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# THE WOMAN'S

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

Edited by

**MRS. FENWICK MILLER.**

# SIGNAL

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FACTS AND SCRAPS.

"BRAIN WAVES."—The Rev. J. M. S. Brooke writes:—"May I be permitted to say that I heard the expression 'brain wave' used in the year 1864, five years before the date of its discovery and adoption by the gifted editor of the *Nineteenth Century*? The circumstances under which I heard it were somewhat peculiar. I was sent down with a captain's picket to keep an eye on a Southern blockade runner (the Condor) which had put into Limerick in the above year. Upon arriving on board we were hospitably entertained at luncheon by the famous Mrs. Greenhow, the winner, as she told me, of the battle of the Seven Pines. I sat next to her in the cuddy, and during a very animated conversation she remarked, 'I knew you were coming, for I had a brain wave.'"

"SPELL ferment and give its definition," requested the school teacher. "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment to work," responded a diminutive maiden. "Now place it in a sentence so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher. "In summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small scholar with such doleful frankness and unconscious humour, that the teacher found it hard to repress a smile.

MODERN THERAPEUTIC DELUSIONS.—In his closing address to the students at Glasgow Western Medical School recently, Dr. Campbell Black took for his subject "Modern Therapeutic Delusions." He dealt at length with what he called "Listerism," which he had no hesitation in describing as one of the most humiliating medical and surgical fetishes of the nineteenth century. Nearly thirty years ago he faced the hurricane of its early stage, and now he witnessed its impotent rage behind him. With the exception of one man of robust intellect—the late Dr. James Morton—all the surgeons of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary followed at the heels of Joseph Lister, who had befooled the majority of the surgical world for over a quarter of a century.—*Scotsman*.

"UNCLE ALLEN," asked the caller, "do you know anything that's good for a cold?" Uncle Allen Sparks opened his desk, took from one of the pigeon-holes a large bundle of newspaper clippings tied with a string, and threw it into the other's lap. "Do I know anything that is good for a cold?" he echoed. "My young friend, I know of six hundred and twenty-seven infallible ways of curing a cold. I've been collecting them for forty-nine years. You try those, one after another, and if they don't do you any good come back and I'll give you one hundred and sixteen more. Bless me!" added Uncle Allen, with enthusiasm, "you can always cure a cold if you go at it right." He dug a bundle of yellow, time-stained clippings out of another pigeon-hole, and the visitor hastily coughed himself out.

It is not generally known that the ex-Empress Eugenie is partly an Irishwoman. On one side she was descended from an Irish soldier of fortune, who made a name and place for himself in the interminable Spanish wars.

MR. JAMES PAYN'S handwriting is by no means distinct. An "Interviewer" says:—"When I asked Miss Barlow if she had much difficulty in getting her early poems and sketches accepted, she replied, 'I did not have many disappointments. The first serious thing I did was a little poem printed in *Hibernia*. I afterwards sent one to the *Cornhill*, and I received a post-card from the editor, Mr. Payn, which I deciphered as, 'I have no use for silly verses.' I felt dreadfully disgusted, and grieved too, but after the whole family had puzzled over it, they came to the conclusion that the words were, 'I hope to use your pretty verses,' which was a great relief to me. The next thing I sent was a prose sketch of village life, and to my great surprise, Mr. Payn accepted it."

THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

A Book of the Hour.

"PERPETUA."\*

MR. BARING-GOULD'S book may perhaps be fairly described as the first of the stream of books for Christmas presents that will be upon us presently. The author has wide sympathies and profound knowledge of many kinds, and his writings are so various that it is not possible to tell until one begins to read what sort of book a new volume from his pen will turn out to be. The present work is very suitable as a gift book for a young lady, and will be read with great interest by any whose tastes lead them to care to know something of history and bygone social states. Mr. Baring-Gould's earliest writings, we believe, were on the Black Letter Saints whose names are printed in the Church Calendar in black, and not in red. Possibly he obtained the germ of the present work in the course of his studies and researches which he made to write those early works, for he informs us that there are in Nîmes at the present day churches, built on the site of much more ancient ones, dedicated to Saint Baudillas and Saint Perpetua, who are two of the leading characters in his story. It matters little, however, how much authority he has for the details of the story that he tells; we only refer to his special knowledge of the time and the circumstances with which the tale is connected in order to make it clear that in local colour, and in general outline, this is not a mere work of fiction, but may be regarded as conveying in an interesting form some idea of the history of the early Christian Church, when, in the third century, it was still struggling against the predominant power of Roman paganism.

The town now called Nîmes was, it appears, at that time known as Nemausus. The ever-flowing spring was at that time supposed to be the habitation of a presiding deity, the reputed founder of the city. It is, of course, known to most readers that a very early form of men's religious ideas is to suppose that a deity inhabits those immaterial things which seem to have some token of life in their very existence, such as growing trees and springing fountains. Mr. Baring-Gould explains that the early Gaulish settlers had considered that the spring was the seat of a female deity. When the Greeks came and settled, they transferred their adoration to the idea of a graceful youth whose image they placed above the sacred spring, to whom, now that it had become a Roman town, it still remained the custom to make a periodical human sacrifice. The Roman government, having extended its power over the whole of the known world, and consequently over persons professing an infinite variety of religions, had adopted the policy of a general toleration. So long as the leaders of any faith did not attempt to interfere with the paramount civil power, that power was not accustomed to interfere with them. The offering up of human sacrifices was indeed formally forbidden by a decree issued at Rome, but so long as the practice was

attended by no general disturbance, it was winked at by the authorities. This toleration, however, was only extended in theory to what may be described as national religions, hence Christianity at that period was still proscribed by law. Generally, however, no particular notice was taken of those who professed the Christian religion. As Mr. Baring-Gould makes one of his magistrates say to another:—

"As to their religious notions, who cares about them? Let them adore what they will—onions like the Egyptians, stars like the Chaldeans, a sword like the Scythians—that is nothing to us; but when they refuse to swear by the Emperor, and to offer sacrifice for the welfare of the empire, then I say they are bad citizens, and should be sent to the lions."

Because of this opinion being widespread, and having added to it a full belief on the part of the ordinary pagans in legends against the Christians, such as that they met to worship an ass's head, and that they kidnapped children to use their blood as sacrifice, it followed that laws against them existed to be put in force whenever any ill-natured or interested persons chose to stir up a disturbance. At the same time Christianity continued to spread, because, as our author points out, the belief in the old pagan religion was fast dying out under the influence of the wider knowledge and the broader ideas that were becoming diffused in society, and the consequent necessity for some nobler and better belief to take the place of the dying paganism.

"The period when Christianity began to radiate through the Roman world was one when the traditional paganism, with its associated rites, that had contented a simpler age, had lost its hold on the thoughtful and cultured. Those who were esteemed the leaders of society, mocked at religion; and although they conformed to its ceremonial, did so with ill-disguised contempt. At their tables, before their slaves, they laughed at the sacred myths related of the gods, as absurd and indecent; and the slaves thought it became them to affect the same incredulity as their masters. Sober thinkers endeavoured to save some form of religion by explaining away the monstrous legends, and attributing them to the wayward imagination of poets."

"Over all men hung the threatening cloud of death. All must undergo the waning of the vital powers, the failure of health, the withering of beauty, the loss of appetite for the pleasures of life, or, if not the loss of appetite, at least the faculty for enjoyment.

"There was no shaking off the oppressive burden, no escape from the gathering shadow. Yet, just as those on the edge of the precipice throw themselves over through giddiness, so did men rush on self-destruction in startling numbers, and with levity, because weary of life; and these were precisely such as had enjoyed wealth to the full, and had run through the whole gamut of pleasures.

"What happened after death? Was there any continuance of existence?"

"Men craved to know. They felt that life was too brief altogether for the satisfaction of the aspirations of their souls. They ran from one pleasure to another, without filling the void within.

"Consequently, having lost faith in the traditional religion—it was not a creed—itself a composite out of some Latin, some Etruscan and some Greek myth and cult, they looked elsewhere for what they required. . . .

"Christianity, meeting a wide-felt want, spread rapidly, not only among the poor and oppressed, but extensively among the cultured and the noble.

"All connected by interest, or prejudiced by association with the dominant and established paganism, were uneasy and alarmed. The traditional religion was honey-combed and tottering to its fall, and how it was to be buttressed up they knew not. That it would be supplanted by the new faith in Christ was what they feared. But by what weapons except the sword to combat this faith, that they knew not."

The story of Perpetua opens on a day when the devotees of the patron god of the city were gathered together to give the annual sacrifice to the deity in the manner thus described:—

"On this first day of March the inhabitants of Nemausus were congregated near the fountain, all in holiday costume.

"Among them ran and laughed numerous young girls, all with wreaths of white hyacinths or of narcissus on their heads, and their clear musical voices rang as bells in the fresh air.

"Yet, jocund as the scene was, to such as looked closer there was observable an under-current of alarm that found expression in the faces of the elder men and women of the throng, at least in those of such persons as had their daughters flower-crowned.

"Many a parent held the child with convulsive clasp, and the eyes of fathers and mothers alike followed their darlings with a greed, as though desirous of not losing one glimpse, not missing one word of the little creature on whom so many kisses were bestowed, and in whom so much love was centred.

"For this day was specially dedicated to the founder and patron of the town, who supplied it with water from his unfauling urn, and once in every seven years on this day, a human victim was offered in sacrifice to the god Nemausus, to ensure the continuance of his favour, by a constant efflux of water, pure, cool and salubrious.

"The victim was chosen from among the daughters of the old Gaulish families of the town, and was selected from among girls between the ages of seven and seventeen. Seven times seven were bound to appear on this day before the sacred spring, clothed in white and crowned with spring flowers. None knew which would be chosen and which rejected. The selection was not made by either the priests or the priestesses attached to the temple. Nor was it made by the magistrates of Nemausus. No parent might redeem his child. Chance or destiny alone determined who was to be chosen out of the forty-nine who appeared before the god."

The lot was cast by the throwing of a ball by one girl after another as she stood in the centre of a circle made by her companions, who danced around her singing a ridiculous little jingle somewhat similar to that by which children now play their game of touch. At the end of the song the girl in the centre threw the ball, and then retired in safety, the one struck by it taking her place in the middle of the circle to retire in her turn, till at length only two were left, besides the last ball thrower, and the one finally left over was considered the appointed sacrifice, and immediately thrown into the spring to be drowned. Though the mother of Perpetua was a Christian she had not ventured to refuse her daughter to this ordeal, and upon her the lot falls.

We know that Perpetua cannot be sacrificed

\* "Perpetua." By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. (Isbister & Co., Limited, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. Price 6s.)

or where would be the book? Nevertheless, our author, according to his custom, taxes our sympathies to the utmost, as the mother sees her daughter actually pushed into the stream, only however to be rescued by a young man standing by—one of high position and wealth, who is able to call to his assistance a sufficient number of those around, not only to cover the escape of the victim, but also to get away for the time in safety himself. In such a case it would be natural that the priests whose livelihood and whose greatness depended upon the maintenance of the faith in their god, should make a great effort to arouse public indignation against the sacrilege of snatching away the destined victim, and it is probable enough that the feeling which they succeed in arousing should spread until it brings about a brief epidemic of persecution of the Christians. Though both Perpetua and her preserver had for the time escaped from the indignant priests and priestesses of the god, these latter made preparations for arousing the whole city in the course of the same evening by a device which they had concealed in their temple for making a great roaring noise, supposed to be the indignant protest of the god against the impious treatment that he had received:—

"From the distant city sounded a hideous din like the bellow of a gigantic bull.

"Æmilius laughed bitterly.

"I know what that is, it is the voice of the god—so say the priestesses of Nemausus. It is heard at rare intervals. But the mason who made my baths at Ad Fines explained it to me. He had been engaged on the temple, and saw how a brazen instrument like a shell of many convolutions had been contrived in the walls and concealed, so that one woman's breath could sound it, and produce such a bellow as would shake the city. Bah! one religion is like another, founded on impostures. . . . Every house in Nemausus thrilled with life. Sleep was driven from the drowsiest heads. The tipsy were sobered at once. Those banquetting desisted from conversation. Music was hushed. Men rushed into the street. The beasts in the amphitheatre, startled by the strange note, roared and howled. Slowly the chief magistrate rose, sent to summons an edile, and came forth. He was not quick of movement, it took him some time to resolve whether he or his brother magistrate was responsible for order; when he did issue forth, then he found the streets full, and that all men in them were talking excitedly.

"The god Nemausus, the Archegos, the divine founder and ancestor, had spoken. His voice was rarely heard. It was told that before the Cimbric and Teutonic had swept over the province, he had shouted. That had been in ages past; of late he had been sparing in the exercise of his voice. He was said to have cried out at the great invasion of the Helvetii, that had been arrested by Julius Cæsar; again to have trumpeted at the outbreak of Civilis and Julius Sabinus, which, however, had never menaced Narbonese Gaul, though at the time the god had called the worst was anticipated. The last time he had been heard was at the revolt of Vindex that preceded the fall of Nero.

"Some young sceptics whispered: 'By Hercules, the god has a brazen throat.'

"It is his hunting horn that appeals to call attention. What he will say will be revealed to the priestess."

"Or what the priestess wishes to have believed is his message."

"But this incredulous mood was exhibited by very few. None ventured openly to scoff.

"The god hath spoken!" This was the cry through the streets and the forum. Every man asked his fellow what it signified."

Unfortunately, a hot-headed and boastful deacon of the Christian Church had taken it into his head to exacerbate this rising feeling by damaging the image of the idol. Before time had elapsed sufficient to allow the indignation of the orthodox to reach the point at which it

became dangerous, deacon Marcianus had been inspired by his own excitable vanity to the following exploit:—

"It is well that there should be a sifting of the wheat from the chaff," said Marcianus. "Too long have we had wolves masquerading among us clothed in sheep-skins. See!" He threw back his mantle, and extended his hand. "On my way hither, I passed by the fountain of Nemausus, and none were there. Then my soul was wrath within me at the idolatry and worship of devils that goes on in the temple and about the basin. So I took up a stone, and I climbed upon the pedestal, and I beat till I had broken this off." Then he rolled an alabaster sculptured head on the floor. With a contemptuous kick, he sent it spinning. "This is their god Nemausus. A deacon of Christ's Church, with a bit of stone, is able to break his neck, and carry off his head!" Then he laughed. But none laughed in response.

"A thrill of dismay ran through the assembly. A woman fell into hysterics and screamed. Some called out that she prophesied, others that she spake with tongues. Baudillas appeased the excitement. "The tongue she speaks," said he, "is the Ligurian of the Cebennæ, and all she says is that she wishes she were safe with her children in the mountains, and had never come into the town. Now, indeed, it seems that the evil days foreseen by Pantilius Narbo will come on the Church. The people might forget that the god was robbed of his victim, but will not overlook it that his image has been defaced."

Realising that the belief of the orthodox pagan in his religion was a perfectly real thing, it is easy to see how this insult offered to the god of the city, discovered at about the same moment when the noise, believed to be his voice of wrath, was heard resounding, should bring forth an excited crowd, and almost compel the magistrates to send their officers round the city to require every citizen to put up in his window a sacred image and to offer incense to the pagan gods. Now the head of the god of the spring, broken off by Marcianus, had been left by him in the house at which the Christian meeting was taking place—the house of another deacon, a man of timid and uncertain disposition, who, with every will to suffer martyrdom, had always doubted his own power of doing so. It is upon him, nevertheless, that the popular indignation falls, since the desecrated head is found in his house, and the unfortunate Baudillas, having been taken before the magistrate, is sent by him to a horrible prison described very graphically by Mr. Baring-Gould, and doubtless with accuracy and upon good authority:—

"There was another part of the prison entitled the *robur*, after the Tullian prison at Rome. This consisted of one large vaulted chamber devoid of window, accessible by the door only, through the interstices of which alone light and air could enter. It derived its name from oak beams planted against the walls, to which were attached chains, by means of which prisoners were fastened to them. In the centre of the floor was a round hole, with or without a low breastwork, and this hole communicated with an abyss sometimes given the Greek name of *barathrum*, with conical dome, the opening being in the centre. This pit was deep in mire. Into it flowed the sewage of the prison, and the outfall was secured by a grating.

"The bench on which he reposed was slimy, the walls trickled with moisture, were unctuous, and draped with a fungous growth in long folds. The whole place was foul and cold.

"How long would this confinement last? Would food, pure water be lowered to him? Or was he condemned to waste away in this pit from starvation, or in the delirium of famine to roll off from his shelf and smother in the mire?"

"Baudillas had been lowered into the pit of the *robur*, and his feet sank halfway up his calves in the slime. He waded with extended arms, groping for something to which to cling.

He knew not whether the bottom were even, or fell into deep holes, into which he might stumble. He knew not whether he were in a narrow well or in a spacious chamber.

"Cautiously, in obscurity, he groped, uncertain even whether he went straight or was describing a curve. But presently he touched the wall and immediately discovered a bench, and seated himself thereon. Then he drew up his feet out of the mire, and cast himself in a reclining position on the stone seat.

"The time passed heavily. At times Baudillas sank into a condition of stupor, then was roused to thought again, again to lapse into a comatose condition. His cut lip was sore, his bruises ached. He had passed his tongue over his broken teeth till they had fretted his tongue raw.

"Presently he was roused by a sense of irritation in every nerve, and, putting his hand to his face, plucked away some hundred-legged creature, clammy, and yet hard, that was creeping over him. It was some time before his tingling nerves recovered. Then, gradually, torpor stole over him again, and he was, perhaps, unconscious for a couple of hours, when again he was roused by a sharp pain in his finger, and starting, he heard a splash, a rush and squeals. At once he knew that a swarm of rats had invaded the place. He had been bitten by one; his start had disconcerted the creatures momentarily, and they had scampered away.

"Baudillas remained motionless, save that he trembled; he was sick at heart. In this awful prison he dared not sleep, lest he should be devoured alive.

"Was this to be his end—to be kept awake by horror of the small foes till he could endure the tension no longer, and then sink down in dead weariness and blank indifference on his bench, and at once be assailed from all sides, to feel the teeth, perhaps to attempt an ineffectual battle, then to be overcome and to be picked to his bones?"

"As he sat still, hardly breathing, he felt the rats again. They were rallying, some swimming, some swarming up on to the shelf. They rushed at him with the audacity given by hunger, with the confidence of experience, and the knowledge of their power when attacking in numbers.

"He cried out, beat with his hands, kicked out with his feet, swept his assailants off him by the score, yet such as could cling to his garment by their teeth, and, not discomfited, quickly returned. To escape them he leaped into the mire, he plunged this way, then that, he returned to the wall, he attempted to scramble up it beyond their reach, but in vain.

"Wherever he went they swam after him."

How Baudillas escapes from this horrible prison, and how he ultimately gave himself up again and seals his faith with martyrdom, must be read in the book. Perpetua's adventures are meantime running their own course, for her mother and her fellow-Christians did not even know what had become of her; she has, in fact, been carried away in a litter to the country house of her preserver, who ultimately, seeing no other way of protecting her, comes to her with this proposition:—

"You have been brought to this house, and, happily, none know that you are here save my client Callipodius and myself. But what I desire to say is this. Give me a right to make this your refuge, and me a right to protect you. If I be not distasteful to you, permit this. I place myself unreservedly in your hands. I love you, but my respect for you equals my love. I am rich, and enjoy a good position. I have nothing I can wish for but to be authorised by you to be your defender against every enemy. Be my wife, and not all the fools and *flamines* of the Province can touch a hair of your head."

"The tears welled into Perpetua's eyes. She looked at the young man, who stood before her with such dignity and gentleness of demeanour. He seemed to her to be as noble, as good as a heathen could well be. He felt for her delicate position; he had risked his life and fortunes to save her. He had roused the powerful religious faction of his native city against him, and he

was now extending his protection over her against the priesthood and the mob of Nemausus.

"He respected her emotions, and continued to address her.

"I am confident that I can appease the excitement among the people and the priests, and those attached to the worship of the divine Ancestor. They will not dare to push matters to extremities. The sacrifice has been illegal all along, but winked at by the magistrates because a custom handed down with the sanction of antiquity. But a resolute protest made—if need be an appeal to Cæsar—and the priesthood are paralysed. Consider, also, that as my wife they could no longer demand you. Their hold on you would be done for, as none but an unmarried maid may be sacrificed. The very utmost they can require in their anger and disappointment will be that you should publicly sprinkle a few grains of incense on the altar of Nemausus."

"I cannot do that. I am a Christian."

"Believe what you will. Laugh at the gods as do I and many another. A few crumbs of frankincense, a little puff of smoke that is soon sped."

"It may not be."

"Remain a Christian, adhere to its philosophy or revelation, as Castor calls it. Attend its orgies, and be the protectress of your fellow-believers."

"None the less, I cannot do it."

"But why not?"

"I cannot be false to Christ."

"What falsehood is there in this?"

"It is a denial of Him."

"Bah! He died two hundred years ago."

"He lives! He is ever present! He sees and knows all."

That martyrdom should be the end of firmness such as this is almost inevitable. A long and very vivid description is given of the murder of Perpetua and some of her fellow-Christians. Besides being a very interesting story, this tale has so much knowledge and close realism in detail that it must give a more lively impression than was before entertained to all its readers of those early days of the Christian Church, which cannot but be of interest to all who are descendants in these happier times of the Christian confessors and martyrs of pagan days.

## THE RUDDER.

By CELIA THAXTER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with the honest eyes of blue,

As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the level ocean floor?

Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass from our view,

And down the slope of the world they go, to seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to move at the breezes' will,

Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting in distance gray;

But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds their sails that fill,

Like faithful servants speed them all on their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a staunch man at the wheel,

And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will of the man is there;

There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel does not feel

The force of the purpose that shapes her course and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide, treacherous sea,—

Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to stand the stress of the gale,

And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch, whatever the tumult be,

For the will of man, with the help of God, shall conquer and prevail.

## INSURANCE LEGISLATION AS TO MARRIED WOMEN.

(From *The Insurance and Actuarial Record*.)

This is an age in which advance is the order of the day, and the rapid growth of public opinion in many directions is particularly observable. Among the latest developments is that of the opinion held of the female sex. For long the weaker sex was regarded as the inferior of man, unable to grasp the problems of life, unfit for learning, science, or intellectual pursuits generally; a mere plaything and housekeeper, all heart and no head. It is true that an occasional lady poet or novelist flashed across the scene as if to vindicate the higher claims of her sex, but she was regarded as a *luxus naturee*, and as a kind of masculine subject. All this, however, is very much changed. Woman is now man's competitor in every field to which she can find an entrance: lady students, lady doctors, lady journalists, and so forth. Even now she is claiming the suffrage, and if she receives it, the chances are that legislation will receive the impress of her pronounced opinions. How far insurance will enter into the domain of her thoughts is a matter which will depend on the manner in which she thinks she is affected by the existing laws defining her legal status *quoad* insurance.

Before special legislation was enacted in reference to married women, when a woman married all her property became the possession of her husband, and she had thus no separate estate. Under the Common Law of England, marriage operated as an instrument of absolute conveyance, transferring the wife's property to her husband, who was free to will it away if he chose. Moreover, the wife could not enter into or make contracts; her individuality was gone. If she attempted to do so, there was the risk of the contract being vitiated.

Insurance policies, however, occupied a peculiar position in reference to a husband's property and his rights over it. These policies belonged to a curious class of things called "choses in action," which were not assignable at Common Law, and accordingly could not be assigned. The term "choses in action" covers things not in actual possession, such as outstanding debts, reversionary interests, claims unpaid, &c.: "A wife surviving her husband," it used to be the law, "takes back to herself absolutely (if she be widowed) all her choses in action which have not been reduced by her husband into possession."

The conditions under which a wife suffered previous to the passing of any of the Married Women's Property Acts were calculated to inflict hardships on her to no mean extent. The husband acquired the absolute interest in all the personal chattels and estate of which she was actually possessed. He could assign his own contingent right of reducing into possession the reversionary interests of his wife in personal estate, and his right or chance of survivorship to a purchaser for value. He could not, however, dispose of her life insurance policies, as these were not of the nature of reversionary interests, and were outside his powers. They were "choses in action," and, as a writer says, "an assignment for a valuable consideration of a wife's 'choses in action' by the husband is void against the wife surviving, if the husband die before he or the assignee has reduced them into possession, even although they could have been immediately reduced into possession."

The Married Women's Property Act of 1882 came into play on January 1st, 1883, and

changed all that. It conferred on a married woman the rights of a *feme sole* or single woman. In the case of a woman who married before the passing of the Act, her husband's Common Law rights are not interfered with so far as regards property which he has *already* acquired in her right; but if she acquires any property *after* the Act has come in operation, she is placed in the same position as if she had been married after the commencement of the Act. After the passing of this Act she was free to deal as she chose with ordinary reversionary interests, among which life assurance policies were included.

Decisions have established the principle that a married woman is free as air to dispose independently of this kind of property without asking the permission of her husband. It is of great importance that an insurance company should be able to carry through transactions with married women equally with men, in the way it has been able to do since the passing of the 1882 Act.

The first statute directly affecting married women was Malins' Act, 20 and 21 Vict., cap. 57. It was passed on August 25th, 1857, and was "an Act to enable married women to dispose of reversionary interests in personal estate." Previously, she had only power over property settled on her separately. The Act was not retrospective, and gave a married woman power to act as if she were a *feme sole*, but the husband must first express his concurrence in the deed of disposition by which his wife deals with the reversionary interests. Two perpetual commissioners for taking acknowledgment of deeds by married women subscribed the attestation of them, and the machinery under the Act was expensive and did not work well.

The Married Women's Property Act (1870) 33 & 34 Vic., cap. 93, was passed to protect the estates of married women, especially of those who had been compelled to live apart from their husbands and earn their own livelihood. These were allowed to have a separate status in the eyes of the law. The tenth section of the Act refers to policies of assurances, and the first part of it runs as follows:—"A married woman may effect a policy of insurance upon her own life or the life of her husband for her separate use, and the same and all benefit thereof, if expressed on the face of it to be so effected, shall enure accordingly, and the contract on such policy shall be as valid as if made with an unmarried woman." A married woman was thus free to insure her life, but the policy must bear that it was obtained for her separate use.

Another part of the same section says that "a policy of insurance effected by any married man on his own life, and expressed upon the face of it to be for the benefit of his wife, or his wife and children, or any of them, shall enure and be deemed a trust for the benefit of his wife for her separate use, and of his children, or any of them, according to the interest so expressed, and shall not, so long as any object of the trust remains, be subject to the control of the husband, or of his creditors, or form part of his estate." A trustee can be appointed under the Act; but if there appears to be any fraud attempted against the creditors by the husband so insuring, the amount of premiums paid can be taken by them. The Act evidently intended to encourage married men to make provision for their dependents by way of life insurance, and to put the sums so assured beyond the reach of creditors, should bankruptcy unhappily supervene. This kind of policy has been called a "Settlement Policy," and the Act puts the policy out of reach of the husband so long as the object of the trust is unfulfilled, or

of his creditors, and it cannot be accounted a part of his estate. It has been ruled that, in the event of death, it is only the survivors who participate in the insurance fund under this trust—a kind of tontine principle. If a trust were created, its terms might be defined so that the exact destination of the insurance funds might be determined without the need for litigation.

The Married Women's Property Act (1870) Amendment Act, 1874, repealed that portion of the Act of 1870 which stated that a husband was not liable for his wife's ante-nuptial debts, and enacted that a husband and wife, married after the passing of the Act, might be sued for her ante-nuptial debts to the extent of the assets acquired through the wife. The fifth section ran as follows: "The assets in respect of and to the extent of which the husband shall in any action be liable are: (2) The value of the choses in action of the wife, which the husband shall have reduced into possession, or which, with reasonable diligence, he might have reduced into possession."

Next comes the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, 45 & 46 Vic., cap. 75. The Act, and what it is intended to effect, have been well epitomised as follows: "A married woman can under it hold all property as her separate estate, and can deal with it as a *feme sole*: she may enter, without her husband's consent, into contracts which affect her separate property; she can sue and be sued, to the extent of her property, as if she were unmarried; she can be made bankrupt if trading in her own account; she is liable to the parish for the support of her husband, and along with him, for that of her children and grandchildren; and she can act as an executrix, administratrix, or a trustee, as if she were a *feme sole*. All the rights over the wife's earnings or other property which the husband had at Common Law are done away with altogether, both as regards wives married after January 1st, 1883, and also in cases where marriage has taken place before that day, and the wife has acquired property subsequent to the beginning of the Act. Generally speaking, it puts a husband and wife on a footing of nearly legal equality."

The sub-sections of the first section of the Act state that "a married woman may acquire, hold or dispose of, any real or personal property by will or otherwise as her separate property, in the same manner as if she were a *feme sole*, without the intervention of any trustee." A married woman can contract a liability, and sue and be sued, and she can add anything she receives by way of cost or damages to her private property, or take it from the latter if she loses her case. Every contract into which she enters binds her separate estate at the date of contract, or any property she may subsequently acquire. The Act allows great freedom to a married woman, and regards her as a separate person, and not merely as the one-half of her husband.

Section No. 11 of the Act, by which insurance is affected, is important as going beyond the powers allowed in Section 10 of the Act of 1870. Each Act is an advance on its neighbour in the way of giving liberty to the long-oppressed wife. She is at length free from thrall, and can now effect a policy either upon her own life or the life of her own husband for her separate use, and the Act directs that "the same and all benefit thereof shall enure accordingly." The section (11) conferring the power and creating a trust out of a policy of assurance, runs in these terms: "A married woman may, by virtue of the power of making contracts hereinbefore contained, effect a policy upon her own

life or the life of her husband, for her separate use, and the same and all benefits thereof shall enure accordingly."

A policy of assurance effected by any man on his own life, and expressed to be for the benefit of his wife, or of his children, or of his wife and children, or any of them, or by any woman on her own life, and expressed to be for the benefit of her husband or of her children, or of her husband and children, or any one of them, "shall create a trust in favour of the objects therein named, and the moneys payable under any such policy shall not, so long as any object of the trust remains unperformed, form part of the estate of the insured, or be subject to his or her debts. Provided that if it shall be proved that the policy was effected and the premiums paid with intent to defraud the creditors of the insured, they shall be entitled to receive, out of the moneys payable under the policy, a sum equal to the premiums so paid."

In addition to creating a trust, as in the Act of 1870, provision is also made for the appointment of a trustee or trustees. The trustees so appointed are to be "trustees of the moneys payable under the policy." If none are nominated, the policies are to vest "in the insured and his or her legal personal representatives in trust for the purposes aforesaid." The Court can make an appointment of trustee under the Trustee Act of 1850, a section stating that "the receipt of a trustee or trustees duly appointed, or in default of any such appointment, or in default of notice to the insurance office, the receipt of the legal personal representative of the assured, shall be a discharge to the office for the sum secured by the policy, or the value thereof, in whole or in part." This section permits offices to pay the contents of policies to duly appointed trustees, or, in the event of no notice of trustees being given to the companies, to the personal representatives at law. The words "or the value thereof" have not been interpreted as yet by any legal decision. In fact, decisions are few and comparatively unimportant in reference to this Act. A decision was given on this point under a Scotch Act, viz., the Married Women's Policies of Assurance (Scotland) Act, 1880, which was passed to extend to Scotland the facilities above described for effecting policies of assurance for the benefit of wives and children. In the case of *Schumann v. The Scottish Widows' Fund*, the phrase "or the value thereof" was held to cover a surrender, if the wife, being the beneficiary, gave her consent.

### A COLD WEATHER BEVERAGE.

Now that the cold weather is coming, those who do not take any alcoholic stimulant, and who frequently feel the need of some warm drink, either when going out into the cold, or on a journey, or immediately on coming in, may direct their attention to Liebig's Company's Extract as a means of making such a drink as quickly and easily as could be done by an appeal to the spirit bottle, and not only without the injurious effect of alcoholic stimulants in the long run, but on the contrary, with lasting benefit. Baron Liebig, the great chemist, who discovered this means of condensing a large part of the nourishment of beef, ascertained by experiment that it acts as a true tonic and stimulant, and that it is of value not only in strengthening the invalid, but also in bracing up the system of the healthy, assisting it to resist cold, and strengthening it against the influenzas and catarrhs that are so prevalent in the winter season.

### MARY WOLLSTONE-CRAFT'S

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

#### CHAPTER IV.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE OF DEGRADATION TO WHICH WOMAN IS REDUCED BY VARIOUS CAUSES.

THAT woman is naturally weak, or degraded by a concurrence of circumstances, is, I think, clear. But this position I shall simply contrast with a conclusion, which I have frequently heard fall from sensible men in favour of an aristocracy: that the mass of mankind cannot be worth anything, or the obsequious slaves, who patiently allow themselves to be driven forward, would feel their own consequence, and spurn their chains. Men, they further observe, submit everywhere to oppression, when they have only to lift up their heads to throw off the yoke; yet, instead of asserting their birthright, they quietly lick the dust, and say, Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Women, I argue from analogy, are degraded by the same propensity to enjoy the present moment; and, at last, despite the freedom which they have not sufficient virtue to struggle to attain. But I must be more explicit.

With respect to the culture of the heart, it is unanimously allowed that sex is out of the question; but the line of subordination in the mental powers is never to be passed over. Only "absolute in loveliness," the portion of rationality granted to woman, is, indeed, very scanty: for, denying her genius and judgment, it is scarcely possible to divine what remains to characterize intellect.

Reason is the simple power of improvement; or, more properly speaking, of discerning truth. Every individual is in this respect a world in itself. More or less may be conspicuous in one being than another; but the nature of reason must be the same in all, if it be an emanation of divinity, the tie that connects the creature with the Creator; for, can that soul be stamped with the heavenly image, that is not perfected by the exercise of its own reason? Yet outwardly ornamented with elaborate care, and so adorned to delight man, "that with honour he may love,"\* the soul of woman is not allowed to have this distinction, and man, ever placed between her and reason, she is always represented as only created to see through a gross medium, and to take things on trust.

But dismissing these fanciful theories, and considering woman as a whole, let it be what it will, instead of a part of man, the inquiry is whether she have reason or not. If she have, which, for a moment, I will take for granted, she was not created merely to be the solace of man, and the sexual should not destroy the human character.

Into this error men have, probably, been led by viewing education in a false light; not considering it as the first step to form a being advancing gradually towards perfection, but only as a preparation for life. On this sensual error, for I must call it so, has the false system of female manners been reared, which robs the whole sex of its dignity, and classes the brown and fair with the smiling flowers that only adorn the land. This has ever been the language of men, and the fear of departing from a supposed sexual character has made even women of superior sense adopt the same sentiments.

"Pleasure's the portion of th' inferior kind;  
But glory, virtue, Heaven for man design'd."

\* Milton.

After writing these lines, how could Mrs. Barbauld write the following ignoble comparison?

"To a lady, with some painted flowers.

"Flowers to the fair: to you these flowers I bring,  
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.  
Flowers SWEET, and gay, and DELICATE LIKE YOU;  
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.  
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,  
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.  
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,  
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.  
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assign'd;  
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,  
The tougher yew repels invading foes,  
And the tall pine for future navies grows;  
But this soft family, to cares unknown,  
Were born for pleasure and delight ALONE.  
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,  
They spring to CHEER the sense, and GLAD the heart.

Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;  
Your BEST, your SWEETEST empire is—to PLEASE."

So the men tell us; but virtue, says reason, must be acquired by rough toils, and useful struggles with worldly cares.

Thus understanding, strictly speaking, has been denied to woman; and instinct, sublimated into wit and cunning, for the purposes of life, has been substituted in its stead.

The power of generalizing ideas, of drawing comprehensive conclusions from individual observations, is the only acquirement, for an immortal being, that really deserves the name of knowledge. Merely to observe, without endeavouring to account for anything, may (in a very incomplete manner) serve as the common sense of life; but where is the store laid up that is to clothe the soul when it leaves the body?

This power has not only been denied to women, but writers have insisted that it is inconsistent, with a few exceptions, with their sexual character. Let men prove this, and I shall grant that woman only exists for man. I must, however, previously remark that the power of generalizing ideas, to any great extent,

is not very common amongst men or women. But this exercise is the true cultivation of the understanding, and everything conspires to render the cultivation of the understanding more difficult in the female than the male world.

I am naturally led by this assertion to the main subject of the present chapter, and shall now attempt to point out some of the causes that degrade the sex, and prevent women from generalizing their observations.

(To be continued.)

### THE DISCOVERY OF ANESTHESIA.

"McCLURE'S MAGAZINE," in an article on "The Discovery of Anesthesia," fifty years ago, describes the sufferings of Dr. Morton, who discovered the use of ether, at the hands of his colleagues, the physicians, and the attempt to wrest from him even the credit of his being the first to use ether to produce painless surgical operations. He patented his application of sulphuric ether, "yet he was criticised on all sides for taking out the patent." It is beyond doubt that had he not done so his title to its origination would have been denied, without his ability to prove his claims. "And cruel attacks were made upon him that cut him to the heart. At this time it seemed to us who had to bear the brunt of these attacks, that the value of this greatest of blessings, brought so suddenly and unexpectedly to the suffering, was lost sight of in the attempt to traduce the discoverer's character and motive. Abuse and ridicule were showered upon him by the public press, from the pulpit, and also by prominent medical journals, for presuming or daring to claim that he could prevent the pain of surgical operations. In those days," says his wife, who writes the articles quoted from, "I feared to look into a newspaper, for what wife does not feel more keenly unjust aspersions on her husband than he for himself. Then, too, the world's way—jealousy, malice and envy—was new to me. Soon there sprang up contestants to Dr. Morton's title of discovery, men, who, claimed as theirs the work which he accomplished with such infinite labour and for which he had hazarded life and reputation."

"In spite of various efforts that were made during subsequent years to obtain recognition from the United States Government of Dr. Morton's services to the country and to the world, nothing was ever done."

### A REMARKABLE CAREER.

DR. ROSA WISS, of Mississippi, is a striking example of what a determined young woman can achieve. She was born in South Carolina, and brought by her parents at the age of seven to this State, where she was reared on a farm near Meridian. From her earliest years, she was possessed of a great love for natural science, and was filled with an ambition to be a physician. But she was poor, and the future looked shadowy and forbidding. It was not so dark, however, as not to be overcome by a restless energy. At one time her little brother gave her the large sum of five cents. With this a yard of calico was bought, out of which she made a sun-bonnet and sold it for forty cents. That amount was invested in more calico, and a dress was made and sold; then reinvestments followed until 12 dollars was realised. She persuaded her father to let her have an acre of ground to cultivate for a year; her request was granted, and from her own labour and the help of the 12 dollars capital a bale of cotton was produced, of the proceeds of which she entered the Industrial Institute and College for Young Women at Columbus, Miss. During the six years spent there she paid her own bills by doing whatever work she could secure, such as washing dishes, and sweeping halls and recitation-rooms. In 1891 she graduated with the degree of B.A. The next year was passed in Meridian studying medicine under one of the leading physicians. In the fall of 1892 she entered the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, paying her way through that institution by giving private lessons in physiology and chemistry to the students, for which she received two dollars an hour, and, at odd times, working as a waitress in a restaurant. During the summers she stayed in Philadelphia nursing, thus making her expenses and gaining much practical knowledge. In 1895 she graduated from the Woman's Medical College, and returned at once to Meridian. Very soon she was requested by two mission boards to go to China and take charge of hospital work there, but she said she felt called to practice medicine in the South, in her own state and among her own people. Six months after her graduation as a physician, she took the State medical examination and was granted a license to practice.

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**SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.**

Professor F. W. Newman, the brilliant scholar and profound thinker, whose death is just announced, was one of the earliest advocates of Woman's Suffrage, a fact which has not been mentioned in any of the numerous biographical sketches and appreciations of him that have appeared. The reprint that we hope to give here next week, therefore, of one of his addresses on this subject, delivered so long ago as 1869, will be read with interest.

Abstemiousness in living is a part of "Wisdom" which has been "justified" by her children very strikingly during the past few months. F. W. Newman was both a vegetarian and a teetotaler, and he had attained the age of 92. General Neal Dow has passed away at the age of 93, and he was a life-long total abstainer. Sir Isaac Pitman was also both a vegetarian and a teetotaler, and he was a nonagenarian, and another distinguished man living into the same rare decade who has recently passed away, Sir Isaac Holden, though he did both eat meat and occasionally drink spirits, indulged in either to a very slight extent—three ounces of meat once a day being his maximum, and his diet consisting chiefly of fresh and

dried fruits, cooked and uncooked. The last-named aged man was an advocate of the "non-starch" theory advocated by Dr. Helen Densmore, holding that "starchy" foods, including bread, are not good for the human constitution, and that fruit and nuts should form the staple of the diet.

Vegetarianism has lost another warm advocate this week in the person of Mr. Edward Maitland, of whose chequered and strange career the *Athenaeum* gives the following outline:—"He was the son of a Brighton clergyman, and was himself intended for Holy Orders, and he was educated at Cambridge, but his views changed. He spent some time in Mexico, California, during the gold fever, and in the islands of the Pacific, and on his return devoted himself to literature. He was a man of fine feeling and much intellectual power, but he lacked balance, and drifted into various crazes. He gradually relinquished the society of his former friends, became a vegetarian, and finally founded, along with Mrs. Anna Kingsford, whose life he afterwards wrote, a new and strange religion. He expired at Tonbridge on Saturday week last and was buried there."

It is in his association with Dr. Anna Kingsford that Mr. Maitland's death is mentioned here. The stream of time so rapidly flows onward, and the inky blackness of its waters covers so soon and so completely all but the highest reputations of each generation, that poor Anna Kingsford and her colleague in a "new revelation" will probably both be soon utterly forgotten; but no doubt they did both seriously think that she received personal Divine messages or revelations, in the shape both of sleeping dreams and waking inspirations. While she lived these visions were not communicated to a wide circle. Maitland and she were occupied in receiving the completion of the "revelations," and initiating a very small circle of easy believers, with the intention of finally extending their light to the world at large. But poor Anna Kingsford died at the age of 42, leaving all her ambitions unfulfilled, and apparently returning in her last days of extreme weakness and suffering into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, of which she had in her youth, before the days of "personal revelations," been a member. Then it seemed to Mr. Maitland good that he should publish a "Life" of her, and an account of her visions. This unhappy book appeared last year. Alack! what a melancholy display it was. The famous "revelations" are printed in quantities, and they are mere ravings, the wild stuff of hysterical dreams, in which it is not easy to recognize the woman who had written not only sanely, but with the most calm logic and brilliant insight upon so many important questions—diet, the position of women, vivisection—and who was also the holder of one of the best scientific degrees of the world, the M.D. of Paris.

More singular still, however, was poor Maitland's display in that book of egotism and vanity, a large proportion of the work being about himself, and including pages of such twaddle as what was said to him about himself by "trance mediums" at different stages of his career. The Anna Kingsford

that I knew, the clever, intelligent woman (the most beautiful creature that I have ever seen in my life, too), was absolutely non-existent in the book, and even those who only knew her by her work, "The Perfect Way in Diet," which is perhaps the most scientific, logical and unexaggerated presentment yet given of the vegetarians' case, must have been as bitterly disappointed by Maitland's work as were those who knew Dr. Anna Kingsford personally.

Mrs. Fawcett, opening the new session at Bedford College, observed that, apart from the personality of the Queen, the Jubilee year had not been particularly favourable or agreeable to women. The Cambridge vote was a disaster; it was not so much the loss of the proposal before the Senate which she regretted, but the outburst of hostility against doing away with the educational disabilities of women which was then manifested. It constituted a considerable drawback and hindrance to work in which they were engaged. But what they had to do was to bear up, and steer right onward. She intended to advise and encourage all women to take advantage of the educational opportunities within their reach, and to wait and watch for their extension. Notwithstanding this defeat, she was certain that the general drift of opinion was in favour of the removal of the educational disabilities of women. As to the proposal for a separate university for women, she regarded it not only as useless but distinctly mischievous. Separate colleges, however, they must have. It was represented at Cambridge that they desired young men and women to live together in the same colleges. They desired nothing of the kind, but that was no reason for the creation of separate machinery for testing the knowledge which a university afforded. A separate university would involve waste of time, money and energy. In the whole of the United Kingdom there were nine universities which opened their degrees entirely to women. They had in England, London, Victoria and Durham; in Scotland, the four ancient Scottish universities; in Wales, the Welsh University; and, in Ireland, the Royal Irish University. Did those who advocated a separate university want different subjects taught, or the same subjects taught differently? She remembered that one professor, on being asked if he would admit ladies to his classes, replied, "Yes, they may come; but I can't make my subject amusing for ladies." They did not want that kind of thing. They wanted to be taught seriously and in the best manner. She referred to the "Lord George Gordon Riots" against Catholic emancipation as a proof that the mob's prejudiced and unreasonable violence did not in the long run destroy a cause.

The office of the Women's Local Government Society (17, Tothill-street, Westminster) is re-opened, after a short holiday, with Mrs. Stanbury as secretary. The committee are anxious that more women throughout the country should interest themselves in matters of local government, and one or two members of the committee and the secretary are prepared to lecture on the administrative work of local bodies, and on such legislative reforms of these bodies as affect women. What women may and may not do in local government

at the present time ought to be of great importance and interest to all women workers, who will, we hope, at once bring the matter before the notice of their committees, so that a lecture from the Society may be introduced into the winter programme. In particular, the work that women may do as Parish and District Councillors might well be considered and discussed before the elections of next spring.

This society is taking up the cause of Mrs. Price, whom the Oswestry Guardians have again elected and recommended to the Local Government Board as relieving officer. It is hoped that Mr. Chaplin will now permit her appointment.

"Settlements," where women of the more favoured classes go to reside for a year or more in the midst of the poor to help and serve them in many ways, are replacing with great advantage the promiscuous and often unwise "slumming" of earlier days. Several "settlements" are in active operation in London, and a meeting has just been held to establish one in Liverpool, under the name of "Victoria Woman's Settlement." Mrs. Percy Boulton stated that donations were at present required to begin the house, and subscriptions to carry it on. They had up to now obtained nearly £300, and the sum of £54 per year had been promised in subscriptions. These, of course, it would be necessary to augment. In referring to the prospects of the institution she expressed the opinion that inasmuch as many of the London colonies were self-supporting there was reason to expect theirs would be. Residents of the colony would have to pay £35 yearly, or £18 for six months, or £1 weekly for less than six months. They had not yet secured a house, but expected to do so shortly.

In London, it is suggested that parents of means, having daughters interested in, or likely by their position to be called upon to help and deal with, the poorer classes, should allow them a term of residence at a settlement. Thus, they would obtain an insight into the causes of poverty and the conditions of life of the London poor; they would pay visits of observation and comparison, and finally, they would devote their time to the work in which they intend to specialize. It is even suggested that scholarships should be awarded in connection with the scheme, these entitling to residence at the Pfeiffer Settlement in South London. This settlement is associated with Miss Octavia Hill's work and with the Benson Memorial Home. I would add that I do not think a girl under twenty-five should undertake such residence. The sights, smells, facts, &c., drain upon the sympathies and nerves, and are too much for a girl of unformed constitution and the acute feelings of early youth to be submitted to in her teens.

A small sensation was caused in the Keighley Police-court last week, when for the first time in its history a lady advocate appeared. She was Miss Rose Squire, Assistant Factory Inspector, and she conducted a Factory Acts case of a kind which was also a novelty in the district. Miss Squire made her statement, says the local paper, with as much clearness and ease as any more accustomed advocate; and as the facts and the law were alike indisputable,

conviction necessarily followed. The case showed that the clause forbidding employment of a woman for a month after confinement is still not generally known, amongst foremen at all events.

Betting as a business is not one that we want to see women take up. But the Birmingham police have long been troubled by the prevalence of the female "bookie" in the streets, but hitherto have failed to effect any arrests. Plain-clothes constables were therefore told off specially to watch this class of offender, with the result that a married woman named Harriet Clive was arrested and brought before the stipendiary, and fined £5 and costs.

Considerable discussion arose at the Finsbury franchise register revision (Holborn division), with respect to the female residents of an institution in South-crescent, carried on under the auspices of the Countess of Meath, with a view to providing a place of abode to women coming from the country to work in London. These inmates claimed the Local Government franchise on the ground that they jointly occupied the house and paid rent to the secretary, who it was said exercised no control over the house. Such of the inmates as occupied separate rooms had their claims allowed, but exception was taken to those whose compartments were only partitioned off by curtains.

Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, wife of Mr. Bellamy Storer, the United States Minister to Belgium, has been experimenting for five years at her pottery kilns at her home in Cincinnati and in Washington with new glazes for artistic wares. She has achieved something new in art. For a year she has been working in copper, and a wonderful glaze is the result. She has tried experiments that few commercial firms would undertake, because of their great cost. It is entirely Mrs. Storer's own invention, and bears no resemblance to the famed wares of the Rookwood pottery, of which institution Mrs. Storer was the founder. The new glaze is a dull colour, with curious mottled effects. There are beautiful spots in it. It feels, as one strokes it, something like fur. Mrs. Storer last year exhibited at the Paris Salon some pieces of ware of strong vivid colour effects made by herself.

There appears to be an increasing tendency in Scotland to invoke the divorce laws. During last year there were 184 cases, compared with 155 cases the preceding year. Of last year's cases, 124 were initiated by wives and 60 by husbands, and in 84 instances infidelity was the ground of action. In 1889 the total number of cases was only 129; in 1890, 110; in 1891, 143; in 1892, 149; in 1893, 150; and in 1894, 138. The Scotch law of divorce is more just to women than the English. A Scotch wife can divorce an unfaithful husband, and also one who has deserted her for four years, and precisely the same grounds, and no different ones, give a man divorce from his wife as give a woman divorce from her husband.

Gwyneth Vaughan, the well-known temperance advocate, has been appointed honorary secretary to the Welsh Women's Liberal Association, in place of Mrs. Wynford Philipps, who has resigned.

At the present time, in the southern part of Lincolnshire, there are five lady registrars of births and deaths: Mrs. Wells and Miss C. Short at Boston; Mrs. Pearce at Billingborough, near Bourne; Mrs. Turner at Pinchbeck, near Spalding; and Mrs. Shelton at Market Deeping; while Miss Creak, of Long Sutton, acts as assistant-registrar for that district. There is a lady school attendance officer in the person of Mrs. Bourne, of Whaplode, near Holbeach; and there are postmistresses at Holbeach (Mrs. Jacques) and Market Deeping (Mrs. Shelton). At the Lincoln County Asylum Dr. Caroline Green holds the post of assistant medical officer in that institution.

The Berlin correspondent of the *London Standard* says that the Tsar has cancelled the ukase requiring every non-orthodox person marrying an orthodox person to bring up the children of the marriage in the faith of the Greek Church. It is now allowed to bring up sons in the faith of the father, and daughters in the religion of the mother. This ukase, it is said, is due to the influence of the Tsaritsa. At the last Christmas Eve celebration the Tsaritsa, when asked by her imperial husband to express a wish, whispered, "Please permit a little more religious toleration." The Tsar smiled and said, "That will come by-and-by." The recent relaxation of the rigid rules relating to marriage in Russia is also the result of the request of the Tsaritsa, who is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

Mdlle. Chauvin, the first French lady to obtain the degree of doctor of law, has made formal application for admission to the Paris Bar, with the intention of practising as an advocate.

Interesting and important figures were read at a recent meeting by Dr. Parkes, the active-minded medical officer of health for Chelsea, on the vital statistics of the last 50 years. He showed that there had been a great decline in the period in both the death and the birth rates. The marriages have also declined, but in nothing like an equal proportion to the birth rate. In the first 10 years of the period the marriage rate was 16, the births 32, and the deaths 22 per 1,000. In the years 1891 to 1895 the marriages had sunk to 15, the births to 30, and the deaths to 18. The latter remarkable figures of increased length of life were attributed by the speaker exclusively to the improved sanitation of towns, and of course that has much to do with the result; but something must be allowed to other influences, such as better education of the public, enabling more persons to understand and follow the rules of personal and household hygiene; wiser and less interfering medical practice; a vastly superior class of sick nurses; and probably in very great measure to later, and thence fewer, marriages. The mortality returns are greatly affected by the deaths of infants, and the results of too early marriage were shown by Dr. Matthews Duncan, several years ago, to be a greatly-increased mortality, both of infants and girl mothers. He fixed twenty-five as the best age for the commencement of motherhood; and, indeed, apart from statistical records, it is obviously reasonable to expect that a young woman of that serious and mature age will not only be a wiser and more careful

mother than a girl of five years less life experience, but also that the first child of a mother of that age will be better cared for than when there are already three or four others in the household. It is the working-class who, speaking generally, undertake family cares at too early an age; and if a greater sense of parental responsibility could be diffused, many of our most serious problems would be in a fair way to solution.

### Our Short Story.

#### PERILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

MILDRED'S pretty face wore a new expression as she toyed with her teaspoon and tried to finish her roll and coffee. John had just left her for his office. They had been married three months, and the serious aspects of life were for the first time presenting themselves.

"I wish I could do something to help John," thought Mildred, as she gazed abstractedly out of the window. "He has to work so hard," and she gave a little sigh.

"What can I do?" she pondered. "What can I do?" she asked herself again and again, as with deft touch she straightened and arranged the dainty apartment.

Suddenly her face looked as if a door had opened and flooded it with sunlight.

"I know what I will do; I will write a story. I know I can if I try. People do not have to be so awfully clever to do that. It is a knack, not a talent. There is Mrs. —, who has made heaps of money; and her stories are only poor trash—all of them. John says so."

Before another hour had passed the outline of a plot was dancing in her excited young brain, and as soon as she could get the time she sat down with pad and sharpened pencil. Then came a pause. "How shall I begin?"

She drew little geometric figures on the margin of her paper as she reflected, her thoughts seeming to revolve in a circle, returning ever to the place from whence they started. Finally she wrote:—

"In a small village on the banks of—"  
"Oh, that is so commonplace. No; that will not do." And she tore off the first sheet of her pad and reflected again, then wrote:—

"Frank Atwood was the only son of a—"  
"No, no, that is too stupid," and the second sheet of the pad went into the waste-paper basket.

She recalled what John had said of the superfluous first three pages, which might with benefit to most stories be eliminated—for John was a journalist and literary critic, and his standards and ideals were just the measure of her own. So she thought with great deference of what he had said about tedious preambles.

"He is right," she said with decision. "It is the personal interest in the characters which we are looking for in reading a story. All that comes before that is tedious superfluity."

"I will dash right on with a letter from the heroine, which will at once explain the situation." So with the confidence which came from feeling herself at last on the right track, she wrote:—

"Dear Frank,—I return herewith the letters, which, of course, I have now no right to keep. I need not tell you what it cost me."

"I have reflected much upon what you said yesterday, but I am at last resolved. I will not see you again. Any attempt to make me break this resolve will be fruitless. God knows you have only yourself to blame that this marriage has—"

"Please, ma'am," said the cook, coming suddenly in upon the young authoress. "Please, ma'am, the butcher is here. Will you come and see him, and give the order yourself about havin' them chops frenched, or whatever it is?"

"Oh, what a bore!" sighed Mildred. "I was just getting into the swing of it." And she left the manuscript upon her desk to be resumed later.

The matter of the chops disposed of, there were other things requiring attention.

At last, however, she was at her desk again. She read over the letter with which her story opened to see how it sounded. "Really," said she, "I think that starts off very well," and then she took up the broken thread. "Only yourself to blame that this marriage has—"

A violent ringing at the telephone again broke the current. "Hallo!" said our young novelist.

"Mildred, is that you?"  
"Yes, is it you, Alice?"  
"Yes. Mamma does not feel very well, and wishes you to take luncheon with us. She has sent the carriage. Be ready to come soon as it arrives." Obviously no more authorship to-day. So slipping her paper into the desk she departed.

The new purpose of authorship brought a great light and hope into Mildred's life. She pictured to herself his reading her story, possibly reviewing it. "After he has written all kinds of nice things about it I will tell him that I am the author"; or—and her heart turned cold and sick—what if he should say it was trash? For, of course, like other good critics, John was seldom pleased. If things were all excellent, what would be the need of critics? So he had cultivated the art of discovering flaws in what seemed to ordinary readers pure gems. He had developed rather a talent for pillorying people in a single terse phrase, and was much valued for his skill in beating down with the editorial club tender young aspirants who were trying to make themselves heard. This sounds brutal. But he was only professionally brutal. In his personal characteristics none could be more tender or sympathetic.

Mildred knew of this caustic vein, and believed in it too—as she did also of all John's attributes and gifts—"but," she thought, "if he should say any of those dreadful things about me; what should I do? I should never—never—tell him."

And so during the entire day she thought and planned. New intricacies of plots suggested themselves—vivid and interesting scenes coming before her stimulated imagination.

Her mother urged her remaining and sending for her husband to dine with them. Her secret desire was to return, but she looked at her mother's wistful face and had not the heart to refuse. She would stay and send for John.

That gentleman arrived at home at the usual hour. As he put his latchkey into the door he smiled, thinking of the quick ear which was listening for it, and of the pretty apparition which would meet him in the hall. "By Jove!" he thought, "what a lucky fellow I am!"

But the expected figure did not come to meet him. He was conscious of a little chill of disappointment, and still more as he wandered through the rooms and found all silent and deserted.

He rang for the maid.  
"Where is your mistress?"  
"She is out, sir. There's a note, sir, somewhere," and she looked anxiously about. "Oh, it is on her desk," said she, with returning memory, starting to go for it.

"No matter, I will get it," and John turned his impatient steps towards his wife's room. There was no note on the desk, and quite naturally he opened the lid. His eyes were riveted upon the words before him:—

"Dear Frank,—I return here with the letters, which, of course, I have now no right to keep. I need not tell you what it cost me—"

He felt as if his blood were turned into ice.

"I have reflected much upon what you said yesterday—"

"Yesterday!"—John felt as if he were going mad. "Yesterday!"—and he had so trusted her! The room had grown black, and a great sledge hammer was beating in his brain, but he read on—"upon what you said yesterday, but I am at last resolved. I will not see you again. Any attempt to make me break this resolve will be fruitless. God knows you have only yourself to blame that this marriage has—"

John stood for a few moments as if turned into stone, his face blanched, his muscles tense. Then a ray of hope seemed to come to him.

"There is no signature; it is not hers." He looked again. How could he doubt it! He

knew too well the turn of every letter. He was alternately livid with rage and choking with grief. His dream of happiness vanished. Something like a curse came from between his closed teeth.

"She loves this man, and she meets him and tells him so, and only yesterday. Oh, it is too horrible! too horrible!" He buried his face in his hands and groaned. "I shall go away; I shall never—"

At that moment the telephone bell rang. He took no notice of it. "I shall never—"

Again it rang long and loud. What should he do? There was no one else to answer it; he must go. So he said huskily, "Hello!"

Mildred's silvery voice replied, "John, is that you?"

The situation was shocking. How could he reply?—but—there was no time for reflection. He knew that the Central Office would share all his confidences through that infernal piece of black walnut and ebony. So he said:—

"Yes."  
"Why do you not come? Dinner is waiting for you."  
How well he knew the pretty inflections of that voice!

"I wish no dinner—I am going away—good-bye."  
It might have been the conventional telephonic "good-bye," or it might contain a profounder meaning.

The effect at the other end of the line cannot be described. Ten minutes later a cab drove furiously up to the door of the young couple's house, and Mildred, with white face and fast-beating heart, rushed into the room, and would have rushed into John's arms if he had let her.

"You are going away," she said breathlessly.  
"You are a very clever actress," said that gentleman, repulsing her intended embrace.  
"A what?" said she, amazed. "John, what's the—"

"A very clever actress," said he, quite as if she had not spoken; "but hereafter we will have a more perfect understanding, and you need not trouble yourself."  
"Why, John," said she, "have you lost your senses?"

"No; on the contrary, I have recovered them, I am no longer a dupe. I was fool enough to think you—"

"John, for God's sake tell me what this means!"  
"Oh, Mildred! Mildred!" said he, breaking down utterly. "Why did you not tell me like an honest woman that you loved some one else?"

"John, you know. I—"  
"Stop!" said he. "Stop! do not stain your soul with any more falsehood."  
"You need not have married me," went on the wretched man. "God knows I wish you had not."

She tried to put her arms about him as he paced to and fro in rapid strides, but he pushed her away angrily. "No, no more of that. That has lost its charm."  
Mildred burst into tears.

"I never—would—have—believed—you—would—be—so—so—cruel," sobbed she. "What—have I done?"  
"Done?" shouted the exasperated man, "done? Why you have spoiled the life of an honest man, who doted on you, believed in you—like a trusting fool—who would have risked his life on your honesty—"

"Stop," said Mildred, and she gathered herself up to a fuller height than John's eyes had ever before beheld in her. She, too, was angry now.  
"If you have charges to make I demand that they be definite, and not in base innuendo. You are very cruel and also very insulting to me. I shall not remain in this house to-night; nor return to it until you have apologized." And she swept from the room and from John's astonished sight.

A moment later he heard the bell ring, then heard his wife give an order for a cab, then saw her packing a handbag. He intended doing so himself. But somehow having heard her do it was infinitely harder to bear.  
Mildred was very angry. "Not a thing of his," she said to herself as she stripped off her

rings and gathered her trinkets. "My purse, too," she thought, and went to the desk to find it. Her husband had been watching for this. He knew she would try to secure that letter.

"Oh," said he, "you are a little too late. You should have thought of that before."

These, to her, unmeaning words, uttered with much concentrated bitterness, made her seriously doubt his sanity. She looked at him curiously. "How else could she construe this incomprehensible fury?" she pursued. The thought calmed her resentment. She went to his side, placed her hand kindly on his arm. "My dear John," said she, "will you explain to me what all this means?"

He felt touched, and oh, how he longed to take her to his heart; but that could never be again.

"Will you first explain to me," he answered, trying to be hard and cold; "explain to me where you were yesterday?"  
"Certainly he is mad," she thought, and she tried to be very calm.

"Ah, yes," he went on. "You can look very innocent, but, woman, look at that!" and with a tragic gesture he held up the paper.

Mildred looked at it bewildered; then she read, "Dear Frank." A gleam of light first came into her face, and gradually deepened into an expression of interest and amusement. She understood it all.

John looked to see her crushed, despairing and penitent; and instead he witnessed this unaccustomed, this extraordinary change, and laughter—peal after peal of silvery laughter—rang through the rooms. She tried to speak, but could not.

John in his turn began to think that she was mad. At last, with tears rolling down her cheeks, not from grief this time, she said:—  
"Oh, you dear silly—silly thing. Oh, you dear goose—that's my story—and I was going to surprise you—and bring you ever—ever so much money—and now you have gone—and spoiled"—and here she began to cry in earnest. "And—you—have—said—such—cruel—cruel—"

Her sobs, together with John's great enfolding arms, stifled the rest. "Oh, my angel, my angel, I have been such a brute. Can you ever forgive me?"

#### THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

LIFE itself within its mortal limits is all a preparation for the higher stage just beyond. One does not prepare for a given event by evading experiences; not by leaving undone the things set before him to do. He prepares for it by entering into the inner heart of the preliminary discipline and learning its lessons. The present life in the visible is linked with the life upon which we are all to enter just beyond in the invisible, and on the faithful and earnest performance and fulfilment of all that is set before us in this world depends the degree of fitness with which we enter upon the realities of that world.

In nothing is the life of Jesus more literally the model of our own than in His constant reception of instruction from the angelic world. It was from the divine impulse that he received the love and the divine enthusiasm that fitted Him for a work which, through nearly nineteen centuries, has gone on gathering new strength and power.

"He was a constant communer with the world of spirit." This is no less the privilege of man, and so far, indeed, as he is a communer with this world of spirit, so far does he truly and successfully live. The world of spirit is man's natural atmosphere. He is a spiritual being, now and here coming in touch with physical forces by means of the physical body, which is the temporary tenement of the spiritual form; communion with the divine is the essential reinforcement of his energy. The life of generosity and love and helpfulness in his natural life. It is the normal standard, and anything less is merely stunted and dwarfed and abnormal.

Lilian Whiting.

Will somebody please tell us why our lawmakers are never arrested for passing worthless bills?

#### HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

By Mrs. E. L. CHAMBERLAIN, F.R.H.S.

##### MORE ABOUT ROSES.

THERE were many points I had not space to touch on in the last article, to which I should like to call attention now. One is the staking of standard roses; a matter that needs seeing to before the season of gales and storms comes on. A careless or an inexperienced gardener will often use a stake which stops several inches short of the head of the rose tree. For the careless, slipshod, anything-to-save-trouble sort of gardener I have no sympathy; but I have every wish to help the inexperienced. It may be a natural error in the latter to suppose that as the lower part of a standard rose consists of a single stem, a certain amount of support is necessary to this, while the head can take care of itself. So it is considered quite satisfactory if a good strong stake be used, which reaches almost (but not quite) to the place where the stem branches out.

Consequently, when a gale is raging, the single stem may snap off just where the stake ends, or, more precisely, just about the spot at which it is tied to the stake. The wind can't do much harm whistling between stem and stake, but when it meets with the resistance offered by the divisions and sub-divisions of the branches which form the head, it rages among these, with the result that the stem gives way at the point of least resistance—viz., just above the ligature that binds it to the stake. As a matter of fact, a standard rose would be insufficiently supported than tied up to a support so inefficient.

The stake, whether of wood or iron, should go up right into the head, or top-heavy part of the rose, and be tied there, above the first branching-out, not below it.

Another point in which novices are apt to go astray relates to pruning. A strong rose growing luxuriantly needs but little pruning; it is the weak ones that need severely cutting back.

In directing novices it may not be superfluous to emphasize the elementary fact that while hybrid perpetuals flower on the old wood, tea-roses blossom on the young shoots. The long, vigorous, and straggling growth which the former put out in early autumn must therefore be cut back more or less closely. That is, in a standard rose, to within two or three buds of the main stem; in a bush rose to within three or four buds; in a climbing rose to within four or five buds. Tea-roses want the thin weak growths cut away (it will be found that those which are very thin, and which seem to become woody very early, never form blossom buds). In climbing tea roses, or in hybrid teas, the stronger main branches should be cut back to a strong young shoot, which may presently, when it has grown a little harder, be nailed in to fill in the space occupied by the old growth now pruned away.

It is never wise to nail in a very young, soft shoot of any climbing plant; this only bruises its tender, sappy stem, and results in its withering off at the damaged spot.

Noisette and Banksian roses should be pruned very little: some gardeners say that Banksians should never be touched with a knife.

Do my readers, I wonder, know the charming hybrid sweetbriars, produced by Lord Penzance, or the variously-coloured moss roses now obtainable? These are so hardy—the first especially—that many might enjoy them who cannot manage more delicate roses. Lord Penzance has named one of his sweetbriars "for" his wife, as the Scotch say, and one for himself; the others are distinguished by the title of some of Sir Walter Scott's heroines. Lady Penzance has blossoms of a beautiful and peculiar copper tint. My lord himself a pale amber, tinted strangely, but pleasingly enough, with bright green. Others are:

Anne of Gierstein, Meg Merillies, Jeannie Deans, crimson.  
Lucy Bertram, crimson with white centre,  
Amy Robsart, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Leyton, rosy pink.  
Brende, Edith Bellenden, pale pink.

Flora McIvor, Lucy Ashton, Minor, white flushed pink.

The following are desirable moss roses, which should be grown as bush roses, not as standards:—  
Céline, maroon.  
Etna, Luxembourg, crimson.  
Prolific, Soufert, pink.  
Blanche Moreau, White Bath, Reine Blanche, white.

Single Reine Blanche is quite a novelty, and very pretty.

A correspondent asks if he can grow any vegetables under the fruit trees in a small orchard.

Yes, certainly, but a good deal depends on whether the trees are very close together. Of course the ground must be properly dry and manured. Potatoes, cabbage, spinach, beetroot are suitable. Gooseberry bushes are often planted between rows of apples, pears and plum trees. Celery can well be grown in an orchard, planted with a view to this double-cropping.

#### THE WONDERFUL FOOD BEVERAGE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What does this evidence prove?

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

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

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

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

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

But the expense?

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

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins, of all grocers, chemists, and stores. Sole Proprietors:—Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 60, 61 & 62, Bunhill-row, London, E.C.

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PERILS

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The matter of were other things

WHAT TO WEAR. GLOVE FITTING. BAZAR AMERICAN PATTERNS.

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

(Hints by May Manton.)



7136—Ladies' Tight-Fitting Basque. 7102—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt without Darts.

Every indication points to pronounced favour for both cashmeres and satin cloths. Soft, clinging cashmere makes an ideal gown for early autumn wear; and all those women who are planning wardrobes for the near future will do well to bear the fact in mind.

As illustrated, this special costume is of soft, dove gray, with trimmings of velvet in a darker shade. The skirt, which is cut in five pieces, shows the latest style, fitting perfectly smooth across the front and at the sides, with the fulness laid in flat plaits at the back. It is lined throughout with nearsilk of the same colour, and has an interfacing of hair-cloth for the depth of eight inches. The band of velvet, which is slightly curved at the upper edge, is lined with crinoline and applied to the skirt, its upper edge being finished with narrow passementerie in shades of gray.

The bodice is tight-fitting and double-breasted. Besides the fronts, it shows backs, side-backs and under-arm gores. The fitting is effected by means of double darts, shoulder and under-arm seams. A double row of steel buttons finishes

the edge of the right side, which laps over on to the left, the upper portion being reversed to form a unique reverse, which is faced with velvet like that which trims the skirt. The sleeves are tight-fitting, with small puffs at the shoulder, beneath which the velvet band again appears. Straight cuffs of velvet finish the wrists, and a band of the same makes the standing collar, to which is attached a frill of soft lace.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of 44-inch material. To make the skirt will require five and five-eighths yards of the same width goods. The waist pattern, No. 7136, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. The skirt pattern, No. 7102, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.



7086—Ladies' Fancy Waist. 6993—Ladies' Circular Skirt.

All indications point to the continued popularity of the bolero, and imported models show the genuine or the simulated on the majority of gowns. The illustration shows a fitted waist with frills that give the bolero effect. The material chosen is cream washing silk with a dot of blue-tint, and the trimming is all of the darker colour, in narrow and wide satin ribbon and cream lace edging. The bodice proper is arranged over glove-fitted linings, smooth under-arm gores separating the fronts and back, which have the slight fulness adjusted in gathers at the waist-line. Over the bolero front, which extends to the left shoulder, is arranged three gathered frills, the uppermost one extending in rows of shirring over the closely-fitting collar. The

stylish sleeve caps are decorated with row lace and ribbon to match the bolero decora and give the triple effect. Wide satin rib furnishes further decoration in crushed b and rosettes that pass artistically across bust, and hook at the left of bolero. The fitting sleeves have moderate fulness at the and the wide belt is made from bias satin match ribbon. The skirt is the favor circular "Bell" shape having the bias seam. The suggestion for ribbon and trimming is one that is much favoured afternoon gowns. Almost any of the fabrics are well adapted to the mode, th diaphanous texture being particularly fas for evening wear, when made thus of coloured slip or lining to match the trimming.

To make this waist for a lady in the med size will require three and one-half yard 44-inch material. The skirt will require and five-eighths yards of the same width g The waist pattern, No. 7086, is cut in size a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. skirt pattern, No. 6993, is cut in sizes for 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

Any one of the above patterns, bodice skirts, can be had by sending 6d. to De ment W, Bazar Pattern Co., Belper.

MY SECRET.

I TELL my secret? No, indeed, not I; Perhaps some day, who knows? But not to-day; it froze, and blows, and sn And you're too curious: fie! You want to hear it? Well: Only, my secret's mine, and I won't tell. Or, after all, perhaps there's none; Suppose there is no secret after all, But only just my fun.

To-day's a nipping day, a biting day, In which one wants a shawl, A veil, a cloak, and other wraps; I cannot ope to every one that taps, And let the draughts come whistling thr

my hall; Come bounding and surrounding me, Come buffeting, astounding me, Nipping and clipping through my wraps and I wear my mask for warmth; whoever sho His nose to Russian snows.

To be pecked at by every wind that blows? You would not peck? I thank you for g will; Believe, but leave that truth untested still.

Spring's an expansive time; yet I don't tru March with its peck of dust, Nor April with its rainbow-crowned showers, Nor even May, whose flowers One frost may wither through the sur hours.

Perhaps some languid summer day, When drowsy birds sing less and less, And golden fruit is ripening to excess, If there's not too much sun nor too m cloud, And the warm wind is neither shrill nor lou Perhaps my secret I may say, Or—you may guess.—Christina Rossetti.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Warm underclothing is a decided essential at present time of year, and many a cold and high would be saved if people would only select this in good time. There is not the occasion that our warm underwear should let our apparent size, for a wide gulf exists between the woollen combinations of long ago the clumsy flannel garments of yesterday, and a visit to Mr. Gregg's yesterday, and delighted at the dainty underwear in wool silk, or in a mixture of both, suitable to fancy and every possible occasion.

Italian cashmere combinations at 11s. 9d. are thick and warm, yet wonderfully light, and the "heavy Anglo-Indian" will also favour with many. Very welcome to the cyclist will be the new cycling-drawers in hand-woven gauze, made so as to fit snugly under the knickers. This material is regular, so that it is an excellent thing to wear in taking violent exercise. These well-cut gents are to be had for 5s. 11d., whilst the best thing in llama (which is a woollen material) be had for 10s. 6d. Combinations in both the styles can be had for cycling wear if ferred.

Very dainty garments are prepared for evening wear, every want of the feminine arer being anticipated. Pure silk gauze is uly ideal for wearing under an evening slip, the sleeve being a mere strap, so as not interfere with a low bodice. Spencers, of silk and wool, have quite superseded linen petticoat-bodice. These elastic bodices any figure, and take up scarcely any room beneath the dress. Some of these spencers extremely ornate, being made of a mixture silk and wool, and finished off with deep tations and edgings of torchon lace.

Hosiery to meet every taste is also to be found at Mr. Gregg's, and here again we can find warmth without weight or clumsiness. The cashmere stocking reaches its apotheosis at Mr. Gregg's, for it appears with lace fronts, brightened by lines of purple, white or gold embroidery. Tan or bronze cashmere stockings to wear with brown cycling shoes or bronze



NEW HOSE AT MR. GREGG'S.

slippers can be had at 1s. 11d. plain, or 2s. 6d. with open work. Black or tan ribbed stockings can be had in silk and wool or plain wool, and are always becoming and nice, and real pure silk hose are a decided bargain at 2s. 6d. None of the new patterns are floral. The best-dressed people will wear black hose with broken stripes of colour. Lisle thread and silken hose are to be seen at 92, New Bond-

street, in special designs, a pattern of diagonal stripes being particularly noticeable in this department.

Some charming novelties in feather boas are also on view at Mr. Gregg's, and he will undertake to turn "old boas into new," a fascinating notion worthy of the days of Aladdin. Long boas, as everyone knows, are entirely out of fashion, but the new feather collarette, ending in many little tails, so as to form a kind of jabot, is a fascinating addition to the toilette whether for day or evening wear. These boas are made in various mixtures of emu and ostrich feathers, those of uncurled feathers having the most distinguished appearance. They are to be had in various prices, from 7s. 6d.

Good corsets are of the first importance in connection with the present fashion, the Russian blouse in particular being extremely unbecoming under any other conditions. New corsets should be ordered before a visit is paid to the dressmaker, so that a good foundation for a perfect fit may be obtained. Miss Sadler is to be highly recommended for the excellence of her fit and the durability of her handiwork, and she has a speciality for improving the figure without pinching in the waist.

Bicycling corsets form another speciality at 211, Oxford-street, and Miss Sadler is of opinion that very good and specially suitable corsets should be worn when bicycling to prevent the figure from spreading. Most of the corsets for winter wear are being made in black broché with a coloured pattern, roses or butterflies being amongst the favourite designs. Petticoats are being made to match the prevailing colour of the corsets, shot glacé silk being the favourite material. Well-cut knickers are also to be had at Miss Sadler's, tweed being the usual material for winter wear. CHIFFON.

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## ECONOMICAL COOKERY.

By KATIE OULTON.

(First Class Diplôme in Cookery.)  
FISH, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

If I were to ask the members of my children's class how many kinds of fish there were, they would unhesitatingly reply "three"—First, white fish; second, oily fish; third, shell fish." And this for all culinary and gastronomical purposes is a very good answer. Further, were I to ask them what was the difference between white and oily fish, they would immediately tell me that in the former the oil is confined to the liver, while in the latter it is diffused all over the body. The well-known cod liver oil is contained in the liver of the fish, a fact we could verify for ourselves were we to fry it; an astonishing amount pours out of it. Oily fish contains a great deal of nourishment, but is not so readily digested as white fish; the eel is most oily of all, containing 13.80 per cent. of fat.

It is of the utmost importance that fish should be perfectly fresh. The young housekeeper should learn how to distinguish between fresh and stale fish. She should also know when the various kinds are in season. Some fish keep a little better than others—mackerel very badly, owing to the fact that it dies immediately on leaving the water. The best kind of isinglass is made from the floating bladder of the sturgeon, and caviare is the salted roe of the same fish. Astrachan, the seat of the sturgeon and caviare industries, suffers from constant epidemics. The population would become extinct were it not constantly recruited from external sources. This is owing to the careless manner in which decaying fish is left about. The local atmosphere is, no doubt, also vitiated by the boiling of isinglass, fish oil, &c. I fear we are not sufficiently careful ourselves. The outbreak of cholera at Hull and Grimsby in 1896 was undoubtedly caused by leaving filthy fish about. Government rules used to enforce that the remains of prepared fish should be thrown into the sea.

Shell fish should be eaten with great caution and perfectly fresh—in decomposing they develop poisonous products. They are very nutritious, but indigestible, and should never be eaten by gouty or rheumatic patients.

Shell fish may be divided into two classes: the crustacea, to which belong the lobster, crab, crayfish, &c., and the mollusca, which includes oyster, mussel, whelk, &c. The lobster is perhaps the most important shell fish among the crustaceans. The dyspeptic patient carefully avoids the dish labelled "lobster," but the chief cause why it has got such a bad name is that people eat quite too much of it, and often at a late hour of the night. As it is extremely nutritious a little of it should go a long way. There are some nice ways of cooking it which render it lighter and more digestible—such, for instance, as lobster soufflé: the lobster being very finely chopped—

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mixed with sauce, eggs, &c.—and steamed. Other good dishes of lobster are cutlets, rissoles, cream, curry, &c.

The oyster holds its own among the mollusca tribe. Raw, it is extremely digestible, but it is of very small nutritive value, therefore we may no longer fear when we see two or three dozen swallowed at a sitting in a London restaurant, as it would require ten dozen at least to supply a sufficient quantity of the nitrogenous principle alone.

Mussels are foul feeders and should be eaten with caution. There was a well-known mussel poisoning case in Dublin, July, 1890. They are out of season from May till September—the very time when they are eaten most by our holiday seekers.

The consumption of whelks and periwinkles is truly wonderful in London. I don't think they find much favour in Dublin, but I have seen them sold about the streets in Belfast. They must have been highly prized in the Middle Ages, as Archbishop Markham ordered 8,000 for a great feast which he gave. Cockles are perhaps more nutritious; they are largely eaten in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

I suppose I ought to say something about the preservation of fish, which I can only look upon as a necessary evil—for fish is only in its prime when quite fresh. To salt it renders it less nutritious, and it certainly loses flavour in the ice storage now carried to such perfection.

Some small fish, such as sardines, are preserved in oil, and are useful for making dainty little savouries. If tinned lobster is used, a good brand must be chosen. I myself know of a dinner party at which all the guests who partook of a certain dish of lobster cutlets were made seriously ill. I have resolved never to use tinned lobster in my school of cookery. Lax is a northern fish of the salmon tribe. It may be had here, preserved in oil, and is used for making savouries, &c. Russia boasts of fish unknown with us, and America also can claim some useful species. The "bummeloh" fish of the Chinese and Indian seas (called "Bombay ducks" in Bengal) is dried and salted, and sent over here.

The following are some good recipes:—  
STEWED FISH.


Stewed fish is delicious, and may be done either in brown or white sauce as follows: Prepare the fish, and cut it into neat fillets, then make the sauce; for the brown, fry an onion, sliced, in one ounce of butter, when browned remove it, stir in one ounce of flour, then gradually one pint of stock or gravy, a blade of mace, eight whole peppercorns, a pinch of salt. Allow this to boil for five minutes, then put in the fish and allow to stew slowly from twenty to thirty minutes; remove the fish and place it in the middle of a hot dish. To the sauce now add about a dessert spoonful of ketchup; boil up quickly and strain over the fish. May be garnished with sippets of toast.

Now for the white sauce.

Melt one ounce of butter in a white-lined saucepan, absorb into it one ounce of flour; be careful to stir it till it is quite smooth, then add gradually a quarter of a pint of milk, the same of fish stock (which may be made from the bones) a blade of mace, a little pepper and salt. Allow this to boil and then add the fish, which may simmer gently for about twenty minutes, take it out, try if the sauce is sufficiently salted, stir in a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, boil up and pour round the fish.

A pretty DISH OF CUTLETS may be made from cold cooked fish. Remove all the bones, &c., carefully, and chop very finely—half a pound will be quite sufficient—stir into this a quarter of a pint of very thick brown sauce, two ounces of bread crumbs, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, a little cayenne pepper and salt, about half a beaten egg, and if liked a gherkin chopped very finely.

Good!



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Mix all these ingredients well together, turn on to a plate, spread firmly and evenly and set aside to get firm. Then with a floured knife cut into triangular pieces. Flour the board and fingers and shape into neat little cutlets, egg and crumb them, place in a frying basket, not touching each other, and fry in a bath of fat. Drain on kitchen paper, dish nicely in a circle with fried parsley in the centre. This makes a very nice breakfast dish. Be sure that your fat is of the right temperature for frying; test it with a little piece of bread. This quantity is sufficient for eight little cutlets.

A fish pie is rather a favourite dish and very easy to make.

FISH PIE.

Rub one and a half pounds of boiled potatoes through a wire sieve. Well grease a pie-dish, put a layer of potatoes in the bottom, next one pound of cooked fish, cut into little pieces and all bones removed, then half a pint of good white sauce, sufficiently salted, and a little pepper in it. Next put a hard-boiled egg cut in rings. Cover with the rest of the potatoes, place a few little pieces of butter here and there over the top, and bake in the oven till nicely browned.

A fish pudding may be made with the remains of any cold fish in this way.

(To be continued.)

## 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.]

## LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE FRANCHISE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—It seems a pity that those who earnestly desire to see the Parliamentary Franchise extended to women should miss any opportunity of bringing their claims prominently before the party in whom is their chief hope. Such an opportunity was most unexpectedly offered by Mr. Labouchere's circular; and united action by the W.L.A.'s might have resulted in the placing of Woman's Suffrage among the electoral reforms to which the Liberal Party will be pledged at the next General Election. I venture, with all due respect, to suggest to the members of the Pontefract and Croydon W.L.A. that the famous circular was issued, not by Mr. Labouchere alone, but by the Political Committee of the National Liberal Club. These gentlemen, presumably *bona-fide*, asked for an expression of opinion on the subject of the Liberal Party Programme for the next General Election. Were we to refuse to avail ourselves of the chance of stating publicly that the thing we most desire is the Suffrage, because one of the signatories of the circular happens to be one of the bitterest opponents of the enfranchisement of women? Surely such action stultifies ourselves. And by losing our temper and qualifying Mr. Labouchere's conduct as "insufferable impertinence," we give ourselves away completely.

The Chester W.L.A. answered the circular with courtesy, giving, in the order of their relative importance, the points which they desired to see incorporated in the Liberal programme, and placing at the head of the list electoral reform, including Woman's Suffrage. A similar course was taken by a very large and active association in Liverpool, and I venture to think it was the most dignified and effective one.—Faithfully yours,

M. K. MONTGOMERY,  
Hon. Sec. Chester W.L.A.

[The Editor agrees with earlier correspondents, that it is simply an insulting impertinence for a circular signed by Mr. Labouchere to be issued asking the opinion of women on political matters, that person having said that he would rather see rabbits exercise the franchise—which is the one and only effective way of expressing an opinion—than women, and having uttered various other most contemptuous and abusive phrases about women's interest and influence in politics. If the National Liberal Club Political

Council pleases to elect as its leader the man who so jeers at women, it is clear that the National Liberal Club is not in earnest in asking advice and counsel from women. Funds and work all these men are willing to take from us, so long as we will supply these sinews of war only to be used under their direction.—Ed. W.S.]

## THE CLERGY AND WOMEN'S WORK.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—I was rather disappointed on reading what is called a very good suggestion for a new and practical form of church organized work, made by Mrs. Lach Szymra in the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, dated September 2nd.

I think it would be so much better if we women organized and managed these things for ourselves, and I would suggest that, instead of asking the clergy to institute finishing classes and a servant's training guild for young girls, a committee of ladies should be asked to do it, and that ladies should manage it altogether.

If we will not form and organize societies for our own benefit and advantage, how can we reasonably expect men to do it for us, and then allow us to have a voice in the matter, or a vote afterwards?

Would it not be best for us if we women took all matters dealing with or relating to children, girls, women and our homes, calmly and quietly, but firmly and completely, into our own hands so far as it is at present possible?

I would also suggest that, while waiting for the parliamentary right to vote, women should band themselves together to form a kind of Government Censural or Censure Department, whose duties would be to find out and make known, by means of our paper, the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, all cases where the laws are not fair and equally acted upon.

Thus, a law should be passed affording the protection of the law to a subject till he be 21 years of age; such law must be made to also extend the same protection to all subjects, male or female; for, if men and women are so much akin that men can, alone, administrate and govern for them, then must the laws be applied impartially to either, and we women must see that it is done.

We stand on too much ceremony with man, and are not nearly self-reliant enough.—Yours truly,  
A CONSTANT READER.

Current News  
FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

In the course of the sittings of the Sanitary Institute Congress at Leeds, there was held a conference of ladies upon the health work of women, at which Mrs. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, presided. She congratulated the many ladies present upon the official recognition they had received from public sanitary authorities. The first woman inspector was appointed by the Nottingham Corporation in 1892. Since that date 18 others had been appointed in various localities. A resolution calling attention to the good work that had been done in Manchester and other large cities by women inspectors, and urging the desirability of one or more women being appointed in Leeds, was passed. Mrs. R. W. Eddison gave a verbal sketch of the health department of the Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education, and Miss Ravenhill delivered an address upon "Women as Teachers of Hygiene."

It is difficult in England to procure servants (writes Anna Elizabeth Fulcher to the *Times*), and the domestic question is a pressing one. If people neglect to secure the services of the Armenian refugees, they miss a great opportunity. Those young men who have been already placed have given satisfaction. The question of language may be a drawback, but some of the refugees speak English, learnt in the schools of the American missionaries in the East; others speak a little French and German. In return for the privilege of learning the English language, these Armenian refugees are willing to accept small wages.

## STORY OF A STRIKE.

A SIXTEEN-HOUR DAY.

The citizens of Leeds were on the tenterhooks of a great suspense. A strike was being waged at one of the gas depots, and Leeds had cause to be anxious. The crisis was at its height when a representative of the *Leeds Saturday Journal* visited the works.

"I want to see Mr. William Smallwood," said he to a watchman. Two police officers sidled a step nearer. The reporter began to feel guilty, but presently a man walked smartly down the yard—middle aged, bearing the stamp of hard, honest toil, and the unmistakable traces of recent suffering.

This was Mr. William Smallwood, of 16, Bright-street, New Wortley.

"Sorry to have disturbed you, Mr. Smallwood."

"Oh, I'm getting used to that! I haven't been in a bed since Wednesday, and this is Saturday night. We're working double shift now—sixteen hours' work and eight hours' rest. Hard? Well it is, but I'm glad to be able to do it. I've had a long spell of idleness—nine months in all."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I was laid up with rheumatism. It commenced with swelling in one of my feet, and I knew it for my old enemy, having been subject to rheumatism for four years. I got worse, and soon couldn't crawl. I went into the Royal Bath Hospital, Harrogate. The doctors said I should never work again. When I was in bed I was nearly driven wild with pain. Then the day of deliverance came. I was reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and their wonderful cures. I had little faith at first, but my mother bought me the first box. To my surprise I soon began to feel a little better. When I had only taken four boxes the swelling began to disappear. I began to walk about with a couple of sticks. Two more boxes, and I threw my sticks away and went back to work. I'm working sixteen hours a day, sleeping without a bed, and getting my meals as best I can."

"And you attribute this remarkable cure to—"

"To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and nothing else."

There have been more cases of rheumatism cured by this means than any other disorder, except, perhaps, anæmia; both arise from the blood. These Pills, which are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, act directly on the blood, nerves, and spine, and thus it is that they are so famous for the cure of paralysis, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, neuralgia, consumption, rickets, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, &c. They are sold by all chemists, and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 13s. 9d.

In connection with the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland there is a Manse Temperance Society, consisting of wives, sisters and daughters of ministers connected with that church. The number of members is 925.

The *New York Tribune* states that the new railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem carried more than twenty thousand tons of merchandise to that city last year; nearly a hundred drummers are in the Holy City; the river Jordan is now spanned by a handsome bridge, while steamboats travel up and down the stream, and likewise traverse the often stormy waters of the Sea of Galilee.



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