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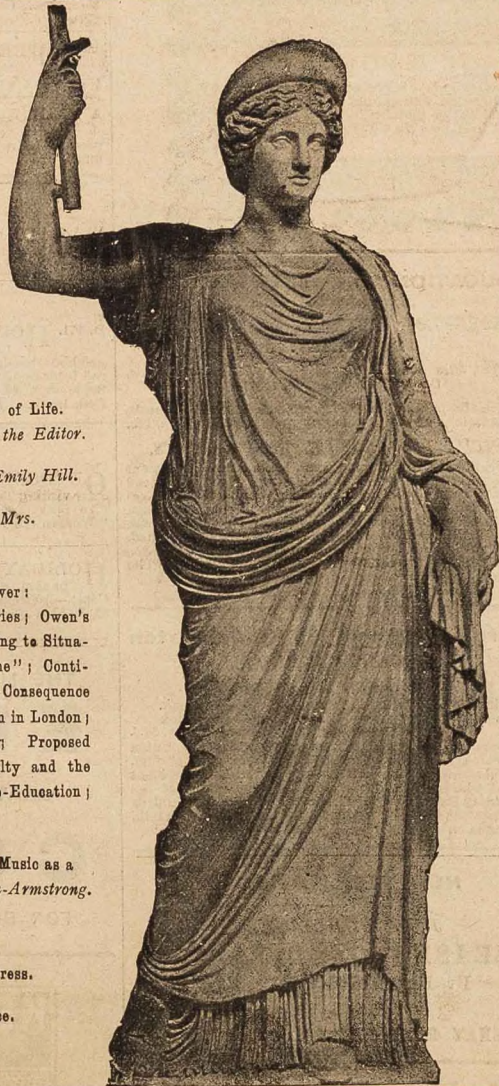
THE **WOMAN'S** **SIGNAL**  
A Weekly Record and Review devoted to the interests of Women in the Home and in the Wider World.  
Edited by **MRS. FENWICK MILLER.**

No. 186, VOL. VIII. REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

JULY 22ND, 1897.

Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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In replying to an advertisement in this column, when the advertiser's own address is not given, but only an office number, write your letter to the advertiser 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 address and forward your replies to the advertiser, and further communications will be direct between you both. Postcards will not be forwarded.

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  - A. 256. **FRENCH SHOES**, narrow four's, never worn; value 25s., price 10s. Approval if postage paid both ways.
  - A. 258. **FOR SALE**—Black Surah Silk Dress; very little worn; prettily made. Suit short person. Skirt length, without waistband, 35 inches. £1 or offers.

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# THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

## A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

Vol. VIII., No. 186.] JULY 22, 1897. One Penny Weekly.

**A Book of the Hour.**

**THE WAYS OF LIFE.\***

It is to be supposed that anyone who has any pretensions to being well read is acquainted with some one or another of Mrs. Oliphant's works. Perhaps no one of her novels has ever made a very great "hit," but on the other hand there has never been one that has not been interesting, touched with a certain literary distinction, full of sweetness of thought and tenderness of feeling, and, though often not at all exciting, yet always gifted with enough interest to enable the reader to follow on without a moment of boredom or failure of attention. Those of us, again, who can read something else than novels have found many of her other books of even greater interest than her stories. There was in Mrs. Oliphant that curious touch of supernaturalism which is a usual inheritance of Scotch blood, hence her biographies of her kinsman Lawrence Oliphant, and of that remarkable preacher of the early part of the century who believed and induced his disciples to believe that they revived the gift of tongues, Edward Irving, were written with a sympathy and a comprehension that few writers could have shown. Then there are her numerous historical books, and various well-written essays upon subjects of the moment. All her work taken together shows that Mrs. Oliphant has been not only one of the most prolific, but also one of the most distinguished, steadiest, and clearest literary lights of that Victorian age which is now passing into the background and will soon become historic.

When I began to read her new book, published a few weeks ago, the thought that the moving preface, entitled "On the Ebb Tide," aroused in my mind was that it would be a pleasure to me to give Mrs. Oliphant what assurance one pen can give that she had under-rated her own achievements, and was unduly depreciating her own present position; but as I read she lay ill, and before it was possible to offer her that tribute which it would have been a pleasure to lay at her feet, she had found that solution of her sorrows which she herself declares to be the ideal one.

Her preface is a sort of personal confidence with the reader. One feels that she who writes is speaking from her own heart, and frankly revealing the bitterness of the aspect of life to her at the moment that she wrote. The keynote of it may be given in two quotations. Her two stories, she says,

"Were produced under the influence of that strange discovery which a man makes when he finds himself carried away by the retiring waters, no longer coming in upon the top of the wave, but going out. This does not necessarily mean the decline of life, the approach of age, or any natural crisis, but something more poignant—the wonderful and overwhelming revelation which one time or other comes to most people, that their career, whatever it may have been, has come to a stop; that such successes as they may have achieved are over, and that henceforward they must accustom

themselves to the thought of going out with the tide. It is a very startling discovery to one who has perhaps been going with a tolerably full sail, without any consciousness of weakened energies or failing power; and it usually is as sudden as it is strange, a thing unforeseen by the sufferer himself, though probably other people have already found it out, and traced the steps of its approach.

"The moment when we first perceive that our individual tide has turned is one which few persons will find it possible to forget. We look on with a piteous surprise to see our little triumphs, our not-little hopes, the future we had still believed in, the past in which we thought our name and fame would still be to the good, whatever happened, all floating out to sea, to be lost there, out of sight of men. In the morning all might seem as sure to go on for ever—that is, for our time, which means the same thing—as the sky over us, or the earth beneath our feet; but before evening there was a different story, and the tide was in full retreat, carrying with it both convictions of the past and hope in the future, not only our little laurels, all tossed and withered, and our little projects, but also the very heart of exertion, our confidence in ourselves and Providence.

"Life appears under a very different aspect to the man who has felt the turn of the tide. Probably the discovery has been quite sudden, startling, and, so far as he knows, private to himself. His friends all the time may go on hailing him as poet, creator—all manner of fine things. If he discloses his discovery to them, he is met by reproaches for his dejection, his distrust and gloomy views; the compliments which he knows so well and believes so little are heaped again upon him; he is out of health, out of spirits, overworked, they say, in want of rest; a few weeks leisure and repose, and he will be himself again, as if it were a mood or a freak of temper, and not a fact staring him in the face. But usually he is too much stunned to speak. He is not dying or like to die, though his career has come or is coming to an end. It would be far more appropriate, far more dramatic if he were; but death is illogical, and will seldom come at the moment when it is wanted, when it would most appropriately solve the problem of what is to be done after? . . . But so far from that, the man has to go on, as if nothing had happened, 'in a cheerful despair,' as I have read in a note-book—as if to-day were as yesterday, or perhaps more abundant.

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness, But after comes in the end despondency and madness"

says Wordsworth. "We have wrought no deliverance in the earth," says with profounder meaning a much older poet. . . . No hope of being carried to any island valley of Avillion by stately queens in that boat which is going out with the tide! . . . And no rebellion against fate will do him the slightest service. He has to hold his footing somehow—but how?"

If Mrs. Oliphant intended these pathetic words to apply to her own case, as indeed she almost distinctly said she did, then she did not do justice to her own position. That in some cases the situation which she depicts comes about without regard to age—happens to one in the middle of life, who ripened too early—is quite true, and then it is deeply pathetic—but that it should arrive with the progress of years is sad indeed, but only so in the same way that all of old age is sad in its gradual loss of power and capacity. It is a deplorable prospect seen from the serene heights of middle age; but as it is a law of nature; as we have all to expect that

if we live our eyesight will grow dim and our muscles feeble, our step less alert, our intellect though still solid perhaps, yet more easily fatigued and less quick and ready: as this is the penalty of that living to be old which nevertheless most persons desire to experience, that when this period comes one's work too must be added to something which is past—as all this is the natural and inevitable law of humanity, it ought to be realised in good time, and held before one, so as to be received and accepted, like the falling out of one's teeth, or the dropping off of one's hair as a necessary accompaniment to length of days. Doubtless, as one grows older, the moment at which this decay or arrest of the career and the powers ought to be accepted as natural and necessary becomes farther away in one's desires and opinions. Professor Huxley, for instance, when he was about 40, gave it as his opinion that a man at 60 should be suppressed, not, perhaps, forbidden to live, but prohibited from uttering any opinions or attempting to make any discoveries; but when he was within a year or two of 60 himself, he humourously recanted this observation, and said that he thought the period of compulsory retirement should be at least ten years later. In this, as in most other matters, no doubt individuals differ, and no hard and fast rule can be laid down; but, certainly, anyone who has reached a fairly advanced age should be able to receive with tolerable equanimity the intimations, to which Mrs. Oliphant refers, that "the ebb-tide" has arrived. It is a different matter when the ebb is felt in middle life. In old age it is time it should come.

She does not do justice to the situation in saying that under those circumstances the worker's past achievement is no longer valued. It is valued, but as a historic, not a living fact. She, herself, had taken her place 30 years ago in the literature of the reign, and even though she had lived to be 90, and though she had produced books very much farther below her highest mark than any that she actually has produced, still the place that she had gained and had once held would have been marked indelibly in the history of English literature; and, perhaps, after a little longer while, had she lived, she would have reconciled herself to this "ebb-tide" feeling as an inevitable consequence of seniority, which has earned honoured repose, crowned by the memories of past successful labour.

Her first work appeared in 1849, when she was but 21; her best period, however, was probably between 1862 and 1886. In that period she produced most of the works by which her position was established: "The Chronicles of Carlingford," 1862-66; "Madonna Mary," 1867; "Squire Arden," 1871; "At His Gates," 1872; "A Rose in June," 1876; "Young Musgrave," 1877; "Within the Precincts," 1879; "The Ladies Lindores," 1883; "The Wizard's Son," 1883; "Hester," 1884; "Sir Tom," 1884; "Madam," 1885. Several of these novels stand in a very high place indeed in the literature of an era in which the excellence of the novel has been a feature. "Sir Tom" in particular appears to the present writer to be one of the very best of

\* "The Ways of Life." By Mrs. Oliphant. Smith, Elder & Co. London. 6s.

English novels, having all the best characteristics, the candour, and the literary distinction of the finest French writers, together with the reserve and the better moral qualities of the English.

Mrs. Oliphant's private life had been very quiet and retired, so much so that but few people in ordinary literary society had ever seen her at all, and though she wrote many biographical works herself, she gave no sanction or encouragement to biographical notes being written about her in her turn. Thus "Men and Women of the Time" states that she was born at Musselburgh in Midlothian, but has nothing more to say except a list of her books. The little volume called "Women of the Day" states that she was born at Liverpool. Her family consisted of three children, one of whom died young, while her two grown-up sons also unhappily pre-deceased her. One of them had begun to give her some assistance in her literary work before his death, but they had for many years been somewhat "expensive pleasures," like the family of "Mr. Sandford" in the first of the two stories which make up the new book. Mrs. Oliphant was one of the Queen's favourite writers. Her Majesty more than once honoured the novelist by calling upon her when at Windsor, and taking tea, and on the death of her last son in 1890 the Queen sent her an autograph letter of condolence. Mrs. Oliphant has enjoyed for many years a literary pension of £100 a year from the Civil List.

To return to "The Ways of Life." The volume contains two stories besides the preface from which quotations have been made above. The tales are distinguished by the names of the men to whom in each case the consciousness of the ebb-tide comes. The first, "Mr. Sandford," is thus described:—

"He was a man approaching sixty, but in perfect health, and with no painful physical reminders that he had already accomplished the greater part of life's journey. He was a successful man, who had attained at a comparatively early age the heights of his profession, and gained a name for himself. No painter in England was better or more favourably known. He had never been emphatically the fashion, or made one of those great 'hits' which are far from being invariably any test of genius: but his pictures had always been looked for with pleasure, and attracted a large and very even share of popular approbation. From year to year, for what was really a very long time, though in his good health and cheerful occupation, the progress of time had never forced itself upon him unduly, he had gone on doing very well, getting both praise and pudding—good prices, constant commissions, and a great deal of agreeable applause. A course of gentle uninterrupted success of this description has a curiously tranquillising effect upon the mind. It did not seem to Mr. Sandford, or his wife, or any of his belongings, that it could ever fail. His income was more like an official income, coming in at slightly irregular intervals, and with variations of amount, but wonderfully equal at the year's end, than the precarious revenues of an artist. And this fact lulled him into security in respect to his pecuniary means. He had a very pleasant, ample, agreeable life—a pretty and comfortable house, full of desirable things; a pleasant, gay, not very profitable, but pleasant family; and the agreeable atmosphere of applause and public interest which gave a touch of perfection to all the other good things. He had the consciousness of being pointed out in every assembly as somebody worth looking at: 'That's Sandford, you know, the painter.' He did not dislike it himself, and Mrs. Sandford liked it very much. Altogether it would have been difficult to find a more pleasant and delightful career."

There were four children, two sons and two daughters, animated, pleasant, and fond of

society, full of faculty, both boys and girls, but all taking a good deal out of the family stores without bringing anything in. One of the sons was a barrister, but got so few briefs that when he obtained one with two guineas it was quite a family joke. The other son was waiting for "something to turn up," most likely a Government appointment. Mr. Sandford had been accustomed year after year to paint historical pictures; to dress up the artists' models as Shakespearian characters, or kings, and put them in as dramatic positions as possible, and copy them. These pictures had steadily sold, and there had usually been a commission waiting before the previous one was finished; but now suddenly he found that there was no commission waiting for him, and his last Academy picture was to be brought home again unsold.

"He sat down again in the chair, and said once more to himself, 'What then?' and thought over the times in which this accident had happened before. But there now suddenly occurred to him another thought which was like the chill of an icy hand touching his heart. The same thing had happened before—but he had never been sixty before. He felt himself struck by this as if someone had given him a blow. It was quite true; he had called himself laughingly an old fogey, and when he and his old friends were together they talked a great deal about their age and about the young fellows pushing them from their seats. How much the old fellows mean when they say this, heaven knows. So long as they are strong and well, they mean very little. It is an amusing kind of adoption of the folly of the young which seems to show what folly it is—a sort of brag in its way of their own superiority to all such decrepitudes, and easy power of laughing at what does not really touch them. But alone in their own private retirements, when a thought like this suddenly comes, a sharp and sudden realisation of age and what it means, no doubt the effect is different. For the moment Mr. Sandford was appalled by the discovery he had made, which had never entered his mind before. Ah! a pause in one's means of making one's living, a sudden stop in the wheels of one's life, is a little alarming, a little exciting, perhaps a discouragement, perhaps a sharp and keen stimulant at other times; at forty, even at fifty, it may be the latter; but at sixty—this gives at once a new character to the experience—a character never apprehended before.

"It is never cheerful to have to allow that your day is past. But there are circumstances which make it less difficult. Sometimes a man accepts gracefully enough that message of dismissal. Then he will retire with a certain dignity, enjoying the ease which he has purchased with his hard work, and looking on henceforward at the struggle of the others, not sorry, perhaps, or at least saying to the world that he is not sorry, to be out of that conflict. Mr. Sandford said to himself that in other circumstances he might have been capable of this; might have laid aside his pencil, occupied himself with guiding the younger, helping the less strong, standing umpire, perhaps, in the strife, giving place to those who represented the future, and whose day was but beginning. Such a retirement must always seem a fit and seemly thing; but not now, not in what he felt was but the fulness of his career; not, above all—and this gave the sting to all—not while he was still depending upon his profession for his daily bread. His daily bread, and what was worse than that, the daily bread of those he loved."

It is perhaps unromantic, but it is nevertheless the only reasonable observation to make upon this position, that Mr. Sandford ought to have been ready for it. If we did but know how long we were to live, how much easier it would be to make our arrangements! But as it is, with the uncertainty of life, the only sensible course of proceeding is to assume that we have got to live to be old, and that our powers of earning daily bread will come to an end before

our necessity of eating it, and therefore to use every endeavour to provide beforehand for that state of things. It is the old story of "the ant and the grasshopper," charged with all the feeling and all the elegance of Mrs. Oliphant's art, but nevertheless, when brought down to actuality, nothing more nor less than that very old question: How far does one who in the bright days of summer consumed all that was produced deserve sympathy when the winter days with their cold and want arrive and find him unprovided?

Yet though sympathy is certainly undeserved on a severely impartial view of the case, Mrs. Oliphant compels us to give it. There is something poignant in the picture of the desolate man, he alone knowing the true horror of his case (for he has found that the picture dealer has his last three canvasses "on hand" still), amidst his gay family at the seaside, or looking round the pretty home, that he cannot see how to maintain many months longer. His wife meets him when he joins them at the seaside place, and asks for his latest news from home where he has stopped at work.

"No, the servants were very good," he said; "they disturbed nothing, though they were longing to get at it."

"They always are; they take a positive pleasure in making the house look as desolate as possible, as if nobody was ever going to live in it any more."

"Nobody going to live in it more!" he repeated the words with a faint smile. "No, on the contrary, it looked the most liveable place I ever saw. I never felt its home-look so much."

"It is a nice little place," she said, with a little pressure of his arm. "Whatever may happen to the children in after life, we can always feel that they have had a happy youth and a bright home."

"What should happen to them?" he said, alarmed with a sudden fear that she must know.

"Oh, nothing, I hope, but what is good; but the first change in the family always makes one think. I hope you won't mind, Edward, Lance Moulton is here."

"Oh, he is here!"

"If it is really to be so, Edward, don't you think it is better they should see as much of each other as possible?" his wife said, with another tender pressure of his arm. "And somehow, when there is a thing of that kind in the air, every thing seems quickened; I am sure I can't tell how it is. It gives a 'go' to all they are doing. There are no end of plans and schemes among them. Of course Lance has a friend or two about, and the Dropmores are here, who are such friends of our girls."

"And all is fun and nonsense, I suppose?"

"Well, if you call it so—all pleasure, and kindness, and real delightful holiday. Oh, Edward," said Mrs. Sandford, with the ghost of a tear in her eye, "don't let us check it! It is the brightest time of their lives."

The sunset was blazing in glory upon the sea, the belts of cloud all reddening and glowing, soft puffs of vapour like roses floating across the blue of the sky. And the air full of young voices softened and musical, children playing, lovers wandering about, happy mothers watching the sport, all tender gaiety, and security, and peace. Everything joyful—save one thing. "No; God forbid that I should check it," he said hastily, with a sigh that might have been a groan.

"What are we going to do?" they all cried, one after another, even Lizzie and Lance, coming in a little dazzled from the balcony, where they had been enjoying the last fading lights of the ending day, while the others had clamoured for lamps and candles inside, "What are we going to do?"

Mrs. Sandford sat beaming upon them, hearing all the suggestions, offering a new idea now and then. "I must know to-night, that the hampers may be got ready," she said; and then there was an echoing laugh all round, "Mother's always so practical."

## THE NEW WOMAN IN TURKEY.

By EMILY HILL.

THE appearance of the New Woman in the empire of the Osmanlis is a phenomenon to arrest attention even in these days of startlingly rapid social changes. It seems, indeed, little less than marvellous that in a country in which at the time of the Crimean War the most highly placed ladies could scarcely read and write, there should now be girls' schools in every quarter of the capital, and also technical schools, art schools, cookery schools, a woman's college, and, as a crowning point, a woman's newspaper, with Turkish women on the staff. It shows what must be the innate motive power of the Woman's Movement that these things can be possible under a Sultan who has such strict notions on feminine subjection that he is constantly legislating on thicker yashmaks or veils, and more enveloping ferejehs or mantles.

It requires, however, to have had some acquaintance with Turkish women and Turkish ways three or four decades ago to realise the full significance of the change. Dr. Vambéry is one of the few Westerners possessed of this qualification for forming a sound opinion. Forty years ago he was one of the few unbelievers admitted into the intimacies of Moslem society. He assumed a Turkish name, and for two years dwelt in a Turkish family—if we can apply the term "family" to a household where the wife and mother lives in such rigorous seclusion that she scarcely exchanges two words in as many years with her husband's and children's familiar friend, and this only through the Dolab (the grating which forms the means of communication between the harem and the selamlık). Turkish men could and did make friends among the Christians, whose dress and customs they came to adopt, but into the sanctum of the women's apartment not so much as a zephyr from Western breezes might enter. Save as places from which some article of luxury or adornment arrived, Paris and London were unheard of names. So carefully was everything non-Mussulman eschewed that, as the story goes, the mother of a Turkish youth who had been sent to Paris to study, wept bitterly and was inconsolable for days because her son had sent her his photograph. He must, she declared, have become a Gjaur!

In the fifties it was uncommon for a Turkish lady to be able to write a letter or read a book, and the daughters of highly placed officials passed as well educated if they could say their prayers, learn the Birgevi or catechism by heart, and read a few ballads. A woman who showed any interest in history or science, or literature ran the risk of being denounced as a witch. It was not until the end of this decade that the first attempt was made to establish a girls' school in Stamboul, and this was the kind of remark Dr. Vambéry used to hear when the proposal was mooted:—"What, send my daughter to a public school! It is sheer demoralisation."

Some few wealthy and comparatively enlightened personages allowed their womankind to learn French and to receive the ladies of the diplomatic circle. Others went so far as to permit them to be taught the piano and to have a European resident governess. But to do even this much was to subject the unfortunate ladies to ridicule and slander. There were just a few, but very few, women who acquired some skill as rhymsters, such as Fintal Chanim and Leila Chanim, who attained a slight reputation, but literary women in the Western sense of the

term there were none. Indeed, a harem in Stamboul was as exclusive in character as one in Teheran or Ispahan.

After a lapse of 40 years Dr. Vambéry revisited Turkey, and in an interesting German article in *Cosmopolis* on the progressive movement among Turkish women, he expatiates on his great amazement at the transformation that has taken place. What most struck him was the freedom with which Turkish women now walk in the streets, their independent bearing and modernised dress. The ferejeh or mantle is a less shapeless, cumbersome garment than of yore; the veil no longer completely covers the face, but leaves the upper part free, and European footgear has taken the place of the heavy, awkward yellow boots and slippers. In 40 years the horror of anything foreign has so far been overcome that Christian wives, instead of being *anathama maranatha*, are cordially received in Turkish society. And Government has ceased to look askance at such unions, for they have been contracted by some of the highest officers in the State. The founder and director of the Museum of Antiquities is married to a French lady, but she never crosses the road to go to her hill garden without her yashmak or veil. This may possibly be in deference to the wishes of Abdull Hamid, as he is punctilious on these points. The wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs is also a Christian, and the wife of the late envoy from the Sultan to the Emperor of Germany was a Viennese Catholic. Indeed, so many civil and military officials have made mixed marriages that there is a good deal of intercourse between the ladies of both faiths. Then there is the ever increasing number of non-Mussulman governesses, teachers of music, ladies' maids, and attendants who are constantly carrying whiffs of Western life into the harem.

But perhaps the most striking outward and visible sign of the Woman Movement in Turkey is the establishment of girls' schools in the capital and all the chief towns. Instead of it being a rarity to meet a Turkish lady who can write a letter or read a book, the visitor to Constantinople may see troops of young girls heing along the streets to school, with piles of books in their hands. Nor is the college question neglected. The higher education of women is represented by an institution called "Dar al Maalumat" (home of learning), in which teachers are trained, and European languages and modern science are taught.

If history is to be believed Turkish women knew how to quit themselves in the past. During the conquest of Spain some of them became their their own defenders; indeed, it is claimed for Turkish women, by one of them, that the state of subjection into which they have been degraded was copied from Persia; that some hundreds of years ago the Turks acquired the social ideas of the Shah when they seized his lands. Yet during the dominion of Persia by the Turks there flourished the learned Turkish lady, Safia Zahida. She founded a sort of monastic college called a Tekkies, and had many pupils of both sexes. She was termed a Sheika, the feminine form of sheik or elder. Another such lady of light and leading was Schehda, the daughter of a wealthy and benevolent vezir who was a great builder, but whose works have not survived so long as the fame of his daughter's learning.

For the last two years there has been a woman's newspaper in Constantinople, the *Chanimlara naxsus Gazeta*, and it is edited—not by a strong-minded lady from the West—

Mr. Sandford sat a little outside of that lively circle with a book in his hand. But he was not reading, he was watching them with a strange fascination, not willing to check them; oh, no! feeling a helpless sort of wonder that they should play such pranks on the edge of the precipice, and that none of them should divine—that even his wife should not divine! The animated group, full in the light of the lamps—girls and young men in the frank familiarity of the family interrupting each other, contradicting each other, discussing and arguing—was as charming a study as a painter could have desired. The mother in the midst with her pencil in her hand and a sheet of white paper on the table before her, which threw back the light; and behind, the lovers stealing in out of the soft twilight shadows, the faint glimmer of distant sea and sky. He watched it with a strange dull ache under the pleasure of the father and the painter; the light touching those graceful outlines, shining in those young eyes, the glimmer of shining hair, the play of animated features, the soft, dreamlike, suggestive shadows of the two behind. And yet the precipice yawning, gaping at their feet, though nobody knew."

Mrs. Oliphant owns that she has not the courage to follow Mr. Sandford through the next ten years of a downward career. She kills him off by an accident in order to rehabilitate his family's fortunes by means of his life insurances. But if she had followed him, though there would doubtless have been a period of deep distress, she might with perfect truth have shown a later time of acceptance of the inevitable, and an after-glow or Indian summer of life, awaiting the husband and wife, when they have thrown their family on its own resources, as they have every right to do, and have accommodated their own way of existence to the changed conditions that time has brought.

The second story tells the same tale with a difference. In the latter case it is a successful business man who has involved himself deeply in unprofitable speculations, and who chooses as an alternative to suicide to bury himself from his family and from all his old associations in a secret hiding place. The central motive of the story is not so strong or so sympathetic as that of Mr. Sandford, but some of the accessory characters are extremely interesting and very lifelike.

If this book were the work of a new writer it ought to be read, still more must it receive notice as the last work to be published in the lifetime of one of the most distinguished literary women of Victoria's day.

I THINK women capable of a great deal more (work) than they have been accustomed to in times past. If overwork sometimes leads to disease, it is morally more wholesome to work into it than to lounge into it.

Sir Spencer Wells, M.D.

BEAUTY.—As I have grown older, I have seen more and more the importance of dwelling on things honest, lovely, hopeful, bright, rather than on the darker and fouler passions, and weaknesses of human nature.—H. Martineau.

WISDOM.—"To one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom." Spirit of Christ, help me to speak to my brother the word of wise counsel. It will never be wise until it is tender, and it will never be tender until it is prompted by Thee. Enable me before I speak, to clothe myself in his circumstances. Grant me power to place myself in his surroundings, in his difficulties, in his struggles. Let me begin by bearing his burden, before I ask him to bear my counsel. Then shall my counsel be tender, because it shall be timely. The word of my counsel shall be wise, when, perfect love, it is dictated by Thee.—G. Matheson.

but by a Moslem man, who has actually succeeded in getting Turkish ladies on his staff. The most distinguished of these is Fatima Alija, the daughter of the late Turkish historian, Dschewdet Pasha. The extent of her reading is remarkable, and so, too, is her beautiful and forcible literary style, which is no small matter in the complex Turkish tongue—three languages, as it were, rolled into one. And to have a reputation for learning in Turkey implies not only being familiar with the chief languages and the latest advances in Western thought, but to be a student of Islam theology, and an expert in Arabic, Persian and Turkish literature.

Although Fatima Alija takes the first place among her literary countrywomen of to-day, she has colleagues like Nigiar Khanim, the author of some lyric poems, and Hamijeti Zehra, who is also a contributor to the women's newspaper, and is said to write in a style remarkable for ease and fluency. Her exhortations to her sisters are somewhat Conservative in tendency. In all that pertains to religion she would have them keep in the old lines, and in the matter of dress she maintains that European modes are not adapted to Eastern needs. "How," she asks, "can a woman prostrate herself in prayer if she is encased in a close-fitting bodice?"

A third lady, Fatima-Fachr-en-Nisa, writes in one number of the paper on novel reading and theatre going, which latter practice she regards as having contributed largely to the deterioration of Western morals. Other Turkish women are writing on the education of their sex and other subjects, both in their own newspaper and in the general press, indeed, they are said to be competing as journalists with men. Among these writers Fatima Alija is the most far-sighted and progressive. She might be called the literary apostle *par excellence* of the Woman Movement in Turkey, and her writings evince independence and intellectual grasp. She predicts that in this cosmopolitan age the civilisations of the Orient and the Occident must join hands, and that the women of both worlds should learn something of each others' opinions and customs if they would avoid absurd mistakes. But she draws a wise distinction between knowing the West and simply imitating its habits. Very gallant is her defence of her countrywomen against the charge of being mere slaves or playthings. In sketching the biographies of some famous women of the past, her only difficulty has been an embarrassment of riches. "For it is not, as in Europe, a Lady Montague, a Madame de Sévigné, a Madame de Staël here and there, but thousands of distinguished Moslem women. Sujuti narrates how more than a hundred lady students attended his lectures alone." In this strain, not exactly of compliment to the West, Fatima Alija continues: "Further researches into the past have increased my wonder and admiration, and I say to myself: 'How, in heaven's name is it possible that Europeans, who at the best can boast of a few second-rate women, should accuse Mohammedans—among whom there have been so many distinguished women—of incapacity to learn.'" American and English women are, however, excepted from the charge of "general ignorance," for an American lady who had read Ibn Batutas's colossal work in a French translation discussed it with Fatima. This Ibn Batutas is a very valuable ally out of the distant past, for he tells how he had attended the lectures of a certain learned man who had himself sat at the feet of a learned sheika, and that this lady, who lived to be 92, had won great renown in the schools

of Egypt, and had had some of the most celebrated men of the time among her hearers.

Do not these glimpses into an early period of intellectual brilliancy among the women of Islam suggest an analogy between them and the learned ladies of Mediaeval Italy? May not what has been yet be again? The women of both countries have for centuries been sunk in ignorance and subjection, and their men have fallen low in the scale of nations; but may not the new uprising of the spindle side bring regeneration to the spear side of the nation?

### CAN WOMEN BE SAILORS?

By MRS. FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

WELL, what next will the New Woman think of, I wonder? So a hundred thousand old-fashioned people must have been saying as they read the paragraph that went the rounds of the British press a short time ago, to the effect that a girl had applied to the Melbourne Marine Board for permission to sit for her certificate as a second mate of a steamship. The enterprising young lady, whose name is Robina Barton, stated that she had been to sea as a stewardess for three years and three-quarters. It was found that this was not a sufficient period of service to qualify her to sit, apart from her sex, and apart also from the question of whether service as a stewardess was a qualification in accordance with the laws and regulations. On the score of length of service alone, therefore, leave to sit was refused.

But this does not settle the question. If this New Woman wants to be a sailor, the fact that she has not in this case been full four years at sea being put in her way will only increase her determination. If the members of the Marine Board of Melbourne had "put their feet down," and had declared that women could not and never should follow the sea, it would probably have been still ineffectual. Nobody would be able to be more emphatic in that way than the lights and leaders of the medical profession were thirty or so years ago, when Miss Garrett expressed her wish to be a doctor. But only a little (comparatively speaking) patience and perseverance were required to overcome all the obstacles in that case; and if that can be done, anything whatever that the New Woman sets her mind on seriously may as well be considered as already done. Miss Barton will be heard of again, not a doubt of it, and will be followed by a score of others in a year or so.

The fact is that the one and only consideration that has any force in the present advancing age is—are a woman's powers equal to the task that she aspires to undertake? And so many and so various are the matters that the women of to-day have proved themselves able to achieve, which only a few years ago were considered quite beyond their powers and out of the range of their capacity, that the only way in which it can be now satisfactorily shown that a woman cannot do any given thing is to let her try. Why, those of us who yet wear the rosy bloom of youth upon our unwrinkled cheeks can excellently well remember when mathematics were held to be absolutely beyond a woman's comprehension. Mathematicians of the higher sort were averred to possess brains of so superior a quality and structure even to those of average men that to suppose that any feeble feminine cerebrum could aspire to equal them was too preposterous. Now, on the contrary, it is so common to see women's names amongst the Wranglers and the Senior Optimes of Cambridge itself, that the appearance there of a young woman hardly arouses any comment.

So, too, we were told that women could never have "the nerve" to perform "capital" surgical operations (that word meaning, my dear Hierophant, not well-done, but operations involving lots of gore and pressing danger to life!) yet now there has existed for years a hospital in which all the great operations of a special class are performed by women surgeons, by themselves, with the greatest success and a death-rate of a favourable kind. It is he same all round.

Lady Dufferin drily observed in opening a bazaar the other day, in favour of her Indian Medical Charity, that twenty years ago, when she performed similar functions, she was never allowed to say more than that she declared the bazaar open, and a gentleman was put up to make a speech in her name; but now she found herself expected to speak for herself, which she proceeded to do to excellent purpose and in first-rate style. . . . Thus we move, then; and Miss Robina Barton, pioneering into the seaman's life, is fore-assured of ultimate success.

My point, however, is that really she is not the extraordinary phenomenon that the press, English and Australian alike, supposes; that, in fact, some women have already actually followed the sea on a small scale as a business; that many others have proved able to command a ship in an emergency; and that at least one has actually taught the science of seamanship to a large number of navigators.

In the last century there was a famous female pirate captain. Her husband, dying before, as she thought, unjustly condemned to death, she fitted out a vessel and sailed the high seas, doing as much mischief as she could, to the ships of her own nation especially. She was a success, inasmuch as she made heaps of spoil and was never captured. But the days of the pirate are over—the triumph of steam has dismissed into history the evil derring of the Black Flag.

But in seafaring, as a legitimate calling, women have proved themselves able to take an effective part.

There is quite a cluster of instances of the wives of captains, going to sea with their husbands and learning the navigation of the vessel out of pure interest in their husbands' pursuits, who have proved able in an emergency to take command and bring the vessel to port. The most recent one was recorded in March last, when the English barque *Minnesota* was towed into an American harbour by another vessel, which had fallen in with her when she had been drifting for weeks, scurvy and accident having deprived her of men enough to work the ship effectually. "When sighted, the only 'able seaman' left was the captain's wife, who had taken long turns at the wheel and also prepared food for the sick, besides navigating the vessel. The seamen unanimously stated that they owed her their preservation."

Another well-known such case was that of Mrs. Patten, in 1880; her husband, the captain, died at sea, and the mate was prostrate and delirious with rheumatic fever. Mrs. Patten took charge of the vessel, and alone navigated her round Cape Horn and into San Francisco.

New York River Board had before them in 1886 an application similar to that over which the Melbourne Board has been exercised. A married woman applied for a certificate as a river captain on the Hudson, her husband being the engineer of the boat that she proposed to command. She passed her examinations and received her certificate, and has for some years since pursued her avocation with success.

One authentic instance at least there is of a woman, or rather of two women, sisters, commanding a sea-going vessel. Only in 1890 there died at her residence in Quay-street, Saltcoats, Scotland, Hannah Miller, late captain of the brig *Clito*. She had succeeded in that capacity her sister Betsy, who commanded the ship for thirty years.

The story of these Misses Miller (no relations of mine—though I should be proud to own them) was as follows:—Their father was a Saltcoats merchant, who died bankrupt, leaving the *Clito* as the chief of his assets. There was a family of small girls, and nothing to bring them up on. The eldest daughter, Betsy, knowing all about the ship in which she had been accustomed to sail with her father, pluckily resolved to become her mother's "sailing master." She went in the brig and soon felt herself competent to take sole command. She traded between Ardrossan and the Irish ports, and succeeded so well, both as a captain and a merchant, that she paid off £700 of debt that her father had left, and also provided the means to bring up and educate her sisters. She took her young sister Hannah to sea with her, just as a man captain so often takes his young brother or his son; and when

Betsy died, in 1864, Hannah was competent to take the master's place on board. She navigated and managed the vessel till the passing of "Plimsoll's Act," and then, as the poor old *Clito* could not meet the requirements of the new law, she was broken up, and Captain Hannah Miller went on the retired list. She was then over seventy years old, and lived to be eighty-two.

The regulations as to examinations and legal qualifications are much more stringent now than they were at the time that these remarkable women entered on their practical careers. But there is no doubt that a woman can meet all the requirements of modern Boards of Examiners in Navigation. The ability of the small and weak female brain to understand logarithms, and astronomy, and all else that goes to the science of navigating a ship over the trackless ocean to the port where she would be, was shown in the earlier half of the century by a Mrs. Janet Taylor, who was perhaps the most successful teacher of navigation that ever lived. She "coached our noble English seamen for their mates' and masters' certificates in great numbers," and "many of the best men in the merchant service were proud to acknowledge themselves her pupils." Those words were used to me about her by a captain whom she had prepared for his examinations. He showed me in an old scrap-book the record of a Civil List pension being given to Mrs. Taylor in 1860, in recognition of her services as a teacher of navigation for many years.

I mentioned these facts in the *Hampshire Telegraph*, published at the seaport of Portsmouth, for which I happened to be writing, at the time that this lady's record was mentioned to me. In reply, a saucy young midshipman wrote to the editor to say that he was sure it was not correct, as "manly men like sailors would never consent to be taught by a woman." This, being published in the paper, brought the following interesting further information from Captain Henry Luke, Sea View House, Southsea, who stated:—

"The writer had the pleasure of Mrs. Janet Taylor's acquaintance, and when he commanded three ships in the Australian trade, between 1847 and 1853, Mrs. Taylor did the work for those ships when in London, that is, adjusting the compasses and nautical instruments, rating chronometers, &c. Again, in 1862, the writer bought an iron ship in London, and Mrs. Taylor fitted her out in her line, arranged the position of the steering and standard compasses, and she went to Greenhithe and swung the ship for adjusting her compasses for local deviation and attraction, Mrs. Taylor superintending the operation herself, and arranging both deviation cards before she left the ship. She kept her nautical academy at 104, Minorities,

and there she taught and coached officers in the merchant service in navigation and nautical astronomy. She was the author of 'An Epitome of Navigation,' and a number of other works on the subject."

It is, therefore, apparent that there is no natural obstacle to a woman's being the commander of a ship. To ascertain what other objections there might be, I went to an old relative of my own, who was a captain for thirty years and more.

"Tell me," I said, "can a woman be a ship's captain?"

"Well, my dear, I suppose she might be a captain, but how would she learn; for she could not be in the fore-castle, or anywhere else amongst the men while she was training?"

"I think that surely might be arranged," I said; "but you think she could do the work?"

"Oh, she could do the work right enough; but she could not command the men."

"Why not?"

"They are a rough set; they would not mind a woman."

"But you have ways of making them mind, have you not? You did not really rule by physical force."

"Physical force came into it, I can tell you. However, you are right in what you mean; there are fines that a captain may impose, and many ways in which he can make a man feel if he is undisciplined. But I don't believe crews would ever ship with a woman master."

"I suppose it would depend on the woman?"

"I said; 'I do not see that you have any real reason for thinking it could not be done.'"

"Well, no, my dear, perhaps not; and a woman could be the master of a steamer much better than of a sailing-ship, for in a sailing-vessel there are times when the captain is obliged to lend a hand himself, but in a steamer the full strength of the crew has much less call on it."

So we concluded that it was practical for a woman to be a sailor, and that Betsy and Hannah Miller may have many successors. After all, as Solomon announced that even in his time there was "nothing new under the sun," how should there be anything new now, four thousand years later or so? The following words of the wise king exactly express it, you see: "Is there anything of which it may be said—See, this is new? It hath been done already, of old time which was before us!"

A MOTHER, in commending her daughter to a situation, was asked if she was an early riser. "An early riser!" she exclaimed, "I should think so! Why, she's up in the morning, and has breakfast ready, and makes all the beds before anyone else is up in the house!"

### IN SCHOOL DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;  
The charcoal frescoes on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill betraying  
The feet that creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favour singled;  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered;—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing,  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her, because they love him.

J. G. Whittier.

"Oh, school is a jolly place, Auntie Maud," said Jacky, just back from his first day at school. "I never was so happy in all my life." "You'll like it even better to-morrow, Jacky." "To-morrow. Have I got to go again to-morrow?" "Why not, since you are so happy there?" "Ah, yes—but I don't want to make a habit of it, you know."

### A COOK'S TALISMAN.

Just as we place labour-saving utensils in the hands of our Cooks,  
so ought we to allow them

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of Beer as an unfailing adjunct; permitting as it does the rapid  
preparation of appetizing dishes at a minimum expenditure of  
time, material, and labour.

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**DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS.** 2 yards square,  
2/6, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11, 4/9, to 9/6 each.—2½ yards  
square, 5/6, 6/9, 7/3, 8/6, to 15/- each.

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3/6, 4/8, to 9/- per doz.—Dinner size, 3/3,  
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**VEINED AFTERNOON TEA CLOTHS.** Reduced  
to 2/-, 2/7, 3/-, and 3/9 each.

**LINEN SHEETS** (Hemmed), for Single Beds, 9/6,  
11/-, 15/-, and 22/- per pair.—For Double Beds,  
19/10, 21/-, 23/11, and 25/9 per pair.

**LINEN SHEETS** (Hemstitched) for Single Beds,  
6/6, 7/6, 8/11 each.—For Double Beds, 11/6,  
12/-, 13/6, 16/3 each.

**COTTON SHEETS** (Hemmed), 2 yards by 3 yards,  
4/3, 5/3, 5/6, and 6/3 per pair.—3 yards by 3½  
yards, 13/6, 14/-, 16/4, 16/8 per pair.

**LINEN PILLOW CASES.** 10½d., 1/-, 1/3, 1/7,  
1/10 each.

**CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS** (All Flax), Ladies',  
1/11, 2/-, 2/9, 3/6, 5/- per doz.—Gentlemen's,  
2/11, 3/4, 4/-, 4/11, 6/- per doz.

**HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS** (All Flax),  
Ladies', 2/11, 3/5, 4/4, 5/4 per doz.—Gentle-  
men's 4/11, 6/4, 7/4, 8/3 per doz.

**FANCY EMBROIDERED AND VEINED HAND-  
KERCHIEFS,** 3½d., 4d., 5d., 6d. each, worth  
double.

**TOWELS,** Huckaback, 2/-, 2/10½, 3/4½, 4/3, 5/-  
per half-dozen.—Hemstitched Linen, 6/-, 6/6,  
8/3 per half-dozen.

**BLANKETS,** for Single Beds, 6/9, 8/11, 9/11, 11/11  
per pair.—For Double Beds, 13/6, 15/6, 16/9,  
19/- per pair.

**HOUSEHOLD CLOTHS.** Dusters, 1/3, 1/11, 2/6,  
3/3 per doz.—Glass Cloths, 2/11, 3/9, 4/3, 4/9,  
6/- per dozen.—Kitchen Rubbers, 2/4, 3/-, 3/3,  
3/6 per doz.

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Oxford Street), and  
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### SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

Mrs. Tennant (Miss May Abraham) having resigned her post of Superintendent-Inspector of Factories, Sir M. White Ridley has been asked if it is intended to replace her by another lady. His reply made it appear probable that the intention is not to make such an appointment, but to leave the women factory inspectors all in the subordinate positions, and confine this higher post to male officials. The Committee of the Women's Trade Union League have sent to the Home Secretary the following resolution:—

"In the opinion of the Women's Trade Union League any delay in the appointment of a superintending inspector to the Women's Department of the Home Office is undesirable as diminishing the usefulness of the department. This society therefore urges on the Home Office the immediate appointment of one of those women, having the special knowledge connected with the work of inspection, which has been acquired by the members of the present staff, who have so admirably carried out the intentions of those most deeply concerned in the welfare of working women. The confidence which has been inspired by the creation of the department and the effective manner in which the women inspectors have discharged their duties, has led to the knowledge and redress of evils which would otherwise never have come to the ears of the Home Office. To deprive this department of its special head would be, we fear, to suppress its independence, and thereby stultify a reform in the administration of the Factory and Workshop Acts, the necessity for which is made evident by our daily experience."

A meeting of women employed in the electrical trades in Wolverhampton was held in Wolverhampton, last week, for the purpose of considering the advisability of forming a trades union. Miss Marian Barry (organiser of the Women's Trade Union League, London) said she had heard that in Wolverhampton women in several trades were unfairly used to compete with male workers, and in some of the electrical establishments in the district women were doing work for less than half a male worker's earnings. It was decided unanimously to form a union of electrical women workers in the town.

Owen's College, Manchester, is anxious to erect special buildings for the accommodation of the students of its Women's Department. It is hardly needful to say that the men are already provided for, and this leaves time to think of the "less worthy sex." The *Journal of Education* has an inspired communication on the subject, which states that:—

The old house 223 Brunswick Street, which was secured in 1877 for the Manchester and Salford College for Women, and taken over by the Owens College in 1883, has been given up, and a suite of rooms on the ground floor of the Manchester High School for Girls in the next street has been temporarily engaged instead. Within the college the women students have a common room, which would be excellent if it were four times as large; cloak-rooms, also too small; a good lecture-room devoted chiefly to the special work of the Day Training College, and certain attics. When the fine library building now rising in the Quadrangle is ready

for use there will be less pressure on space within the old college building, and the women no doubt will share in the gain. But there will still be need of accommodation outside. It is most important in order to avoid waste of time, and loss of health, that there should be good accommodation for study and recreation, and for dinners, lunches, and teas, for games, and for the social meeting that form so valuable an element in student life. The men have the same needs, and they have been provided with a house across the Oxford-road. The authorities of the Owens College have secured a site adjoining that of the new Library, to be used *some day* for providing special accommodation for the women. The houses at present standing on it are unsuitable, and a large sum is required to erect a proper building. The College has received gifts amounting to over £4,000 for this object, including £2,000 from Her Majesty the Queen, out of the funds of the Duchy of Lancaster, but much more is required. The delay has the advantage of showing more clearly what is needed. A refectory, a tennis ground, a place for bicycles, are needs, as well as some good extra class-rooms. Meanwhile it is hoped the rooms in the High School Building will be more convenient than those abandoned. They are far more light and airy, and, by an arrangement for dinner, students will benefit by the large school kitchen. Women now form half of many of the arts classes in Owens College: they are sprinkled over those in science and mathematics; they are at work in the chemical, physical, and biological laboratories. The scholarships, prizes, &c., of the College are almost all open to them. They form more than a tenth of the total number of day students of the college, though they are not admitted to the Medical School, which consists of nearly 400 men. Women can attend almost all the evening classes of the College. Out of 95 women graduates of the Victoria University 59 have come from Owens College. The numbers were taken from the Victoria University Calendar of 1897, and include 11 M.A., 40 B.A., 6 B.Sc., and 2 Mus. B.

I am sorry to find from the *Cape Register* that the following passage from our "Watch Tower" is thought by our contemporary to "cast a slur" on the "most respectable" hotel-keepers in Johannesburg. It was said that there is a gang of rascals now in London who "walk about by night and endeavour to persuade girls to emigrate. The inducements offered vary with the character of the women they accost. In some cases the immoral object is openly stated; in others it is more or less thinly veiled under the offer of a situation, *say as barmaid at one or other of the Johannesburg hotels.* Dealers at the Cape pay the passages of the girls, and on arrival sell them to the proprietors, who keep them for their wicked traffic, and run them entirely as a speculation."

There is not there any reference at all to the "respectable hotel-keepers" of Johannesburg. What is said is, that there are rascals who falsely pretend to have respectable situations to offer, at hotels or otherwise; and what girls are warned against is accepting and going out to *bogus* situations. Poor foolish girls are professedly offered a situation, "say as barmaid," or anything else, and without having taken, or being able to take, any steps to discover that the person whom they meet in the street is authorised to make genuinely such an offer,

they go forth to a foreign land in trust, to be met on arrival by "the proprietors" of the houses for which the London agents who decoyed the girls were *in fact* acting, not "the proprietors" of the hotels, or shops, or dressmaking houses, &c., that the rascals *professed* to be acting for. It did not occur to me till I received the *Cape Register* that the sentence could be so misread as it appears to have been.

What girls, young and enterprising and anxious to see the world and make money, need to be warned against, and what that and other paragraphs here were intended to warn them against, was accepting offers of employment abroad in any capacity from persons of whom they *know nothing*; and journeying away on such promises, almost penniless and quite friendless, to a foreign land. Only too often it is to find that the people to whom they are consigned are not the respectable employers, hotel-keepers or private persons, as the case may have been, whom they were promised should meet them and set them to honest work, but the proprietors of haunts of vice instead. A poor, simple-minded girl, without money or friends, and far from home, thus entrapped, is in a very hopeless position; but, of course, if a genuine situation has been secured, that is not what is referred to at all.

At one time there was a regular traffic of the abominable kind referred to carried on in English girls for the Continent. This was ultimately stopped (or so it is believed and hoped) by the efforts of several friends of poor girls, headed by the late Benjamin Scott, the Chamberlain of the City of London. The exposure then made rendered it less easy and safe to entrap English girls into Continental hells under pretence of finding them respectable situations. But whatever may be done by the law or by philanthropy, the true security for any girl must always be found in her own common-sense and discretion, and the warning to working girls that evil emissaries do prowl, and make false offers of honourable employment abroad, should be given by all ladies concerned with the welfare of this class.

Most ladies interested in working girls, indeed, are well aware of the importance of the subject, and the danger to girls of emigrating, almost penniless, and without having an *assured* respectable engagement. The frequent experience of misfortune overtaking such girls has led Miss Fowler, a daughter of Sir Robert Fowler, to inaugurate in Winnipeg, Manitoba, a useful institution, called "A Home of Welcome," which will offer a resting-place and a shelter to emigrant women on their arrival. Could such places be generally established in our colonies, emigration without certain employment at the end of the journey would be robbed of half its terrors.

I am asked by the Head of the European Registry Department of the Girls' Friendly Society to find room for the following warning on an analogous topic:—"It is not generally known in England that young governesses, teachers and female servants who take posts in France, can be dismissed at any moment for no fault at all, according to the law of the country. Although they are entitled under these circumstances to eight days' salary, it is often stopped by their em-

ployers in repayment of their fare out, leaving them penniless. From facts which come before us, we fear that it is no unusual thing for girls to pay a heavy fee to an agency and go abroad, believing that they are sure to stop for a month, and are sure to get a month's salary, in any case, to pay their way back to England. Instead of this they may be told after a few days, 'they don't suit,' and are literally turned into the street without friends. Some cases of this kind have found their way to our G.F.S. Lodge in Paris (where respectable English girls of all creeds are welcomed, as well as our own members) and we find, on enquiry at our Embassy, that girls thus instantly dismissed can claim no legal redress in France. Girls cannot be too cautious in going to engagements abroad; they or their friends should make careful enquiries before starting. This can always be done through the Consuls or Embassies, and they should, when possible, take an introduction to the English chaplain. We in our office undertake enquiries for our own members, and are quite willing to do so for any other girls on payment of a small fee for postages.

"ELLEN BRADSHAW,  
Head of Registry Department in  
Northern and Central Europe.  
"Girls' Friendly Society in Northern  
and Central Europe,  
"10, Holbein Place, S.W."

Pundita Ramabai, whose training home for Indian girl widows is well known, writes a sad account of the temptations of want and loneliness by which the poor Indian girl children, deprived by the famine of their natural protectors, or driven from home by want of food, are being decoyed. Crowds of these unhappy orphans, or deserted children, are wandering about half-starved. They go to the relief camps for the means to sustain life, and on the road, she says, wicked men and women entice them by offering sweetmeats and other kinds of food, clothing, and promises to take them to nice places and make them happy. So hundreds of girls, young widows and deserted wives are waylaid as they go to the relief camps and poorhouses in search of food and work, and are taken away before they can place themselves in the custody of the government. A wholesale trade is thus being carried on in girls. Ramabai says that after seeing these girls in the famine districts—"some fallen into the hands of wicked people; some ruined for life and turned out by their cruel masters to die a miserable death in a hopeless, helpless manner; some in hospitals, only to be taken back to the pits of sin there to await a cruel death,"—hell has become a horrible reality to her.

The Women's Local Government Society held a reception at Queen Anne's Mansions Hall on July 13th, "to meet the Countess of Aberdeen." It was a pleasant, unassuming kind of function, largely attended by those interested in the work of the association. Mrs. Charles Mallet having recounted the heads of progress at home since Lady Aberdeen's departure for Canada, the guest of the afternoon passed in review the advances made by women workers in Canada during her residence there. As the ambassador of her Canadian sisters, Lady Aberdeen expressed their desire for the sympathy of the women of

England, finding her only excuse for still retaining the presidency of the Women's Local Government Society in the fact that she served as a connecting link between Liberal women on either side of the Atlantic.

The following memorial was adopted by the meeting:—

"TO THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.  
"The Humble Representation of the Women's Local Government Society, sheweth—  
"That, as the law now stands, the creation of new Municipal Boroughs under the Municipal Corporations' Act, 1882, causes loss of rights to women.

"That, similarly, the extension of Borough boundaries, under Acts confirming the Provisional Orders of the Local Government Board, causes loss of rights to women.

"That, an effect of such incorporation and of such extension is to disfranchise all those married women, who, by reason of their marriage, do not possess the Burgess qualification, and yet are qualified under the Local Government Act, 1894, to vote in local elections.

"That, a further effect of such incorporation and of such extension, is that every woman in the area affected is deprived of her eligibility as an Urban District Councillor, a Rural District Councillor, or a Parish Councillor (as the case may be) without gaining eligibility as a Town Councillor.

"That, in London, if, to any District Charter of Incorporation shall be granted under the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882, similar results will follow—viz., married women voters will be disfranchised, and women (whose right to serve on Vestries was recognised and made statutory under the Local Government Act, 1894) will be excluded from serving on the Council which, in respect to Civil affairs, will replace the Vestry.

"That, women have done good work on several London Vestries and on several District and Parish Councils, and that it is contrary to the public interest to exclude women from a share in the administration of local affairs.

"Further—That there is no good reason why women should not be given the same rights throughout Parliamentary Boroughs, which they now have within urban and rural districts.  
"Wherefore—Your petitioners humbly pray that the Local Government Board will consent to receive a small deputation from their Society in order that they may lay their case more adequately before the Board.

"Signed on behalf of the Society,  
"ISABEL ABERDEEN, President.  
"MEATH, Chairman of meeting  
"July 13th, 1897.  
"ANNIE LEIGH BROWNE,  
"Hon. Sec."

On July 19th Lady Aberdeen was present at a meeting at the Women's Institute, Grosvenor-crescent, to speak on the formation of a National Council of Women for Great Britain and Ireland. Lady Aberdeen was elected in Chicago, at the great Women's Congress there, the President of the International Council of Women, which is intended to be a union of the National Councils of different countries. Lady Aberdeen is also the President of the National Council of Canadian Women. The idea of these National Councils has been before explained in the SIGNAL. It is so much the same as that of the National Union of Women Workers in this country

that it is to be hoped that the two will be able to amalgamate. In Lady Aberdeen's circular of invitation she gives the following statement of the object:—"Very successful councils have been formed in several countries forming a link between the societies and workers of all classes, creeds, and parties. The council movement identifies itself with no one propaganda, but seeks to form a centre round which women workers of all sections may unite, our one bond being a desire to further the application of the golden rule in all relations of life. An International Council has also been organised in order that the various National Councils may in their turn be bound together, and this International Council is to hold its next meeting in London. Before that time arrives, our Executive Committee is anxious to see a council formed in England, where it would have so wide a scope of work."

Lady Aberdeen pointed out the advantage gained from the wide federation of local women's societies as established elsewhere. National Councils of that kind afforded an opportunity for the exchange of sentiment between workers in widely different fields. The local associations in Canada were thoroughly representative, Roman Catholic delegates working side by side with those of other faiths. Lady Aberdeen looked forward to a possible International Council as a means of arriving at accurate information as to the status of women under various Governments. Mrs. Russell Cooke, Mrs. Creighton, and others spoke, and a resolution was passed appointing a small committee to consider what steps could be taken.

I am extremely sorry for the decision in the Russell case, quite apart from any reference to the personal aspect of it, to Lord and Lady Russell. The great question really under decision was whether moral cruelty should be considered cruelty in the Divorce Court. This is a question of far more importance to wives than to husbands, though it has happened to come to a decision in the House of Lords on a husband's petition. Anyone who reads the report of the Judgment given by the Law Lords on Friday last will perceive that every one of the cases to which they referred as having been settled in the past were cases of moral cruelty by husbands against their wives. In fact, it is, and always will be, extremely rare to find a wife who is guilty of that steady abuse, false accusation, and ostentatious neglect and public insult

before servants or relatives that constitute moral cruelty. Such conduct when it is indulged in is almost necessarily from a husband, the predominant partner, towards a wife whom he has ceased to love and come to regard as an encumbrance of his life, and an obstacle to his happiness. The daily torture inflicted by such means on many a sensitive and refined woman is the most severe form of cruelty, and it is an unhappy thing that the Law Lords by a majority of one only (5 against 4) have decided that no extreme of such conduct constitutes legal cruelty excepting medical evidence can be called to prove that it endangers the victim's life or reason.

Co-education of young men and women is still practically untried in this country, except to a very slight degree in some medical schools. In America, on the contrary, there are many colleges in which all the instruction and all the privileges are shared equally, and the general report is perfect satisfaction on the part of teachers and parents. Here is the latest testimony. In his annual report, President Capen, of Tufts College, says: "It is proper, after four years from the first admission of women on equal terms with men, to make some report of the results produced by this change in the policy of the college. Speaking negatively, I am constrained to say that the admission of women has not had a tendency to reduce the number of men entering the different departments. On the contrary, there has been a constant and steady, and in some departments, a very marked increase in the attendance of men. The presence of women, moreover, has not diminished the interest in the activities or sports which are supposed to belong peculiarly to men's colleges. There has been no friction arising from their presence in the class-room, and they have not increased materially the difficulties of administration. On the positive side it may be said that their work has been as well done as the work of the men. The general testimony of the instructors is that they have raised the tone of the class-room and quickened the serious efforts of student life. Their presence also has brought an element into the social atmosphere of the college which is very agreeable and very wholesome. The medical school has been co-educational from the start, and the women there have shown excellent capacity for medical training."

The women of Hartford, Conn., have subscribed a considerable sum for a statue

of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The statue has been designed by W. Clarke Noble, and represents Mrs. Stowe as she was in middle life. It was in Hartford that Mrs. Stowe spent the last years of her long life in order to be under the care of her half-sister, Mrs. Hooker. The women of Hartford showed before that they valued the presence of the distinguished authoress in their midst, by placing a beautiful bust of her in the woman's section of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

### What Can Our Daughters Do for a Living?

#### MUSIC AS A PROFESSION.

By LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.

PIANOFORTE STUDENTS.

No one should enter the musical profession without first counting the cost. The man who planned the lofty tower without sufficient means to complete it was sensible in comparison with the person who begins music lacking the patience and energy which are necessary before any one can become proficient.

The work of the singer is exhausting, but the hours are not so long as those which are required of the pianoforte student. It is easy to overwork the voice, but the pianoforte student can hardly work too much; the life must be given up to study, and society and recreation but very sparingly indulged in. The strain on the physique is great: body and mind are alike weary after the long hours of continuous practice required by this exacting instrument. The amount of work prescribed by different masters differs a great deal, and I know that many professors tell their students that four hours a day is sufficient, but I never heard of any student who attained distinction who only did such a moderate amount of work. The successful pianists are at it all day long; they sit at the piano for long hours at the time, only resting or taking exercise now and again in order that they may come back fresher to their work. And how hard a professional student works! What long passages she commits to memory, how she wrestles with every difficulty, repeating the troublesome phrase again and again. Passage practice is fatiguing to hear, and fatiguing to execute, but it is most important that it should be done, for it is the finish that tells. I have often been amused to hear what an amateur calls her practice. A few pieces languidly played, the scales run up and down carelessly a few times, without any attention to the production

of tone, the new piece repeated once or twice, with the mistake occurring at the same bar with unvarying punctuality—this is the way the time is spent, and the student rises from the piano no better than when she sat down to it. The student should remember never to lead up to a difficulty, but to begin the passage practice at the precise point where the trouble occurs. I speak of solitary practice before anything else, for this is the important part of the life of a pianoforte player. Lessons are much, hearing other performers is much, but many a good master feels he would not mind who gave the lessons if only he could look after the practice.

But though solitary study is of such enormous importance, it cannot be considered as all-sufficing to the young. A musical student requires to live an "all-round" musical life, and this can best be done by joining one of the many excellent institutions which exist both in London and abroad for the cultivation of music. Harmony and sight-singing should be studied, choir singing should be practised, the orchestra should be listened to, and it is good for the student to acquire a practical knowledge of some other instrument besides her own. Much may be learned from noticing the work of fellow-students, and the value of listening to orchestral practice can scarcely be over-estimated, so it is always better to join an Academy where every instrument is taught.

The conceit which is too apt to be one of the failings of the amateur is quickly knocked out of her when she joins a great musical Academy, and if she has any special gifts she will equally find out how to value them. Many an old student laughs as she recalls the confidence with which she underwent her preparatory examination, and would give worlds could she retain that confidence later on when there is more justification for it! I remember one lady student who felt great pride in the way in which she performed

the Andante and Capriccioso of Mendelssohn when she was called upon to play something before the Principal of the Academy which she desired to join. She had played that piece with great success at a number of musical parties, she had received compliments innumerable from her devoted relations and friends, and she had a kind of hovering idea that it was well up to professional standard, if not even a little beyond it. She was admitted to the Academy, and at her first lesson she took this piece to play to her new professor. "Now, this you have got so entirely wrong," he said, "that it is wiser not to go on with it. You could never get it right now, because you have got into so many bad habits in it. I should not touch it again if I were you. The best thing will be for you to go to something entirely fresh." He said this quite simply, as though he was mentioning an undoubted fact, and the girl's conceit went away from that moment, just as though an axe had been laid to the root of a tree. It was not long before she heard that piece played at one of the concerts by a fellow-student, and realised for the first time how it ought to be performed.

Another student (now a rising professor) is apt to laugh as she recalls her initial performance at the Academy, when she played the funeral sonata and left out the march, because she thought the Professors might not know that it was there. Her own professor laughed hugely when she told him of this later on; and he told her that if there was one sonata which he knew better than any other, it was that, as he was simply teaching it to some one or other from morning to night.

The conceit which is so apt to taint the solitary amateur vanishes pretty quickly in a large institution, and a student finds out her right level. Much may be learnt from fellow-students, and sometimes a chance remark made

by another pupil will let in a flood of light on a difficulty which has been grappled with unavailingly in solitude. The master supplies encouragement when it is needed, and the lessons coming at very short intervals are a constant incitement to work. Particularly is the encouragement of the master required during those long, "dry periods" which come to every worker, when she works on and on without feeling as if she were making any progress. The master, who has been through it all in his day, can quickly reassure her, telling her that after a while she will feel a sense of progress, and that it will come to her suddenly, and her depression will melt away. I have dealt in this article mainly with what I may call the inner life of the student, and the special trials which beset the pianist. I will give a sketch of the various Musical Academies in my next article, and will also say a few words on the way of making a livelihood by those who desire to adopt the musical profession.

#### FRIENDSHIP QUILTS.

The idea of friendship quilts is a pretty one, and destined to be popular wherever the sweet word "friend" is in favour. This sort of quilt is composed exclusively of squares, each worked by some dear one, their size being dependent upon one's circle of friends. In distributing the squares they must be neatly hemmed, and accompanied with the necessary amount of embroidering material, while any amount of latitude may be allowed as to device and pattern scheme. Hundreds of maxims and mottoes bearing upon friendship suggest themselves as appropriate. "He was my friend, faithful and just to me," and "If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it to the last article," are special favourites.

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### WHAT THE PRESS AND PUBLIC SAY ABOUT

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## ECONOMICAL COOKERY.

By MISS LIZZIE HERITAGE.

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

### SOME HINTS ON RICE COOKERY.

The very plainest dishes of rice are frequently served in a most messy looking fashion. Take "rice boiled as for curry," directions often met with, and to the experienced easy to follow, though to the novice they mean little, it being thought sufficient to put the rice in the water in haphazard proportions, and leave it to take care of itself. Most of us know what it looks like when not what it should be. But few things are simpler when one knows the way. Take Patna rice (the best is the cheapest), and it will be "dressed," and fairly, if not entirely, free from dirt. But foreign substances find their way in, and it requires washing until the water comes away clean. Whether it should soak or not in the last washing water is a disputed point, but it may be recommended. Allow a gallon of boiling water to four or five ounces of rice, add a good teaspoonful of salt and the same of lemon juice to increase the whiteness, and after ten minutes' boiling try it by taking a grain between the thumb and finger; it may require fourteen minutes or even more, rice varies in this respect. When it yields readily to pressure it is done, and should be soft, but not pulpy. It is but fair to say that the happy medium is generally preceded by a few failures. Cold water should be in readiness, pour in half a pint or so, then drain quickly through a coarse sieve to get rid of the water. Put the rice back, after wiping the pan out, and lay a soft crumpled cloth over it and set near the fire to dry; give the pan an occasional shake, and the rice should turn out tender and white, and with each grain distinct. By putting a morsel of butter in the pan first, one is ensured against "catching," but some find it objectionable, and it somewhat nullifies the whiteness.

The advantages of this method over that in which a quantity of cold water is poured over the rice, is, that being less chilled, it dries quickly, and requires no further re-heating. Any that may be left over can be re-warmed between two soup plates, placed over a sauce pan of boiling water for a short time.

Patna rice, be it noted, is only to be used when the water is to be drained from it. Carolina is the best kind when the rice is to absorb the liquid, whether water, milk, or any other. This is more starchy. All good grocers keep both, and will not pass off the one for the other; Patna is slender grained with more pointed ends.

Here is a very good dish, that can be sent to table as an adjunct to meat or poultry.

### RICE À LA CUSTARD, OR CUSTARD RICE.

Supposing three to four ounces of rice, after washing, put it on with half a pint of light stock, from veal bones, or the water from boiled veal, with a morsel of fresh meat, to give more flavour will do; bring to the boil, and let the rice cook slowly. Add more stock a little at a time; it should all be absorbed by the time the rice is done, and two hours should be given; then season with a little salt and pepper, lemon juice and cayenne; half an ounce of butter and the yolks of two eggs being beaten in at the last. A little cream improves, and care should be taken not to spoil the look of the rice. Serve very hot. When for separate service, a form not to be despised, a little cooked ham chopped very small indeed, or some grated cheese can be used to heighten the flavour; then, with mushrooms one gets a delightful dish. It is best to cleanse and chop the required quantity (regulated by taste) and cook in a very little butter for a time, then add to the rice to finish the cooking.

In France, a dish made on the following lines is often served to

### THE LITTLE FOLKS

for whom it makes a tasty dinner; to English children its novelty should ensure it a welcome. The rice is put on to boil in a mixture of milk and vegetable stock; a quart or less will do for a quarter of a pound of rice. This is to be

## ICICLES AND GLACIERS.

By CONSTANCE PLUMPTRE.

seasoned mildly, and a couple of raw eggs added to each quart. They must be well beaten in off the fire, and the whole reheated after. Vegetables of any kind may be cooked with the rice, and sieved or chopped and served with it. The "stew" as it is called, should look like a rice pudding in the matter of consistence. A buttered paper laid over the rice while it is cooking (in this and the foregoing recipe) much improves it.

Many dishes of

### RICE WITH EGGS

might be included in warm weather menus. The following is very nice and one of many Italian recipes, though only a simple one compared with many common to that country.

The eggs are first to be fried in butter, a couple of ounces to half a dozen eggs, and it must be good butter, and carefully heated. A liberal seasoning of pepper and salt is added, and often other savoury ingredients, in the shape of herbs or spices; then just as the eggs are setting, they are turned, and the second side cooked until done; this is the peculiarity of the dish. A quarter of a pound of boiled rice should be in readiness, a lump of butter and some grated cheese stirred in, then it is ready to be served piping hot, as a wall to the eggs. Such dishes are acceptable in summer, for one reason they are quickly cooked, and they involve scant exertion. The very thing for those who spend a holiday in a river or seaside cottage, and who desire to reduce the daily work to a minimum during the stay.

### PEAS AND EGGS

may not strike the casual reader as affording much nutrition, but, really, the combination is a very sustaining one. Try it when the appetite is flagging, and it should be repeated. The peas are to be boiled as usual, but with a little butter in the water; season with salt and pepper and a pinch of sugar, then add a trifle more butter; hard-boiled eggs, in thick slices, form the garnish to the pile of peas, and a coating of good white sauce over the eggs increases the delicacy, but nothing should be added to destroy the natural flavour of the peas, never so enjoyable as in its simplicity.

Some "toasts" made from fried bread, spread over with a spoonful of lightly-seasoned potted meat, forms another suitable adjunct to boiled rice and peas, and can be placed alternately round with the eggs. A mince of cold lamb or mutton, flavoured with tomato purée, can be similarly garnished; or a plain mince, with the rice coated with tomato purée, or sauce, is a savoury suited to hot weather.

The water from rice comes in as a basis for good vegetable soups, and again, for cooling drinks. Lime or lemon juice to sharpen up, or a morsel of currant jam or jelly, or raspberry vinegar, are proper additions; then, if added to an equal measure of boiling milk, there is something suited to the little ones' consumption.

The dishes known as

### RICE MOULDS AND RICE SNOWBALLS

are popular, but they are often made too stiff. A mode so easy that all can follow is this: Boil the washed rice (Carolina) in milk, putting three cups of milk to one of rice at first, and adding more milk from time to time; cook in a double pan for two to three hours; this is dainty hot or cold, and particularly good with stewed fruit, &c.; all sorts of flavourings can be added, and a spoonful or two of cream is an immense improvement; then, any desired consistence is got; as a rule, it is liked about that of a very milky pudding, though many will prefer it more like a custard; anyhow, the thorough cooking is of the first importance.

ETHEL, who had lately been blest with a baby sister, said to her mother one day:

"I wish I had a new doll."

"A new doll?" said her mother. "Why, your old doll is as good as ever."

"Well," answered the little lady, "so am I just as good as ever; but the angels gave you a new baby."

## TWO PICTURES AND A LETTER.

The following letter, and the two pictures which accompany it, speak for themselves. All that is necessary to be added is that Mr. McMullen's letter was perfectly spontaneous, and written without any idea of publication. The two portraits were sent merely as corroboration:—

"Eller Vale, Harrington,

21st May, 1897.

"On the 20th March, 1895, I was taken seriously ill; the doctors treated me for pneumonia, pleurisy, and also weakness of the heart. I was under the treatment of different doctors, but never seemed to get any better, but gradually sank. I tried every sort of patent medicines, but of no avail, and after four months of suffering, and being waited on night and day, I was removed to the infirmary as the only chance I had. I was eight weeks in the infirmary, and sent home incurable, my case (they said) only being a question of time, as I was gradually getting weaker and weaker. It was now considered certain that I could not last

much longer. My friends had tried everything they could possibly think of to relieve me, and when my wife was asked to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, she only shook her head and said it was no use trying any more. She was, however, prevailed upon to try one box, and I can say it was this that saved my life. Before I got through the first box I felt a changed man, and my friends saw clearly that they had got the right thing at last. I used altogether eight boxes, and from taking the first box I gradually gained strength and appetite. I soon got well, and got to stir about, to the wonder of everybody, but kept on taking the pills till I started to work, which I did five weeks ago, as strong and healthy as ever I was. The only thing I regret is that I did not get the pills sooner: I can confidently recommend them as having saved my life, and will always speak in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I send you photographs, showing my condition before and after recovery.—Yours faithfully,

"SAMUEL McMULLEN."  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are famous among all classes of people, from the lowest to the highest in the land, for the cure of rheumatism, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, and to restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are also a splendid nerve and spinal tonic, and thus have cured many cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and nervous headache. They are now obtainable of all chemists, and from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 13s. 9d., but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The genuine Pills, which cured Mr. McMullen, as he so interestingly describes, are never sold loose or from glass jars or drawers, but only in closed, printed packages.

I FIND that many people think a hyacinth to be flowered in glass is put in the dark because the glass is transparent; they don't realise that the real object is to get good and plentiful roots ready to perform their functions of food assimilation, before the top growth begins. On this account it is equally necessary to submit those in pots, or bowls, or boxes, to the same treatment; more especially in the case of those planted late, which have already put out a shoot at the top.

Anna M. Pratt.



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