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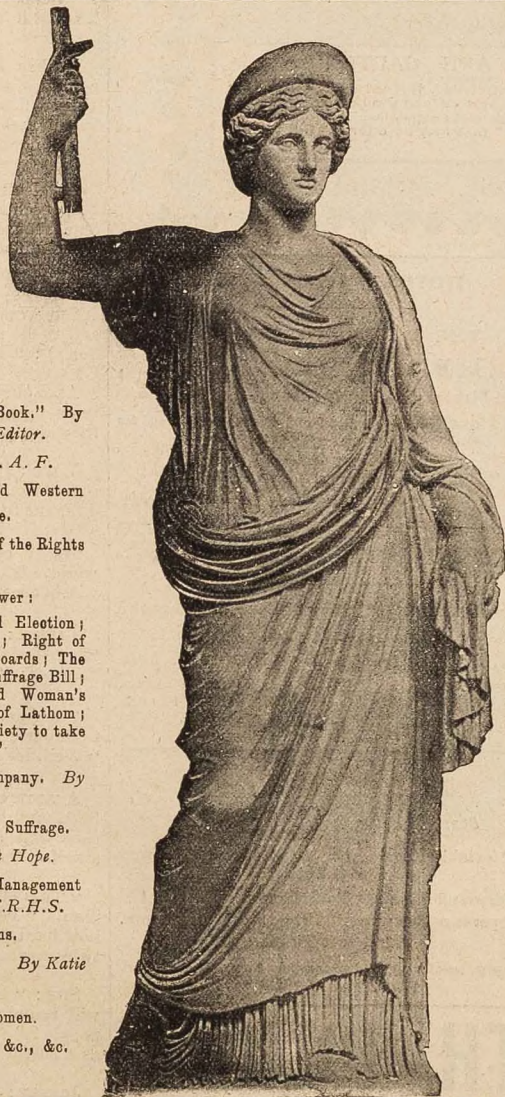
THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

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

Edited by
MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

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FACTS AND SCRAPS.

THE PAPER MAKER.

Those pieces of rags be quick and bring!
The dusty old shreds are just the thing—
For pulp, for pulp, to record life's wrong,
For pulp, for pulp, for a poet's song.
It comes out smooth, and glossy, and thin,
From rollers, and wheels, and cylinder's din,
For lords and ladies their notes to indite,
For pretty poets who scrawl by night,
And newspaper scribblers who bluster and blow;
For little love-letters where compliments grow;
And stories in which the afflictions of men
Are wretchedly told by an unskilled pen,
On just such rags as once wiped away
The tears wherewith thou weepst to-day.
By "Carmen Sylva."
(The Queen of Roumania.)

"WHAT is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large dis-
course,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unused."—Shakespeare.

It has been estimated that the subscribed capital of the brewing and distillery firms in the United Kingdom amount to £250,000,000, while the market value of the shares is nearly double that amount.

An electric mouse-trap is something new. A bit of cheese is attached to an electric wire. The mouse or rat to get at the bait must stand on a metal plate, and the moment he touches the cheese he is shocked to death.

SHE WASN'T:—Younger Sister: "What does spirituelle mean?" Elder Sister (contemptuously): "Thin."

ALL our arctic explorers have enjoyed one important advantage—in their deadliest perils they always keep cool.

WIFE: "How did you come to propose to me, John?" Husband: "I wanted to be different from other men, I suppose."

DON'T be afraid to push your way in the world. The richest man now living was born without a penny in his pocket.

LIPPER: "In what frame of mind was Peringer when you saw him this morning?" Chipper: "All frame; no mind."

SHE (dreamily): "Only fancy, a month from to-day we shall be married." He (absently): "Well, let's be happy while we can."

A WRITTEN "r" looks something like a "v." So it wasn't so very odd when a Boston paper said that an actor was setting out "on a starving tour."

"THIS is a hard world," murmured the young man. "Yes," replied she, "one doesn't realise how hard it is till one falls off a bicycle once or twice a week."

SHE: "How long do you suppose the bicycle will remain so popular among the fashionable people?" He: "Until it becomes established as a useful vehicle."

JONSEY: "Jenkins, I believe you have some of the elements of success about you." Jenkins: "Not a shilling, old man; honour bright. You'd be welcome to it if I had."

I took a header off my wheel
And then was forced to say:
"Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of to-day."

THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

VOL. VIII., No. 205.]

DECEMBER 2, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

"THE BETH BOOK."

"BETH" while she is a child is perfectly delightful. We gladly hasten to explain that she is a child through considerably more than half the book. It is a very long book, but there is not a word too much in it dealing with Beth as a child. When she grows up, gets married, and holds forth in long conversations, she, or the people with whom it is her misfortune to con-

verse, frequently strike us as very dull. Fortunately, people do not make such long, long speeches in conversation as Beth and the people with whom she talks (after she has grown up) deliver themselves of continually. The fact is, that when Sarah Grand comes to deal with the grown-up Beth, she makes her book the vehicle for her own opinions. Those opinions are, as a rule, the same as we and most of our readers hold in some respects; and it may be that some people will consent to read arguments in their favour when they are presented in the guise of 30 or 40 line paragraphs, supposed to be conversations, who would not listen to the ideas when put before them avowedly as essays. But we should prefer the talks as essays; they would be more connected, and probably their style would be superior, for there is a natural instinct in writing a conversation to endeavour to atone for excessive length of speeches by a certain slipshod composition.

Sarah Grand does not fear to admit that she writes her novels with a purpose, but, unfortunately, from the moment the purpose enters in, the art is destroyed. If she would but look for herself at the tremendously long and unnatural speeches in the latter third of her book, and contrast them with the sharp, short, crisp, life-like dialogues in the earlier part, before the purpose arrives upon the scene, she would perceive that the difficulty of teaching doctrine in the shape of dialogue has not been overcome in her case. How perfectly impossible, for instance, is the theological conversation between any two people, and more especially between an invalid still in bed after rheumatic fever and his nurse:—

"You don't belong to the Established Church, then?" he said. "Well, I don't go to church myself; but I make a difference on Sundays. I don't work, and I read another kind of book. It is my day for the plains of heaven. I should like to be there all the time, if I could manage it; but I can't, not being a monk in a cell. When I can I make the ascent, however, with the help of the books that take one there."

"I used to read religious books, too," said "The Beth Book," by Sarah Grand. London: William Heinemann, 6s.

Beth: 'but I found little illumination in them, most of them being but the dry husks of the subject, uninformed of the Spirit, containing no vital spark, and stained with blood.'

Arthur Brock reflected for a little. "What you say sounds real smart," he said, at last, 'and there's a kind of glamour in your words that dazzles and prevents one seeing just how much they mean at first. . . . But this is not God, as you say; that is the ultimate of the priest. And the priest is the same at all

courteous,' she said. 'Some things make me fierce. The kingdom of Heaven is or is not within us, I believe, and half the time I know it is not in me, because there is no room for anything in me but the hate and rage that rend me for horror of all the falsehood, injustice and misery I know of and cannot prevent. A sense of humour would save the Church perhaps; but I am too sore to see it. All I can say is your religion to me is horrifying—human sacrifice and devil-worship, survivals from an earlier day welled up to our own time, and assorting ill with it. I would not accept salvation at the hands of such futile omnipotence, such cruel mercy, such blood-stained justice. The right of suffering was grateful to man when the world was young, as it still is to savages; but we revolt from it now. We should not be happy in heaven, as the saved were said to be in the old ages, within sight of the sinners suffering in hell.'

We quote this passage purposely, knowing that the fact that religion is treated thus will prevent some of our readers from having the book lying about in their houses, as well as in order to show the long-winded and tiresome character of these discussions. However, the subjects of these dissertations are by no means always religious; art, style in literature, the woman question, society manners, and many other subjects take their turn. But the difference between this latter part of the book and the earlier part is that in the first portion we have character and natural talking, and in the second part simply props upon which the ideas, more or less interesting, and more or less correct, of Sarah Grand may be hung for presentation to the public. Happily, therefore, we repeat, on page 319 out of a 520-page book, Beth is still only sixteen years old, and, speaking of the book up till then, it would not be too enthusiastic to describe this as a great novel. If Sarah Grand will in future forget the possibilities of a work of fiction for polemical purposes she will probably take her place amongst the very best novelists of even this the Great Victorian novelists' era.



"SARAH GRAND."
(Block kindly lent by the Editor of the "Wheelwoman.")

times, in all ages, beneath all veneers of civilization. His credit depends upon a pretence to power. He is not a humble seeker after truth, but a bigoted upholder of error and an impudent time-server. He destroys the scientific discoverer in one age; in the next he finds his own existence is threatened because he refuses to acknowledge that the discoverer was right; then he confesses the truth, and readjusts his hocus-pocus to suit it. He does not ask us to pin our faith to fancies which seem real to a child in its infancy, yet he would have us credulous about those which were the outcome of the intellectual infancy of the race. What he can't get over in himself is the absence of any sense of humour. I'm real sorry for him at times, and I tell him so.

Beth smiled. 'I could not be so kindly

She and her family are in a measure dependant, both for the present and the future, on her mother's brother, at whose house they are staying after Beth's father's death.

"With regularity and practice you may accomplish great things," Uncle James said on one occasion. "I myself always practice 'Hamilton's Exercises' on the pianoforte for one hour every day, from half-past ten till eleven, and from half-past three till four. I have done so now for many years."

"Beth sat with her spoon suspended half-way up to her mouth, drinking in these words of wisdom. 'And when will you be able to play?' she asked.

"Uncle James fixed his large, light, ineffectual eyes upon her; but, as usual, this gaze directed only excited Beth's interest, and she returned it unabashed in simple expectation of what was to follow. So Uncle James gave in, and to cover his retreat he said: 'Culture! cultivate the mind. There is nothing that elevates the mind like general cultivation. It is cultivation that makes us great, good, and generous.

"Then, I suppose, when your mind is cultivated, Uncle James, you will give mamma more money," Beth burst out hopefully.

"Uncle James blinked his eyes several times running, rapidly, as if something had gone wrong with them.

"Beth, you are talking too much; go to your room at once, and stay there for a punishment," her mother exclaimed, nervously.

"Beth, innocent of any intent to offend, looked surprised, put down her spoon deliberately, got off her chair, took up her plate of pudding, and was making off with it. As she was passing Uncle James, however, he stretched out his big hand suddenly, and snatched the plate from her; but Beth in an instant doubled her little fist, and struck the plate from underneath, the concussion scattering the pudding all over the front of Uncle James.

"Beth took it smiling, and retired to the brown bedroom, where she was left in solitary confinement until Uncle James drove out with mamma in Aunt Grace Mary's pony-carriage to pay a call in the afternoon. When they had gone, Aunt Grace Mary peeped in at Beth, and said, with an unconvincing affectation of anger: 'Beth, you are a naughty little girl, and deserve to be punished. Say you're sorry. Then you shall come to my room, and see me write a letter.'

"All right," Beth answered, and Aunt Grace Mary took her off without more ado.

"It was a great encouragement to Beth to find that Aunt Grace Mary was obliged to take pains with her writing. All the other grown-up people Beth knew seemed to do everything with such ease, it was quite disheartening. Beth was allowed a pencil, a sheet of paper, and some lines herself now, and Aunt Grace Mary was taking great pains to teach her to write an Italian hand. Beth was also trying to learn: 'because there are such lots of things I want to write down,' she explained; 'and I want to do it small like you, because it won't take so much paper, you know.'

"What kind of things do you want to write down, Beth?" Aunt Grace Mary asked. Beth treated her quite as an equal, so they chatted the whole time they were together, unconstrainedly.

"Oh, you know—things like—well, the day we came here there were great grey clouds with crimson caps hanging over the sea, and you could see them in the water."

"See their reflection, you mean, I suppose."

"Beth looked puzzled. 'When you think of things, isn't that reflection?' she asked.

"Yes, and when you see yourself in the looking-glass, that's your reflection, too," Aunt Grace Mary answered.

"Oh, then I suppose, it was the sea's thought of the sky I saw in the water—that makes it nicer than I had it before," Beth said, trying to turn the phrase as a young bird practises to round its notes in the spring. 'The sea shows its thoughts, the thoughts of the sea is the sky—no, that isn't right. It never does come right all at once, you know. But that's the kind of thing.'

"What kind of thing?" Aunt Grace Mary asked, bewildered.

"The kind of thing I am always wanting to write down. You generally forget what we're talking about, don't you? I say, don't you want to drive your own ponies yourself sometimes?"

"No, not when your dear uncle wants them."

"Dear uncle wants them almost always, doesn't he? Horner sees as 'ow —"

"Beth, don't speak like that!"

"That's Horner, not me," Beth snapped, impatient of the interruption. 'How am I to tell you what he said if I don't say what he said? Horner sees as 'ow, when Lady Benyon gev them there white ponies to 'er darter fur 'er own use, squire 'e sells two on 'is 'orses, an' 'as used them ponies ever since. Squire's a near un, my word!' Beth perceived that Aunt Grace Mary looked very funny in the face.

"You're frightened to death of Uncle James, aren't you?" she asked, after sucking her pencil meditatively for a little.

"No, dear, of course not. I am not afraid of any one but the dear Lord."

"But Uncle James is the lord."

"Nonsense, child."

"Mildred says so. She says he's lord of the manor. Mildred says it's fine to be lord of the manor. But it doesn't make me care a button about Uncle James."

"Don't speak like that, Beth. It's disrespectful. It was the Lord in Heaven I alluded to," said Aunt Grace Mary in her breathless way.

"Ah, that is different," Beth allowed. 'But I'm not afraid of Him, either. I don't think I'm afraid of anyone really, not even of mamma, though she does beat me. I'd rather she didn't, you know. But one gets used to it. The worst of it is, Beth added, after sucking the point of her pencil a little, 'the worst of it is, you never know what will make her waxy. To-day, at luncheon, you know—now, what did I say?'

"Oh," said Aunt Grace, vaguely, 'you oughtn't to have said it, you know.'

"Now, that's just like mamma! She says 'Don't!' and 'How dare you!' and 'Naughty girl!' at the top of her voice, and half the time I don't know what she's talking about. When I grow up, I shall explain to children. Do you know, sometimes I quite want to be good'—this with a sigh. 'But when I'm bad without having a notion what I've done, why it's difficult. Aunt Grace Mary, do you know what Neptune would say if the sea dried up?' Aunt Grace Mary smiled and shook her head. 'Haven't an ocean,' Beth proceeded. 'You don't see it? Well, I didn't at first. You see an ocean and a notion sound the same if you say them sharp. Now do you see? They call that a pun.'

"Who told you that?"

"A gentleman in the train."

"Beth put her pencil in her mouth, and gazed up at the sky. 'I don't suppose he'd be such a black-hearted villain as to break his word,' she said at last.

"Who?" Aunt Grace Mary asked in a startled tone.

"Uncle James, about leaving Jim the place, you know. Why, don't you know? Mamma is the eldest, and ought to have had Fairholm, but she was away in Ireland, busy having me, when grandpapa died, and couldn't come; so uncle James frightened the old man into leaving the place to him, and mamma only got fifty pounds a year, which wasn't fair."

"Who told you this, Beth?"

"Mildred. Mamma told her. And Horner said the other day to cook—I'll have to say it the way Horner says it. If I said it my way, you know, then it wouldn't be Horner—Horner said to cook as 'ow Captain Caldwell 'ud 'a gone to law about it, but Squire 'e swore if 'e'd let the matter drop, 'e'd make 'is neeve, Master Jim, as is also 'is godson, 'is heir, an' so square it, and Captain Caldwell, as was a real gen'lman an' fond of the ladies, tuk 'im at 'is word, an' fergiv' 'im. But, lardie! don't us know the worth o' Mr. James Patten's word!'

"Aunt Grace Mary had turned very pale.

"Beth," she gasped, 'promise me you will never, never, never say a word about this to your uncle.'

"Not likely," said Beth. "How do you remember these things you hear?"

"Oh, I just think them over again when I go to bed, and then they stay," Beth answered. 'I wouldn't tell you half I hear, though, only things everybody knows. If you tell secrets, you know, you're a tell-pie. And I'm not a tell-pie. Now, Bernadine is. She's a regular tell-pie. It seems as if she couldn't help it; but then she's young,' Beth added tolerantly.

"Were you ever young, I wonder?" Aunt Grace Mary muttered to herself.

Uncle James's longed-for opportunity of inheriting Beth's brother comes when one day he sees his nephew chuck under the chin the servant who is making up the fire. Yet Uncle James himself was once observed by Beth, who had stolen out unknown to everybody in the quest of nocturnal experiences, to meet and "carry on" in the fields in the dead of night kissing and vulgar endearments with his mother-in-law's maid. In fact, there is not one man prominently introduced into the book who does not endeavour to debase the servants of his own household, the domestic servants under the immediate control of his own female relatives. It is a shocking accusation to bring against men—is it a true one? Or does Sarah Grand do the other sex an injustice? If there be as prevalent a practice of such disgusting viciousness amongst the "respectable" class of male employers of female labour in domestic duties as Sarah Grand supposes, an acute problem awaits solution. No offence more mischievous and heinous can be perpetrated by a married man against the sanctities of home, no insult more cruel and atrocious can be offered to a wife, and no crime against a defenceless class of working women can be more wicked, than this conduct which Sarah Grand thinks so common. We cannot, perhaps, know how common it is till the evil provision of our present Divorce laws, that a wife cannot obtain a divorce for her husband's infidelity, even if committed under her own roof, is removed. In scarcely any other country but England (not even in the sister land over the border) is a wife required by the law to submit to this abominable indignity, without being able to cut off from her life, as she would have a cancer operated on, the man whose vileness has extended to carrying on intrigues with her own domestics, causing decent girls to flee from under her roof, and the viler ones only to remain to treat her with the scorn and hatred of the inferior members of a harem to the legal but neglected head of it. It is astonishing that Englishwomen allow this wicked law to continue in force with hardly a protest; especially if the immunity that it gives to male vice is as commonly taken advantage of as this author supposes. But it is much to be hoped that in this respect she exaggerates. Even if so, however, the evil teaching of the present law of divorce that such conduct in a husband is not to be resented, remains, working incalculable mischief. If women were to demand the reform of that and other analogous morally contaminating and socially bad laws, would they obtain the desired end? Some reforms, it is true, we have obtained without the suffrage, but this would cut at a deeper and more wide-spread social evil than any other law reform has done. And at present, those of us who really care enough for the happiness of our sex or the improvement of society for future generations, are probably too few, and alas! too lacking in solidarity, to exercise due influence on even the affairs of the home and the domestic affections, as touched and trained by Law. As Sarah Grand too truly observes:—

"Not that working for women as a career is

what I should wish her for her own comfort," said Ideala after a pause. "Women who work for women in the present period of our progress—I mean the women who bring about the changes which benefit their sex—must resign themselves to martyrdom. Only the martyr spirit will carry them through. Men will often help and respect them, but other women, especially the workers with methods of their own, will make their lives a burden to them with pin-pricks of criticism, and every petty hindrance they can put in their way. There is little union between women workers, and less tolerance. Each leader thinks her own idea the only good one, and disapproves of every other. They seldom see that many must be working in many ways to complete the work. And as to the bulk of women, those who will benefit by our devotion, they bespatter us with mud, stone us, slander us, calumniate us; and even in the very act of taking advantage of the changes we have brought about, ignore us, slight us, push us under, and step upon our bodies to secure the benefits which our endeavours have made it possible for them to enjoy. I know! I have worked for women these many years, and could I show you my heart, you would find it covered with scars—the scars of the wounds with which they reward me."

Beth's married life is unhappy enough, yet she does not always win our sympathy. She becomes decidedly a little shrewish—not without cause, truly, but she resents her wrongs often in an undignified and snappish way. Much of her misery is from causes almost inseparable from marriage. It must occur to every wife to be offered caresses when she does not happen to be in the mood for them, and to feel that she would like to be alone at times when her husband desires to be with her and intrudes on her desired privacy. If the man is coarse of fibre and habits, things are worse. The following is too true a sketch of the state of mind of many a wife who yet could not fairly say that her husband is a bad one, or safely seek for public sympathy:—

"The men spent the night together, smoking, drinking and talking after the manner of their kind. . . . When he stayed up smoking and drinking half the night she resented the loss of sleep entailed on her, which meant less energy for her own work the next day. She was fully in sympathy with him in his work, and would have spared herself no fatigue to make it easier for him; but she despised him for his vices, and refused to sacrifice herself to make them pleasanter for him. The dread of being disturbed made her restless, and the futility of it under the circumstances exasperated her. She suffered, too, more than can be described from the smell of alcohol and tobacco, of which he reeked, and from which he took no trouble to purify himself. Often and often, when she had tossed herself into a fever on these dreadful nights, she craved for long hours, with infinite yearning, to be safe from disturbance, in purity and peace, and thought how happily, how serenely she would have slept until the morning, and how strong and fresh she would have arisen for another day's work had she been left alone. Only once, however, did she complain.

"If you don't mind I should like to be alone on your late nights," she said.

"Dr. Maclure stood looking gloomily into the fireplace. 'Have I annoyed you, Dan?' asked Beth at last. 'Annoyed is not the word,' he said. 'You have wounded me deeply.' . . . So she said no more on the subject, but patiently endured the long lonely night watches, and the after companionship which had in it all that is most trying and offensive to a refined and delicate woman."

It is this sort of thing that male critics of Sarah Grand call coarse and worse. The theory has obtained too long that all that women may or do suffer in their relations with men is improper to be spoken about, and the opposite belief is still almost confined to women themselves. But surely it does even refined girls no

harm to be made to realize how trying the conjugal life may easily be, and such passages may help older women, the mothers of boys, to refine the importance of training them in refinement in small things, and in consideration for the tastes and delicate habits that are natural to most women, and less so to the harder fibre and rougher nature of men. On the other hand, a woman who accepts marriage as her preference is bound to bear its needful and implied conditions patiently and reasonably, and to understand that her little peculiarities of refinement may be as annoying and exacting in the eyes of her husband as his ways are trying to her feelings. A wife, in justice and reason must be, like Wordsworth's ideal woman—

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

But Beth in course of time gets more decided grounds of complaint. Her husband turns out to be engaged in the most loathsome form of professional work ("Pandering to vice," as Beth says), and also to be a vivisector, and to be deeply in debt, he having married her on a misunderstanding as to her fortune. He becomes jealous and coarsely abusive and suspicious, and yet does not hesitate to introduce his own mistress into his home in the guise of a paying patient; so even the sternest critic of wifely duty may perhaps admit that, laws or no laws, Beth had good reason for running away from him. Yet in the last resort he manages to get the apparent right on his side, and to ensure that most people would regard him as the injured party.

Beth suddenly proves to be a great orator, and then, in the effulgence of her first triumph, apparently is about to sacrifice every possibility of usefulness to a new passion. At this moment the real martyrdom of life might begin for her—a wife in law yet not in fact, poor in purse but rich in mind, deprived by his own vices of the power to love the man whom she had married, tempted to another love, and compelled to choose between setting aside this temptation or ruining her future "use and name and fame." Yet at that crisis of doubt and difficulty, at the end of a book already far too long, Sarah Grand leaves her hapless heroine.

SOME GRAVE FIGURES

ABOUT THE NUMBER OF DEATHS FROM CONSUMPTION AMONG TELEGRAPHISTS.

A COMPARISON is given between the number of deaths from all causes, and those from consumption occurring among three classes of men, namely, "all adult males," "telegraphists," and "grinders in the cutlery trade" respectively, the last being chosen for comparison as a type of an occupation generally regarded as especially liable to consumption. In each case the figures refer only to persons between 15 and 55 years of age, and the result is that of 100 deaths among adult males of the ages stated, 13.8 are found to arise from consumption; among "grinders" they amount to 33.1, while among telegraphists out of every 100 deaths, 46.6 are due to consumption—that is, more than three times as large a proportion as among the ordinary population. This is frightful, and although the *British Medical Journal* suggests that the facts may not necessarily be so bad as might appear from a cursory inspection of the figures, still, as it says, "it is a notable fact, and well worthy of the most careful consideration of those in authority," that considerably more than half of all the telegraphists who die so from diseases of the respiratory organs, against only 24 per cent. among other classes of the same age, and that among these diseases consumption occupies so high a place. This is a statement which ought to lead to a most serious investigation.

LEVELLING CIRCUMSTANCES.

By M. A. F.

"THERE is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others," writes Emerson in his essay on Compensation, and beyond doubt behind all the disparities and contrasts which must necessarily exist between one human being and another lies this deep-hidden moral force which serves to equalize their relative positions.

Nature is sometimes accused of partiality; that with a liberal hand she bestows her goods on one of her children, that another she totally ignores. Too often in summing up a neighbour's benefits, the levelling circumstance accompanying them is completely lost sight of.

To the casual observer the difference between the man whom nature has endowed with wealth and high position, and the man possessing neither, may seem so great, that at first sight he fails to find this equalizing element; but let him penetrate into the deepest recesses of the circumstance of each, and assuredly it is found.

The owner of the wealth and position learns that they are inseparably linked to care and responsibility, and that it is impossible to accept the one without the other. Or, if he be a man of leisure, it may be that he finds in it something of *ennui*, totally unknown to his poorer neighbour toiling by the sweat of the brow for his daily bread. So nature "who hates monopolies and exceptions," sends hidden in her bounties, like the asp in Cleopatra's basket of figs, the lodestone which prevents the possessor from rising too far above the condition of his fellow creature.

One human being has mentally been more richly gifted than another: he lives in eminence, his brother in obscurity; the fame of the one is world-wide, of the very existence of the other the world is ignorant. The contrast between the two appears immense, but behind it all is the levelling circumstance to adjust the balance.

"For everything you have missed you have gained something else; and for everything you gain you lose something."

There is a price set upon all nature's goods, and the great man has paid for his fame; the cost of it has been the private life cherished by his less talented brother.

It may be that in the very applause he receives from the world for his greatness, he hears a note of failure; he alone is conscious of his inability to reach the ideal standard.

"You see your statesman at the end of his career, you do not understand how he has worked his way upwards, by what a tortuous path he has climbed," writes Sir Walter Besant in "The Master Craftsman."

How often in reading biographies of men and women whose names have gone down to posterity, one is struck by the sadness of their personal histories; in gaining their fame they have missed much of that peace of mind and happiness their obscurer neighbours enjoyed.

Far back in the annals of history we read of a king who so excelled his fellow-creatures "that he was wiser than all men"; but his very gift was accompanied by this levelling circumstance. His wisdom brought with it that great pessimism which caused him to see the "vanity of vanities" in all things, and excluded from the great king the simple contentment free to be enjoyed by his humblest subject.

There is another aspect of the picture, as the correlative of everything gained is something missed, so assuredly the correlative of everything lost is something gained.

The history of the sadness of Charlotte Brontë's life is familiar to all her readers, but who would have it otherwise? It results in the production of her books. Had Tennyson not experienced the loss of his dear friend, "In Memoriam" were unwritten, and the world were poorer. Had Milton not been blind, and undergone no political troubles, the world, perhaps, were waiting still for "Paradise Lost."

It is needless to multiply examples, they are found in all things. The levelling circumstance is a connecting link between one human being and another, and should serve as a bond of sympathy.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE CENTRAL AND WESTERN SOCIETY FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

FOUNDED 1872.

The object of the Society is to obtain the Parliamentary Franchise for Women on the same conditions as it is or may be granted to men.

The Society seeks to achieve this object:—

1. By acting as a centre for the collection and diffusion of information with regard to the progress of the movement in all parts of the country.
2. By holding public meetings in support of the repeal of the electoral disabilities of women.
3. By the publication of pamphlets, leaflets, and other literature bearing upon the question.

Treasurer—Mrs. RUSSELL COOKE.

Subscriptions and donations should be sent to Mrs. CHARLES BAXTER, Secretary, Central Office, Albany Buildings, 39, Victoria-street, S.W. Subscribers are entitled to receive the Annual Report and copies of all literature. Cheques or Post Office Orders may be made payable to the Treasurer or the Secretary.

SPECIAL ORGANIZATION FUND.

The Committee in making an appeal for funds to continue the special organization work, which was carried on with so much success this year, do so with some confidence. They feel that all earnest Woman Suffragists must be convinced that systematic and continued organization is the only way to have the women's cause thoroughly understood and appreciated in the country.

Through the help of our friends we were enabled last summer to send Mrs. Stanbury into Dorset and Hampshire. Her work there was of a most important nature. Many petitions were sent to Parliament through her instrumentality, and many meetings were addressed, her hearers being of all parties and creeds—Prinrose League meetings, Liberal Clubs, Labour Clubs and Church Schools all in turn opened their doors to her. A flourishing Woman's Suffrage Society—a branch of this Society—has been formed at Bournemouth, and other branches are in process of formation. Literature was freely given away and read. Many who before had never thought of Woman's Suffrage, and some who had been opposed to it, became thoroughly in sympathy with the movement. Others who had been working on steadily for years were refreshed and encouraged by our organizer's visit.

One lady wrote after Mrs. Stanbury had been in her district:—

"In every way the visit has been most useful. Many have been interested and led to think about the subject who have not done so before. Judging by myself, she has left behind her a wish to respond to her call for work, a feeling that we have been braced up, and are now able to act in a way we should not have done before. Our warm thanks to your society for having sent Mrs. Stanbury here."

These results from four months' work has more than ever convinced the Committee that this is one of the most important branches of their work, as it is through the constituencies that Members of Parliament are reached. It will be remembered how often in the last parliamentary debate the taunt, "Women themselves do not want the vote, the agitation is a manufactured article" was uttered, and it

is for women themselves to disprove this assertion. The Committee are desirous of working the area that has been entrusted to them in a thoroughly systematic way, and call upon their friends to help them to do so. It will easily be seen that organization on so extensive a scale must involve very considerable expenditure, and without the liberal support for which they earnestly appeal it will be impossible to carry out the enterprise successfully. Any help our friends can give will be gladly received and acknowledged.

The following donations to the Special Organization Fund have been already received and promised:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Frank Morrison	20	0	0
Miss Spicer	10	0	0
Mrs. Taylor (Chiphase)	10	0	0
Mrs. Russell Cooke	5	0	0
Miss I. O. Ford	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walter McLaren	5	0	0
Miss Priestman	5	0	0
Mrs. Roberts Austen	5	0	0
Mrs. Percy Thompson	5	0	0
Mrs. Bevan	3	3	0
Miss Sharman Crawford	3	0	0
Mrs. Binns Smith	1	1	0
Miss Williams	1	1	0
Mr. Woodall, M.P.	1	1	0
Dadabhai Naoroji, Esq.	1	1	0
Miss Janet Tuckey	1	1	0
Mrs. Bushby	1	0	0
Mrs. Wyatt Haycroft	1	0	0
Mrs. B. Moore	1	0	0
Mrs. Bridges	1	0	0
Lady Grey Egerton	1	0	0
Mrs. P. Heron Maxwell	1	0	0
Mrs. Miers	1	0	0
Mrs. Morgan-Browne	1	0	0
Hon. Mrs. Bertrand-Russell	1	0	0
Mrs. Carvell Williams	0	15	0
Mrs. Montefiore	0	10	6
Miss M. Colby	0	10	0
Miss S. Franks	0	10	0
Lady Grove	0	10	0
Hon. Mrs. A. Pelham	0	10	0
Mrs. Rowe	0	10	0
Mrs. Wm. Evans	0	5	0
Miss Methven	0	5	0

The Committee are also desirous of extending their work in London, the Metropolitan boroughs being divided for organization work between this Society and the Central and East of England Society (10, Great College-street).

Offers of volunteer help from those who would be willing to do propaganda work in town will be most welcome, and the Secretary will be delighted to give any information on the subject either by letter or personally at the office.

The following manifesto has been issued by the NATIONAL UNION OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES.

Executive Committee: Mrs. Ashford, The Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Beddoe, Miss Helen Blackburn, Mrs. Broadley Reid, Mrs. Russell Cooke, Mrs. Enfield Dowson, Mrs. William Evans, Mrs. Fawcett, Miss S. E. Hall, Mrs. Ashworth Hallett, Hon. Mrs. Arthur Lyttelton, Miss Mair, Miss Mellor, Mrs. Priscilla Bright McLaren, Mrs. Wynford Philipps, Miss Rathbone, Miss Roper, Miss Louisa Stevenson, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Wigham. Secretaries: Marie Louise Baxter, Edith Palliser, Esther Roper.

A Union having been formed among the chief societies in England and Scotland which work for Woman's Suffrage as their sole object, it has been thought desirable by the Executive Committee of the Union to state briefly the

policy which they intend to pursue. They will promote by every means in their power, session after session, the introduction of a Bill into the House of Commons to remove the electoral disabilities of women. Failing the possibility of obtaining a day for a Bill, they will urge their friends in Parliament to take the sense of the House of Commons by resolution.

The second reading of the Woman's Suffrage Bill was carried in the House of Commons on February 3rd, 1897, by a majority of 71; and not only by a majority of the House, but by a majority of each party present and voting. This fact places the question of Woman's Suffrage in a new phase, and its friends have only to continue to press it upon the attention of Parliament and the public in order to render it necessary at no distant date that it should be dealt with by the Government of the day.

This has been the history of nearly all important measures of reform. They have very rarely been placed on the Statute Book by private members; but private members by repeatedly bringing a particular question before the House, give the opportunity for its full consideration by Parliament and the country, so that in due time it takes its place as a Government measure. It will be the aim of the Union to place Woman's Suffrage in this position, so that no Government, of whatever party, shall be able to touch questions relating to representation without at the same time removing the electoral disabilities of women:—

The following societies have already joined the Union (the Executive Committee is formed of delegates from each society represented):—

Central and East of England Society for Woman's Suffrage, 10, Great College-street, Westminster.

Central and Western Society for Woman's Suffrage, 39, Victoria-street, S.W.

North of England Society for Woman's Suffrage, Manchester.

Edinburgh National Society for Woman's Suffrage.

Bristol and West of England Society for Woman's Suffrage.

Birmingham Woman's Suffrage Society.

Cambridge Woman's Suffrage Society.

Liverpool Woman's Suffrage Society.

Birkenhead and Wirral Woman's Suffrage Society.

Nottingham Woman's Suffrage Society.

Leicester Woman's Suffrage Society.

The Executive Committee of the National Union of Woman's Suffrage Societies are most anxious that it should be understood throughout the country that the Union is formed of workers of all political parties, and is entirely non-party in its policy.

NEWLY-ELECTED MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT AND WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

We record with pleasure that the Members of Parliament returned at the recent by-elections have all declared themselves in favour of Woman's Suffrage:—

Denbigh (E.) ... Mr. S. Moss (L.)

Deptford ... Mr. A.A. Morton (C.)

Lancs. (Middleton) ... Ald. Duckworth (L.)

Liverpool (Exchange Div.) ... Mr. McArthur (C.)

York (Barnsley) ... Mr. J. Walton (L.)

MEETINGS.

On Thursday, November 11th, Lady Grove, a member of our Executive Committee, addressed a meeting in the Congregational Schoolroom, Salisbury Street, Blandford. The Rev. W. Fry presided over a meeting of 150 persons. Much interest was evinced in the lecture, and a resolution, in which the meeting pledged itself to do all in its power to further the efforts of the National Union of Woman's Suffrage Societies, was passed.

On Saturday, November 13th, Lady Grove gave an address at Holmwood, Bournemouth, under the auspices of the newly-formed Woman's Suffrage Society. The meeting was a large and important one, and those present listened with great attention to Lady Grove's long and interesting address.

MARY WOLLSTONE-CRAFT'S

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

CHAPTER V.—continued.

"Each sex," Rousseau further argues, "should preserve its peculiar tone and manner; a meek husband may make a wife impertinent; but mildness of disposition on the woman's side will always bring a man back to reason, at least, if he be not absolutely a brute, and will sooner or later triumph over him." Perhaps the mildness of reason might sometimes have this effect; but abject fear always inspires contempt, and tears are only eloquent when they flow down fair cheeks.

Of what materials can that heart be composed which can melt when insulted, and instead of revolting at injustice, kiss the rod? Is it unfair to infer that her virtue is built on narrow views and selfishness, who can caress a man, with true feminine softness the very moment when he treats her tyrannically? Nature never dictated such insincerity; and, though prudence of this sort be termed a virtue, morality becomes vague when any part is supposed to rest on falsehood. These are mere expedients, and expedients are only useful for the moment.

Let the husband beware of trusting too implicitly to this servile obedience; for if his wife can with winning sweetness caress him when angry, and when she ought to be angry unless contempt has stifled a natural effervescence, she may do the same after parting with a lover. These are all preparations for adultery; or, should the fear of the world, or of hell, restrain her desire of pleasing other men, when she can no longer please her husband, what substitute can be found by a being who was only formed, by nature and art, to please man? What can make her amends for this privation, or where is she to seek for a fresh employment? Where find sufficient strength of mind to determine to begin the search, when her habits are fixed, and vanity has long ruled her chaotic mind?

But this partial moralist recommends cunning systematically and plausibly.

"Daughters should be always submissive;

their mothers, however, should not be inexorable. To make a young person tractable, she ought not to be made unhappy; to make her modest she ought not to be rendered stupid. On the contrary, I should not be displeased at her being permitted to use some art, not to elude punishment in case of disobedience, but to exempt herself from the necessity of obeying. It is not necessary to make her dependence burdensome, but only to let her feel it. Subtlety is a talent natural to the sex; and as I am persuaded all our natural inclinations are right and good in themselves, I am of opinion this should be cultivated as well as the others; it is requisite for us only to prevent its abuse."

"Whatever is, is right," he then proceeds triumphantly to infer. Granted; yet, perhaps, no aphorism ever contained a more paradoxical assertion. It is a solemn truth with respect to God. He, reverentially I speak, sees the whole at once, and saw its just proportions in the womb of time; but man, who can only inspect disjointed parts, finds many things wrong; and it is a part of the system, and therefore right, that he should endeavour to alter what appears to him to be so, even while he bows to the wisdom of his Creator, and respects the darkness he labours to disperse.

The inference that follows is just, supposing the principle to be sound. "The superiority of address, peculiar to the female sex, is a very equitable indemnification for their inferiority in point of strength: without this, woman would not be the companion of man, but his slave: it is by her superior art and ingenuity that she preserves her equality, and governs him while she affects to obey. Woman has everything against her, as well our faults, as her own timidity and weakness: she has nothing in her favour, but her subtlety and her beauty. Is it not very reasonable, therefore, she should cultivate both?"

Greatness of mind can never dwell with cunning, or "address"; for I shall not boggle about words, when their direct signification is insincerity and falsehood, but content myself with observing, that if any class of mankind be so created that it must necessarily be educated by rules not strictly deducible from truth, virtue is an affair of convention. How could Rousseau dare to assert, after giving this advice, that "in the grand end of existence the object of both

sexes should be the same," when he well knew that the mind, formed by its pursuits, is expanded by great views swallowing up little ones, or that it becomes itself little?

Men have superior strength of body; but were it not for mistaken notions of beauty, women would acquire sufficient to enable them to earn their own subsistence, the true definition of independence; and to bear those bodily inconveniences and exertions that are requisite to strengthen the mind.

Let us then, by being allowed to take the same exercise as boys, not only during infancy, but youth, arrive at perfection of body, that we may know how far the natural superiority of man extends. For what reason or virtue can be expected from a creature when the seed-time of life is neglected? None—did not the winds of heaven casually scatter many useful seeds in the fallow ground.

"Beauty cannot be acquired by dress," he adds, "and coquetry is an art not so early and speedily attained. While girls are yet young, however, they are in a capacity to study agreeable gesture, a pleasing modulation of voice, an easy carriage and behaviour, as well as to take the advantage of gracefully adapting their looks and attitudes to time, place and occasion. Their application, therefore, should not be solely confined to the arts of industry and the needle, when they come to display other talents, whose utility is already apparent.

"For my part I would have a young woman cultivate her agreeable talents, in order to please her future husband, with as much care and assiduity as a young Circassian cultivates hers, to fit her for the harem of an Eastern bashaw."

(To be continued.)

THE BRAVERY OF BATTLES.

The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you'll find it not, 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot, With sword or noble pen; Nay, not with eloquent word or thought, From the mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in the walled-up woman's heart— Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part— Lo! there is the battlefield.

LIEBIG


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is a perfect tonic; it braces up the system to resist Neuralgia, Colds and Influenza; it keeps the healthy well, and strengthens invalids. A perfect essence of Beef; its effect upon the system is lasting, not transitory like alcoholic stimulants. In the Kitchen it provides the essential features of good cookery—appetising flavour, nourishment and digestibility.

Note this Signature in BLUE on every Jar.

J. Liebig

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NOTICE

All communications intended for insertion must be written on one side only of the paper, and the writer's name and address must be given, not necessarily for publication. The Editor cannot answer correspondents privately, except on the business of the paper strictly.

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

FREE DISTRIBUTION of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL in order to make it more widely known. We are always much obliged to friends who will kindly undertake to distribute copies of back numbers of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL at meetings, and shall be glad to send parcels for this purpose gratis and post free. Will correspondents please name meeting, and number of copies that can probably be utilised.

The following ladies are thanked very sincerely for kindly sending for copies of the SIGNAL to distribute at meetings:—

Mrs. Amy H. Hudson, Colne; Mrs. Gillham, W.L.A. Redhill; Miss M. J. Kearsley, W.L.A., Ripon; Mrs. S. A. Stacey, W.L.A., Croydon; Mrs. Mason, Sevenoaks; Mrs. A. R. Potts, B.W.T.A., Sunderland; Miss A. E. Smith B.W.T.A., Aberdeen; Mrs. J. F. Wilson, W.L.A., Paisley; Mrs. A. Johnson, W.L.A., Blackheath-road, S.E.

The Editor acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of £5 for the Armenian Refugee Fund from the "Y" Women's Christian Temperance Union of Verulam, Natal, South Africa, per Miss Lilly Groom, secretary. It has been forwarded to Lady Henry Somerset as the sender desired.

SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

Eight out of the twelve ladies who went to the poll for seats on the London School Board have been returned. This is not a fair proportion of a Board of fifty-five members, but it is "not so bad"; and certainly the proportion of successful candidates to the number standing is very

pleasing. It is another proof that there is not amongst the electors any prejudice against women on public bodies, and that if a lady can prove to them that she is suitable for the work they will gladly return her. It is specially pleasant to observe that all the "old members" of our sex have again been returned by their constituents, for this is the only way in which representatives are rewarded or thanked by those for whom they have worked without fee or other reward. Miss Davenport-Hill did not stand for re-election, but her constituency has honoured her by accepting the lady, Miss McKee, who stood on the same "ticket" as their retiring member. Miss Eve heads the poll in her constituency, Finsbury, with 3,500 votes over the next successful candidate. Mrs. Homan, in the Tower Hamlets, also heads the poll by over 4,000 votes. Mrs. Maitland is third, but only 50 votes behind the second, and 150 behind the head of the poll. This is the best of tokens of the appreciation of the electorate for the public services rendered by those three ladies on the late Board.

The other ladies elected are Mrs. Bridges-Adams in Greenwich, Mrs. Dibden in Finsbury, Miss Constance Elder in Westminster, and Miss Honnor-Morton in my old constituency, Hackney, where she heads the poll. I hope I am not unjustified in feeling a little personal pleasure in the last return, since no other lady has ever stood for Hackney since I retired, declining to stand again after I had given nine years' service as the lady member for that constituency; and the first opportunity that is given to my beloved old constituents to return another member of the same sex is thus eagerly taken advantage of by them. The Hackney electors gave Miss Honnor-Morton nearly 8,000 votes over the next highest on the poll. Well done, dear old Borough!

The poll was a very small one, but twenty-five per cent. of the electors exercising their suffrage. The way in which the Progressives have "swept the Board" is presumably a token of the dissatisfaction of the electors with the Government measure for giving increased pecuniary support to the denominational schools, as against the Board schools. It should be noted by those who speak at Liberal meetings on Woman's Suffrage, and especially by the advocates of the cause at the forthcoming Liberal Federation Conference, that at this election, as at every previous one, the lady members returned to the London School Board are almost all Liberal in ideas. Every lady elected is a declared "Progressive," except Mrs. Dibden, and only three of the twelve who stood declared themselves "Moderates." Again, the poll at Leeds is headed by two ladies, of whom one is "unsectarian," and at Bradford two lady members are returned, both of whom are Liberals; and this is the rule everywhere.

In the face of the great and acknowledged services rendered by the women members of the leading school boards, and of the obvious readiness of the electorate to avail itself of those services, little apprehension need be felt at the discovery made by some legal mind that women have no right under the existing law to be members of school boards! A writer in the *Solicitor's Journal* observes that, on the lines of the

decision given in the case of the ladies elected to the London County Council, and declared by the judges ineligible to sit, it is clear that the judges have decided that, "save by express enactment, a woman cannot exercise any public function. In his judgment in the case referred to (*Beresford Hope v. Sandhurst*), Lord Esher said that 'by neither the common law nor the constitution of the country, from the beginning of the common law until now, can a woman be entitled to exercise any public function.' A recent statute—the Poor-law Guardians (Ireland—Women) Act—provides that a person otherwise qualified to be elected a Poor-law guardian shall not be disqualified by sex. There is, however, no such express statutory provision in the Elementary Education Acts or elsewhere entitling women to be elected as members of school boards." At Birmingham, where there are two lady candidates, the attention of the Town Clerk was drawn to the report in the *Solicitor's Journal*, and while admitting that it raised a very nice point, that gentleman was not prepared to advise an objection to the nomination of any candidate on the ground of sex. Hence, in order to obtain a decision of a binding character as to the validity of such an objection, a petition would have to be presented against the return of a successful lady candidate.

It is exceedingly galling to think of the status of women being thus gaily fixed and limited against the improving tone of public opinion and the advancing tide of civilization by the dicta of two or three old gentlemen on the Bench; and for them to say that a woman cannot exercise any public function in a country where there is a female sovereign, and where a woman can and has from time immemorial filled the important positions of Churchwarden and Overseer of the poor (to mention no more illustrations, though there are other precedents for women exercising public functions), seems absurd. Such law was, however, made from the Bench in Lady Sandhurst's County Council case, and although it was admitted that the electors had chosen lady representatives by preference, that there was much special work on the County Council requiring women's attention, and that the period during which the ladies actually served proved to their fellow-members their usefulness so strongly that the County Council officially petitioned that their colleagues of the female sex should be allowed to remain: notwithstanding all this, Parliament has never yet found time to pass a short Bill enabling women to be members of county councils. As regards the school boards, however, women have secured a prescriptive right to sit by doing so unchallenged ever since the Act was passed in 1870. On the London School Board there has never once failed to be a proportion of ladies, the number varying from two to nine.

We have previously reported the refusal of the great conference of delegates of the Unionist Party to endorse and recommend to the Government the Woman's Suffrage Bill. There is now imminent the meeting of the Liberal Party, at which the question will, if possible, be brought on. Our enfranchisement has been once already adopted by the Liberal Party organization, namely, at the great meeting

held in 1883. This should have ensured for the measure the official support, but as we all know it failed to do so in the face of the strong opposition of Mr. Gladstone. Now that his adverse influence is removed, the burden of open opposition descends on a Labouchere; but still there seems some strong secret influence against us, for official exertions appear directed to preventing the question having a fair consideration at the forthcoming conference at Derby. It is to be hoped that the true Liberal feeling of the delegates will be strong enough to overcome the adverse elements, and that the Liberal Party leaders will now, when reform in registration and other electoral details is obviously necessary, and when no other question blocks the way, resolve to throw their influence decisively into the scale of representation for women.

Lady Carlisle has made efforts to obtain the appointment of several ladies as representatives of men's associations to attend at the conference at Derby, in order that some of them may plead in person for their own cause. The resolution, when it was carried at the party meeting above referred to, in 1883, was moved and supported by the daughters of John Bright and Richard Cobden respectively—Mrs. Helen Bright Clarke, of Street, and Mrs. Jane Cobden Unwin. Their names, and in both cases their singularly interesting and pleasing personalities (for they had not such fathers for no benefit) gave them, undoubtedly, a degree of influence with a Liberal meeting that was most valuable to the cause for which they pleaded. But, whoever may speak, the principle is a true Liberal one, and ought to prevail with Liberal men by its own inherent justice and right.

At the Devon Liberal Federation meeting, the women of the county urged their own cause with tact and earnestness, and were opposed with the same unworthy tactics that were successfully employed at the House of Commons by Mr. Labouchere and his followers. No provision at all was made on the agenda for the discussion of the question, and when it was insisted on by the friends of the cause (largely by Sir John Phear's influence) that it should be brought forward as an amendment to the motion on electoral reform that was on the paper, a regulation was also made that the introducer of an amendment should have only five minutes in which to speak, and the seconder three minutes—the sacred right to representation of half the community to be put off with a total of eight minutes! Finally, in order to allow the men too cowardly to vote either way to escape, the resolution that the women's amendment was to be moved upon was transferred to the very end of the proceedings! The excuse given for this was that Mr. E. J. C. Morton, M.P., was anxious to go to meet Lord Battersea at the station, and therefore desired to have his resolution on foreign politics placed earlier than it was on the agenda. In order, therefore, that Mr. Morton might meet Lord Battersea at the station, the discussion of Woman's Suffrage was left till the end of the day, when most of the delegates had departed. The amendment of the Women's Liberal Association was as follows:—"This conference considers that no registration reforms will be satisfactory

which do not provide for the political enfranchisement of women on the terms on which men now or may possess it, plural voting excepted." This amendment was most ably moved by Miss Latimer, and seconded by Miss Gill, but the few delegates who remained to hear rejected it by two votes—28 against, 26 in favour.

One of the local Liberal newspapers, the *Western Morning News*, observes with delight that:—

On one important political question the majority of Liberals and Conservatives appear to be in happy agreement. Almost at the same moment the Conservative Conference in London and the Devon Liberal Federation rejected proposals for the extension of the franchise to women.

Yet our contemporary complains that:—The opponents of this revolutionary scheme for swamping the electorate with female votes are making no efforts to counteract the exertions of woman suffragists. They shirk the question, being afraid to express their opinion lest they should find themselves in the awful position of having to face a lot of infuriated lady politicians who will take them to task for their opposition. In London and at Devonport weak men ran away as soon as this question came up for consideration at the Conferences. Evidently they had not the courage to stand up and publicly express their opinions. Members of Parliament are especially given to this form of timidity, possibly because they have to reckon with Primrose Leaguers and the Women's Liberal Federation at election time. Unless politicians who are opposed to woman's suffrage boldly grapple with this question they will find that, through their cowardice, the tide has become too strong for them to resist the demand for including women in the list of Parliamentary voters.

Sir William Harcourt has surely vindicated his claim to the vacant and disputed post of Liberal leader by supplying the one and only so-called "reason" that we ever now hear urged why Liberals should oppose this measure. He, it will be remembered, said in the House of Commons that as there were more women than men in the country, and as if any women had the vote all women must soon have it (regardless of the fact that all men do not now enjoy it, though some men have done so for a thousand years), it follows that thus the Government of the country, if any women vote, would pass into the hands of the female sex. This (may we, when it is a question of the Liberal leader's words, venture to say) silly objection is the one that is now re-echoed all over the country. The *Western Morning News* falls back upon it:—

At the Conservative Conference in London, it was argued that women would be completely satisfied with a vote, and that there would be no likelihood of their asking to be admitted into Parliament. Mr. J. Rankin was ungallant enough to say that though woman was able, both physically and mentally, to give a vote, she was not able, physically or mentally, to sit in Parliament. What logic! What fine reasoning! A woman who is qualified to vote ought to be qualified to sit in Parliament. A voter is responsible, as a unit, for the government of the country; and to deny women with a vote the right to be directly responsible for the government of the country, as Euclid crushingly observes, is absurd. There can be no half-measures in a reform of this kind. You

might as well deny the right of an illiterate man to sit in Parliament as refuse to permit an intelligent woman, when once she has the privilege of voting, to take her seat on the front bench of the House of Commons. If women are to become electors there is nothing to stop them from taking the entire government of the country in their hands. We might, for a time, give the franchise only to ladies who hold property. We began our elective system by sending male property owners to Parliament. In time the female vote would have to be extended to all women. It would be unjust and unfair to give to one class of women a vote and to deprive the poor washerwoman of the privilege granted to her wealthy sister. We must have no class legislation on this subject, and the ladies do not wish it. Miss Latimer at Devonport logically complained of the injustice of demanding the enfranchisement of the pauper classes, who are often thriftless drunkards, and not recognizing the claims of the women who are morally and intellectually their superiors. Women, she pointed out, are in a majority in this country by one million two hundred thousand, and it is a shame, she says, that the minority should endeavour to deprive the majority of the protection of the vote. Do men see where that leads them to?—that all women should have a vote, and, being in a majority, could obtain complete control of State affairs. Is that what Liberal and Conservative advocates of Woman's Suffrage want? Petticoat government may or may not be superior to that we have now, but before men who profess a sense of their responsibilities take up this question they are under a deep obligation to see where it ends.

The weak spot of this argument is that it appeals to nothing but male vanity. Why are trousers more suitable garments to govern than petticoats? That is the crux of the question, and that it is not considered needful to answer. At the same moment that men urge that "trousers" that cannot keep themselves from the rates, but take their very bread from the forced charity of the State, shall be added to the voters' list—at the same day that they allow the vote to the criminal but yesterday out of gaol, and make careful provision for a share in the government of the country being given to the male who has never had the intelligence to learn to read—do they offer the wearing of a petticoat as a sufficient reason to cause them to place a human being in a lower and less capable scale than these sort of men? A man must be blind with sex vanity to suppose that his sex is a valid reason for the sole possession of power. This argument claims that though a man be ignorant, criminal or pauper, yet because he is male and not female it is clear that he should rule over the land to the exclusion of women. What makes masculinity thus supreme? Wisdom, goodness, self-reliance and self-government, knowledge and judgment in political affairs, are qualifications found in women as well as in men; allowing fairly for the results of teaching women that politics are no affair of theirs, while all men are conversely urged to regard public affairs as their business in a measure, we would make bold to say that women have as much of these good qualities to contribute to the body politic as men; why then is their influence to be spoken of as a calamity, an impossible misfortune? Just and fair men know that it would not be anything of the sort.

This argument has another fallacy underlying it in the supposition that women as a sex would take up a common stand, and that Government would be feminine as against masculine if women voted. Alas! it is difficult to get women to take a firm stand together even on the most important questions for their sex. If it were not so, the question of whether women should work for M.P.'s who will vote against Woman's Suffrage would not even be discussed. How different is the attitude of political leaders to women at election times and when they ask for their own enfranchisement as individuals fit to think and exercise direct influence on public affairs! Contrast with the quotations given above from a Liberal paper the following from the *Bradford Observer* as to a recent election:—"A Liberal agent who had some participation in the recent election in the Middleton Division bears very striking testimony to the work done by the Liberal women in that memorable fight. He says that there was a great army of Liberal workers, the candidate being so popular that instead of three canvass-books having to be given to one man, as he has known to be the case elsewhere, there were three men to one book. Every voter was canvassed almost to the point of persecution. If he did not respond well to the ordinary canvasser's efforts, pains were taken to ascertain who was his nearest acquaintance in the Liberal ranks, and the friend was sent to do a turn of special pleading. If the friend failed, says the Liberal agent significantly, the Liberal women were sent as a last resource, and their persistence was such that many voters deemed well-nigh hopeless were brought to the poll for Liberalism."

The Countess of Lathom's sad death has caused great sorrow, in Liverpool in particular. She was one of the sweetest-mannered and most unaffected of women, and being for many years the principal "great lady" resident in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, was constantly seen there opening bazaars and presiding over meetings. She was the sister of the Countess of Derby, and had the good fortune of having her home next door, so to speak, to her sister's—the great estates of the Earls of Derby and Lathom communicating.

May I appeal to the readers to whom this number of the SIGNAL is sent from the Suffrage Society, to take in the paper every week in the new year that is so near, and not be content with having it once a month as they will receive it from the office? Every week there is news here that every person interested in the Suffrage and the woman's cause ought to see. A penny a week is very little cost for the chance of getting much interesting and valuable news, and such as no other paper supplies. It is really melancholy to see how the suffrage is treated in every one of the more expensive "ladies papers" while the whole matter and all analogous subjects are simply ignored in the smaller Women's *Lives, Homes, Journals*, etc., etc. No other paper but the SIGNAL gives such news, and everybody interested in the progress of our sex therefore needs to regularly see it. Will the Suffrage subscribers, then, one and all, not take it every week, using the second copy that they would get once a month from

the Society as a propagandist tract by giving it to somebody else likely to be interested by degrees if the cause is presented to them as it is in these columns?

Our Short Story.

MRS. BLOSSOM'S COMPANY.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

By SARA B. HOWLAND.

I HAVE just been to tea at Mrs. Blossom's, and I don't know when I had such a good time. I must say I was rather surprised when she told me she had invited that stylish-looking lady that is spending the summer at the hotel, for everybody says she must be very wealthy and know the right way to do things, and Mrs. Blossom's sitting-room carpet is faded and the lounge cover is shabby and her best china has a good many "nicks." I ventured to say, "Do you really think she would care to meet us country people?"

"Don't you think you would care for friends if you were rich?" answered Mrs. Blossom, quickly. "She is sick and a stranger, and we can give her sympathy and love, and that is something that all the wealth in the world cannot buy."

So I didn't say any more, and this afternoon I saw something that set me thinking. We had such a pleasant time, and somehow things didn't seem shabby after all, but just homelike. Mrs. Gray came the first of all, and seemed to enjoy every moment. She is a very entertaining woman, and we all enjoyed hearing about her two years in Rome and her winter on the Nile, and then, before we knew it, we had drawn our chairs nearer together, and had one of those talks that seem to bring us right heart to heart. Then Mrs. Blossom brought in her delicious rolls and chocolate and cake, and everything tasted so good, and nobody seemed to think of the cracked china.

When they went away I was near the door, and I could not help hearing what Mrs. Gray said. She just put her hands on Mrs. Blossom's shoulders and said:

"My dear, I thank you for your thoughtful kindness that would take a stranger into your home and give her a share of its happiness. You will know what this has been to me when I tell you that I have visited many places in the past four years in my vain search for health, but in all that time I have never once sat at a home table."

And Mrs. Blossom looked at her with glistening eyes and said softly, "Please remember that this home is part yours now and we all love you, and you shall never be lonely any more."

How much we miss because we think we cannot entertain unless we have things like everybody else! Since I came back from the tea party I have been thinking how nice it was, and what a change it would make in our village life if somebody would make a good time every week or two. We could all do it if we only thought so, but nobody but Mrs. Blossom dares to try.

Mrs. Simpson invites us every year, but not until she has taken up all the carpets and cleaned the whole house. Then she makes six kinds of rich cake and has hot biscuits and scalloped oysters, and that keeps her out in the kitchen all the time, until she seems so worried and nervous that we are glad for her sake when it is over.

Mrs. Roberts will not have company because she hasn't any parlor, although she has the brightest, sunniest sitting-room, full of flowers and comfortable, easy chairs, and her pound cake is better than anybody else's in Lakeville.

Mrs. Simmons says she doesn't want to invite anybody because she cannot afford to give as good a supper as Mrs. Simpson, and yet I would walk a mile to get a piece of her sponge cake.

Mrs. Gleason thinks people will "look down on her" because she hasn't any extension table; but why doesn't she have afternoon tea on that delightful claw-legged table, and let her daughter Annie pass around the plates?

I wish we could be satisfied to be ourselves and give the simple entertainment that is consistent with our own style of living, making the most of any special pleasantness we happen to have, always ready to give a hearty welcome, making up for what we lack in beautiful table service and costly food by loving attentions and warmest, truest sympathy.

Mrs. Blossom takes company easily, and everybody likes to go there because it doesn't seem any trouble, and she has such a good time herself that it is contagious. I happened to be there once when I thought, "Now she is really caught," but I changed my mind when I saw how it came out.

It was one night when we had been packing the missionary box at her house, and I stayed to help nail on the cover and do some last things. She had just said, "Now we will have some hot toast for tea, for I haven't one bit of cake," when I walked Mr. Blossom with one of his old classmates, a D.D. and an LL.D., and the pastor of a large city church, who had been preaching somebody's ordination sermon in an adjoining town, and thought he would stop over night and see Mr. Blossom. She did not look a bit put out, but welcomed him warmly, helped him take off his travelling coat, gave him an easy chair in the study—he was a sad-looking man, with a worried expression—and then came flying out in the kitchen.

"What will you do?" said I. "Don't you want me to run over to Mrs. Hitchcock's and see if I can't borrow some cake?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Blossom, "we will have our toast and some currant jelly, and I am sure the doctor will enjoy it with us. If he had cared for a fine dinner he would have stayed in town, but he wanted to visit Theo."

So she set the table as daintily as could be, and made the toast in hearts and rounds covered with plenty of "dip" and served with a spoonful of jelly on each plate. And the doctor passed his plate four times and asked if he couldn't have more jelly than the rest. The worried look went away, and he laughed and told stories and Baby Blossom left her high-chair and climbed up in his lap and fell asleep on his shoulder. When he laid her in her mother's arms I heard him say: "I haven't had such toast since Mary and I kept house together in a dear country house like this. God bless you and spare you to Theo many happy years!"

We should get more happiness out of life if we were willing to give more time to the social and friendly needs of those about us and less to the keeping up of our houses in the most approved style.

THE LATE HENRY GEORGE ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

In his great work on "Progress and Poverty," Henry George strongly advocates Woman's Suffrage. He says: "As I said in the first of these papers, the progress of civilization necessitates the giving of greater and greater attention and intelligence to public affairs. And for this reason I am convinced that we make a great mistake in depriving one sex of voice in public matters, and that we could in no way so increase the attention, the intelligence and the devotion which may be brought to the solution of social problems as by enfranchising our women. Even if in a ruder state of society the intelligence of one sex suffices for the management of common interests, the vastly more intricate, more delicate and more important questions which the progress of civilization makes of public moment require the intelligence of women as of men, and that we never can obtain until we interest them in public affairs. And I have come to believe that very much of the inattention, the flippancy, the want of conscience, which we see manifested in regard to public matters of the greatest moment, arises from the fact that we debar our women from taking their proper part in these matters. Nothing will fully interest men unless it also interests women. There are those who say that women are less intelligent than men; but who will say that they are less influential?"

LITTLE ANNOYANCES.

By FLORENCE HOPE.

WHAT are they? Merely feathers in the air that tickle and tease as they settle for a moment and fly by. But they are irritating whilst they last and wear one's nerves if one is cursed with sensitive ones.

What are some of the little things of life that annoy and hurt us?

To a refined dainty person a soiled table cloth, or a glass not quite clean, a dinner table without flowers or ferns to adorn it, the spoons set awry, the water not clear and sparkling in the glass jug. To another who appreciates good cooking, and by that I do not mean a *menu* of seven or eight courses, but of three ordinary ones, well cooked, and temptingly served, to such a man or woman the fish that is slightly raw, melted butter like paste, a hard tough steak, wine that is corked, are enough to try the sweetest of tempers. To have to join in ungenial conversation and not look bored, to feel that the talk is entirely outside one's radius, or jars on one by its empty frivolity, or the narrow-minded ideas that are put forth, the small local scandals, the little uncharitableness—all these strike one at the moment as being small annoyances. Then there is the sensitive ear of the musician who is asked to listen to a deafening piece of so-called music that acts on his nerves like madness. How hard it must be to thank the player with a pleasant smile and gracious manner.

Do we not all know what it is to be expecting the first call of a new acquaintance upon whom we wish to make a good impression. Every day for a week we put fresh flowers in the drawing room, arrange and re-arrange the room to make it look its best; remain at home day after day when the weather is gloriously fine, and refuse pleasant invitations, put off our tea till it is so late it runs into dinner. Then invariably the visitor we have put ourselves to so much inconvenience for, will arrive one day when we least expect her (for it is usually a woman). Our blouses are not by any means as clean as they might be, we have on our oldest and shabbiest skirts, for we have been aspinalling the bath or washing the dog—something at any rate that is an excuse for our being so unusually untidy. We do not like to keep our visitor waiting while we change, for we see there is a cab at the door, which means that she does not intend to stay long, so after hurriedly washing our hands we go to her as we are. Then it being early the kettle does not boil, and the tea is smoky and weak, there is no cake, it being the end of the week, and as we hand the bread and butter we notice with a smothered groan that the black mark of a thumb rests upon the edge of the plate. We are not at our ease, and the conversation falls flat.

We know when our visitor takes her departure that she takes a bad impression with her, and will not be in a hurry to come again. Then there is the disappointment we feel when we have been out and find on our return the cards of the person we most desire to see, and worst of all notice the small letters P.P.C. in the corner.

There is the picnic that the girls have looked forward to for weeks. The day arrives, grey and threatening at eight o'clock, and by ten a steady drizzle falls, which continues throughout the day. Who has not met with the visitor who is never punctual for anything—late at breakfast, late through the day. A train has to be caught to town, of course we are not in time; at the last minute she forgets a letter which must be posted, or a button is off her boot and she must change the boots for another pair, or she thinks it will rain and will exchange her sunshade for an umbrella. Oh, the trial to one's patience!

There are also the annoyances that grate on one's nerves in houses where one stays; houses far better than one's own little place, but, for all that, lacking certain small comforts that make existence easier and more comfortable. At a lovely place in the country where I stayed with my two children there seemed to be every comfort and luxury, but I suffered much, first because of the natural thoughtlessness of the little ones. If they dragged a chair across the parquet floor of the hall there was a cry of positive distress from our hostess, "Oh,

they will scratch the polished boards." Let me mention *en passant* that the floor was polished to such an extent that the children seldom crossed it without falling, and sometimes hurting themselves considerably, and I myself had to walk most gingerly over it. If they (the children) sat on a leather-covered dining-room chair with one foot tucked underneath as is customary with little ones, they were admonished for fear of leaving a scratch upon the leather. Also when they ran in and out of the open doors leading to the garden, Mary or Jane was constantly rung for to sweep up any footmarks that were left on the Axminster carpet. The children, who seemed good model little things at home, now seemed to be a replica of "Helen's babies." There was another annoyance to me which was really a painful one. My bedroom faced the morning sun which flooded the room with its brilliant radiance. The month was August, the house—a new one—stood on a hill without shade of trees, or other houses to shelter it. The windows, which were many, were wide and blindless, the new fashion being followed there of a double row of short white dimity curtains which never quite met. The consequence was that by five o'clock the glare of light had awakened me, and I tossed and turned this way and that on my luxurious bed, trying to turn away from the wealth of golden sunlight that poured into the room from three blindless windows. By eight o'clock my head was aching wretchedly, and I felt viciously inclined towards everybody. After enduring this torture for three successive mornings, I arranged overnight an exhibition of my darkest skirts and petticoats which I hung across the windows, fastening them up with sundry brooches and safety pins. Thank God! I slept the sleep of the just, and was only awakened at half-past seven, by the maid coming in to arrange my bath.

Anyone, who is a lover of books, will understand what it is to find oneself a guest in a country house without books or papers, save "Maria Edgeworth" perhaps, and some local abomination. In such a house I have hailed a shilling shocker or a penny novelette with delight. Talking of books, another real annoyance, trifling as it may seem to some, is the borrowing of some of your treasures. A visitor sees a cherished volume lying on your drawing-room book-table, and asks to borrow it for a few days. You cannot refuse, and you see it go away with a sinking heart. Weeks pass, at last you can bear it no longer and write a polite note, apologizing for asking for your book, but you have promised to lend it to a friend. It is returned to you unrecognizable; the back broken, a leaf gone, and the pages dogs-eared, or, what is worse, perhaps a message that the book has been mislaid during the spring cleaning, when it turns up it shall be sent back. Needless to say it never does turn up, and the book you have handled so tenderly and dipped into at odd moments and loved like a friend is lost in oblivion. It is most assuredly true that trifles such as these are far more trying to bear patiently than the great troubles that come with crushing force upon us, but which we know we must meet with all the strength and courage that God bestows upon each of us to enable us to suffer and endure.

As the venerable monk, Saint Thomas à Kempis, says, in his chapter on the Royal road of the Holy Cross, "Thou canst not escape it, for whithersoever thou goest thou carriest thyself with thee; and everywhere hast thou need of patience, if thou wouldst have interior peace and merit a lasting crown."

A LADY SANITARY INSPECTOR FOR HACKNEY.

On the motion of Mr. H. Wells-Holland, seconded by Major Baldock, who claimed to represent thousands of women and girls living and working at Hackney Wick in the midst of most unsanitary and abominable surroundings, the Hackney Vestry decided at their last meeting (17th ult.) to appoint a lady sanitary inspector whose special duty it would be to look after the sanitary conditions of the workshops, workrooms, laundries, &c., where women and girls are employed in Hackney.

HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

By Mrs. E. L. CHAMBERLAIN, F.R.H.S. BULBS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT. II.

GET your crocuses in directly you buy them; it weakens their little corms very much to be kept above ground when they ought to be under it, and growing away. They will grow almost anywhere, but show to the best advantage planted in grass; they should be three inches under ground, and three inches apart. Otherwise there are few directions to give about them, unless it is to say "plant them right way up!" I know someone who planted two window-boxes full of crocuses, all bottom-upwards, and blamed the nurseryman for supplying "such bad bulbs." The points are of course to be upwards. Of snowdrops it should be remembered that they hate disturbance, and after moving it takes them several years to recover their equanimity: so few blossoms and small are to be expected when newly planted.

The Narcissus tribe is, as a rule, far more accommodating, only a few varieties are "shy," and will not bloom except under favourable conditions. A rich but well-drained soil suits them. Where they grow wild it is always on uplands, on slopes, where they get plenty of air and sun, and where water will not lie after heavy rain. They can be grown in all the ways suitable to the hyacinths. When grown in water they make it foul sooner than hyacinths do, and it will need changing oftener. The Trumpets are best for this kind of treatment.

The natural species are very numerous, the varieties innumerable. It is useless to attempt recommending any in the small space at command here. But instead, I will try to make clear the groups or sections into which these charming bulbs are divided. It will be helpful to those beginning to make collections.

1st. *Magna Coronata*, or Trumpets. All daffodils belonging to this section have the trumpet much longer than the perianths; that is, the tube-shaped centre of the flower is longer than the flat outer part. The wild English Lent-lily, and the old double daffodil both belong to this class, also the early delicate-looking Pallidus Præcox, the sulphur-white Daffodil, the modern monster the Emperor, the little, dainty, old-fashioned Queen Anne Daffodil, and the Hoop Petticoat varieties.

2nd. *Media Coronata*.—These have short tubes or trumpets, and a wide or deep perianth, longer than the tube. They include the *Incomparabilis* Daffodils, or Nonsuch, as our forefathers had it, and others, known as Nonpareils. Among them are the old-fashioned Sulphur Phoenix, or Codlins and Cream, a double variety, and others called Eggs and Bacon and Butter and Eggs. Sir Watkin Wynn is the best known modern variety, and in contrast to this, its group includes the quaint N. triandrus, and the white triandrus known as Angels' Tears.

3rd. *Parvi Coronata*, in which the tube is often little more than a fringe, and the perianth has altogether the best of it. Such are the Narcissus Poeticus, or Pheasant-eye, with its double and other varieties. Also the *Tazettas*, which used to be grouped with the *Polyanthus* Narcissus. Perhaps some readers will think he or she (for it appears I have male readers even here) is unacquainted with the *Tazettas*. Not so, for the family contains the popular Paper-white, so easy to force, and so largely imported every winter in a cut state, that the fairy-like flowers are a drug sometimes in the London market, and one gets sick of the sight of them at every street corner.

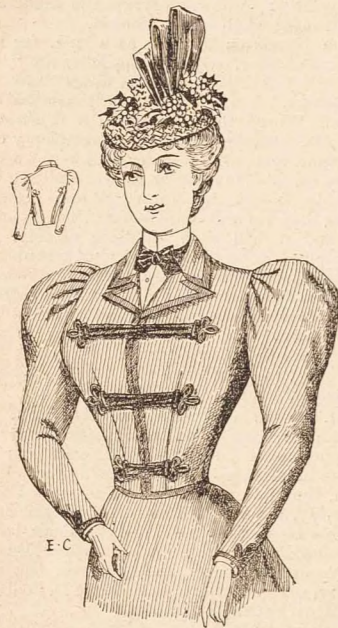
4th. The *polyanthus narcissus* has sometimes as many as two dozen flowers on a head; they are all scented. Well-known varieties are *Gloriosa*, white with an orange cup; *Grand Monarque*, white with lemon cup; *Soleil d'Or*, yellow with orange cup, and that known as *Double Roman*, really only semi-double, as regards its golden cup. That big bulb, after which so many people hanker, the "Chinese Sacred Lily," belongs to the *polyanthus-narcissus* group.

5th and last, are the sweet little *Jonquils*, or *rush-leaved narcissus*. About these there

is nothing special to say, except that they specially need a sandy, well-drained soil. When buying daffodils do so in early autumn, and plant at once. If transplanting from one part of your garden to another, "lift" the bulbs after flowering, when the leaves are beginning to fade, but before they have died down. You can replant at once, or let the bulbs lie spread out, until the leaves fall naturally, then store in a cool, dry place till August or September. Plant daffodil bulbs in the open, at a depth of four to eight inches from the surface, according to their size. Like crocuses, the harder daffodils show to best advantage among grass.

WHAT TO WEAR. BAZAR PATTERNS.

(Hints by May Manton.)



7103-Ladies' Eton Jacket.

This stylish Eton jacket is developed in navy-blue serge, neatly decorated with braid. It can be worn over the regulation shirt waist in wash fabrics or silk, or with linen chemisette, as illustrated. Its smooth, seamless back joins the fronts in shoulder and under-arm seams. The jacket extends to the waist line, and the closing is effected invisibly at the centre-front with coat hooks and eyes. Above the closing the fronts are reversed to form lapels that meet the rolling coat collar in uneven notches. The

sleeves, shaped by two seams, have the slight fulness at the top regulated by gathers, and the wrists are decorated with braid. Braided ornaments adorn the fronts of the jacket, which is lined throughout with red taffeta silk. The garment may be appropriately made of serge, cloth, canvas weave or other seasonable fabrics, and neatly finished with machine stitching or braid applied in various forms of decoration. When carried out in cloth, in hussar-blue or red, decorated with braid in military style, the jacket can be worn over a skirt of black, making an exceedingly effective costume. The mode is also adapted to cycling, yachting, shopping, travelling, or general utility wear.

To make this jacket for a lady in the medium size will require two yards of 44-inch material. The pattern, No. 7103, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.



7116-Misses' Empire Jacket.

The model here shown is particularly well suited to youthful figures. As represented, it is made of smooth-faced cloth in a medium shade of tan, with passementerie in a darker shade forming the decoration. The upper portion consists of a square yoke that is simply fitted by shoulder seams. To the lower or straight edge of the yoke are attached the jacket portions. They are laid both at the front and back in two wide box-plaits and stand out from the figure. Under-arm gores are provided, rendering the adjustment at the sides smooth-fitting. The closing is effected invisibly at the



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centre-front. At the neck is a high flaring collar, cut in two sections, that join at the back. Inside the collar is a full ruche of plaited mousseline, a full bow of the same material finishing the neck at the back and at the front. The sleeves are two-seamed, with the fulness at the top collected in gathers. The wrists are cut in deep slashes, decorated with passementerie and a soft frill of lace. Above the sleeves smooth epaulettes appear that have the free edges outlined with passementerie. Jackets of this description can be made in cloth, serge, satin or velvet. When cut in cloth, passementerie, braid or machine stitching forms the finish, while silk or satin can be trimmed with jet. To make this jacket for a miss of fourteen years will require two and one-fourth yards of 44-inch material. The pattern, No. 7116, is cut in sizes for misses of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years.

Any one of the above patterns can be had by sending 6d. in stamps to Department W., Bazar Pattern Agency, Belper.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

Warmth WITHOUT Weight.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIALS.



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"I shall put all skirts aside for the future."
"The cut is excellent."
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"Satisfactory in every way."
"Impossible to find their equal."
"They wear so well."
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Sample pair of "Kals" in Navy Blue, or Taupe, 3/11, post free (state size, corset worn and your height). Better qualities also made. Lists free.

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(First Class Diplôme in Cookery.)

SUET PUDDINGS.

SUET puddings seem particularly suitable for winter. In summer we prefer light and tasty dishes, but cold weather brings with it an aptitude for the consumption of more substantial food.

For the busy cook Hugon's "Atora" prepared beef suet will prove an undeniable comfort. It is so very clean; it shreds quickly; it is a perfect fat for frying purposes; it goes very far; it saves all the time you would have to expend in preparing fat for clarifying, and in these busy days "time" is certainly "money." It is in reality more inexpensive than ordinary beef suet, for as there is no waste in it, six ounces of it is equal to eight ounces of the other.

I shall now give some recipes for good household puddings:

CHERRY PUDDING.

Shred finely two ounces of Hugon's beef suet, or two and a half ounces of the ordinary beef suet, mix with it three ounces of flour, the same of breadcrumbs, two ounces of castor sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, two ounces of glacé cherries cut in two, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, two well-beaten eggs and one gill of milk. Pour into a well buttered mould and steam one and a-half hours. Serve with a sauce made of half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of corn-flour, one egg beaten, one tablespoonful of sugar and some lemon flavouring.

CUP FRUIT PUDDINGS.

Shred finely three ounces of Hugon's or four of ordinary beef suet, add this to six ounces of flour and two of breadcrumbs, a pinch of salt and half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix these ingredients well together, and mix to a stiff paste with cold water. Turn on to a floured board, roll out the paste, line with it four well-greased cups, reserving some for the tops. Fill with fruit, adding whatever sugar is required. Cover the tops, wetting the edges and pressing firmly together. Cover with greased paper and steam for one hour.

WINDSOR PUDDING.

Shred six ounces of Hugon's or eight ounces of ordinary suet and mix with eight ounces of bread crumbs, two ounces of flour, three ounces of finely-chopped candied peel, eight ounces of cleaned currants, four ounces of moist sugar, two grated raw potatoes and two grated raw carrots. Pour into a greased pudding bowl; cover. Steam this pudding for four hours.

SPOTTED DICK.

For this prepare a quarter pound of currants, raisins or sultanas. Shred finely six ounces of Hugon's, or eight ounces of ordinary beef suet, and mix it with one pound of flour, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix these ingredients to a paste with cold water. Knead up quickly on a floured board, and roll out to a quarter of an inch thick. Spread over with the fruit, sprinkling it with a little sugar; wet the edges with cold water and roll up. Boil in cloth wrung out of hot water and floured, for three hours.

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Prepared from Kola, Cocoa, Malt, and Hops. It gives strength and energy as a consequence of greater nourishment. Sold everywhere in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. Mention this paper and write for dainty sample tin offered as free test of merit by

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A very nice and economical

STEAMED PUDDING

may be made as follows:—Shred finely two and a-half ounces of Hugon's, or three ounces of ordinary beef suet, and mix with it six ounces of flour, two ounces of bread crumbs, two ounces of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, and enough milk to make a very moist dough of it. Pour into a well greased pudding mould, filling it three-quarters full, and steam for three hours. Serve with lemon or jam sauce.

BEEF STEAK PUDDING.

This is an excellent and nutritious dish, if properly made. Prepare the meat first of all: cut three-quarters of a pound of steak off the round into nice thin slices, rolling each slice into a mixture of flour, pepper and salt, roll each slice up, place a small piece of fat in each. Cut half a bullock's kidney in small pieces. Next prepare the paste. Shred finely three ounces of Hugon's, or four ounces of other suet, mixing it with six ounces of flour, two of bread crumbs, a pinch of salt, and half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Make a dough of this with cold water, turn it out on a well-floured board, roll it out, line a greased pudding-bowl with it, reserving a piece for the top. Place the prepared meat in this, half fill the basin with stock or water, cover with the reserved piece of paste, wetting the edges. Wring a pudding-cloth out of boiling water, flour it well, tie on the top of the pudding with the four corners fastened together on the top, and steam for two hours.

It is quite time now to think of our

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING,

the ingredients for which may be prepared some time beforehand.

First of all, prepare the fruit: stone half a pound of raisins; wash in boiling water half a pound of currants, dry them and pound them in a mortar (this will make them quite wholesome); clean by rubbing in flour, and pick a quarter of a pound of sultanas; shred a quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, core and chop up two baking apples. Shred six ounces of Hugon's or eight ounces of ordinary suet, grate the crumb of half pound

loaf. Mix all these ingredients together, adding one ounce of ground almonds, three ounces of flour, half teaspoonful of ground ginger, a little grated nutmeg, and six ounces of moist sugar. When ready to cook, beat well four eggs, removing the specks, with a tablespoonful of milk, and add to the mixture. Half a teaspoonful of baking powder is rather an improvement. Pour into a well-greased basin, and steam for eight hours.

MINCE MEAT.

For mincemeat prepare one pound of currants, half pound raisins, six ounces candied peel, shred six ounces of suet finely. Peel, core and chop up three large apples, grate the rind of one lemon. Mix all these ingredients together, adding to them four ounces moist sugar, two ounces ground almonds, the juice of one lemon, half teaspoonful of salt, a little ground ginger, cloves, nutmeg and allspice (a salt-spoonful of each). Put in jars and tie down securely. This should be made at least a fortnight before using. The patty pans may be lined with puff pastry, but flaky pastry does excellently. In a future paper I hope to describe the various ways of making good pastry.

DELICIOUS JELLIES.

Don't buy a jelly simply because it is cheap. Don't buy it because your children like sweet things. Don't buy it because your neighbour does. If you want a jelly because it is wholesome, nourishing and digestible, then buy Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies. You want a delicious and delicate flavour—is it not so? Very well, then, buy Chivers' Jellies because they are flavoured with ripe fruit juices, prepared from fresh fruit. Chivers' Jams and Jellies are made at Histon, a pleasant Cambridgeshire village. Mr. Stephen Chivers is a fruit farmer, and a pioneer in farm jam making. And the fruit has no time to spoil, or become stale; it is boiled the same day as picked whilst sweet and fresh, to make most delicious jams. Now as to cleanliness, in making Chivers' Jellies and Jams, the most conscientious care is used, everything is scrupulously washed, water is lavishly used, and all the rinsings are pumped into a field some distance away. Besides, all the apparatus used in the process of manufacture is silver-lined, thus ensuring absolute purity and cleanliness. This is why Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies are superior to all others.

Chivers' Jellies are sold by Grocers and Stores, in packets. Half-pints, 2½d.; Pints, 4½d.; Quarts, 8d. A free sample will be sent on receipt of postcard, mentioning this paper. Address, S. Chivers & Sons, Histon, Cambridge.

MRS. THINKARD: "Of late years the spread of intelligence among all classes has been simply wonderful." Old Bachelor: "Yes, I notice there has been a great falling off in the number of marriages."

THE GROSVENOR CRESCENT CLUB is now fully opened in the same mansion. Particulars may be obtained from the Club Secretary.

Current News FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—A lecture was delivered by Mrs. Sidgwick on Tuesday of last week, at a meeting held at the Women's Institute, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner. The subject of the lecture was "The Place of University Education in the Life of Women." Mrs. Wynford Philipps presided, and among those present were the Marchioness of Queensberry, Viscountess Harberton, Sir Samuel and Lady Montagu, Lady Grove, Sir W. Wedderburn, M.P., Mr. E. T. Cook, Miss Margaret Bateson, and the Rev. E. C. Hawkins. Mrs. Sidgwick asked what it was that women wanted in respect to University education, why they wanted it, and how far their needs were satisfied in this matter by the opportunities now open to them? It no longer seemed to be seriously doubted that University education for women was needed. Thirty years ago they would have been expected to consider whether women were intellectually capable of profiting by a University education. Examinations, and the subsequent work of examinees, had now convinced the world that they were. Then they would have been expected to prove that physically they were equal to the strain, or supposed strain, and that their health need not suffer at the time or afterwards. Now, statistics had for most of them placed beyond question the fact that the danger was not materially greater in the case of women than in that of men. Then they would have had to face the objection that University education unfitted women for the duties of wives and mothers. Now that the daughters of University women were entering the Universities this objection might, perhaps, be put aside. Had experience answered those fundamental questions differently, University education would have been impossible for women, or, at any rate, impossible for all except a few exceptionally constituted ones. It was now beyond question that women were to have opportunities of receiving University education. The question was similarly decided in our colonies and in India, in the United States of America, and most European countries, Germany and Russia being the most

backward. Experience seemed to show that women who wanted a University education did so as a rule for particular purposes, and those who had other objects in view did not want it. A woman who wished to be an artist or a nurse, or a woman of independent means who found sufficient scope for her abilities in home work, did not as a rule go to the Universities. There were many women who could not find an outlet for their activities in married life by reason of the fact that we had a large surplus female population. The high standard of living in the upper and middle classes, again, made it specially difficult for many of the men to marry. Nothing could be more dreary, nothing more harmful to a woman in body and mind, nothing more likely to lead to an unhappy marriage, than waiting for marriage as the only career in life. (Cheers.) From the point of view of society it was surely important that women and men, married and unmarried, should be doing useful work, and not be mere drones adding to the burdens to be borne and not doing their share to bear them. Girls should be brought up to feel that, married or unmarried, it was their duty to the world to make the best use of their talents, and to that end the greatest opportunity should be given them of enabling them to develop their real capabilities. She pleaded for that, for the sake of the happiness of women themselves, who were not only half of the human race, but the half upon whose well-being and efforts the future of the human race depended. It was a splendid thing to be a woman. (Laughter and cheers.) Why, then, did girls so often wish they were boys and women that they were men? It must be a sign that there was something wrong somewhere. (Cheers.) She believed that it was

EPSS'S COCOA

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON "FOODS AND THEIR VALUES," BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.—"If any motives—first, of due regard for health, and second, of getting full food-value for money expended—can be said to weigh with us in choosing our foods, then I say that Cocoa (Epps's being the most nutritious) should be made to replace tea and coffee without hesitation. Cocoa is a food; tea and coffee are not foods. This is the whole science of the matter in a nutshell, and he who runs may read the obvious moral of the story."

A FOOD OF THE HIGHEST ORDER OF EXCELLENCE

For **Young Children, Nursing Mothers, and Invalids.**



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Our Private Advertisement Column.

READ CAREFULLY.

TRADE AND INSTITUTIONS' announcements are not received for this column, which is for Private Readers use only.

TERMS:—Sixpence per insertion for the first twelve words, and one penny for each further four words; four insertions for the price of three if no change made in words. Figures count as one word, if in a group. Advertisements should reach us by Monday morning for the same week's issue. We reserve the right to refuse any advertisement without giving a reason.

In replying to an advertisement in this column, when the advertiser's own address is not given, but only an office number, write your letter to the advertiser and enclose it in an envelope; close this, and write (where the stamp should go), on the outside, the letter and number of the advertisement, and nothing more. Put the reply or replies thus sealed down in another envelope, together with a penny stamp for each letter you want sent on, loose in your envelope to us; address the outer envelope "WOMAN'S SIGNAL Office, 30 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, W.C.," stamp to the proper weight, and post. We will then take out and address and forward your replies to the advertiser, and further communications will be direct between you both. Postcards will not be forwarded.

Miscellaneous.

B, 106. HAND-PAINTED Christmas Cards from 3d. each. Selection sent for choice, or customer's own wishes followed.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Raphael Tuck's Choicest Xmas Cards, 25 for 1s.; 30, superior quality, for 2s. 6d., post free. Profits devoted to educating three orphans, children of a minister. Who will help the children? Hon. Secretary, Ministers' Help Association, 20, Oak Bank, Harpurhey, Manchester.

GENTS Socks and any articles in Hand-knitting or Crochet executed. CALDCLEUGH, Granby House, Durham.

WEIRD FEARS AT WIGAN.
A WOMAN AFRAID TO EAT!

At 12, Foy Street, Wigan, lives Mrs. Hedley with her husband. She is a lady very widely known and respected in the town, and a conversation with her (which we clip from the *Wigan Observer*) has a practical interest for many readers.



Mrs. Hedley (as many other ladies have done) became very ill after her baby was born, and suffered severely for some months. Medicine did not do her any good,

and before long, she was in such misery after every meal that she was afraid to eat. She was very ill and weak, and thought she would never get better. "Then," she said, "my husband got me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and they did me a lot of good. I had three boxes altogether, and they fully restored me to my proper condition. Now I am quite well; I eat better and feel better all ways."

Mrs. Hedley told the reporter that this was the second occasion on which she had used the pills. She had used them once before she was married. The doctor gave her almost everything, and her mother tried all sorts of things, and then her fiancé (now her husband) brought her a box of the pills, which did her good. He brought her three boxes in succession, and she got all right again. She said, "I never felt better in all my life, after having the pills, up to the time of my baby being born."

"You are quite convinced that these pills, and they alone, cured you?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," she said. "I am very thankful for the benefit I have got from them. I could not describe the benefit I felt from the first box during this last illness. It improved my appetite, cured my indigestion entirely, and made my limbs feel stronger, and I feel better in every way."

"You were run down?"

"Yes, and the pills pulled me up wonderfully."

It appeared that Mrs. Hedley's husband had first heard the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from people of all classes who had used them. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the medicine, at first regarded with suspicion (perhaps on account of its quaint alliterative title) has made its way with every rank of society, until now the pills are being used from the highest places in the land to the lowest. Mrs. Hedley's trouble, which they cured, was of a kind that almost every woman suffers from, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have repeatedly cured cases which nothing else appeared to benefit. But it is important to obtain the genuine pills; the substitutes offered by some retailers, who care more for their own profit than the health or even the safety of their customers, are both useless and dangerous. People who will offer such things are best avoided, and in case of any doubt the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company will supply genuine pills post free at 2s. 9d. for one box, 13s. 9d. for six boxes. But the pills can be obtained at respectable chemists, and their genuineness is assured if they bear the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Some of the disorders they have cured are paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, and sciatica, impoverishment of the blood, scrofula, rickets, anaemia, consumption, muscular weakness, loss of appetite, palpitations, shortness of breath,

pain in the back, nervous headache and neuralgia, early decay, all forms of female weakness, and hysteria. These Pills are a tonic, not a purgative.

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.]

WOMEN AS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

MADAM,—The articles in your columns will be read by many who are interested in the questions of elementary school teaching as a profession for ladies. The matter is now being brought prominently before the public, and as Principal of a College specially devoting itself to the training of ladies as schoolmistresses, I should like to say a few words on the subject.

It has been proved that there is nothing about Elementary School work, which need deter any young lady with a gift for teaching from devoting herself to it. But I would strongly impress upon any desirous of qualifying themselves, the necessity of beginning as early as possible. There is no royal road to this or any other professions, and it must be entered by one or other of the methods prescribed by the Education Department. Candidates ought to begin not later than at the age of sixteen or seventeen to study for the Queen's Scholarship Examination. This examination will present many new features for which a high school pupil is not prepared, and its difficulties must not be undervalued. In the great competition of Queen's Scholarships any girl not specially prepared, stands little chance of obtaining a high position.

Some practical training in the art of teaching, previous to entrance in the training college is also of the highest importance. It must be remembered that the student in a training college gets but a few weeks of actual training in the practising schools, although this is supplemented by instruction in the theory of teaching. At most high schools the work is over in the morning. If the afternoons were devoted to paying visits to elementary schools, at first simply watching the methods, and then taking part in the practical work of the school, a great deal of valuable experience would be gained.

It is very certain that the technical side of the teacher's training will not be allowed to deteriorate, and no one who does not intend to go through the complete process of training should enter upon the work.

One word as to the question of expense—a very serious matter for the daughters of many clergy and professional men. In preparing for the scholarship examination, attendance at a pupil teachers' centre, where all the necessary help can be obtained, can be accomplished at a reasonable rate. There are also many correspondence classes which prepare for this examination, and which will be found useful for those residing in the country.

At this college the committee have recently lowered the admission fees, and they also offer several scholarships.

I shall be glad to give further information or advice to any desirous of taking up the work of elementary teaching.—Faithfully yours,
EDWIN HAMMONDS, Principal.
Bishop Otter College, Chichester,
November 23rd, 1897.

SPEAK HONESTLY.—When you are examining yourself, never call yourself merely a sinner, that is very cheap abuse; and utterly useless. You may even get to like it, and be proud of it. But call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton or a jealous wretch, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise any of them. An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely a sickly egotism.—*Ruskin.*

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

CADBURY'S Cocoa is entirely free from all admixtures, such as Kola, Malt, Hops, Alkali, &c., and the Public should insist on having the Pure, Genuine article.

CADBURY'S Cocoa is "A Perfect Food."

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The "LANCET" says it "represents the Standard of Highest Purity."

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Contains Recipes for a PERFECT XMAS PUDDING & MINCEMEAT. SUITABLE XMAS PRESENT.

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FIRST LESSONS on the HEBREW PROPHETS, by Edward Grubb, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1/- net. HEADLEY BROTHERS, 14, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C.

"OVARIOTOMY AVERTED," post free 2d., by MARY J. HALL-WILLIAMS, M.D. (BOSTON), is to show women how they may get rid of their sufferings without undergoing this dangerous operation. 5 ROBERT STREET, GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W. Where also apply for Consultation Appointments.

A BOOK FOR LADIES.

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

KAREZZA Ethics of Marriage.

A bold, brave book, teaching ideal marriage, rights of the unborn child, a designed and controlled maternity. UNION SIGNAL: Thousands of women have blessed Dr. SPOCKHAM for TOKOLOLOX, thousands of men and women will bless her for KAREZZA. Price 4/6 net., post free.

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Mrs. HEBDITCH, New Cross Farm, South Petherton, Somerset.



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