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

Edited by **MRS. FENWICK MILLER.**

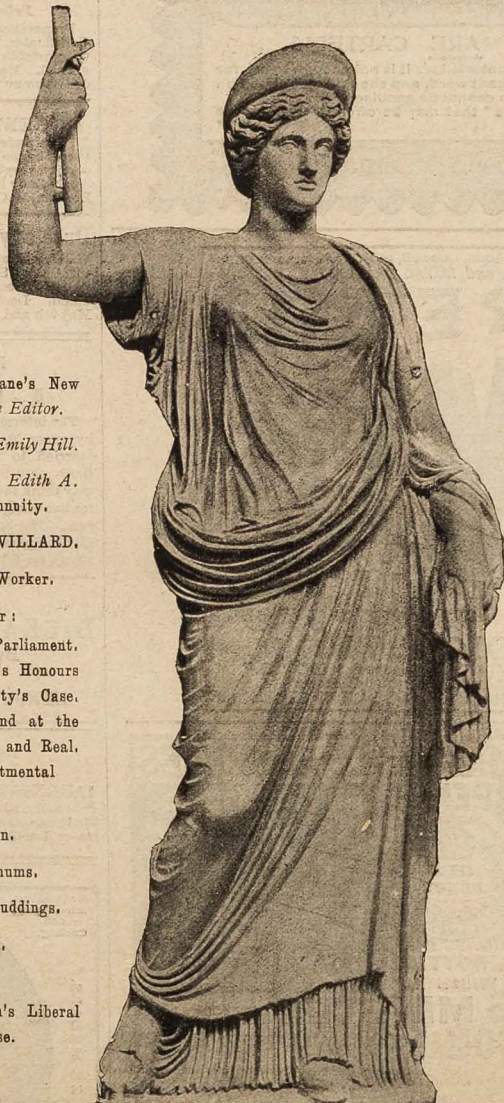
No. 161, VOL. VII.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

JANUARY 28TH 1897.

Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Principal Contents OF This Issue.



A Book of the Hour: Stephen Crane's New Novel, "Maggie." *Reviewed by the Editor.*

Free Women of the City Companies, by *Emily Hill.*

The Future of Women who Work, by *Edith A. Barnett.* No. IV., buying an Annuity.

A Letter from Miss **FRANCES WILLARD.**

A Pioneer Woman Temperance Worker.

Signals from Our Watch Tower:

The Women's Suffrage Bill in Parliament. Health and Public Service. Women's Honours at London University. Miss Beatty's Case. Progress of Women in Australia and at the Cape. The New Woman: Visionary and Real.

Ladies on Government "Departmental Committees," &c.

News For and About Women.

Home Gardening: Chrysanthemums.

Economical Cookery: Some Suet Puddings.

What to Wear: Illustration.

Our Open Columns:

The Countess of Carlisle on Women's Liberal Associations and the Franchise.

&c., &c., &c.

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

VOL. VII., No. 161.]

JANUARY 28, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR. A STUDY OF DRINK AND POVERTY.

"MAGGIE" is by no means a temperance tale, but it is a remarkable, powerful and convincing study of "low life," in which the mischief and the disgusting nature of the prevalence of drinking habits become so apparent that it might be termed the key-note of the whole.

"Maggie" is a sweet human flower, planted on a dunghill. Her drinking mother, with her violence and her filthy ways, is a curse to all her family. The husband, when he chances to come in quite sober, finds the partner of his life either mad drunk or dead drunk, and he naturally turns to "the saloon" for peace and consolation.

Here, for instance, is a sad picture of what "mother" means to multitudes of hapless children. The father has gone in and found the mother raging drunk; a fight starts between them. "Jimmie partially suppressed a yell and darted down the stairway. Below he paused and listened. He heard howls and curses, groans and shrieks—a confused chorus as if a battle were raging. With it all there was the crash of splintering furniture. The eyes of the urchin glared in his fear that one of them would discover him.

"Curious faces appeared in doorways, and whispered comments passed to and fro. 'Ol' Johnson's playin' horse agin.' "Jimmie stood until the noises ceased, and the other inhabitants of the tenement had all yawned and shut their doors. Then he crawled upstairs with the caution of an invader of a panther's den. Sounds of laboured breathing came through the broken door panels. He pushed the door open and entered, quaking. "A glow from the fire threw red hues over the bare floor, the cracked and soiled plastering, and the overturned and broken furniture. "In the middle of the floor lay his mother asleep. In one corner of the room his father's limp body hung across the seat of a chair. "The urchin stole forward. He began to shiver in dread of awakening his parents. His mother's great chest was heaving painfully. Jimmie paused and looked down at her. Her face was inflamed and swollen from drinking. Her yellow brows shaded eyelids that had grown blue. Her tangled hair tossed in waves over her forehead. Her mouth was set in the same lines of vindictive hatred that it had, perhaps, borne during the fight. Her bare, red arms were thrown out above her head in an attitude

of exhaustion, something, mayhap, like that of a sated villain. "The urchin bent over his mother. He was fearful lest she should open her eyes, and the fear within him was so strong that he could not forbear to stare, but hung as if fascinated over the woman's grim face. Suddenly her eyes opened. The urchin found himself looking straight into an expression, which, it would seem, had the power to change his blood to salt. He howled piercingly and fell backward. "The woman floundered for a moment, tossed her arms about her head as if in combat, and again began to snore. "Jimmie crawled back into the shadows and waited. A noise in the next room had followed his cry at the discovery that his mother was awake. He grovelled in the gloom, his eyes riveted upon the intervening door. "He heard it creak, and then the sound of a small voice came to him. 'Jimmie! Jimmie! are yeh's there?' it whispered. The urchin started. The thin, white face of his sister looked at him from the doorway of the other room. She crept to him across the floor. "The father had not moved, but lay in the same deathlike sleep. The mother writhed in an uneasy slumber, her chest wheezing as if she were in the agonies of strangulation. Out at the window a florid moon was peering over dark roofs, and in the distance the waters of a river glimmered pallidly. "The small frame of the ragged girl was quivering. Her features were haggard from weeping, and her eyes gleamed with fear. She grasped the urchin's arm in her little trembling hands and they huddled in a corner. The eyes of both were drawn, by some force, to stare at the woman's face, for they thought she need only to awake and all the fiends would come from below. "They crouched until the ghost mists of dawn appeared at the window, drawing close to the panes, and looking in at the prostrate, heaving body of the mother."

"Maggie" is an American story, and the New York "cockneyisms" are by no means easy or pleasant to read. The essential features of life are the same in all slums, but the characters that the slums generate do undoubtedly force themselves more openly into notice and conduct themselves with more habitual lawlessness in the United States than in our less democratic and more thoroughly settled state of society. Here is a picture of "Jimmie," the son of the drunken woman, when he goes forth into life with his most evil passions trained and developed by an atmosphere of violence, filth and bestial self-indulgence, and without any idea having been given to him of duty, self-control, and care for the rights or feelings of others. "Eventually, he felt obliged to work. His father died, and his mother's years were divided up into periods of thirty days. "He became a truck driver. There was given to him the charge of a painstaking pair of horses and a large rattling truck. He invaded the turmoil and tumble of the down-town streets, and learned to breathe maledictory defiance at the police, who occasionally used to climb up, drag him from his perch and punch him. "In the lower part of the city he daily involved himself in hideous tangles. If he and his team chanced to be in the rear he preserved a demeanour of serenity, crossing his legs and bursting forth into yells when foot passengers

"Maggie," by Stephen Crane. London, William Heinemann. Price 3s., cloth.

took dangerous dives beneath the noses of his champing horses. He smoked his pipe calmly, for he knew that his pay was marching on. If his charge was in front, and if it became the key-truck of chaos, he entered terrifically into the quarrel that was raging to and fro among the drivers on their high seats, and sometimes roared oaths and violently got himself arrested. "The greatest cases of aggravated idiocy were, to his mind, rampant upon the front platforms of all of the street cars. At first his tongue strove with these beings, but he eventually became superior. In him grew a majestic contempt for those strings of street-cars that followed him like intent insects. "He fell into the habit, when starting on a long journey, of fixing his eye on a high and distant object, commanding his horses to start and then going into a trance of observation. Multitudes of drivers might howl in his rear, and passengers might load him with opprobrium, but he would not awaken until some blue policeman turned red and beat the soft noses of the responsible horses. "When he paused to contemplate the attitude of the police towards himself and his fellows, he believed that they were the only men in the city who had no rights. When driving about he felt that he was held liable by the police for anything that might occur in the streets, and that he was the common prey of all energetic officials. In revenge, he resolved never to move out of the way of anything until formidable circumstances, or a much larger man than himself, forced him to it. "Foot-passengers were mere pestering flies with an insane disregard for their legs and his convenience. He could not comprehend their desire to cross the streets. Their madness smote him with eternal amazement. He was continually storming at them from his throne. "He sat aloft and denounced their frantic leaps, plunges, dives and straddles. . . . Yet he achieved a respect for a fire-engine. As one charged towards his truck, he would drive fearfully upon a side-walk, threatening untold people with annihilation. When an engine struck a mass of blocked trucks, splitting it into fragments, as a blow annihilates a cake of ice, Jimmie's team could usually be observed high and safe, with whole wheels, on the side-walk. The fearful coming of the engine could break up the most intricate muddle of heavy vehicles at which the police had been storming for half an hour. "A fire-engine was enshrined in his heart as an appalling thing that he loved with a distant, dog-like devotion. It had been known to overturn a street car. Those leaping horses, striking sparks from the cobbles in their forward lunge, were creatures to be ineffably admired. The clang of the gong pierced his breast like a noise of remembered war. "When Jimmie was a little boy he began to be arrested. Before he reached a great age he had a fair record." This blatant, ferocious spirit (a spirit shown in the above extract no less in the policemen and the fire-engine drivers, be it observed, than in the carman) no doubt exists too in our midst, but it is more held in check, and kept in lower places. Such were the inmates of the poor rooms that Maggie called her home. We shudder for her when the showy, boastful "bar-tender," Pete, comes on the scene; we sympathise with her idealisation of the man who has some outward pretence of chivalry and protective gentle-

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Editor—Mrs. FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

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

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SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

In the ballot for places for private members' Bills, Mr. Faithful Begg has secured a very good place for the Woman's Suffrage Bill, namely, seventh choice.

Some of my readers may have observed a statement in the daily papers to the effect that "the Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage" had held a meeting at the House of Commons, and decided to ask Lord Templetown to introduce a Woman's Suffrage Bill into the House of Lords.

The "Parliamentary Committee" is a high-sounding name adopted by a few persons not in Parliament at all, and who have got their effort allied only to a dozen or two M.P.'s.

It is useless, and therefore worse than useless, to introduce a Woman's Suffrage Bill into the House of Lords in the first place. The House of Commons is the only place in which a change in the representative system can be initiated with propriety, and in agreement with precedent in Reform Bills.

While some Liberal men who urge women to work for that party, but not to trouble its leaders with demands for a vote for themselves, do so on the frank ground that they are not desirous of having any power exercised by women, others, more mildly, but with a similar final result, only ask their women workers to regard the women's vote as "outside practical politics."

Once again the sex classed out from the vote with "minors, idiots and paupers," has made a super-eminent record in the Honours examination at London University. In English, honours were taken by seventeen women and only eleven men.

One so often hears as a serious argument against women holding public office, that they are liable to be ill, and absent from their duty therefore at critical moments, that one would suppose that men were never disabled by a like cause.

may be doubted if even illness could work worse havoc in a woman's college than, according to the Glasgow Evening News, is just now being experienced by a body of the stronger sex—the Professors in the University of that city.

The occupancy of a chair at Gilmorehill does not carry with it complete immunity from "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." Principal Caird, though greatly recovered, is not yet permitted to officiate in the pulpit or the reading-desk.

All over the world the readiness to accept the public services of women is a striking feature of the hour. Though women have not the Parliamentary vote yet in Victoria, a remarkable victory has been scored by the return in a public election of a greater number of ladies than of men to sit on what is called "The Board of Advice."

Table with 4 columns: Name, Title (Elected), and Count. Includes Stone, Dr. Clara (595), Davies, Cr. W. (570), etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Title (Not Elected), and Count. Includes Roberts, J. (394), Goddard, A. (392), etc.

Thus, women members are in a majority. Commenting on this The Champion observes:—

The election was undertaken without any "anti-man" feeling. The woman who of all others would probably be accused by the opponents of all "woman's movements" of that feeling, publicly and expressly disavowed it.

From an unfriendly source, I am pleased to gather that at the Cape women are making some progress. An entertaining article (I cannot tell if it means to be funny—only that it is so) in the African Critic informs us that "that cankering worm, that devolutionising microbe, that terror-striking bacillus, that horrible caricature of the feminine gender, the New Woman, has claimed South Africa as her own, and is setting up her stronghold there."

In the first place, Sir Michael Galloway, the Chief Justice of Natal, has ventured to prophesy that before long the Franchise in the Garden Colony will be conferred upon women. And he has asserted that there are already women in the Colony who have a far better understanding of the political position, and of the problems awaiting solution, than their husbands, fathers, and brothers.

Frenchwomen have had curiously little success so far in literature. It is not to be supposed that they are less capable of writing fiction than Englishwomen, yet only "Gyp" has reached the front rank. As artists, they have been far more successful. Rosa Bonheur ranks with the great painters of all time, and Louise Abbema, Henriette Ronner, and many more have gained real distinction.

Very interesting is the information in this quotation, and very, very funny indeed—are the comments! It is out of fashion now, this futile sex-arrogance, this pitiful vanity, these pointless threats—but

it will show the girls of to-day what sort of talk their mothers and aunts were bombarded with twenty years ago. Then the women who wanted to earn a living in "new" ways, who desired the Franchise, who were willing to serve their generation by work on public bodies, who proposed to take degrees—the New Women, in short—were few; and so the theory that they were going to "upheave society," and the assertions that they were "sexless," and "the plainest of the plain," could gain some credit, just in the same way that other tales of the unknown have done—of people with an extra eye in the middle of the forehead, and those others with ears so big that they used them for greatcoats, whom Diodorus Siculus described in the Africa that he knew all about, for instance!

Some ladies have been appointed to sit on each of the two "Departmental Committees" recently appointed by Government Departments. The committees are respectively appointed to enquire into the Education of Children of Defective Intelligence, and the employment and training of pupil-teachers.

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Miss Beatty's appeal against the judgment given in the lower Court in favour of the Doctor who (as she alleges) performed on her while under chloroform, an operation that she had distinctly forbidden him to do, has been heard before three judges and again given against her, and now only the House of Lords remains open.

would undoubtedly be a good thing if the case were given in her favour so far as to make it clear that the patient alone has a right to say how far operation shall be carried, and that, even if the doctor does honestly think more would be beneficial, he still must not perform it against the patient's will.

A long and brilliant list of speakers for the great meeting at Queen's Hall, Langham-place, on Friday, January the 29th, gives to the gathering an interest and weight which is almost unprecedented. The utterances of Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Elizabeth Biddulph, Sir Wilfred Lawson, Canon Wilberforce, Canon Barker, Rev. Newman Hall, Mr. R. W. Parks, M.P., and Mr. A. E. Hills (in the chair) have always a great attraction for the Temperance public.

A correspondent asks for details about Lady Henry Somerset's recent accident. There is but little to tell. She was riding in her brougham close to Westminster Abbey when a horse in a large van got beyond the control of the driver, ran away, and dashed the van violently against Lady Henry's carriage.

The Royal Society has just published an exhaustive monograph entitled "Microscopic and Systematic Study of Madreporian Types of Corals." Its writer is Miss Maria Ogilvie, D.Sc., one of the few doctors of science. The number of women who are devoting themselves to scientific pursuits is increasing, but still there are not yet many whose original researches into comparatively unknown regions are considered worthy of a place in the Royal Society's annals.

During the past three months no fewer than forty prosecutions (successful in every case but two) have been conducted against employers of women under the Factory Acts. It would be very valuable if the opinions of the women concerned could be ascertained.



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