voice strong and sonorous, and in men deep, not easily made hoarse; the breath sweet, at least without anything to the contrary; the mouth moist; the tongue bright, and not too red; the appetite strong, and requiring no stimulants; the thirst moderate; the digestion of all sorts of food easy, without any fermentation, or sensation of oppression; and the exhalation from the skin free and constant, but without amounting to perspiration, except from the concurrence of strong causes."

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

SIGNALS FROM OUR  
WATCH TOWER.

Governments in office with a large majority are too apt to forget that there is a great outside public that is weighing and watching their conduct in a very different manner from that of the obedient party followers. It is this body of shifting public opinion, forming its views of Ministers strictly on their conduct, that makes and unmakes ministries; and it has often changed its mind as to the propriety of the conduct of a Government long before the partisans have given any sign of being affected. If Lord Salisbury's Government want to retain the respect and support of this great class of the public, they will endeavour forthwith to find and offer some explanation of the present course of action in Crete, quite without regard to the fact that they can count perfectly on an obedient majority in the House of Commons to vote down a resolution of censure.

For a feeling of shame and wrath must confound any honest heart at the tale of the doings of the navy of Great Britain under Lord Salisbury's orders. If there is

any explanation to be given let the Government make haste to give it, before the indignation grows to a height beyond control in reading of the guns of our fleet being actually employed to assist the Turkish troops against what are called "the insurgents," but what are in reality the native Christians of Crete in arms to free themselves and their native soil from the rule of the infamous Turk! On Thursday of last week, according to the *Standard's* correspondent at the scene of action, "Her Majesty's ship 'Camperdown' shelled the forces of the insurgents at a distance of about four miles, until the insurgent flag had to be lowered; then, the Christians being in full retreat, the Turkish soldiers sallied out of the fort and established themselves in the insurgents' position, hoisting the Ottoman flag. About half-past eleven the Turks were still engaged in pouring in a rolling fire on the retreating mass of the insurgents, but the latter replied with great spirit, and until the 'Camperdown' took to her heavy shells they rather gained ground than lost it, in spite of a tremendous fire from the Russian and Austrian vessels."

Do we not blush, for our men, at this record? Those "heavy shells" are paid for out of the taxes to which we women must contribute, but we are not responsible for the use made of them. We can do no more than stir up the men of our households to demanding to be told on what plea the noble blue-jackets under the Union Jack, the flag of freedom, are being compelled to the degrading office of firing on a people against whom we have no ground of offence, and a people rightly in revolt against an inhuman and unjustifiable oppression? Why are we not merely doing the sufficiently vile office of playing second or bottle-holder of the Turk, but actually fighting for him with British "heavy shells" the battles against his betters that he cannot win for himself? I feel ashamed of my countrymen as I read of the "heavy guns of the 'Camperdown'" being turned on the Christian insurgents, to drive them away from their gallant and successful continued resistance to the Turks.

Nor is this all. In tiny type the *Times* publishes a letter from a gentleman who held an official position in Crete as our representative for some years, who says that the Cretans are under the necessity of buying food for their maintenance, because their island (like ours) does not grow enough to feed its people, and that this time of year is precisely the season when the stocks in hand of grain are exhausted, and the cargoes from elsewhere must be brought in. The result of the blockade, in which our ships are taking a prominent share, therefore, is to starve the Cretan women and children in the interior. Why—oh, our masters and rulers, why are you doing this devil's work for the Sultan?

Meantime, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, being one and the same person, and that person an infirm old gentleman, are out of the country; consultation cannot be held in the Cabinet with these autocratic offices held by a man who is unable to be present. In this crisis of shame, illness removes the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary from his duty. Never let us hear again the coarse jokes of men about the possibility of a

woman premier being ill at a critical moment. And surely the urgent need for Lord Salisbury to resign the Foreign Office must be apparent to his followers, and even to himself. It is, even when he is well enough to be at his post, the removal of a valuable constitutional safeguard for these two critical offices to be filled by one man, so that the check and double intelligence of separate officers in the two places is lost. Two heads are proverbially better than one; and the Foreign Minister ought to have over him the authority of the Premier in regard to Foreign affairs, while the Premier should be aided in Cabinet debates by the special knowledge and attention to diplomacy of the Foreign Secretary.

But who are we, mere women, to comment on such matters as these? Our function is to bear responsibility for these administrative blunders and these international crimes—to pay our money to keep British sailors to starve out the brave rebels of Crete by the torture of their women and little babes, and to hand our taxes over to supply the "Camperdown" with "big shells" to shoot, to prevent the Cretan shepherds in arms to gain their freedom from the Sultan from overcoming the trained but incompetent Turkish troops—and yet we are to have no more power to influence our Members of Parliament to protest against this use of our means, than if we were children in our own nurseries.

Lady Fry's death, at the comparatively early age of 59, has taken place suddenly at Biarritz, from failure of the heart following on influenza. Lady Fry was one of the founders of the Women's Liberal Federation, but retired from it when it was decided by the Federation to make Women's Suffrage a main object of the organisation. Those who left the Federation on this score formed the Women's Liberal Association, and with this Lady Fry remained always connected.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell founded many years ago the National Health Society, to educate ladies in the principles of sanitation, and to help them to influence and promote its progress. The annual general meeting of this society was held last week in the committee room of the society, 53, Berners-street, W. The chairman announced that Miss A. Duncan, trained by the National Health Society, and holding the society's diploma, had just been appointed as the first and only lady sanitary inspector of the Victorian colony of Australia out of 100 applicants for the post. The society now makes a special work of educating ladies to thus act as sanitary inspectors, and though the field is not as wide as might be wished, it does present a certain scope for women who want to work, and one that will probably grow wider in course of time, as vestries and Boards of Health get used to the idea of women being so employed.

Amongst the many "walls of Jericho" that have fallen before the steady efforts of small hosts of women, the most remarkable success has, perhaps, been that of gaining entrance to the medical profession. Entrenched behind the law that made them a close corporation, having age-long habits on their side, and being able to call on the strongest source of all prejudices against any new undertaking for women, the assertion

that female modesty was necessarily destroyed by the study and the work, it truly did seem that the objecting doctors were secure from the competition of women. One of the leading professors in the medical faculty of the University of Edinburgh told Miss Jex-Blake, when she sought to join his class, that he "could not understand how any decent woman could wish to study medicine, and as to any lady, that was impossible." The male medical students of Edinburgh Royal Infirmary in considerable numbers signed a memorial to the managers, stating that so strong were their modest objections to the study of women in medicine that if lady students were admitted to the infirmary wards when they were there they must decline to continue their studies. The *Lancet* described this memorial as "not only manly in the best sense, but as also showing that highest form of respect for women that consisted in respecting them in spite of themselves." It was pointed out to these medical students that they must equally object to the presence of the female nurses at the bedside with them, and also that they would find many of their patients, both in and out of hospital, to be women, and that they ought to object to treat certain complaints of these patients if their sensibilities were so active; but they won their point. All this is so short a time ago—only a quarter of a century; and now we find that very Edinburgh School and Infirmary only one amongst many open freely to women students, and the latest record, given at last week's meeting of the women's school, is that one of the principal prizes in the Royal Infirmary—that in clinical surgery—has been taken by Miss Brodie, with 94 per cent. of the possible marks.

So completely has enmity vanished before the light of experience that the chair at the prize-giving was taken by the Principal of the University of Edinburgh, Sir William Muir, who was introduced to the audience by Dr. Jex-Blake, and was received with much applause. He then called on the lecturers to read their prize-lists. The lecturer on chemistry, Dr. Aitken, awarded his prize to Ada Wilkinson, who had obtained 93 per cent. of the available marks. Anne Venters had obtained 90 per cent., and two other students were in honours, Miss Venters was also awarded the medal in histology, with 92 per cent. of the available marks. In the class of systematic anatomy, Dr. Hardie awarded his medal to Mary B. Davies, with 88 per cent. of marks. In the class of surgery, Mr. Shaw M'Laren awarded his prize to Margaret Brodie, who had gained 95 per cent. of the available marks. It was also announced by the Dean that the medal in clinical surgery at the Royal Infirmary had been won by Margaret Brodie, who had obtained 94 per cent. of possible marks; and that in Dr. Leith's class of practical pathology, Edith Neild had obtained the medal, with 91.5 marks, and also the second medal in Dr. Russell's class of systematic pathology, with 85 per cent. Sir William Muir, after distributing the prizes, congratulated the students on their achievements, and expressed his earnest wish for the enlargement and continued success of the School. He said that the practice of women was steadily extending in this country, and that in the East their services were simply indispensable. He was very glad to see a native of India

among the students, and hoped that more Indians would come, and the whole number of students would increase indefinitely. Dr. Jex-Blake, in moving a vote of thanks to Sir William, explained that the presence of the Indian student, Miss Datt, was due to the scholarship founded by Mr. James Cropper, who had presented £1,250 to the School for the foundation of a perpetual Indian scholarship.

Our readers will remember that it was only last year that the Irish Poor-law Guardian Board elections were assimilated to the English ones so far as to allow of ladies being elected as members of the Boards. Yet it is well known that there is peculiar need of reform in the administration of many Irish work-houses, and it is equally well known that in time past the poor law has too often been misapplied to political party purposes. It is therefore peculiarly gratifying to read in the annual report of the Dublin Society for Women's Suffrage, presented by the energetic secretary, Mrs. A. M. Haslam, at the meeting on Tuesday last week, that "eleven women, and possibly one or two more, have already been returned as poor law guardians in various parts of Ireland, a very striking indication of the progress of the movement in a single year."

According to *London*, the journal devoted to the local government interests of the metropolis, there are now seventeen ladies on the London vestries. "Marylebone has three women on its vestry. Miss Nesta Carew and Miss Beatrice Willoughby are ladies who are new to public work, but who take much interest in their municipal duties; the third is Mrs. Sheldon Amos, who is well known as a social reformer. Mrs. Phillimore, who has a wide knowledge of municipal law and a great capacity for work, is the only lady member on St. Pancras Vestry; Mrs. Richardson looks after the interests of women on Islington Vestry—a parish which contains 330,000 people, of whom the majority are women. Mrs. Richardson is therefore the only representative, in municipal work, of 170,000 women. Mrs. Charles, an excellent Progressive worker, is alone on Paddington Vestry, but is a host in herself; Miss Willis is alone in Kensington; Mrs. Maloney is the only lady member of Fulham Vestry. There are two in Camberwell, Mrs. Brown-Sinclair, who is better known as a Poor Law reformer, and Miss E. A. Evans; and two in St. George the Martyr, Miss Alice Busk and Miss Elizabeth Kenny. The members of the minor vestries are Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Hughes, and Mrs. Brunning, Lewisham; Mrs. Parslow and Mrs. Gibson, Bromley."

A project is on foot to incorporate the London vestries and to make them one body of something the same character as the Municipal Council of any other large town. If this be carried through, as the scheme stands, it appears that the women members would be deprived of their seats, and even, it is asserted, the women ratepayers of their vote. This surely could not be allowed to pass. The vestries are absolutely the oldest form of local government, and women have from time immemorial possessed the right to attend and vote at vestry meetings. These meetings used to be themselves the electing bodies for the parochial offices; guardians of the

poor and overseers were directly elected by "the vestry" that met annually in Easter week, and that was composed of all the ratepayers of the parish, whether male or female. Of course, as population grew, and special Acts of Parliament were obtained at one and another place, the vestries came to generally have a different character; but the fact remains that to take away the vote from the women ratepayers for the London vestries would be to destroy the oldest and best rooted of all the women's Franchises. We need hardly, however, have any apprehension on this score while an active body such as the Women's Local Government Society exists, for it could be only by oversight that Parliament could be induced to remove this Franchise, and the Society will take care that there is no such oversight allowed.

A real power in the land is exercised by the Young Women's Christian Association. It might be a yet greater power if it were conducted in some respects on less conservative and more democratic lines. The fact that its great annual meetings are commonly addressed by men alone affords an indication of what is meant by the above observation. The more democratic methods of America, where everybody is as good as everybody else, and even wealth and social position do not give importance unless they are associated with a personal ability and character that compel a recognition of distinction, might, perhaps, be applied to our English society in some respects with advantage. Hence it is interesting to hear that an effort is on foot to arrange for the Young Women's Christian Association of this country to associate with a similar movement in the United States, and thence of course with the whole world, in something the same way that we have the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union.

It will have been gathered that the arrangements under which the women of the United States have to seek their franchise are somewhat different from anything that we can do. They can refer their case to a plebiscite of the men who already have the vote, under the form of an "amendment to the State Constitution." The men of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho have thus already conceded equal rights to their sisters. The news now comes to hand that yet another State—South Dakota—has decided to allow the referendum to be taken. The correspondent who sends this good news to the *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, says:—"Our State Legislature has just taken the final step whereby an amendment to the Constitution providing for equal Suffrage will be placed before the voters for their approval or disapproval at the general election to be held in November, 1898. Our legislative committee, consisting of Mrs. Simmons, of Huron, and myself, have been constantly on duty for six weeks. We have had the assistance of Mrs. Lyman, of this city, Mrs. Cranmer, of Aberdeen, and Mrs. Dollard, of Scotland, S.D. We met but little opposition in the Senate. The opposition in the House of Representatives was from a minority, but it was bitter, and skilfully managed." However, it was defeated; the part of the legislature is done, and the women of South Dakota have eighteen months before them in which to gain the interest and the votes of the men of their State before the plebiscite is taken.



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FOURTH LIST.

Table with columns for names, amounts in £ s. d., and a total of £67 1 0.

Further subscriptions are respectfully asked for.

Public Meetings.

WOMEN'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

A well-attended meeting of ladies, convened by the Women's Total Abstinence Union, was held at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross, on March 30th.

CAN CRIMINAL WOMEN BE RECLAIMED?

METROPOLITAN DISCHARGED PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society was held at the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Justice Kekewich, vice-president, in the chair.

communicate with them, to ascertain for what they were fit physically and mentally, and to assist them with advice, with money, with clothes, and with necessaries to obtain a living in a respectable manner, to take them away from their surroundings, and to prevent them from coming into contact with the criminal classes, to which they really did not belong, and to give them a fair start in life.

BRISTOL AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

On Saturday afternoon the annual meeting of the Bristol and West of England Society for Women's Suffrage was held at 69, Park-street, The Rev. A. C. Macpherson, who presided, remarked that it was a quiet but just reform which they wished to introduce into the constitution of the country.

The Chairman having announced letters of regret for absence from Sir W. H. Wills, M.P., Mr. Colston, M.P., Mr. Llewellyn, M.P., Mr. Lewis Fry, M.P., and others.

The Rev. Urijah R. Thomas, in seconding the motion, said he should like to add his tribute of respect to the memory of Miss Tod, one of the pillars of the movement during her time.

working women generally, needed as much as those of larger means the rights of citizenship. He pledged himself to any work he was capable of doing towards the victory which could not be far off.

The motion was carried unanimously. Mr. W. H. Meredith proposed thanks to all the Members of Parliament in the Western Counties who voted on February 3rd in support of the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension to Women) Bill.

Miss Blackburn seconded the resolution, remarking that the majority for the second reading of the Bill was larger than she had hoped for. This was a cause that required justice before sentimentalism.

On the proposition of Mr. Rutherford-Elliott, Miss Estlin seconding, it was resolved that the following persons form the committee for the ensuing year, with power to add to their number:—Miss Beddoe, Mrs. Benjamin, Miss Blackburn, Miss K. Blake, Mrs. M. Castle, Miss Danger, Mrs. Rutherford-Elliott, Mr. John Fox, Mrs. Arthur Francis, Rev. J. Temperley Grey, Mrs. Ashworth Hallett, Mr. T. G. P. Hallett, M.A., Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Harle, Mrs. Jeffrey, Mrs. A. Luttrell, Rev. A. C. Macpherson, M.A., Mrs. Nicholletts, Miss Pease, General Still, Mrs. Walter Sturge, Miss Caroline Sturge, Mrs. Theobald, Mr. Frank N. Tribe, and Miss Eva Tribe.

Mrs. Ashworth Hallett, of Bath, proposed "That this meeting adopt a petition to the House of Commons in support of the Parliamentary Franchise, Extension to Women, Bill to be signed on its behalf by the chairman, and to be forwarded by him to the Right Hon. Sir M. Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P." She urged her listeners not to allow the success they had achieved to put them to sleep.

Mr. Mark Whitwell seconded the resolution as one who had been identified with the movement from its earliest days, and it was unanimously carried.

Thanks to the Chairman were voted on the proposition of Miss Tribe, Mrs. Ashworth Hallett seconding.

LET US THINK UPON OUR MERCIES.

After a morning spent with a Chinese woman, she interrupted my Gospel message with the question, "Is your mother-in-law living?" "No," I answered. "Does your husband get drunk?" "No." "Does he smoke opium?" "No." "Does he beat you?" "No," I replied. "he has never struck me a blow in his life."

TREASURES AND TROUBLES.

A DOMESTIC SCIENCE STORY FOR YOUNG MOTHERS. CHAPTER XIV.

THE decanter was empty; but there was worse than that involved. When they moved her, they found an empty spirit bottle beside her. Nerved by her unhealthy craving and by the previous stimulant, the sick girl had walked across into the dining-room, and procured more liquor for herself. And Mrs. Hamilton had never heard a sound! It cured her of talking about "just closing her eyes in afternoons."

Mrs. Hamilton had some difficulty in making up her mind what next to do. In the first place, however, she soon elicited from the old nurse that the extent of Mrs. Crofton's drinking habits was well known, and a subject of remark amongst the servants. The next point—and it was one which Mrs. Hamilton considered with all the wisdom at her command—was whether she should at once tell anyone outside the house of her shocking discovery; and, if so, whom she should tell?

She sat down at once, and wrote the story to Bertha, concluding by begging her, if possible, to come to Oak Lodge at once.

Bertha immediately showed the letter to her husband when she received it; and it was armed with his advice that she went to her mother's assistance.

The baby went with her. She was now much better, and the doctor hoped that the change of air for two or three days would greatly hasten her recovery. They chose a mid-day train, by which few passengers travelled; the little nurse-maid had orders to stand at the door of the railway carriage at each stopping place to warn any person with children who might be about to enter, that the baby had whooping cough; and the sympathies of the guard were likewise engaged.

During the hours which intervened between the writing of Mrs. Hamilton's letter and Bertha's arrival, scarcely a sentence had been exchanged between Elfie and her mother. Mrs. Hamilton did not know what to say, unless she scolded and rebuked; and this she feared to do, because of Elfie's health.

"Is it not a dreadful thing?" cried Mrs. Hamilton to her step-daughter, almost as soon as they met.

"It is, indeed," said Bertha; "but it cannot be an old habit, and we must hope that it can be stopped at once. Have you written to Mr. Crofton?"

"No; I waited until you came; I thought, you know, that as she has always been so fond of you, perhaps if you talked to her it might be possible to avoid letting him know anything about it."

"I don't think we ought to try to conceal anything which so nearly concerns him from his knowledge," said Bertha. "I am afraid he

must be told; and then, if he is willing, I should like to have her to stop with me for a time. John thinks she should be moved from this house, and I believe she would rather be with me, very likely, than anywhere else."

Mrs. Hamilton caught at this suggestion, which would, it seemed to her, solve all difficulties in the best possible way; and then Bertha expressed her wish to see Elfie. Her mother went into the room first, and just informed Elfie that Bertha had come to see her; and then went away, leaving the sisters to meet alone, as Bertha wished.

Elfie was in the depths of misery this morning—deprived of her artificial support, and horrified at the situation in which she was placed. She hid herself from Bertha, at first; but it was not long before she was pillowed on that loving sister's breast, and being pitied, and soothed, and wept over. She did not say much; the barrier of her silence was not broken down. But how much good that half-hour of almost wordless sympathy did to her soul no one but herself ever knew. She had touched the lowest point of her desolation; the arid ground was watered by the tears she shed on her sister's breast, and never returned to its unchanging dryness.

At last, Bertha broke as gently as possible to Elfie the determination to which she had come, to ask Mr. Crofton's leave to have his wife with her for a time.

"Would you like to come, darling? Do let me know you would like to be with me, so that John and I may try to make you quite well," pleaded Bertha.

Elfie silently pressed her sister's hand. She did not ask by what arguments her husband was to be induced to allow her to go to Restingham, and Bertha forbore to say anything on the point.

The letter, telling the truth in guarded and gentle terms, was written by Mrs. Hamilton, in consultation with Bertha, and sent to Mr. Crofton. A telegram arrived at Oak Lodge the next morning, soon after he had received the letter, to say that he would come down that evening.

He came accordingly; and although he expressed himself as being greatly horrified and distressed, yet, as the fact was that he was relieved from a difficulty which he had been feeling as to his domestic arrangements for the immediate future, the matter was soon arranged.

He had dismantled his London house, and underlet its lease; so that he had at the moment no London home ready for his wife. Nor did he wish to take her to a house of an inferior order from that which they had previously occupied.

The affairs of a speculator on the stock exchange cloud over and brighten again with the rapidity of the April sky. Already Mr. Crofton had recovered a considerable portion of the money which he had just previously lost. He had been what is called "in the swim" with a project for a new gold mine in a distant region. The mine had been floated by a syndicate of a few members, and Mr. Crofton's interest in this had been secured before his losses came about. The public had "jumped at" the shares of the mine. Mr. Crofton's profits upon his part in this transaction were already considerable, and he saw his way to more in the near future.

He by no means desired, therefore, to recommence his London housekeeping on a smaller scale. It was very easy to tell everybody who enquired that Mrs. Crofton's health made it necessary for her to reside in the country for some time. He had every reason

to anticipate that before the next London season began his position would be sufficiently re-established to allow of his beginning again in London in the same style as on his marriage.

He could not help knowing, nevertheless, that it was unreasonable to expect his wife to live alone in her small country house, with scarcely any possibilities of society in the neighbourhood, and with no companion in her home. He was really relieved from a difficulty by Mrs. Wynter's proposition that Elfie should stay with her for some time.

In these circumstances, the matter was quickly arranged. Mr. Crofton, having determined within himself that his wife's stay with her sister should extend over a considerable time, insisted upon arranging that her board should be paid for; and Bertha, feeling that some such addition to her income was really requisite to enable her to give her sister proper comfort and attention, did not long hesitate about accepting what was offered by the husband, whom she supposed to be wealthy.

Her next care was that Elfie should not be distressed at the moment by her husband's anger. But of this she was soon satisfied that there was no danger. The moral and physical seriousness of the case was by no means realised by Mr. Crofton. He considered it only a passing result of ill-health and natural temporary depression of spirits. Indeed, he would not have held it at all necessary to arrange for his wife going under the care of her relatives, had it not just so happened that it was convenient for him then that such an arrangement should be made.

He went to his wife's side for a few moments only; spoke to her about her health in an affable but unconcerned manner; and finding that she scarcely looked at him, and made hardly any reply, he shrugged his shoulders, and left her.

Before the end of a week, all arrangements were made. Some of the servants were dismissed; two were appointed caretakers of the house; and then, when all was ready, Dr. Wynter spared a few of his busy hours to assist in conveying Elfie to Restingham. The journey was safely accomplished, and Bertha's house became, for an indefinite time, her sister's home.

(To be continued.)

SIGNALS FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

Mrs. MACLAVERTY.—The article by Mr. Lytton appeared quite back in the autumn. Quotation scraps like that wait till a corner fits them, and so sometimes get held over to be rather late in appearing.

M. S. D. observes that the outrageously early marriage of Indian girls often lead to their premature death. She adds, alas! truly:

"The details given by lady doctors now in India are heart-rending; it is well light is being let into these dark places of the earth—the habitations of cruelty. Dr. Vickers speaks of it as a 'religious practice.' This, I understand, is enforced by the priests of the present day, but is not in their sacred books, being introduced 200 years ago at the time of the Mohammedan conquest, their girls not being safe unless married."

"One who has lived in India to whom I spoke on the food question said: 'If the best plots of land were not always taken for opium there would be less famine.' 'Your 'Indian Man's Confession' gives hope that attention is being aroused to the subject, but it needs courage to withstand long usage, entailing as it does loss of social and family intercourse, and even everyday business relations.'"

O. M. M. (Norwich) asks what has become of the heroic Indian woman reformer, Ramabai. She continues to carry on her home and school for girl widows, and is just taking in a large number of destitute, famine-stricken ones. Her chief support comes from America, but the Editor of the *Bombay Guardian* is glad to receive and transmit subscriptions to Ramabai for her home.



## HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

By MRS. E. L. CHAMBERLAIN, F.R.H.S.  
WALKS AND WEEDING.

MARCH is the month *par excellence* for getting walks in order, and April for waging war against all the hosts of garden weeds.

Large and extensive walks and carriage drives, yards, and such like places, if weedy, should be well dressed with coarse salt. Of weed-killers many are advertised, some are efficacious, but all are rather expensive and very troublesome to use, requiring to be mixed with large bulks of water, and then conveyed about the garden for distribution; spraying the mixture over the gravel is a tedious business, and yet must be performed by a responsible person, or the edges of lawns, box or other borderings will be injured.

The use of salt does not indeed preclude care in these two cases, but there is no mixing process, the dry salt has merely to be wheeled about and thrown over the gravel, or between the paving stones. "Agricultural salt" it is called, and it can easily and cheaply be obtained in early spring in country places, as large quantities are needed by farmers, and there is always someone to supply these wants. Not infrequently coal merchants have it in stock at this season, especially those who rent yards and offices in connection with country railway stations.

Salt must be applied in dry weather; should rain fall three or four days later no harm is done, but a downpour immediately after its application so far dilutes it that the object with which it was laid is defeated.

Should gravel which is really not in need of renewing look dull and dirty, it should be turned up rough with a pick, in dry windy weather and left so for a day or two. When the under side which is now upmost is dried by the action of the wind, it may be raked into place with a wide-toothed rake, and then rolled very thoroughly, after which it will look almost like new.

It is impossible walks can ever be kept in really good order without a proper system of drainage. Not only should the walks be finished off with a sufficient curve to make rain water run to the sides, but gratings must be fixed at intervals by which this water can escape after storms, and these should be placed over little bricked catch-pits with an outlet-pipe, 2½ in. wide, fixed in the top row of bricks; these pipes must connect with the main drain, a 3 in. pipe of earthenware, which must lie from 6 in. to 1 ft. or so underground, the outer pipe falling to it. This may be under the middle, or highest points of the path, or wherever convenient, but the gratings must always be at the edge, or lowest part, of the walks. The gratings should be alternately on the right and left hand side of the walks. The other day I was consulted about the condition of the garden of a small London square, and found the walks badly drained; there was no main pipe, or indeed any pipes at all; only a few gratings and catch-pits. The man in charge finding the water lie about a good deal, had made some temporary additions by means of flower-pots turned upside down, and buried, except as to their tops (really the bottoms), in the sides of the walks.

Now, as to weeds, if these are very severely dealt with in April, they will not give much trouble during the summer. Unless, of course, they were allowed to run riot the previous year, or any previous year, as far back as seven, when seeds will keep germinating, and new *weedlings* spring up like Hydra-heads, always and everywhere. It used to be said that he who plants fruit trees plants for posterity; this is less true than it may have been of years gone by; but it is ever true that one who lets garden weeds go to seed and sow themselves broadcast, is leaving a curse on his successors.

This is a point ladies in the country should make no mistake about. So often, when times are a little hard, they begin a reduction of expenses in the garden, and flatter themselves it cannot matter if, for one season at least, it is less "tidy" and trim than usual. They fancy their "tidiness" is but a concession to the eye,

and has no worse consequences than a bad appearance; they do not realise how the weeds increase and spread and impoverish the ground.

Let them economise in any other direction rather than this; and if labour cannot possibly be paid for, then they should set to work themselves with fingers, fork and hoe, and wrestle with the enemy.

Probably everyone thinks she knows how to weed; yet observation shows that the following hints are not altogether unnecessary:—Don't pull off the heads, leaving the roots to spring up again; don't wait to pull up flowering weeds till they go to seed; don't trample on the beds more than necessary, or crush and break young plants or shrubs while weeding; don't clean the ground in front of you, and then walk on it to get at the next bit; work backwards, so to speak, so that you stand on the untouched ground, the soil where you have trodden being loosened with a hand-fork or hoe (according to the nature of the place) and raked smooth; don't throw baskets full of freshly pulled weeds together in a heap in showery weather. Those outside the heap will grow again, and seed and increase after all.

## ECONOMICAL COOKERY

By MISS LIZZIE HERIAGE.

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

### A FEW HINTS ABOUT ORANGES.

THE orange is not made half enough of; we get this luscious fruit so cheaply now that it is a pity not to take advantage of the many ways in which it may be served. For instance, how few on giving an orange to a child, take the trouble to remove the outer skin, yet it will be found to have a dozen uses in the kitchen, whereas it is thrown away in nine cases out of ten. Grated, it is an excellent flavour for bread-and-butter, suet, and other puddings. Rhubarb, when flavoured, is the nicer for the addition of orange rind. Then, in custards, it may be simmered just in the same way as one simmers lemon rind, avoiding a trace of the inner white pith; indeed, as with a lemon, the peeled rind should look yellow on the under as well as the outer side. For adding flavour to stewed figs, orange rind and juice may be recommended, and prunes are the better for the same treatment.

### TURNING TO DRINKS,

it may be noted that "orangeade" is considered far less lowering to the system than lemonade, when taken for a long period; it is made in the same way, but with less water and sugar. Indeed, some invalids will relish it without the addition of sugar; half a pint of boiling water with the strained juice of a large orange and about half the rind, put in a jug and covered, and left till cold, may be tried, though some will like no more than half this amount of water. The mixture of glycerine, lemon juice, and honey, often prescribed for the relief of slight coughs and hoarseness, is more agreeable to some tastes, if orange juice be substituted for part of that of the lemon.

Another old favourite remedy is this, and it is simplicity itself. Bake a lemon and an orange as you would an apple, *i.e.*, unskinned, in a very moderate oven, then squeeze out the juice and add a little coarse brown sugar to taste; take a teaspoonful when a cough is troublesome, or when plagued by tickling in the throat or hoarseness. The main advantage of such homely concoctions as these, is, that if they fail to cure, there is but little fear of their doing any harm.

People in villages for a short holiday, often find the water far from pleasant and resort to boiling; orange juice is admirable for giving a more pleasant twang to it; or it can be added to toast and water, which is really very nice when properly made, *i.e.*, the bread (crust) toasted slowly till very brown but not black, then added to a jug of boiling water and put in a cold place till stone cold; it should always be strained, and ought to be of the appearance of pale sherry. When there is no question of the

purity of the water, you can add it cold to the toasted bread. A spoonful of raspberry vinegar is a flavourer often liked better than any other. This or orange rind or juice may be remembered for giving a little zest to barley water, one of the most wholesome of drinks for the children at all times of the year.

### WHEN APPLES ARE "PAST THEIR BEST"

oranges are well remembered in various dishes. Supposing a dish of baked apples, to fill the hollows left by coring, the grated rind will prove more acceptable to many than spice mixed with the sugar, and a little juice should be added to the syrup served with them. In connection with oranges, our thoughts turn naturally to marmalade, and some may be glad of the hint that a mixture of Seville oranges, ordinary sweet ones, and lemons, an equal number of each, results in a very deliciously flavoured marmalade; those who do not like lemons, can try the two kinds of oranges which on the score of cheapness will recommend itself to many. Then there is

### "ORANGE CURD"

for making cheesecakes. One has but to follow a good recipe for lemon curd, as the mode is the same, but the sugar must be reduced. One's taste and the condition of the oranges, the size, &c., must be the best guide. A tablespoonful or two of lemon juice to a couple of oranges must not be forgotten, otherwise the mixture will taste rather flat. This same curd is very popular, too, for spreading Swiss rolls and layer cakes. Here is another use for it. Roll out a thin sheet of suet pastry, and cover with stoned raisins, then go over with a thin layer of the curd; convert into a roly-poly as usual, securing the ends well, and steam until done. Whether plain or with sauce this is very nice; figs can be used in the same way. Speaking of sauces suggests a thin, sweet melted butter sauce, with grated orange rind to flavour; or a tablespoonful of orange marmalade to each quarter pint makes another good and cheap sauce for batter puddings, boiled rice, &c. In the making of plain cakes, too, orange rind is well remembered, a little added to a seed cake improves it much; the same may be said of a rice or sponge cake. Those who object to the trouble of grating can peel the rind, then chop it very finely, and to facilitate this add a little castor sugar to it.

## THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

THE thickness of the grey matter of the brain determines intelligence and intellectual capacity. These, to be fruitful in any walk of life, must be trained, and this training is best aided by a strong nerve food and restorer, such as will be found in the *Kola* of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. Where there is brain-fag and utter limpness, what is to be done? This is the time that Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa plays such an important part. It not only revives the exhausted nervous system, but it builds up the grey matter, gives tone to what we may call the fountain of life and vigour. For it must never be forgotten that when other powers of muscle, heart, liver, kidneys and stomach faint and flag, when nearing the termination of all earthly joys, the brain is clear and strong while it looks into the great unknown future. The action of this wonderful power on all the motor and sensory factors of life has not been fully appreciated, valued, or understood.

The tired student, the exhausted professional man, the teacher, are revived, restored, and strengthened by Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, mainly through the action of that beneficent ingredient, *Kola*, which brightens the eye, and stores up reserve power in the nervous system. Bear in mind, the nervous system controls and directs all the powers of a vigorous life. It is the man or woman with the strongest nervous system that wins in the battle of life. Therefore the duty of all is to strengthen this controlling power, and it has been proved that nothing has been so effective in doing this as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa.

Merit, and 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, as a concentrated form of nourishment and vitality is invaluable; nay, more than this; for to all who wish to face the strife and battle of life with greater endurance and more sustained exertion, it is absolutely indispensable.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is made up in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. It can be obtained from all chemists, grocers, and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, Suffolk House, Cannon-street, London, E.C.

## WHAT TO WEAR.

BOOTS AND SHOES AT MRS. KELSEY'S.

PRETTY boots and shoes are of great importance in the spring, and the strong-minded footgear which was just the thing for the winter would look sadly out of keeping in company with a light spring dress. If any of my readers are in want of new ideas on the subject of *chassure* I would advise them to pay a visit to Mrs. Kelsey's elegant showrooms at 482 Oxford Street, which are full of every elegant novelty fit for spring and summer wear. Whether our tastes incline us to bicycling or boating we shall find an ample choice of suitable shoes, which are neat enough to rejoice the heart of the sportswoman, whilst if our nature is intrinsically frivolous, we shall be better pleased with pretty walking shoes, for what is called "park wear," or charming jewelled slippers all ready for the dance. All tastes can be supplied at Mrs. Kelsey's, and broad-soled "rational shoes" are seen side by side with the pointed toes and Louis heels, which are to be greatly in favour in town during the Diamond Jubilee season.

As some of my readers live at some distance from town, a short account of the novelties to be had at Mrs. Kelsey's may possibly be of use, together with the prices (which are in every case extremely moderate). First in order come some really charming Oxford shoes, made of white canvas, and suitable either for boating or cycling. How pretty these shoes will look with the white linen dresses, which will be worn directly the weather is warm. The heels are brown, and the toe-cap is of white kid, as is also the pretty diagonal strap, which prevents the shoe from spreading, and makes it more becoming to the foot. These pretty shoes are only 8s. 6d. the pair, so they cannot be called an expensive novelty. Cycling shoes are to be seen in several varieties; some very smart ones are in



CANVAS CYCLING SHOE.



JET EMBROIDERED SHOE.

is so useful in keeping the shoe in place.

Shoes for town wear next claim the attention—shoes which are strong enough to walk in, yet are light and ornamental in appearance. Most of them are in glacé kid mixed with patent leather, and finished off with a pretty steel ornament, and shoes as ornate as this can be purchased at 12s. 6d. A glacé kid shoe with a large diamond-shaped buckle is wonderfully becoming to the foot. Steel buckles are, however, quite the exception at present, the preference being given to glacé kid ornaments in the shape of buckles embroidered in jet or steel.

One of the prettiest new evening shoes is lavishly embroidered in jet, and is finished off with vandyked straps (also embroidered) which are immensely becoming to the foot. Extremely ornamental are the bronze kid shoes with the toes completely covered in pale green jewels, whilst some charming shoes in pale green morocco ornamented, and with a green chenille pompon would look very chic with a black silk dress. Bright red shoes, embroidered in jet mixed with red steel beads, would also brighten up a black toilette, whilst tan-coloured shoes with large rosettes of bobé ribbon will be admirably in keeping with the new Mid-Victorian dresses. Three illustrations of novelties in shoes appear with this article—the picturesque May Queen at 19s. 6d., with a pointed flap such as was worn in Puritan times; the jet-embroidered shoe with crossed vandyked straps, and the white canvas Oxford shoe, which has been already described.



"MAY QUEEN."

MISS SADLER,  
High-Class Corsetière,  
SPECIALITY: ABDOMINAL CORSET.

"One of the most popular Corsetières of the present day is Miss SADLER, of 211, Oxford Street. She thoroughly studies the peculiarities of each individual figure, but is specially successful with ladies who are inclined to be stout."—*Sunday Times*, May 3rd, 1896.

211, OXFORD STREET.

Everyone interested in Nursing Matters should read

## The NURSING RECORD.

Edited by Mrs. BEDFORD FENWICK.

Published every Saturday.

Price One Penny.

Contains all the Nursing News of the week; Articles by well-known Medical Men and Nurses;



Notes on Science, Art, Literature, and the Drama; Hospital News; Discussions by Matrons in Council, etc., etc., etc.

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Established 130 Years.

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## Every Description

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WALPOLE BROTHERS invite Ladies to write for their New Illustrated Ready-made Price List of Household Linens, &c., which will fully explain advantages they offer the public.

Single articles will be sent of any Goods on List as Samples, which will be taken back and money refunded if not in every way satisfactory.

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Dr. Mary J. Hall-Williams (M.D., Boston)

Will Lecture to Ladies at the WOMAN'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.



## Current News FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

### PARLIAMENT. INFANT LIFE PROTECTION BILL.

The Earl of Denbigh, in moving the second reading of this Bill, on March 30th, said there was no intention or desire to do anything with regard to this question which would in any way interfere with neighbourly acts of kindness, or with the vast amount of good done by voluntary societies. The class to which this Bill was intended to apply was what he might call the professional class—those who had children handed over with the payment of a considerable lump sum. He would be willing to consider amendments in committee on the question as to which would be the best authority. At present the district councils in England had been put into the Bill, but he knew that some thought the boards of guardians would be the best authority. On that matter he had an entirely open mind.

The Bishop of Winchester, in supporting the Bill, said it had been clearly shown in the debate of last year that the existing machinery for the protection of infant life was unworkable and cumbersome. The machinery in the present Bill would give the minimum of personal hardship and friction as well as of public expense. What was proposed in this Bill, he believed, would go far to bring to an end some of the ill-deeds which were now being perpetrated.

Most of the children sent out in this way were illegitimate, and he thought it was a pity the country was not supplied with statistics showing the number of deaths of illegitimate children under twelve months old. He believed England would be appalled if such information were available. In London in 1895 there were 2,119 inquests upon children under twelve months old. As there was one illegitimate birth in every twenty-five, the mortality among illegitimate children ought to be in the proportion of one twenty-fifth of the legitimate. But what were the facts? Instead of the illegitimate children being only 90 of the inquests, they numbered 322.

Lord Belper said he agreed that the Bill would not have much effect upon the dreadful cases of professional baby farming which were brought to light from time to time, but he believed it would ameliorate the general treatment of infants and do something to put a stop to the suffering they had to endure owing to the carelessness and ignorance which in many cases had more to do with their suffering than any intentional cruelty. The Bill was then read a second time.

WELSH WOMEN AND THE GREEKS.—The Welsh Union of Women's Liberal Associations has sent the following message to the people of Greece:—

"We, the members of the Welsh Union, representing 10,000 Liberal women, desire to convey to you, the people of Greece, our sympathy with your magnificent effort to secure the

lives and liberties of the oppressed Cretans. We, whose countrymen have struggled and triumphed in the past in the cause of civil and religious liberties, share your aspirations, and rejoice in the remembrance that our own country, in the days of Navarino, was identified with the Greek struggle for freedom. We feel convinced that the high destiny of civilisation is to bring to both men and women of all nations the rights of self government, and of personal liberty, and we trust that by the union and practical endeavour of all who desire this end the awakened conscience of Europe may yet force her to turn her arms from their present threatening attitude and place them on the side of the defenders of human rights. We pledge ourselves to do what we can to attain this result by rousing public opinion in our own land, and we wish you God-speed in your heroic struggle against tyranny and in your splendid endeavour to obtain just government for a persecuted people."

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, assisted by the practical advice and help of Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, is arranging for six English nurses to go to Crete at an early date, to nurse the wounded insurgents. Mrs. Chant, who is herself a trained nurse, and was once a "sister" at the London Hospital, intends to go on the expedition in person.

# HOVIS BREAD


Strengthens the Digestion and  
improves the General Health.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING BAKERS AND GROCERS.

6d. and 1s. Samples of Bread and Biscuits sent on receipt of Stamps, by  
**S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACCLESFIELD.**

Good!

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MASON'S EXTRACT  
OF HERBS  
FOR MAKING NON-INTOXICATING BEER

The most palatable, thirst-quenching, refreshing, animating tonic drink producible.  
For every OPEN-AIR WORKER and all employed in shops, Mills, Manufactories, and Mines.  
**IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.**  
Agents Wanted.  
One 6d. bottle makes 8 gallons. Of all Chemists & Stores.  
Sample Bottle Free 9 Stamps. 2 for 15 Stamps.  
**NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.**

MASON'S (NOTTINGHAM)  
COFFEE ESSENCE  
(THE BEST MADE)

EPPS'S  
COCOA

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA  
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.  
WITH FULL NATURAL FLAVOUR.

## SUCCESS. ANOTHER COCKBURN TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

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

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

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

It will be the finest, largest, and only well appointed HOTEL IN LONDON built from the foundation for the purpose, conducted on strictly Temperance principles. New Passenger Elevator, Electric Light, Telephone, and latest improved Sanitation. Telegraphic Address: "Promising," London.

Mrs. Philip will give her general superintendence to all three of her Hotels, and will spare no effort to make all her patrons comfortable and at home. NOTE.—In connection with, and under same management—

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

## GREAT REDUCTION IN THE CONSUMPTION DEATH RATE.

### IS IT CURABLE?—AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

In 1853 (says the *Weekly Dispatch*) the deaths from consumption in Great Britain were at the rate of 29.84 per thousand of the population. In 1892 the number had fallen to 10.82 per thousand, or about one-third, and it has not risen since. Still, the insidious malady is far too prevalent, and he who can discover a cure for it will be hailed as a benefactor to the race. It has lately been alleged that a remedy has been found in quite an unexpected quarter, and a *Weekly Dispatch* Commissioner was deputed to make inquiry.

"Is it the case that you have a new cure for consumption, and that people have already been restored to health by it?" asked the *Weekly Dispatch* Commissioner, interviewing the head of a well-known establishment in London.

"It is quite true that several persons discharged from various consumption hospitals have been cured lately, and that the fact has been noticed a good deal in the Press," was the reply. "But" (with a quiet smile) "there is nothing new about the remedy. It is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company has from time to time received intimations that consumptive people in all parts of the world have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. But we never made a feature of the cases in our advertising until lately, for the reason that we were afraid lest there should be some mistake in the matter; and it would be contrary to all our rules to recommend our Pills for any disorder unless we were absolutely sure that they had been proved suitable to it."

"What do you mean by fearing some mistake?"

"Well," said the manager, "a mistake could arise in one of two ways. People might suppose that they had been

AFFECTED BY CONSUMPTION, whereas they had suffered from some other cause, such as blood-spitting from injury to the throat or stomach; or they might really have been consumptive, and, having got a little better, imagined themselves cured when they were not really so. But recently—that is to say, within the last year or two—we have had under our observation cases in which consumption undoubtedly did exist, where the patients had been examined and certified as consumptive at various hospitals and in other official ways. Those people were led to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, as a result, after a time they were proved to be cured. This led us to make the facts public, and they have been taken up and reported upon by a number of newspapers by our request. That is the whole story. You see there is nothing very striking about it."

"Not very; it is simply an exceptional record of an honest hesitation successfully removed."

"I don't know that there is anything exceptional about it, though it's very kind of you to say so. What has happened in the case of the disease consumption, or phthisis, is just what has happened with a number of other diseases which are incurable by ordinary medicine, but which are cured, as published evidence shows, by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"What diseases do you refer to?"

"Oh, a number of them—locomotor ataxy, and other forms of paralysis, for example; spinal disease, cystitis (a disorder of the bladder), some forms of anemia, and some disorders special to women. We were some years before we published our first case of locomotor ataxy, although we had reports of several cases cured in the interval. We wished to see if

THE CURE WAS PERMANENT, because the man had been paid death dues amounting to over £200 by an insurance company, on the certificates of medical specialists that he was absolutely incurable and could not live. This is Mr. Marshall, and he is well and strong to-day, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Another instance is that of Mr. Robertson, a well-known Scottish football player. He sustained an injury which culminated in spinal disease, with a huge growth on the back. He was discharged from the Glasgow Infirmary Hospital as incurable, and went home to die. His mother spent £150 trying to get him cured by various means. He was cured in a very short time when he began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and can play football as well as ever. He is a formidable chap in the field, I can tell you!"

"Then there is the case of Mr. George Bilton, who was paid his death dues by a Friendly Society—the Boiler Makers—as totally and permanently disabled by cystitis, or inflammatory catarrh of the bladder; certified as practically dead by three doctors. He was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; we waited

### MORE THAN A YEAR

before publishing his case in our book. He had lain paralysed for more than two years, and also suffered frightful agony from rheumatism, before he used the Pills; but our Pills have made him a strong man without an ache in his body, and he walks enormous distances. The same doctors who certified his discharge as incurable have certified him cured and fit for work, and the trade society actually re-admitted him—a unique case."

"The object of this is to show the permanency of the cures you effect."

"Excuse me; it is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that effect the cures. We don't doctor people. We will not even examine or see them at our office. But if we are written to (and we are always pleased to have sick people write to us as fully as possible), we will tell them frankly whether cases like theirs have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pills before, or not. If we do not think the Pills suitable, we are only too glad to say so, because our business is built up entirely by the recommendation of people who have used our Pills and found benefit from them. We have such a large trade that, really, the sale of a box more, or a hundred boxes more, is not to be compared in importance with the record which we hold for fair and candid dealings. We do not fear any amount of investigation; and that is how it is that we have so many good friends among

### EDUCATED PEOPLE AND THE CLERGY.

who know we deal honestly with the public. As an example, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured of spinal disease a girl of Glasgow. Her name is Miss Bell, and she was actually visited by a clergyman, in order to prepare her for death. When she was cured, more than three years ago, the clergyman wrote to us about it, and he is kind enough to write to us from time to time, telling us how the girl is getting on. His name is the Rev. Samuel Harding, of 7, Firbank-terrace, Dennistoun, Glasgow. The girl is, and remains, perfectly well and strong.

"But"—with another quiet smile—"I fancy we are getting rather far away from the subject of consumption, and my time is rather limited."

"Well, about consumption, then. I always supposed that consumption was absolutely fatal."

"So it is if it gets to the final stage, though we have been told by people even far advanced in consumption that they have pulled up strength by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. But in some stages, even when specialists and hospitals can only offer palliative treatment, and try to delay the inevitable, we have good evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have actually effected cures."

The manager cited the following, among other cases:—

Mr. F. Joyce, of 5, Brown's-buildings, West Pottergate-street, Norwich, raised phlegm every morning which was streaked with blood; his face was blanched, and he lost weight. His breathing was short and painful, and Mr. Joyce's apprehensions were increased by the fact that

HIS FATHER HAD DIED OF CONSUMPTION, He went to two doctors. Then one morning, to use his own words, "I looked in the *Norwich Eastern Daily Press*, and there I saw a case of a consumptive young man who had been spitting

up blood like myself, and having night sweats, who was cured and restored to robust health and strength by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I procured a box of these Pills myself, and followed the directions as to taking them, with the result that after taking the contents of three boxes I felt as well as I ever did in my life. But while feeling so well, Mr. Joyce still had an uncomfortable impression that he was still in a consumption, so he submitted himself for examination at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

THE DOCTORS OF THAT GREAT INSTITUTION declared him to be in a sound state of health, and refused to supply him with any medicine or enter him upon the books, as he had no need of treatment. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not like other medicine, nor can they be imitated as is sometimes dishonestly pretended; take care that the package bears the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and in case of doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C., as the Pills can be had post free at 2s. 9d., or six boxes for 13s. 9d.

## 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.]

### FLOUNCED SKIRTS.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

MADAM,—May I call attention through the WOMAN'S SIGNAL to the evils of the incoming fashion of flounced and pleated skirts?

In your issue of March 4th, "Chiffon" writes: "A certain man-milliner, who may almost be said to lead the fashions, has given in his vote for the flounces, and he made all the petticoats of his drawing-room dresses exactly like a duchesse dressing-table."

Leaving out of the question the extreme ungracefulness of the picture presented to the mind, is it not time that women decided for themselves what is the proper and fit style of dress for them to wear? And seeing how much they are handicapped on all sides by their inferior health and strength, ought they not to avoid everything that can in any way increase their disabilities? One would think the slightest knowledge of the structure of the human body would be enough to convince any woman of the folly of hanging more than is needful round its most tender parts, yet how few women look at this matter in its proper light! Possibly because no disease is ever traced immediately to this cause.

Cannot some influential woman form a league (as was done some time since, when we were threatened with an invasion of the crinoline) against this pernicious fashion?—Yours faithfully,  
HELEN MURRAY,  
35, Park-road, Haverstock-hill, N.W.

### THE STATUE AT DUXHURST.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—Your correspondent of the 18th of March, Mrs. Adams, seems to forget that it was the difference between "a picture" and "an image" which divided Eastern from Western Christendom.

I have wondered whether the proposition to erect a statue at Duxhurst of our Lord Jesus Christ emanated from a Unitarian or Roman Catholic source, according as it is to be regarded as merely a work of art, or as something where the dividing line between admiration and worship is to be crossed.

How can Protestants think they are glorifying their Divine Lord by erecting a statue to His what? as we do in memory of men whom we delight to honour?

"To whom then will ye liken me? or shall I be equal? saith the Lord of Hosts."—Yours truly,  
I. D. S. R.



# ANALYSIS OF FOODS

Flesh Forming (Nitrogenous) Natural Salts  
Heat & Force Producing (Carbonaceous) Water

CADBURY'S Cocoa.	Ounces of above constituents in one pound.															
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
CADBURY'S Cocoa.	[Bar chart showing constituent distribution for Cadbury's Cocoa]															
Raw Lean Beef & Mutton.	[Bar chart showing constituent distribution for Raw Lean Beef & Mutton]															
Eggs.	[Bar chart showing constituent distribution for Eggs]															
White Bread.	[Bar chart showing constituent distribution for White Bread]															

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

**CADBURY'S** is absolutely Pure, therefore the Best Cocoa.

The LANCET says — "CADBURY'S Cocoa represents the standard of highest purity at present attainable."

## THE 'SAFE' PURSE.



Patented by THE HON. MRS. PERY.

Prevents all danger of losing money while carrying it about. Cannot be snatched from the hand. Adjusted to size, leaving fingers and thumb free for other purposes. Safe and convenient for frequent use. No scrambling for pockets. No time lost in opening bags or other receptacles. To be had at all Fancy Goods Warehouses. Wholesale at the Depot.

where sample Purses can be obtained by enclosing 3d. extra in stamps at prices from 2s. 6d. to 42s.

DEPOT:

**SAFE PURSE SYNDICATE, Ltd.,**  
7, Wood Street, London, E.C.

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