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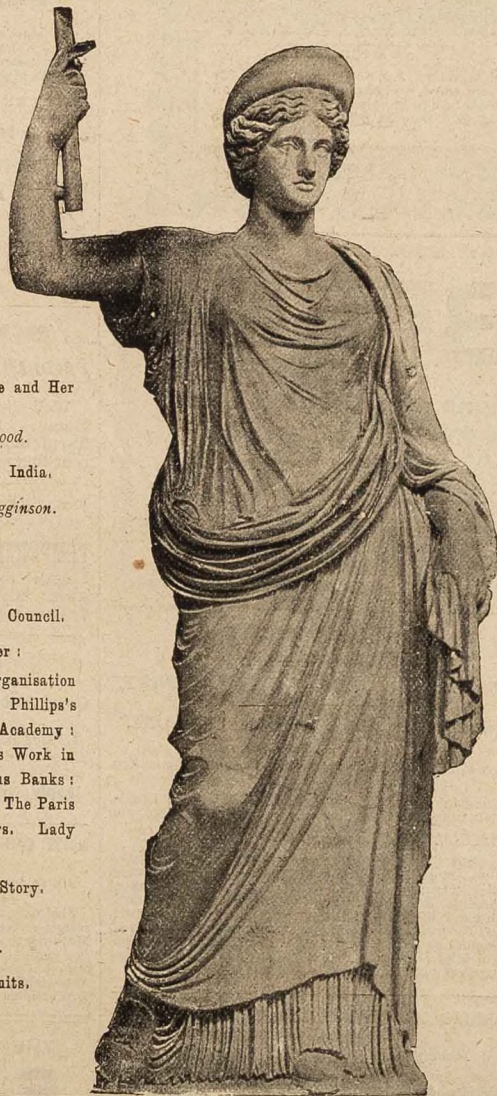
A Weekly Record and Review devoted to the interests of Women in the Home and in the Wider World.

Edited by
MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

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A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

Vol. VII., No. 176.]

MAY 13, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

A Book of the Hour.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER CIRCLE.*

By CLEMENT SHORTER.

Reviewed by Annie Truscott Wood.

I BEGAN to read this book with great reluctance. In the first place, as Mr. Shorter insists, it is not a biography, but a collection of letters, and what can be duller than the ordinary letter, remote from all personal associations of our own, taken out of its friendly setting and placed on a printed page? In the second place, the whole story of the Brontë family, to those who care for sunshine, happiness, and a modicum of gaiety, is unspeakably sad. Charlotte Brontë spent almost all her life in the quiet vicarage at Haworth, with its outlook on a barren piece of ground, its only adornment a few currant bushes reaching to the walls of the churchyard. On one hand was that melancholy doorway, separating garden from churchyard, through which they were all in turn carried to their last resting place; a doorway, now bricked up, but then reserved solely for the passage of the dead. To superstitious folk it might seem that some grim power, restless and unsatisfied, stalked through that doorway and claimed, unrelenting, victim after victim. Beyond the vicarage came the cold grey moors, so hateful to a southerner. Within it were lack of money, suppressed ambitions, suffering and bitter anguish, with, as the years went by, for Charlotte herself, ever increasing isolation both of body and spirit.

The book was begun, then, reluctantly, but as the pages were turned over, all reluctance died out, and a growing interest took its place. Mr. Shorter's setting is everything that it ought to be, sufficient to link the other material into a coherent whole, and avoiding needless repetition of what other writers have made familiar. The letters are left for the most part to tell their own story. And what letters they are! Charlotte Brontë seems to have been no great conversationalist, and this very book contains an amusing account of a party given by Thackeray in her honour, when all the guests sat round in solemn gloom, waiting for the brilliant conversation which never came. Thackeray bore it as long as he could, but finally fled to his club, leaving his guests to go away when and how they thought fit. A great letter-writer however, Charlotte Brontë was, and the fact that this accumulation of correspondence—more than 300 letters of every description—can be read at the present day with pleasure and interest, proves her such. There are letters on every topic; they are merry, grave, and sad. The best, from a literary point of view, are those written to Mr. W. S. Williams, the "reader" for Smith, Elder & Co., and the man who—in modern phrase—discovered "Jane Eyre"; those which show most of Charlotte Brontë as a woman and an individual, are addressed to Ellen Nussey, the friend of her schooldays.

* Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle." By Clement K. Shorter. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s.

The general effect of the book is to give us a lively idea of Charlotte Brontë herself, her family, her few friends and acquaintances, and the various influences which touched the small circle of her life. To effect this the book is divided into sections, each containing the letters concerning or addressed to the person whose name heads it. Such an arrangement has serious chronological defects, as in many cases you read letters relating the doings or state of health of people whose death you have already mourned in a previous chapter. It is difficult, however, to suggest a better arrangement to obtain the desired effect of personal intercourse, and the reader must keep his head in the confusion of dates as best he can. As the book contains a very full chronological list

and was extremely proud of his daughter's literary success and growing fame. For six years after his wife's death Mr. Nicholls lived on at Haworth, caring for her old father as she herself would have done had she lived, and though Mr. Brontë died 36 years ago his memory is still green, and his son-in-law still speaks of him with enthusiastic affection.

Charlotte's aunt, who took charge of the Brontë children, has had the reputation of a sort of guardian dragon. It is probable that she was strict and undeviating, but she seems to have been kind and generous to her nieces, and welcomed their few friends to Haworth.

Branwell Brontë, Charlotte's brother, has also lain under a misconception. In Charlotte's childhood she and Branwell chummed together as Emily and Anne did, which fact in itself proves that Branwell must have been a boy of good mental ability and of kindred tastes with his sister, or they would not have been such good companions. It was only during the last few years of his life that the weakness of his character appeared. Though clever, he was not sufficiently clever to use the literary atmosphere about him, his career as an artist was checked for some unknown reason, he was unreliable and unstable, and thus, during the last four or five years of his life, fell an easy prey to opium and intemperance.

There has also been a slight feeling abroad that Charlotte Brontë's marriage was not a happy one. Here are printed letters of her own, which abundantly prove that the few months of her married life were amongst the happiest she had ever known. "I am not going to die," she said on her death bed, "when we have been so happy?"

For a woman who lived in the early decades of this century, Charlotte Brontë was singularly broad in her views, and had got beyond some of the prejudices which still linger amongst us. Readers of her novels already know her as the champion of governesses. Whilst indignant with parents who indulge their children in every way, and expect the stranger to eradicate the faults they themselves have cultivated, she had a high ideal of a governess's vocation, and a clear understanding of the necessary endowments. In a letter to Mr. W. E. Williams she writes:—

"Some remarks in your last letter on teaching commanded my attention. I suppose you never were engaged in tuition yourself; but if you had been you could not have more exactly hit on the great qualification—I had almost said the one great qualification—necessary to the task. The faculty, not merely of acquiring but of imparting knowledge, the power of influencing young minds, that natural fondness for, that innate sympathy with, children, which, you say, Mrs. Williams is so happy as to possess. He or she who possesses this faculty, this sympathy, though, perhaps, not over highly-accomplished, need never fear failure in the career of instruction. Children will be docile with them, will improve under them; parents will consequently repose in them confidence. Their task will be comparatively light, their path comparatively



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

(From Portrait painted from Life by Richmond.)

smooth. If the faculty be absent, the life of a teacher will be a struggle from beginning to end. No matter how amiable the disposition, how strong the sense of duty, how active the desire to please: no matter how brilliant and varied the accomplishments; if the governess has not the power to win her young charge, the secret to instil gently and surely her own knowledge into the growing mind entrusted to her, she will have a wearing, wasting existence of it. To educate a child, as I daresay, Mrs. Williams has educated hers, probably with as much pleasure to herself as profit to them, will indeed be impossible to a teacher who lacks this qualification. But, I conceive, should circumstances—as in the case of your daughters—compel a governess's profession, she may contrive to instruct, and even to instruct well. That is, though she cannot form the child's mind, mould its character, influence its disposition, and guide its conduct as she would wish, she may give lessons, even good, clear, clever lessons in the various branches of knowledge."

The same letter contains what reads like a prophecy in the light of to-day, a plea for specialising in studies:—

"It is true the world demands a brilliant list of accomplishments. For £20 per annum, it expects in one woman the attainments of several professors—but the demand is insensate, and I think should rather be resisted than complied with. If I might plead with you on behalf of your daughters, I should say, 'do not let them waste their young lives in trying to attain manifold accomplishments. Let them try rather to possess thoroughly, fully, one or two talents; then let them endeavour to lay in a stock of health, strength, cheerfulness. Let them labour to attain self-control, endurance, fortitude, firmness; if possible, let them learn from their mother something of the precious heart she possesses; these things, together with sound principles, will be their best supports, their best aid through a governess's life.'"

In her quiet home at Haworth, Charlotte Brontë turned the perplexing question of women's lives, their barrenness and poor opportunity, over and over in her mind. To Mr. Williams she writes:—

"Many say that the professions now filled only by men should be open to women also; but are not their present occupants and candidates more than numerous enough to answer every demand? Is there any room for female lawyers, female doctors, female engravers, for more female artists, more authoresses? One can see where the evil lies, but who can point out the remedy? When a woman has a little family to rear and educate, and a household to conduct, her hands are full, her vocation is evident; when her destiny isolates her, I suppose she must do what she can, complain as little, bear as much, work as well as possible. This is not high theory, but I believe it is sound practice, good to put into execution while philosophers and legislators ponder over the better ordering of the social system. At the same time, I conceive that when patience has done its utmost and industry its best, whether in the case of women or operatives, and when both are baffled, and pain and want triumph, the sufferer is free, is entitled, at last to send up to Heaven any piercing cry for relief, if by that cry he can hope to obtain succour."

Again she writes: "I think you speak excellent sense when you say that girls without fortune should be brought up and accustomed to support themselves, and that if they marry poor men, it should be with a prospect of being able to help their partners. If all parents thought so, girls would not be reared on speculation with a view to their making mercenary marriages, and, consequently, women would not be so piteously degraded as they now too often are."

"I am glad to hear that Louisa has a chance of a presentation to Queen's College. . . . Come what may afterwards, an education secured is an advantage gained—a priceless advantage. Come what may, it is a step towards independency, and one great curse of a single female life is its dependency. . . ."

Your daughters, as much as your sons, should aim at making their way honourably through life. . . . Whenever I have seen, not merely in humble, but in affluent homes, families of daughters sitting waiting to be married, I have pitied them from my heart. It is doubtless well—very well—if Fate decrees them a happy marriage; but, if otherwise, give their existence some object, their time some occupation, or the peevishness of disappointment and the listlessness of idleness will infallibly degrade their nature."

"Lonely as I am, how should I be if Providence had never given me courage to adopt a career—perseverance to plead through two long, weary years with publishers till they admitted me? How should I be with youth past, sisters lost, a resident in a moorland parish, where there is not a single educated family? In that case I should have no world at all; the raven, weary of surveying the deluge, and without an ark to return to, would be my type. As it is, something like a hope and motive sustains me still. I wish all your daughters—I wish every woman in England had also a hope and a motive. Alas! there are many old maids who have neither."

Though Charlotte Brontë wrote much (the list of her unpublished writings takes up two and a half pages of this book), she had not the ever-flowing pen of some present-day writers, and it is easy to see how the sorrow of Bramwell's mis-spent life, the pangs of bereavement, ill-health and the inevitable check of her environments held her back. She writes to Miss Nussey:—

"You ask if I had any enjoyment here; in truth, I can't say I have, and I long to get home, though, unhappily, home is not now a place of complete rest. It is sad to think how it is disquieted by a constant phantom, or rather two—sin and suffering; they seem to obscure the cheerfulness of day, and to disturb the comfort of evening."

"Not feeling competent this evening, either for study or serious composition, I will console myself with writing to you (Mr. Williams). . . . My book, alas! is laid aside for the present, both head and hand seem to have lost their cunning; imagination is pale, stagnant, mute. This incapacity chagrins me; sometimes I have a feeling of cankering care on the subject, but I combat it as well as I can; it does no good."

"When I can write, the book I have in hand must claim all my attention. Oh! if Anne were well, if the void death has left were a little closed up, if the dreary word *nevermore* would cease sounding in my ears, I think I could yet do something."

Often has the question been asked, how did Charlotte Brontë know so much of life as she shows us in her novels? A few lines in a letter to Mr. Williams give us the clue:

"Mr. Lewes is very lenient. . . . I am afraid if he knew how much I write from intuition, how little from actual knowledge, he would think me presumptuous ever to have written at all. I am sure such would be his opinion if he knew the narrow bounds of my attainments, the limited scope of my reading."

In another letter she writes:—"There are hundreds of human beings who trample on acts of kindness, and mock at words of affection. I know this, though I have seen but little of the world. I suppose I have something harsher in my nature than you have, something which every now and then tells me dreary secrets about my race, and I cannot believe the voice of the optimist, charm he never so wisely."

Thackeray was her literary hero, and nothing pleased her better than his praise of her work. Thackeray seems to have reciprocated her admiration, for he sent her a copy of "Vanity Fair," and later, one of "Esmond." She writes to Mr. Williams:—

"I feel honoured in being approved by Mr. Thackeray, because I approve Mr. Thackeray. . . . No author seems to distinguish so exquisitely as he does dross from ore, gold from counterfeit. . . . One good word from such a man is worth pages of praise from ordinary judges."

"I have already told you, I believe, that I regard Mr. Thackeray as the first of modern masters, and as the legitimate high priest of Truth. I study him accordingly with reverence."

Charlotte Brontë's fiat concerning Jane Austen is deeply interesting, though scarcely just. Carlyle she strongly admired, whilst his Germanisms she detested. Miss Martineau also won her praise, although the wide difference in their religious views opened a gulf between them in Charlotte's later years. It is difficult to suggest that the great Goethe was selfish and egotistic, yet she boldly writes to Mr. Williams:—

"I am beginning to read Eckermann's 'Goethe,' it promises to be a most interesting work. Honest, simple, single-minded Eckermann! Great, powerful, giant-souled, but also profoundly egotistical, old Johann Wolfgang von Goethe! He was a mighty egotist—I see he was: he thought no more of swallowing up poor Eckermann's existence in his own than the whale thought of swallowing Jonah. . . . Amidst all the troubled waters of European society does such a vast, strong, selfish, old Leviathan now roll ponderous? I suppose not."

I might fill an entire newspaper with quotations, but Brontë students must read the book for themselves; and the ordinary reader, who seeks to be interested only, will find its record of a unique personality unusually fascinating.

Later years have proved the doubts of Mary Taylor to be unfounded. On acknowledging the receipt of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," her school-fellow and friend, she wrote:—"I have seen two reviews of it. One of them sums it up as 'a life of poverty and self-suppression,' the other has nothing to the purpose at all. Neither of them seems to think it a strange or wrong state of things that a woman of first-rate talents, industry, and integrity should live all her life in a walking nightmare of 'poverty and self-suppression.' I doubt whether any of them ever will." Happily for us all, we can now see that such a life was caused by an exceedingly wrong state of things, a state of things never to be admitted as right again.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart—that we war to the
knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife!

God pity us all as we jostle each other!
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel!
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the
fellow,
Pierced to the heart. Words are keener than
steel
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time eftsoun will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

OUR SHADOWS.

It is narrated of the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, that when at work he wore, over his forehead, fastened to his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow of himself might fall on his work. It was a beautiful custom, and spoke a more eloquent lesson than he knew. For the shadows that fall on our work—how often they fall from ourselves.

LADY DUFFERIN'S WORK.

EXCEPTIONAL interest attaches to the annual report of the United Kingdom Branch of the Dufferin Fund for Supplying Medical Aid to the Women of India, as it contains a survey of the work that has been accomplished, from the always graceful pen of the Marchioness of Dufferin. The volume recording the developments of the central association appears in Calcutta, and Lady Elgin, like the Marchioness of Lansdowne and the foundress of the noble endeavour did before her, supervises it for publication. But in this form much of its information and copious reports of local committees would be of little practical value. What was really required for English readers was a concise summary of progress, and the leading features of the year's labours. This Lady Dufferin has most admirably supplied, and those who are really concerned in the welfare and best advance of women in our Indian Empire cannot do better than obtain a copy. The price is only 1s., and it is sold for the benefit of the fund by the hon. secretary, Miss Edith Heather Bigg, at the London offices, 14, Radnor-place, Hyde Park.

Lady Dufferin begins by stating that while funds can only be spent upon the definite objects of which the central and branch committees take cognizance, the indirect educational influence exercised by the movement is far wider, and encouragement can be afforded in many ways to native princes, municipalities, and other organisations to bring medical skill within the reach of the women. The Indian Government have shown the fullest confidence in and sympathy with its methods, and as the writer remarks, "That the question of female medical relief as promoted by the association, should within ten years have earned for itself the advantage of official recognition, and a large pigeon-hole in the medical department of India, is a certain proof that the work was needed, that it is being done in the right way, and that it is becoming truly national."

As to the teaching and training of women for the medical profession, which was one of its primary objects, its success has gone beyond the brightest expectations. At the present moment, notwithstanding zenana seclusions and caste prejudices, there are no less than 255 native women studying in the Indian Medical Schools, 155 of whom are doing so with the object of becoming fully qualified doctors; the rest as nurses, midwives, and compounders. These include Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, native Christians, Brahmans, and Eurasians, and the eagerness among all communities to enter upon the work is satisfactorily increasing. The fund is supporting eighteen lady doctors of the first grade (of whom ten are Indian subjects on the British Medical Register), fifty-six assistant-surgeons, and fifty-two hospital assistants.

"A number of hospitals, too," says Lady Dufferin, "have been built by Indian princes, and are entirely supported by them in their own states, but these princes generally apply to the Central Committee for doctors to be put in charge of their hospitals, and these ladies are considered to be working under the fund. It is calculated that during the year 1,054,887 women received help in 133 female hospitals, or in their own homes, at the hands of medical women connected with the Dufferin Fund, and it is very satisfactory to be able to state on the authority of the Surgeon-General to the Government of India that the increasing number of women who are treated in Dufferin institutions do not appear to have affected in any way the returns which are annually received from the general hospitals and dispensaries; a clear proof, it may be said, of the need of special hospitals for women in the country." To the general hospitals, it may be explained, only the lower castes, the humblest of their sex, would resort.

Of the appalling, indeed, criminal ignorance of the professional accoucheuses Lady Dufferin has some fearful tales to tell, and she quotes a request for some assistance in founding a class for teaching midwifery in a city where such "nurses" were, "some quite blind, others same and one actually suffering from leprosy."

Certain criticisms have been directed against the fund by supporters of missions, on the ground that it is "secular," and to these Lady Dufferin makes spirited reply, pointing out that in England the average church or chapel goes does not trouble very much about the "religious views of the doctor that he or she calls in in illness, and that so far from looking coldly on the work of medical missions in India, the association has invariably treated them with sympathy and appreciation." Others, however, take a more humane and reasonable view, and handsome sums were contributed to the cause through the earnest appeal of the Bishop of Rangoon and Bishop Cardot, supreme over the Roman Catholic churches of that town.

But, perhaps, the most interesting of all these special efforts was one made by a native "Holy Man," on the occasion of the great Buddhist festival and pilgrimage to the Shwai Dagon Pagoda; he distributed thousands of copies of a leaflet, of which Lady Dufferin gives the following translation: "Our Queen Empress, whose power and glory are surpassingly great, being exceedingly compassionate, has caused the establishment of a hospital, where poor Burmese women may be comfortably confined without much suffering, and under good English female medical aid and treatment. Many poor women have come and been benefited in the hospital, and the funds for the cost of their treatment and maintenance being insufficient, it is earnestly hoped that on this great Taboung Festival day all virtuous persons who aspire to enter the path and reach Nirvana will make some small contribution towards the support of this institution, and so participate in the merit of the good deeds of our loving Sovereign." It is pleasant to record that this appeal gained many offerings, and that a procession of the pupil-nurses excited great enthusiasm among the pilgrims.

SEX IN EDUCATION.

By T. W. HIGGINSON.

THERE are certain simple and elementary bits of nonsense which reappear at intervals with the certainty of measles or small-pox. One of these is the theory that whereas men and women differ in important respects, there must therefore be an entire difference in their mode of education. The best way to look at this is by applying it first on the plane of physical structure. This, for instance, would be the line of argument: Boys eat beef and bread; therefore, obviously, girls should not. Yet the moment girls accept this inference and begin living on caramels and ice-cream, the physicians are the first to complain. They point out, justly enough, that while the functions of the sexes are in some important respects different, yet there are many more points in which they are identical; the alimentary and digestive processes, for instance, are the same. We do not digest as men or women, distinctively; we digest as human beings; and so it is with nineteenth of what physiology includes.

When we turn to mental education, the same law holds. There cannot be two distinct alphabets or two wholly separate arithmetics. You cannot rear a girl on the theory that, though her brother has just correctly remarked that two and two make four, it would be quite unwomanly in her to think so; that she being a girl, must make the result three or five. Surely you cannot adapt the rule of three to the supposed peculiarities of either sex; you cannot decree that it shall henceforth be for women a rule of three and a half or a rule of four and five-eighths. The plan would be as irrelevant as the ill-timed kindness of the rustic who said to the traveller asking the distance to the village, "We call it three miles, but as you are an old man, and your horse seems to be tired, we will say two and a half."

If we thus cannot modify the rule of three to suit the critics or the physiologists, still less can we set up separate systems of sex alphabets. There are, indeed, some African tribes where the sexes are said to speak different languages, but the results of their civilisation are not conspicuous. Domestic convenience at least would indicate that a man and his wife should have learned the same A B C. The verb must agree with its nominative case for women as for men; nor can a girl say to her revered preceptor, "we was" merely because she had heard him say "we were," and did not wish to seem mannish. Thus it is at each successive point of progress. The whole course of education leads directly on, and it is quite impossible to find a wall or barrier where the distinction of sex, in intellectual education, can begin to be controlling. The fundamental laws of physics, of biology, of logic, of history—these cannot possibly be preoccupied by the sex which happened first to spy them out. You may go through psychology and all geometry without ever finding where the road turns off, or where you can rightly put up a sign, "For males only! Nothing female need apply."

There can be no greater mistake than to assume that the present methods of education, whether for girls or for boys, are a mere matter of imitation or tradition. These methods are practised because they have seemed, up to this time, to be the best for everybody. They are adapted, or supposed to be adapted, not to boy nature or to girl nature as such, but to human nature. They are doubtless undergoing constant modification, but very rarely with any reference to sexual difference. People sometimes ask, "Why should girls study Greek?" "Why should girls learn geometry?" And when you ask them in return, "Why should boys learn these things?" they have to admit that the question is of general application, not of sex application. Boys have for centuries studied Latin and Greek; first because their own languages were largely based on these tongues, and secondly because the learning of the world was mainly put into Latin and Greek. The latter reasoning is now vanishing, and only the former holds good; so that Latin and Greek, these ancient languages, though still desirable, are not so essential as before. All this is true of girls also, and on the same ground.

Again, the vast multiplication of knowledge now makes it undesirable to prescribe for all minds the same course of study, and hence follows the elective system in our universities. All this is equally true for boys and girls, and the question how far to introduce this system into lower schools is now the main problem. Into all the necessary discussion of these matters before educational conferences the question of sex rarely enters, as it seldom enters into the perpetual discussions about animal or vegetable food. Both as to physical and mental nourishment, we have *human beings* to deal with. It is too late in the world's history to look back and sigh after a separate girls' table of logarithms or a strictly feminine microscope. Least of all can those who have heretofore done much for the education of women now turn and hesitate. They must keep up with the procession, or it will proceed over their heads.

A RUSTIC youngster being asked to take tea with a friend, wished to praise the eatables. Presently the butter was passed to him, when he remarked: "Very nice butter, what there is of it;" and observing a smile, he added, "and plenty of it, such as it is."

A JAPANESE IDOL.

It was not a graven image with features so grotesquely and horribly fashioned as to carry immediate conviction of sin to the heart of the heathen, nor had it a particle of the uncouthness common to such objects of worship "made in Birmingham." For the idol was a sweet little Jap baby—and he was a patient in a New York hospital.

His hair was the texture of a chimney-sweep's brush, and it bristled so conventionally about his forehead that he looked like a clever imitation of a Japanese doll. He was the pride of Barnum's Circus, and had at the age of fourteen months already received many lessons in their craft from his parents, who were cunning jugglers of much renown in their own Land of Flowers.

A slight surgical ailment furnished an excuse for leaving the child in hospital while the circus displayed its wonders to the "wild, woolly West." "Me no want takee baby in the plain," explained the father. "He get much sick."

Now a Japanese baby is a notable possession even in America—the land of many nationalities—and the ward wherein the idol was enshrined was besieged early and late by enterprising reporters eager to turn so original a patient into "copy." Inspired by a wicked instinct to "play to the gallery," the head nurse procured a large Japanese umbrella, which she proudly suspended over the cot of the elfish atom, "just to make him feel at home," she said, somewhat vaguely, conscious of her ignorance of Japanese nursery customs. From this time onward the situation became more dramatic, for the little circus patient proved so popular an attraction, the story of the umbrella causing almost as much sensation as did the famous yellow jacket of Li Chung Tang, that visitors flocked from all parts of New York City, bringing gifts in kind and money to the hospital as toll for admission to the shrine. An artistic probationer traced in large characters on rice paper some cabalistic signs from an empty tea-chest. In one corner of the paper she painted an enormous green dragon, and affixed the gorgeous picturing pennant-like to the umbrella shaft, and confidently assured the "Press" and visitors that this represented the name of the child writ in Japanese characters—"the dragon" she communicated, "was the family crest."

The sign was reproduced by the sketching and trustful reporter of a New York evening paper. And this led to the discovery and ruthless unmasking of the fraud. For as it turned out, the inscription was in Chinese lettering, and was to the effect that "this chest contains finest Souchong Lapsang from the gardens of Ning Chow," at something or other a pound. But in spite of the discovery of his bogus baptismal, the shrine was thronged daily with worshippers; and little Yokohama, as he was christened afterwards—for he really was too small to answer to "finest Souchong Lapsang," &c., carried on during intervals of worship in charming baby fashion the most wonderful conversations in a tongue understood of none.

Such lovely hem-stitched and embroidered clothes as this little patient wore had never been seen even in the layettes of millionaire babies, heirs to Chicago pork-packing establishments. Cambric shirts of cobweb airiness were tucked, feathered, bordered, and trimmed to such a degree that, ignorant of the mysteries of Japanese underwear, the nurses invariably put the innermost garments outside, much to the amusement of papa Jap, who, in answer to many questions anent this fine raiment, said: "Me makee all them." His admiring little wife bore testimony to the truthfulness of the statement that he sewed every seam, cut out and finished every garment for the baby, and further, that all her own clothing, even to a tailor-made costume of the latest New York pattern, was fashioned by his nimble, brown little fingers.

Now it had never before occurred to us that there was anything in creation which would add to the many desirable qualities of an American as a husband. But before that baby had been a week in the ward, every nurse in the building was inspired with enthusiasm at the

many excellences the Japanese man displayed which tended towards matrimonial completeness. Fired with ambition and pride at the genuine admiration accorded him, he confided further that his wife was regularly coiffured—this was not the term he used, but it meant the same thing—by him. And the fashion of her hair-dressing, its coiling, involutions, and general architecture, was as much a piece of wonderful juggling as was his stage performance. And all efforts to make him understand "why Melican mans not do his wife's hair and make her clothes" were perfectly unavailing. "Is the new man to come from Japan?" asked the head nurse with emphasis. And all present were rendered so speechless by the vast possibilities of the coming husband, that none could coherently speculate on the country which is to produce him.

Current News

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred on the Countess of Aberdeen by Queen's University, Kingston. Her ladyship is the first woman in Canada who has received this honour.

The Women Writers' Dinner will this year be held on June 14th, when it is expected that many foreign visitors will be over for the Jubilee, and some of those distinguished in literature will be present. The Committee is the same as last year with the addition of Mrs. Flora Steel and Miss Montessor; Miss Ireland Blackburne again acts as hon. secretary.

Mrs. Mona Caird, having in a letter expressed a fear that in those hospitals rendered independent of public support by the Prince of Wales' Fund, unnecessary operations could be performed with impunity, a correspondent called the attention of his Royal Highness to this, and also asked him whether it would be possible to bring the convalescent homes within the scope of the Fund. The following reply has been received:—

"Marlborough House, Pall Mall, S.W., April 24th, 1897.

"Sir,—I am desired by the Prince of Wales to thank you for your letter of the 20th inst., and to inform you in reply that you are correct in anticipating that no such danger as that anticipated by Mrs. Caird is likely to arise. His Royal Highness regrets that he is at present unable to give an answer to your question about convalescent homes.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) "FRANCIS KNOLLYS."

The Prince of Wales has signified his intention of inspecting the veteran soldiers and sailors, representatives of battles during the Queen's Reign, and the Princess of Wales of receiving purses, at the garden fête to be held in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on July 5th, in aid of the "homes" for nurses of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Associations.

Miss Florence Gardiner is about to publish a copiously illustrated work on "The Evolution of Fashion."

At the recent meeting of the Royal Humane Society for awarding medals to those who have saved life, among others on whom rewards were conferred, was a young girl of 12, Evelyn Phoebe Palmer, of Houghton, near Stockbridge, Hants.

Miss Amy Fitzpatrick, of 16 Bell-street, Lisson-grove, was presented last Wednesday with a gold-mounted umbrella, subscribed for by the officers and men of the D division serving in the district, in recognition of her gallant conduct in assisting a constable while struggling with a desperate character named Kenny. About midnight on March 10th Police-constable Stone, 117 D, was on duty in Bell-street, when Kenny, a notorious oft-convicted ruffian, with apparently the sole

object of wiping off an old score, waylaid him, threw him to the ground, and having almost disabled him by kicking him, struck him violently about the face and bit his hand to the bone. When the constable was nearly exhausted Miss Fitzpatrick appeared upon the scene and promptly went to his assistance. She took Kenny by the hair and tried to drag him off the constable, but failing in that she clawed at his face with her finger-nails until she had compelled him to relinquish his hold. She then assisted the officer to detain him until further help arrived. Kenny was subsequently charged and sentenced to six months' hard labour. Police-constable Stone, who is still on the sick list, states that but for the young woman coming to his assistance he might have been killed. The inspector thanked her on behalf of the police, and expressed the hope that the male population of the district would emulate her example in aiding the police to cope with lawless ruffians. Miss Fitzpatrick having suitably responded, the proceedings terminated.

WOMAN LETTER CARRIER'S RECORD.—The Bristol Postmaster and Surveyor, Mr. R. C. Tombs, has presented a pension warrant to Hannah Brewster, who is retiring after a remarkable career as a letter carrier in a country district just beyond the city borders. The daughter of a sub-postmaster at Biton, she started the delivery of letters when a girl, sixty years ago, and has since been the regular post-woman, her daily round in a hilly country being eleven miles. She reckons to have walked altogether a quarter of a million of miles, and on country roads has never been robbed, stopped, or molested in any way. Surviving all her relatives, she has by strict temperance and frugality, lived on her pay of 11s. weekly and saved money, and in her seventy-third year she retires on half-pay granted by the authorities under exceptional circumstances.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION FOR BEFRIENDING YOUNG SERVANTS.—The annual meeting was held on Tuesday in the library of Lambeth Palace. Mrs. Temple presided, and the Bishop of Stepney, Bishop Barry, the Revs. Brooke Lambert, E. St. John, Hardy Harwood, and E. C. Hawkins, the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, and Mr. Hyndham Holgate took part in the proceedings. Mrs. Creighton and Mr. Claude Montefiore wrote regretting their absence through other engagements, the latter sending a cheque of £25 for the society.

A NEW CALLING FOR WOMEN.—The Parish Council of Langley, near Slough, has received an application from a woman for the post of slaughterhouse inspector of the town of Colnbrook, under their jurisdiction. She was recommended by two local residents as well qualified for the post, but the Council preferred to reappoint the present male inspector. In the adjoining parish of Iver a woman has acted as registrar and vaccination officer for several years with the greatest success.

Mr. Courtney, speaking to his constituents, urged that "It would be a rather fine and appropriate thing if on the morrow after a woman had reigned for 60 years with so much success and ability—a woman who had shown so much true political wisdom, and had been able to reconcile warring chiefs, and out of positions of danger been able to "pluck the flower of safety" for herself, her Crown, and her people—it would be a fine thing if on the morrow after such an event they could give to women duly qualified political rights so that they might share their Sovereign's responsibilities and duties, and as citizens take their part in promoting the interests of the nation."

THE ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.—The Graphic says: "A committee of ladies has been formed with the object of presenting an address to Her Gracious Majesty, which, while it offers congratulations on the sixtieth anniversary of her happy reign, draws special attention to the great and beneficial advance made in the position of womankind during that period. The

proposal to present the Queen with an address on behalf of the women of England is exceedingly happy, for the whole position of woman in England has altered enormously during the last half-century. To say nothing of the more material benefits that they have derived from this change, namely, the removal of their legal disabilities, the acquisition of educational privileges long refused to them, and the admittance to a share in many professions and employments from which their sex formerly excluded them, the great freedom gained by women in social life is enough by itself to make the reign of Queen Victoria the most important epoch in the history of English womankind. When one contrasts the young woman of the early Victorian era with her descendant of to-day there is no doubt which of the two has most cause for self-congratulation. She was a very amiable young person, no doubt, that lady of the early 'forties,' though rather timid perhaps, and quite incapable of looking after herself; but, hedged in with a thousand conventions, and a slave to as many unreasonable prejudices and traditions, her life was terribly cramped and confined, and she rarely knew the luxury of having a will of her own unless, by chance, she happened to marry a man somewhat weaker than herself. As for the young lady of to-day, who, in our hours of ease, is the rival of man's athletic prowess, and when sickness wrings the brow is not only a devoted nurse, but also, it may well happen, a very skilful doctor, what need is there to describe her? Is not the whole difference between her and her grandmother shown and exemplified by their respective skirts?"

THE SUFFRAGE AND PAISLEY TOWN COUNCIL.

At the meeting of the Paisley Town Council on April 13th, the following interesting discussion took place. The gentlemen of the Paisley Town Council are no doubt representative of the average feeling and opinion amongst men, and while we are very grateful for the generous and able support of Ex-Provost Clark and the other speakers in our favour, we have to consider how we can convert Baillie Smith who thinks it a mere waste of time to discuss the claim to representation of half the human race, and Councillor Galbraith who thinks that to study "history in the making" (commonly called politics) is no part of the duty of woman. The Clerk read a communication from the Women's Suffrage Society, requesting that the Council consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament in favour of the Bill extending the Parliamentary Franchise to Women, which had

passed its second reading, and which was set down for committee on June 23rd.

Ex-Provost Clark moved that the Council petition in favour of the Bill. As a matter of common sense and justice they should do so. He did not see how it was that women should be called upon to pay rates and taxes the same as men and should be deprived of the right of voting. Women had shown themselves to be in every shape and form a match for men. (Hear, hear, laughter and "question.") If any man thought he had more strength either intellectually or morally than women he would pitch them against women he knew in Paisley and try an examination. (Laughter.) Women had now a vote for Town and Parish Councils and School Boards, and, so far as he knew, no one had ever said anything in disapproval of the way they had exercised that right. Women were now forcing their way into the learned professions, and where they were on public Boards they had done valuable work.

Baillie Wilson seconded the motion. Baillie Souden moved that the Council do not petition in favour of the Bill.

Ex-Baillie Smith seconded. Councillor Eadie said he was not going to buttress the motion of ex-Provost Clark further than to say that as women had to keep the law as well as men, and were punished equally with men when they broke the law, he thought they were perfectly entitled to a voice in the making of the law.

Councillor Galbraith said that nature never intended women to be a man. (Laughter.) He had no objection whatever to women voting for School or Parochial Boards, but they should be kept out of politics by all means. He thought it was intended that women should keep their houses, and not be going gadding about and looking after politics. (Laughter.) He had as much respect for the ladies as ex-Provost Clark, but he did not think it was a place for them to mix among men in politics. If they attended to their household and children—those who had children—(laughter)—they would find plenty of work. (Laughter.)

Councillor Brown felt some surprise at the tone of several of the members. Personally, he really thought it was necessary that women should have a vote. They had to submit to the same conditions as men, and why then should they not have the same privileges. The only thing he was sorry for was that the Bill did not go far enough. It was a class measure, and only certain individuals would be in a position to use the vote; but still it was a step in the right direction, and therefore he would support it.

Ex-Treasurer Paton said there seemed to be some little misapprehension with regard to the scope of the Bill. Councillor Galbraith seemed

to be afraid that his wife would vote against him; but it was only the women who had houses of their own, and who paid taxes, who would get a vote. If every woman were married and had a family to attend to perhaps there would be another view of the question. But there were a great many who did not have husbands of their own or families, and were quite at liberty to exercise all the purposes of a vote. And some of the women would shame the men in the judicious use they would make of the vote when they were given the opportunity.

Ex-Baillie Smith—I think this is a waste of time altogether.

Ex-Provost Clark said that was only Baillie Smith's opinion. He did not know why there should be so much levity on a subject so serious and so important. He did not know what they would be without the up-bringing of good mothers, and if women could rear children they were proud of—such as those sitting round the table—why should they not be given the opportunity of choosing Members of Parliament. The highest magistrate in the realm was a woman, and if a woman was capable of being a queen and a mother, why, in a humbler position, should she not have a vote. Some women found they had not only little children, but big ones to look after, and that the biggest child of the lot was the husband. What did Mr. Galbraith or Baillie Smith do when they wanted a representative returned to Parliament? They went to the Women's Liberal Association and clapped them on the back and said, "Work hard and bring in voters, so that we will have a good majority at the end of the fight." They never thought twice of asking women to work there, but they never would give them the vote. (Laughter.)

Councillor J. Galbraith: I deny that, Provost. The roll was then called, when there voted for the motion—Messrs. Mackenzie, Wilson, Fisher, Bell, Donald, Mathieson, Eadie, Adam, Robertson, Paton, Erskine, Clark, Brown, Pollock, and Allison—15; for the amendment—Messrs. Souden, Goudie, Smith, J. Galbraith, Hutchison, and Leitch—6. The motion was accordingly declared carried.

RUSKIN has been accused of making too much of beauty in his writings, and was asked what plain girls were to do. To this he replied that to actual beauty of features he attached far less importance than did writers of fiction. He meant by it that expression of cheerfulness, which was a primary element of beauty, combined with self-forgetfulness in lending ready and loving help to others. He further said that no girl who was well-bred and modest could ever be offensively plain, for all real deformity was want of manners or of heart.

IN THE KITCHEN.

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

SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

Rumour says that the Queen is considering the possibility of entering St. Paul's Cathedral for a part of the Jubilee service. The difficulty as to her walking up the steps could easily be obviated by her being carried in a canopied chair, shoulder high, as the Pope is into St. Peter's. The objection that some persons make as to holding a religious service in the open air is, however, quite unreasonable. In older times the services were held outside St. Paul's as a practice, and Jesus Himself was wont to gather the multitudes around Him in the open air more frequently than He spoke in the Temple.

Lady Galton has penned a strong appeal to ladies intending to take seats on stands on the occasion of the procession to wear small and close-fitting toques or bonnets, in order not to obstruct the view of those behind them. Such an appeal ought to be needless, so consonant is it with common sense and the true courtesy that consists in avoiding needless offence or incon-

venience to others. But as mere thoughtlessness may lead some women when dressing to neglect this detail, it is as well to make the notion public.

The re-organisation of the Pioneer Club is to be carried out in connection with a new scheme. This club was, as we all know, founded by Mrs. Massingberd as a meeting ground for women in all ranks of life, and the scheme now about to be formulated into action is identical in many points with that looked forward to in the dreams of the generous founder. The proposer of the re-organisation scheme, Mrs. Wynford Philipps, is well known as a prominent worker wherever the cause of progress and reform in social, educational or political circles stirs the current of modern thought to action. She intends giving her time, wealth and mental resources to the building up of an organisation that she hopes will be able to attract to itself as a centre the best intellects and the most useful and practical workers among women. Besides providing for the continued existence of the Pioneer Club, on ever-broadening lines, she is bringing into conjunction with it "The Women's Institute," already formed by herself. The Pioneer Club is already well known, and its future on lines of increasing purpose may be easily defined. The "Institute," though of more recent date in actual existence, has, like everything which ultimately develops into life, been working for some time in the mind of its founder. It is now brought into expression by Mrs. Philipps, and it comprises the following provisions for the benefit of women in its programme of future arrangements:—

1. A large and complete library—consisting of a reference library, a library of books elucidating subjects of special interest to women and their work actual and possible, also of books useful to students, and for the study of all questions.
2. A society of societies, for the purpose of cataloguing, indexing and keeping in touch with all societies connected with women's work.
3. A general information bureau, for supplying to members and others information on every subject.
4. A woman's lecture department, which will send qualified lecturers to all parts of the country.
5. A help department, for aiding small societies.
6. A statistical society, which will be affiliated to the Stansfeld Memorial Trust.

These are among, and but a part of, the plans of the Club and Institute, the details of which are given, so far as they can yet be drawn out, in the "Re-organisation Pamphlet," to be obtained from Mrs. Philipps, 24, Queen Anne's Gate, St. James's Park, London, S.W.

Amongst the members of the Club who are taking an active part in its re-organisation are Viscountess Harberton, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Elizabeth Cust, and Mrs. Eva McLaren; and amongst the many well-known women who are at present members of the Club, may be mentioned Mrs. Olive Schreiner, the Hon. Mrs. A. Pelham, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Brynmoor Jones, Mrs. Norman, Mrs. Charles McLaren, and Miss Sharman-Crawford, while amongst those who have already accepted invitations to serve on the Council of the Women's Institute are Lady Montagu,

the Dowager Lady Grey Egerton, Mrs. Russell Cooke, Madame Canziani, Lady Harberton, and Lady Grove. Mrs. Wynford Philipps will assume the pecuniary responsibility formerly taken by Mrs. Massingberd. The Club will continue to be run on temperance lines.

Though it is only an "average Academy" this year, on the whole, it is an exceptionally good one for the work of women artists. They show nearly one-fifth of the entire number of exhibits, and at least two of the leading pictures of the year are from women's brushes, namely, Lady Butler's "Steady the Drums and Fifes," and Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's "Colt Hunting in the New Forest."

Lady Butler's picture has a secondary title and a motto, which are as follows: "The 57th, drawn up under fire on the ridge of Albuera." "The highest courage in a soldier is said to be the standing still under fire. . . . It is the self-command of duty in obedience to authority. In a forlorn hope there is the excitement of action and the forgetfulness of self which comes from it. But to stand under fire, still and motionless, is a supreme act of the will.—*Cardinal Manning.*" On her canvas, the long red line of foot soldiers is seen stretching away in the background, but the foreground is occupied by a little group of uniformed bandmen, most of them mere boys, one of whom is sorely wounded, whilst another has just fallen prone. The variety of expression, the noble sentiment and courage therein, in short, the dramatic quality of this picture is truly remarkable. It is the best thing that Lady Butler has done since the "Roll Call," and is certainly one of the finest pictures in the 1897 Academy.

But even more noteworthy is Miss Kemp-Welch's spirited horse picture, in which a number of young colts—fiery, untrained, untrimmed—are fairly galloping at one off the canvas. The landscape is good, but the animals, full of life and movement, are the feature of the big picture, for in them there is the same sense of action that one finds in the great works of Rosa Bonheur. How successful the picture is, is emphasized by its purchase for the nation by the trustees of the fund left by Chantrey, the sculptor, for the purpose of purchasing modern works of art. The other two pictures chosen by the trustees of the Chantrey Fund this year are Mr. Napier Hemy's "Pilchard Fishing," and a very beautiful and uncommon landscape, with rare atmospheric effects, painted by Mr. David Farquharson, and called "In a Fog."

Amongst other notable works by women are Miss Ethel Wright's handsome and life-like portrait of Mrs. Lawrence Phillips and Mrs. Jopling's beautiful full-length of Viscountess Maitland. Madame Henriette Ronner, the famous painter of cats, shows but a small picture, but perfect of its kind, called "A Cosy Corner," a handsome cat and her kitten on a tapestry cover close beside a buhl inlaid Louis Quatorze clock. "Coming" is a sweet little picture of a girl on a bench by Alice Manly. Henrietta Rae shows her usual reserved power and beauty of colour in the much-overdone and dull subject of "Isabella" weeping over the pot of basil in which her lover's heart is buried. Some strong effects

are produced by Ellen Clacey, in her picture of a girl in a red gown, carrying a bowl of goldfish across a room flooded with the red fire-light, and having a yet stronger note in a bowl of red and yellow tulips in the background. Maud Earl's Esquimaux dog, standing beside a sledge amid the eternal snows of the North Pole, the last survivor of an expedition, is a noticeable picture. Quaint and pretty is Ursula Wood's group of discontented youngsters, called "Bedtime."

Some of the best portraits are shown by lady artists, and, curiously, in several cases they have been most successful with portraits of men. For instance, Edith Kingdon Ellis exhibits a portrait of the Dean of Peterborough; Alice E. Ballard, one of Dr. Edward Ballard; and Maud Porter, one of W. G. Barber, Esq., all of which are excellent works. It is undeniable, however, that the chief picture of the year is one of those brilliant efforts of Mr. Sargent's, by which he is making for himself a reputation as a portrait painter that promises to be as great as that of Reynolds, while at the same time, of course, it is the most remunerative branch of art.

The subject is "Mrs. Carl Meyer," a handsome woman in early middle life, in a dress of bright pink satin, with a front of gauze through which the line of the ankle is visible above the little pink slippers stuck up on a footstool. She is seated on a Louis Seize sofa, covered with pink brocade; her left hand holds an open fan, and her right is extended with a charmingly free and natural gesture to her little son, who, clad in grey velvet, stands behind the sofa, together with his young sister in white. It makes a remarkable picture, all tender harmonies of pink and grey and cream. Another conspicuously good portrait is Mr. Briton Riviere's "Lady Wantage," standing beside the Egyptian donkey presented to her by the Royal Berkshire Volunteers, of whom her husband is colonel. Mr. Riviere's well-known skill in painting animals is not exceeded by his ability in representing a stately lady, as is shown again in "Mrs. Fred. Methold and her two deer hounds." Amongst the other interesting portraits are Monsieur J. Benjamin-Constant's portrait of the eldest son of Lord and Lady Dufferin, the Earl of Ava, presented to them by the British Colony in Paris, on the termination of Lord Dufferin's diplomatic career there; and a very good though too much softened portrait of Dr. Newman Hall, by Herbert Olivier.

Turning from the portraits, a noteworthy picture is that of Mr. Goodall, one of his favourite Eastern scenes, bathed in the strong lights of those regions, though softened by the oncoming of evening. It is called "The Ploughman and the Shepherdess." The sheep are drinking from the deep blue water, against which sits the pensive maiden, while her brown-skinned companion stands upon his praying carpet, drawn to his full height, ready for the evening prayer. Mr. Alma Tadema's two contributions are both small but rarely beautiful, with their usual Greek robed girl, and wonderful marble, and carefully painted flowers and surroundings. Mr. Orchardson again gives us a picture of

Empire dress and furniture, and a wonderfully detailed Aubusson carpet; it is called "Rivalry" this time, and shows a girl sitting with three men of different types before her. A very attractive picture is Mr. Boughton's "After Midnight Mass, Fifteenth Century," showing the great lady of the middle ages with her servants walking across the snow, amidst a village crowd, the whole lit by the glaring torches carried by some men. Mr. Gregory has given us a remarkably bright scene in the crowd of boats on the river on Sunday afternoon "At Boulter's Lock," and an even brighter picture is Mr. MacWhirter's flower-covered "Alpine Meadow." A great number of the Academicians only send portraits.

Over 2,000 works, including large and small pictures, oils and water-colours, miniatures, black and white and architectural drawings, and sculptures, are shown in this year's Academy. Yet 12,000 works had to be rejected, for want of space, if for no other reason.



MRS. LINNAEUS BANKS.

It is with deep regret that I have to chronicle the death of Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, "the Lancashire novelist." A biographical sketch of Mrs. Banks was given here in our issue of October 22nd last, and the record of her work need not therefore be now repeated. Most lovers of a good wholesome story are acquainted with some one or more of her books, and "The Manchester Man," giving a picture of the old city as it was at the beginning of the century, is a classic. No less an authority than the president of the Manchester Literary Club publicly declared that this book supplied the best word picture that was available for the antiquary of the buildings, institutions and personalities of Manchester in the days of "Peterloo." It is a moral and wholesome tale, full of interest, too; dealing with the career of a self-made man—a foundling—whose rescuer from a great flood of the Irwell bestowed on the nameless babe the cognomen of "Jabez" because he read in his Bible that "Jabez was an honourable man," and the old weaver thought that no

other description could be more desirable for his protégé. Jabez, often reminded by his protector in his boyhood of this derivation of his name, grew up to carry out its honourable traditions; and the tale of how he did so appeals to all right-minded persons, because written by so thoroughly honourable and high-minded a woman's pen. Whatever becomes of her many other works, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks's "The Manchester Man" is sure of a long lease of life.

To me, personally, the death of Mrs. Banks is something far different from the mere loss of a popular and interesting story writer. She was my oldest literary friend. I have known her from the time that I was fifteen, and intensely interesting it used to be to me to go in to see her in her neat little study, to hear about the new story in progress, or to see the picture just sent from the "Quiver," or some other magazine, to have a poem written to it. Her study was always a model of neatness; every paper and letter docketed and put in an appropriate band, and all ready to pick up. Though she was always more or less ill, she was ever neat, and up to the last she was a picture of an old lady in her snowy cap and her invariable black silk apron indoors. Yet she had a habit that I believe she was unconscious of herself, of fidgetting at something as she talked, in complete absorption in her subject. So pronounced was this habit that when she made me, in my medical period, her doctor, and used to come to see me frequently, as soon as I heard her voice at the door asking "Is my little Doctor in?" I used to hurriedly remove from the side of the table by which she would presently seat herself any paper that I did not want twisted and torn, and pop a quill pen there—knowing full well that in five minutes it would be twisting and twirling in her hands. She said that she drew from me one of her characters in "More than Coronets," which appeared first in "The Girls' Own Paper;" as the "note" that she placed at the end of this volume, in the collected series of her works, published by Heywood, stated, "Hesba had a living model whom I hold in high esteem," and to this her valued autograph on the title page of the volume given me, adds—"To my very dear friend, Florence Fenwick Miller, of whom I have attempted a faint shadowing in Hesba Stapleton, London, May 1882." In everything that I have done her loving sympathy has been a ready help, and I am glad to believe that the love and admiration that I gave her were an addition to the happiness of her later life. Nowhere else but in my dear SIGNAL, and to my beloved SIGNAL readers, could I thus write of what this loss is to me personally, but you encourage me to believe in a friendship and affection between us that emboldens me to do now what I so seldom do—write of my own feelings.

What I admired above all in the veteran author was her courage, displayed in the passive form of fortitude in which so many women show forth that quality. Her life had far more than the average share of pain, both of mind and body. Yet through the bitterest of sorrows and the cruellest of physical pain she did her duty so well,

wrote on so steadily, showed so brave a face to the outside world, and kept her active brain so ready for all wide interests, new thoughts, fresh instalments of knowledge. When she was about seventy, and reading, writing and fancy work all became a little difficult to her failing powers, she actually managed to start a new hobby—shell-collecting. She had a cabinet made suitable to hold them, bought and begged specimens, exchanged with other collectors, wrote in her singularly neat hand the scientific name and habitat of each shell and affixed the label to the specimen, and in short wisely and quietly amused herself to the best of her ability. To the very last, however, she worked; her handwriting remained marvellously clear and strong, and only last year she wrote a tale that ran through the "Church Monthly." She also did a new pattern for some fancy work, with some assistance, each month, as she had done for forty-five long years before. She gave me that piece of fancy work that she had designed and executed in the month in which she completed her 75th year. It is a table centre, with a groundwork of brown and blue satin, on which are prettily arranged oval rings of blue crochet. All sorts of hand-work were equally skilfully performed by the brain that so well commanded also literary expression and creative imagination; all embroidery stitches, macramé, netting, knitting, crochet, came into her patterns at different times. Withal, she was a good mother to nine children (several of whom pre-deceased her) and a notable housekeeper. Her daughter writes to me: "It was terrible to see her struggle for breath, but her wonderful brain was as acute as ever to within ten minutes of her death."

Mrs. Linnæus Banks wrote her opinion on the Women's Suffrage movement some ten years ago, in the following terms:—"I should be most reluctant to give my adhesion to any movement calculated to make women less womanly, or to remove them from that home sphere undeniably assigned to them by the Creator. But so long as women have to pay for the maintenance of Governments, local and national, I consider that they have as clear a right to vote for proper representation as have their masculine relations. I know it is urged that there are women who do not want the franchise, or who could not fitly exercise it. Just so, to puppets or blocks, whether male or female, the franchise is a nullity. But to responsible thinking persons, whether feminine or masculine, the franchise is both a *privilege* and a *right*."

By a curious coincidence, a letter reached me on the day of her death from Mr. Truelove, long a Holborn bookseller, and lover of freedom, now an old gentleman of 87, asking me to tell Mrs. Banks of something that had just occurred. On the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, April 23rd, 1864, an oak tree was planted on Primrose-hill in commemoration of that day; an Ode written by Eliza Cook (then at the height of her popularity), was recited by Henry Marston, and Mrs. Linnæus Banks christened the tree with water brought from the Avon, and made a brief but appropriate speech. Mr. Truelove was one of the

committee, and he desired me to tell Mrs. Banks that he had recently visited the tree and found it flourishing, but unmarked, and so he had written to the authorities suggesting that a tablet should be affixed to record what the tree meant, and had received a favourable reply, with an assurance that a tablet should be put on the tree as soon as it can be prepared.

How terrible is the holocaust of so many devoted and charitable souls at Paris! Undoubtedly, such temporary structures as the "Old Paris Street," of cardboard and laths, should be illegal until examined and certified to have adequate arrangements provided for escape in the event of fire by some public authority. The bazaar was held on behalf of the combined charities of Paris, and hence drew on a very wide circle of benevolent ladies and supporters of good works.

It happens that the Hotel du Palais, in the Cours la Reine, referred to in the accounts of the fire, is the one at which I stop when I go to Paris. It is owned and managed, as so many French businesses are, by a woman, and it is good to note that Madame Roche-Sautier did not lose for one moment the clear head by which she carries on her large business, but acted for the best instantly and energetically, tearing out, with the aid of her male cook, the iron bars that guarded the small windows of her domestic offices (giving on the waste ground on which the "Paris Street" had been erected), and helping some one hundred and fifty persons to escape from the flames by the aid of chairs and vigorous pulls up the deep wall below the opening.

The Duke of York has placed at the disposal of the committee of the London Philatelic Exhibition one gold and one silver medal to be given for the two best collections of postage stamps shown in class four, formed and owned by ladies. The exhibition is to be held at the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, the opening day being July 22.

Novelties make a noise, while over the smooth roads of accustomed track the car of life rolls silently; hence it is quite possible to over-estimate the degree to which the New Women's ideas have made way. A number of the Hampstead Guardians proposed a few weeks back to elect a lady, Mrs. Finlay, as vice-chairman; but thereupon two of the members declared that they would absent themselves from the meetings rather than sit under the presidency of a lady. The question was eventually shelved on some point of order. Several District Councils, however, have reconciled themselves to having ladies either as chairmen or vice-chairmen. The Act of Parliament, which permits this, shows nevertheless the strength of the still existing Conservatism on such questions, by containing a direct provision that in such cases the lady-chairman shall not be a Justice of the Peace, a position which belongs to a man elected as chairman of such a body as a right. One or two of the smaller committees of the London School Board, and several special temporary committees, have had lady members as their chairmen.

Dur Short Story.

NURSE MARY'S STORY.

By HELEN URQUHART.

"When are you off duty, Nurse Mary?" "Between two and four this afternoon. Why?"

"I wish you would change with me. My brother is up in town to-day, and it is my only chance of seeing him."

"Of course I will, gladly," replied the other, though the "change" meant giving up. "It does not matter to me, you know."

"Thank you, so very much, it is kind of you. I am so glad. I will just speak to 'sister' now."

I was the new probationer then, and was passing two of my fellow-nurses when I heard this. With keen interest I took them in as they stood there in the "covered way," the autumn sunshine tinting the red-leaved trellis work, and lighting up those two. The one was tall, dark and handsome, I thought; the other, small, fair, and oh, so pretty! Their uniform dresses, with the white cap and apron, how picturesque it all looked. Nurse Mary the taller, Nurse Sybil looking even smaller by the side of her tall companion.

They look very nice, those two, I thought to myself as I passed from the "home" to the wards beyond, and it cheered me considerably even to think this, for I was new and strange and very lonely. Nurse Mary came in just after me, for we both worked in "Barnabus." She had given up her free time "gladly"! I wondered why. Would the time ever come, I asked myself as I hurried through my work, behindhand as usual, when I should give up mine "gladly"?—my precious two hours of rest, recreation and change of thought—home letters written and read, and all the numberless details crammed into that short space. You see I was only the "new pro." and had not the true love for my work yet, nor for the prestige for my ward.

So I wondered about this sad-eyed woman, who didn't want to write "home letters." It has taken years to know the whole story as I give it here, in my own way, of course. But this is what I learned.

"Nurse Mary" was the only daughter of an officer, and when the country claimed his services, and later, his life, she "took up nursing." She had clear, dark eyes, and a frank, bright smile, with an air of being very much "on duty." Work, work, work, partly because there was very little play to be had, and even so I doubt if the girl would have cared about it. Some natures thrive on "hard times," I think, and I'm equally sure some die of it; withered, as it were, and blighted for want of more sun.

"When you are my age, Sybil," the elder would say, half reproving, half caressing, "you will not yearn for playthings, so."

And Sybil, pretty, loving little Sybil, would laugh outright, and say, "Dear old Mary, you talk like a Methuselah; but even I can be serious, you know."

Aye, and Sybil could, too; for a thorough little nurse there was no beating her. The patients adored her quaint, merry ways and bright face. "Our nurse is a real treat," they would say; and those who were too far gone to say this looked it. They knew that hers was the soft tread and kind skilful hand, knew that Nurse Sybil would count no time and no trouble too dear for their comfort. Yet what an "airy-fairy Lillian" she was! Off

duty the light of the party, the very brightest star in her pretty, happy home. It went hard with her people, this sacrifice of their darling, her time and presence. The petted child of old parents, they rejoiced to see her "happy and good."

When she came to the hospital Nurse Mary had been there about two years, and she was sent for to "mother," the new probationer, till she found her "sea legs."

"Nurse Mary, my dear," the matron had said on that occasion, "I want you to look after that child for me. She is rather young for us, I am afraid, but I was so struck by her bright, honest face I could not refuse. I think she will get on, but there is one thing, one little thing, I am afraid of—"

"Yes, Matron?"

"I thought you would guide her with your sound advice. You see, my dear, she is young, and—well, I suppose, would be considered pretty. I should be sorry if she was foolish with it. You know how much that sort of thing affects these young nurses. I fear I may not have been altogether wise in taking her, but I trust a good deal to you in this matter. After all, no one can give warning words so well as a fellow-worker. And I believe such, honestly given, go much farther than repeated scoldings. Do you follow me?"

Yes, Nurse Mary perfectly understood. There was a bond of unspoken sympathy and love between these two, the matron and her nurse, and when the latter promised all that was implied in this request, Miss Murchison knew she was safe.

"Thank you. I knew I might rely on you. Now, run away, for your time off duty is short; and just see Nurse Sybil has some refreshment, will you?"

When Mary left the room, her matron remained long in thought.

"I did not, I fear, express my meaning very clearly," she mused, "but then Mary Donovan

is so true she will understand—there need be no spying or unpleasantness. And Mrs. Trevelyan was such a sweet old lady, I should be grieved to disappoint her."

So engrossed was she in thinking over the welfare of this, her new probationer, that poor little Sybil, who had entered the room unheard, trembled at this dignified ignoring of her presence, and wondered what she ought to do or say.

"I was so nervous," she afterwards confided to Mary.

Of course these two became fast friends. To a nature like Mary Donovan's, this duty of protection was a charm in itself. And then Sybil, with her winning ways and light heart, was not a difficult subject to expend a store of love upon, and was worth a sacrifice or two, if necessary. It was far from being an easy task, and as such Nurse Mary never wavered or looked back.

Sybil was so pretty, and fair and flowerlike that others, besides the nurses, were not slow to discover the fact, and because of her gold hair and manner of "fitting" more than walking she was christened "The Butterfly." For a whole year the older friend had never relaxed her vigilance: always to be seen near Sybil or with her, throwing in a word here and a reproof there, which the younger woman never failed to obey, even if she did "argue it out" sometimes. It was during Nurse Sybil's second year that the two friends were on night duty together. Miss Murchison, true to her trust, always arranged it so, and saw that it was good.

So docile and so attentive to her ward and its wants had Nurse Sybil grown that we cannot blame her "staff" if she held the reins a trifle looser and was not always on her guard. She had had occasion frequently of late to send her probationer into the opposite ward, which also fell to her charge, and there Sybil would remain unmolested for a considerable time, while Mary sat watching a "bad case." The patient in

question having grown more excited and delirious on one particular night, Mary left his bedside to call for help. The man was more than she could manage unaided, and the rest were mostly "tied up" in splints and such like inconveniences.

"Nurse Sybil! Nurse Sybil!" she called, but no answer and no nurse being forthcoming, she called to a patient in No. 6 bed and told him to watch "Daddy" while she flew across the ward to find her lax probationer. "She may have fallen asleep," thought Mary, "tired, poor child," yet this was so foreign to Sybil's conscientious nature that she did not think so long, especially as sounds of quiet laughter and conversation were heard in the adjacent ward. If her heart beat quicker for a moment it did not hinder speech.

"Nurse Sybil," she cried, "I want you, and oh, Dr. Fraser, please come, poor 'No. 7' is so bad again."

All three hurried to the bedside, and no word passed between the trio, now all intent on the relief of suffering. It was only when the doctor had left the ward and the patient was sleeping under the narcotic that Mary recalled the circumstance of Sybil's prolonged absence and the doctor's presence.

"I was sorry to see," Mary Donovan began quietly, "I was sorry to see, Sybil, that both you and Dr. Fraser were breaking the rules." Sybil thus addressed came forward pouting a little, for she knew what was to follow.

"He—he had not been there long, Mary dear," she whispered, laying her head on Mary's knee as she spoke. "Indeed, indeed, we—I had no idea you were in difficulties, or—or at any rate, it was a good thing he was there, he came so much quicker"—this with a very wistful look into the elder's face.

"Sybil, dear, it must not be," went on the soft, low voice. "You did wrong, and—"

"Oh, now you are going to lecture," said the girl restlessly. "Well," with faint bravado, "here goes, begin Mary dear."

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"Sybil, you must not talk either in the wards or corridor with Dr. Fraser," and the hand that touched Sybil was so kind and soft and firm. "You know it is wrong, though it is—it is difficult for me to tell you this"—Mary paused.

"Go on," from the culprit.

"There is no more to say, that is all," was the quiet rejoinder, and then there was silence.

The next two nights were full of work, and both nurses were very occupied, and had as much as they could do to finish everything satisfactorily. On the third night, Sybil was in the adjoining ward, when the doctor came in for his "rounds." The staff nurse noticed she had made a point of this lately, and hoped it was a good sign.

"Oh, alone, Nurse Mary?" the doctor remarked carelessly, as he proceeded down the long ward to "No. 7."

"No! Nurse Sybil is with me as usual."

"Ah, I hope I did not get her into trouble the other night, it was all my doing, of course."

"No, no one knew but myself, and since you mention it, Dr. Fraser, I should like to ask you not to do this. You are so lately on the staff that perhaps—that perhaps you do not know it is against all rule for the nurses to gossip with the doctors—and, and it is not kind or fair to Nurse Sybil, I think."

"Mary!" he paused and came over to the fireplace. "Why do you say that to me? Do you think she is in any way—I mean, do you imagine for one moment—" But Nurse Mary had turned her pale, proud face, and looked into his with glowing eyes. If she had been nervous before, it was all gone now.

"I do not imagine anything, Dr. Fraser," she said coldly. "I merely ask you not to do this, that I may avoid carrying the offence to headquarters."

"You would not do such a thing, surely; why, in the old days, Mary, to sneak would be the last thing to expect from you—put yourself in her place."

"There is no comparison. I am able to take care of myself, she is not." And God knows the pain in her heart, was as living torment. For nurses do have such trials, and such things will happen, even in an hospital; why not, they are human beings, human men and human women; so that neither fail in their self-respect or in their duty, why not?

"You would not listen to me," the young man continued, hurriedly and low. "I wanted to speak to you. I loved you, oh, I loved you long before you came here, but I knew—oh, Mary!—I knew you would not listen, and I waited, and then—"

"I may not listen to such things, Dr. Fraser,"

she said, in a voice he thought hard and stern. "But tell me, have you—did you wait to some purpose; and do you mean to say you really love Sybil Trevelyan, because, if so, I—"

But at that moment she came into the ward, Sybil, with her bright, gold hair and blue eyes, but drew back on seeing the doctor. "I thought, I thought," she said nervously, "that you called me, Nurse Mary. I did not know—" but at this Dr. Fraser took his leave, only waiting to see and hear that "No. 7" and his fellows were sleeping peacefully.

Some weeks after this conversation, Mary was sent for to the matron's room. For a long time she had intended to go of her own free will, but it was such a difficult errand, and yet day by day and week by week her fears had been fulfilled, and what at first was only a case of mutual attraction, had now ripened into the more serious one of love.

"I wanted to have a chat with you, dear," were the words that greeted Mary's entrance. "Sit down here, and tell me. Are you feeling your work too heavy? Perhaps this spell of night duty has been too long; tell me candidly, child, and if possible I will make a change at once."

But Mary made no confessions, she only flushed slightly under the scrutinising gaze of her kind and much-loved matron. There was one thing very clear to her, that she must stay on night duty so long as Sybil was the probationer, and yet, had she not told herself over and over again, things had gone too far for interference. She must give place to a stronger will than hers; must bow before an implacable fate—a providence shaping her "long hewn" stumbling-blocks into a perfect end.

"I am so thoroughly content," continued Miss Murchison, "so content to know that little Nurse Sybil is with you; it lightens any anxiety I might have about her. But by no means are you to be sacrificed even in so good a cause. Do you quite understand me?"

"I am quite well, dear Matron," Mary answered, smiling bravely, in answer to the look of inquiry, "and Sybil is very good and tractable—I do not think you need be anxious—but there is one thing I have had on my mind to tell you sometime—"

"About—something about yourself, Mary?" asked her matron, quickly.

"No, oh no; it is about Sybil," Mary said, with a look almost akin to motherly love shining in her dark eyes, and Miss Murchison was looking away just then, so she did not notice an unnatural brightness there, too.

"I have been very much troubled of late how to act. My first thought was to come to you

for advice, and then I hesitated, it seemed so much like prying. I think there must be cases in which any interference may only do harm. Do you understand me, dear Matron?"

The girl broke off hastily, for Miss Murchison was sitting quite still with her hands clasped on her knees, waiting for a light to break. She did not answer, so Mary continued, blunderingly, "I mean, I think my vigilance has only ripened rather than destroyed what was—what might have ended in friendship only."

Mary Donovan paused, and at last Miss Murchison spoke.

"Do you mean to say that it is an honest case of mutual regard, or even love, for instance, between—"

"Nurse Sybil and Dr. Fraser," Mary added quietly. "Yes, I do."

"Then, my dear"—and the matron laid her hand full kindly on that of her staff nurse—"then in that case, my dear, I think we must just stand aside and wait, if it cannot be prevented in any way."

This was half question, and the girl addressed raised her honest eyes to the elder's face.

"I do not think it can be prevented, Matron. I have done what I could."

"I believe that; I believe that it is not your fault if our vigilance has failed in its object. She is so young, one fears—"

A knock at the door, and Dr. Fraser's face following it. Mary rose to her feet, and the young man retreated a pace or two.

"Come in, Dr. Fraser, come in," said the Matron. "We have finished our chat," and with a hurried glance at Miss Murchison, Mary made haste to retreat. She walked slowly till she gained her bedroom door, and there she paused before turning the handle only a moment, the next she entered and sat down, both hands before her quite still and quite idle. A tap at her door and some one came in, and towards her.

"Why, Sybil, my dear, I thought you were on duty!"

"I am 'off' for a little while, and dear old Mary, I came to you." Down on her knees, with her golden head plunged capless and tossed into Mary's lap. "I came to you, my dear, dear Mary, to tell you something."

Mary stroked the soft mass gently. "I am so glad you came straight to me," she said. "What is it, this—this big news you are going to tell me?"

A short sly laugh from Sybil, who raised a flushed and sparkling face to say, "You will never guess, Mary, never, never, I—I hardly know what you will think—but I am, oh, so happy!" with a sigh for this new joy.

"I can only think one thing if you are happy, darling, I can only feel—can only feel—"

"What, you dear?"

"Happy, too, Sybil."

Brave words from you, Mary Donovan, but then you are a brave woman.

"Can—can you guess, Mary?"

"I think I can, dear, but I would like you to tell me."

"I am going to be married, Mary, dearest friend. I am going to be married and you mustn't scold me, for I could not help it, indeed; it was not my fault, he—he is so good, and big, and handsome, so—so—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Dr. Fraser, I mean, Mary, I'm going to marry him."

"Dear child, I could not scold you," and the eyes of "Nurse Mary" looked long and tenderly into the upraised face of Sybil Trevelyan. "God bless you, my little girl, my own dear little woman. God bless you and make you very happy, Sybil."

At last the girl rose from her kneeling posture to tidy her hair, for "I must be off now," she said gaily, "I left Hugh with Matron, but I shall see you after supper, Mary, won't I? Come to my room, I think I ought to give a tea!" and away ran Nurse Sybil, her footsteps echoing down the long corridor, leaving Mary Donovan alone. And she rose, too, and stood on her feet, hesitating, a terrible pain in her heart and in her great brown eyes, then she fell on her knees, and—well, it's no affair of ours, perhaps it were even kinder to leave her, too.

The four o'clock bell rang, and Mary hastened to don her cap and answer its call to duty. It must have been a long talk, that between the matron and Dr. Fraser, for he opened the sitting-room door and came out just as the nurse passed on her way downstairs.

"One moment, Mary, Mary," Hugh Fraser whispered hurriedly, but she made to pass him.

"I cannot wait," she said, "and you must not call me by my name here, please."

The young man followed her down, and then paused as they reached the corridor leading to the male side.

"Will you not listen to me once, Mary, you have heard—you—"

"Ah, yes, I have heard good news, I think I must have forgotten, I congratulate you very heartily on your good fortune. "And then, speaking less coldly and looking up at her companion, she said wistfully, "Sybil came to tell me her glad news—be—be very good to her, Dr. Fraser, she trusts you so implicitly."

"I love her, Mary—er—Nurse Mary, I love her as you would never let—"

"That is enough," the girl broke in hastily, "we will have no recollections, no looking back, the past is all past," this last with a slightly perceptible effort; "but take care of Sybil, Dr. Fraser, and make her happy, as I am sure you can."

"Thank you, many times, it is kind of you to say that. Will you shake hands, Mary?"

"Well, no, I think not just now," she said, laughing. "I will defer that for a more brilliant—a more public occasion, good-night."

He held the door open in silence, and Mary passed through. "How cold it is," she said again, looking back at his figure in the doorway, "good-night." The door swung to, and the next minute she was gathering up orange-peel off "Daddy 20's" locker.

But that is a story of years ago, and Mary is "Sister Barnabus," and I have the ward below.

WHAT TO WEAR.

I HAVE just come back from a walk down Bond-street, and nearly every second woman was wearing a purple hat. How pretty it is, this purple head gear, a haze of flowers and tulle and straw, the same colour but in many fabrics. More especially pretty is it when the dress is in one of those delicate shades of beige or tan which are being so much worn just at present, for a bright hat with a light dress is a combination specially favoured at present by Madame La Mode. Corn-flower blue hats are also much worn with grey or tan dresses, and rose-pink toques are worn with everything—even with bright blue gowns, but this is only correct for carriage wear. Black hats with white muslin gowns will be worn later on, for this always produces a striking effect.



E. 7,909.—Here is a very smart sleeve, the lower part of which is tight-fitting and covered with lace applique; the upper part of the sleeve is ornamented with a gauging of material which extends from the shoulder to a few inches above the elbow, where it finishes in a narrow frill; on the shoulder the sleeve is ornamented with a very pretty epaulette of lace, which is draped up under two rosettes; at the wrist the sleeve is shaped out and trimmed with a jabot of lace. Quantity of 21 in. material required for two sleeves, 3 yds.; lace for epaulettes, 2 1/2 yds. Patterns can be had from this office for 6 1/2 d., post free.

The inclemency of the weather makes us loath to part with our outdoor garments, but the new jackets are so particularly dressy that it is no infliction to wear them. Short basques are the rule, and a good many of the "costume jackets" are made slightly loose, with a band round the waist, either entirely round, or appearing only at the back. These little jackets have a delightfully dégage air, and look much better style than a garment which follows every line of the figure.

A very pretty model which has lately come over from Paris has a novel kind of bodice, with the back and front cut down in a V to the waist, so as to reveal a glimpse of a cream silk muslin chemisette, edged with Valenciennes or Torchon lace, and tied up with a bébé ribbon. This chemisette reaches as far as the bust, and the upper part of the bodice is made of bright-coloured silk in a different shade from the dress. A pretty model was in silver-grey cloth, with the under bodice made of pale pink silk, partially veiled with a gathered chemisette of white gauze. Another was in grass-lawn laid over yellow, the chemisette in cream-coloured muslin the under bodice of green glacé silk, and the waistband a twist of green velvet. This model would be extremely pretty for bridesmaid dresses, or for garden party dresses later on.

Tucks are very fashionable at present, and what can be neater than the plain skirt, bordered with three graduated tucks? A few horizontal tucks are often placed on either hip, just as though the skirt had been slightly caught up with each hand, and there pinned in place. A good many sleeves are being made in graduated tucks, and a new kind of bodice is also made entirely in tucks, wide ones going round the figure, the last on hanging a little over the waist at the back, so as to give the effect of a jacket. A deep fall of coffee lace is sewn on in a square, so as to soften the severity of the tucks.

Plaid silk is very fashionable just now—very bright patterns, the gayer the better. These plaids are what is called fancy tartan, so we shall not be called to account in the awkward way that a certain Mr. Smith was by the McCleod, though if he asked us (as did Mr. Smith) what reason we had for wearing his tartan, we could reply with all meekness (as did the same Mr. Smith), "Because I have paid for it." These tartan silks furnish an excellent method for making old dresses look new, last year's sleeves can be replaced by plaid silk sleeves, the fancy material also being introduced in the form of a sash. Tartan sashes are very pretty with grass-lawn gowns, and some pretty toilettes of this description have been worn by the bridesmaids at recent weddings. Hats trimmed with fancy plaid ribbons are very pretty for morning wear, they are also nice for bicycling.

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EXTENSIVE SHOWROOMS
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are now fully equipped with

All the Novelties
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Mantles, Costumes, Blouses, Millinery, Tea-Gowns, Lingerie, Silks, Dress Fabrics, Trimmings, Lace, &c.

HIGHEST CLASS GOODS

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For INFANTS

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MELLIN'S
FOOD

When Prepared is
similar to Breast Milk.

Samples post free from
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COMMON DISEASES.

I.—ANÆMIA.

ANÆMIA is either a deficiency of red blood corpuscles, or a shrinkage of them due to defective assimilation, or an impaired condition due to disease.

Anæmia is generally to be found in the growing period. Young persons of both sexes suffer more from this disease than when maturity has been reached, although it is sometimes found in persons advanced in years who have neglected the laws of hygiene, or, from the nature of their occupations, are confined to badly-ventilated sleeping and working rooms.

Thus it will be found more prevalent in cities than in the country. Anæmia will be found in young people who have to work in factories, who have to breathe vitiated air, and who neglect, or do not from ignorance supply, the necessary aliment of food and drink to maintain and restore the daily waste of energy necessary to support the labour either of brain or hands.

The natural consequence of neglecting the fundamental laws of health is a visible pallor—a diminution of roundness and firmness in the muscles, and a lassitude and sinking weariness which unfits the individual to do his or her daily work either of brain or hand.

The replenishing of the system from the wasting of tissues which is going on every day can only be accomplished by the proper assimilation of food.

It cannot be done with medicine. It can, however, be accomplished with a perfect, flesh-forming, palatable, and agreeable Food Beverage. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is such a Food Beverage, possessing, as it does, wonderful nourishing, strengthening, and stimulative powers, unsurpassed by any other Food Beverage. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is not a medicine. It does simply what it is claimed to do, and its strengthening powers are being recognised to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation.

Merit, and merit alone, is what we claim for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we are prepared to send to any reader who names the WOMAN'S SIGNAL (a postcard will do) a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post paid. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, as a concentrated form of nourishment and vitality, is invaluable; nay, more than this; for to all who wish to face the strife and battle of life with greater endurance and more sustained exertion it is absolutely indispensable.

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

"I say, pa, heard the news?" said Tommy.
 "No, what is it?"
 "Why, they ain't going to have the lamp-posts any longer."
 "I am surprised, what's the reason?"
 "Because they're long enough already."

A COUNTRY WORKED BY WOMEN.—The state of Besjukovschtschina, in Russia, is probably the only place in the world that is run entirely by women. This state is made up of seven villages, each presided over by a mayoress, the whole under the superintendence of a lady named Saschka, who acts as president. There are women magistrates, women preachers, women policemen—in fact, every capacity in the state is filled by women. The roads are made by women, and women sell milk and deliver letters. If you want to bring an action against your neighbour in this state, you go to a woman lawyer, and if there is anything in your house to be stolen, then a burglar of the weaker sex steals it. No place of any importance is filled by a man. This state of affairs has been brought about by an epidemic which occurred in 1861, and during which the men of the state behaved so badly as to reduce the population to starvation. Since then the women have taken the state in hand and made it prosperous.

The Dowager Empress of Russia twice saved her husband's life. On one occasion she found a parcel on his table, of which the appearance aroused her curiosity, and, taking it up, she became aware that it was extremely heavy. Without saying a word, she went into her room, and placed it carefully in a basin of water; then sending for the Prefect of Police, whose duties kept him much about the Palace, she begged him to have it examined, and it was discovered to be one of the most marvellous infernal machines ever invented by the ingenuity of man. The second occasion on which the Empress was directly instrumental in stopping murder occurred in the Winter Palace, when she heard a slight noise which indicated the presence of some stranger in the Tzar's study. Without betraying the slightest anxiety, she begged her husband to come and speak to one of the children. He did so. She locked the door, and only gave up the key to a party of soldiers, who found, when they entered the apartment, that someone had just escaped through the window.

THE NEW LEMONADE.

MANY people suffer from extreme thirst during the hot weather. Messrs. FOSTER CLARK & Co. have supplied the want that has so long been felt by making a concentrated lemonade which is far more economical than the ordinary lemonade. It is made from the finest lemons, and the great advantage is that it is partly manufactured in Italy, in the midst of the lemon orchards. The lemons are taken direct from the trees to the factory to commence their transformation into the Eiffel Tower Concentrated Lemonade.

You can get thirty-two tumblers (or two gallons) for fourpence halfpenny. If you cannot get it from your Grocer send sixpence to G. FOSTER CLARK & Co., 269, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone.

ECONOMICAL COOKERY.

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

A CHAT ABOUT FRUIT

I SAW lately a letter written by a lady doctor to an acquaintance (who had occasion to consult her some time since), in which the writer expressed the hope that fruit was "still forming a good part of the diet." "Begin every meal with fresh or cooked fruit, and if you like to eat nothing but fruit now and then for a change, the meal will be of much benefit." Such was the advice. But will this meet all cases? Perhaps not, but the reading of the letter suggested to me this little article, for I am sure that fruit is not half appreciated by the majority of people so far as its forming the

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS.

THIS is an advertisement of Chivers' Gold Medal Table Jellies. It isn't often that you meet with this frankness at the opening of an advertisement, is it? There are plenty of other Jellies in the market; a few of very good quality, some of very inferior material. Many Jellies and Jams are bought by people who don't pause to think, and ascertain whether they are getting the best. In buying a Table Jelly, why not buy one that is wholesome, nutritious, and digestible, with a flavouring of fresh fruit juices from ripe fruit, instead of some chemical concoction? These are the characteristics of Chivers' Jellies, which have the endorsement of Gold Medals and First-class Diplomas. Chivers' Jams and Jellies are made at Histon (Cambs) Fruit Farm, and from fruit grown on their own and neighbouring fruit farms. The fruit has no time to spoil or to become stale; it is boiled into Jam the same day as it is picked. The apparatus employed is silver-plated, so that there is no possible chance of contamination or impurity. Orange, Lemon, Strawberry, and Raspberry are some of the flavours, and very delicate and delicious they are. A delicately fruity odour and taste characterise Chivers' Gold Medal Table Jellies. A large number of newspapers and periodicals in the three kingdoms have reported favourably upon Chivers' Jellies. They set so easily, quickly, and firmly. Their transparency and finish are so brilliant and daintily appetising which, added to their delicious flavour, render Chivers' Jellies a welcome addition to every dinner and supper table. Needless to say children are enthusiastic over them, and that because of their flavour and attractiveness of appearance, invalids thoroughly appreciate Chivers' Jellies.

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

ANOTHER SUCCESS. COCKBURN TEMPERANCE HOTEL

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

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

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

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

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

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

main portion of a meal is concerned. Do not many eat it when the appetite is really more than satisfied, then assert, not unnaturally, that it does not agree with them? We are now "between the seasons" from the fruit eater's point of view, yet what a lot of good things are within our reach, and at such a moderate figure too. The prunes this year are very good, quite different from the "bullets," almost flavourless, that one had to put up with a year or two ago, unless one could pay quite a high figure. Here is a dish that may be tried by old and young.

GATEAU OF PRUNES.

So far, I know of no one who has once eaten it, but makes it a standing dish. Wash the fruit well, but quickly, for it is often dusty and gritty, but the flavour should be preserved, hence, long immersion in the washing water is not to be desired. For a pound, allow a pint of cold water, and let the fruit soak in this for several hours.

If soaked enough the stones can be readily removed, but it is a good plan to rinse them with a little water to remove any fruit that clings to them. Now simmer until tender, about half to three-quarters of an hour, and when about half done, add sugar to taste, from four to six ounces, of crushed loaf; the juice of a lemon or an orange, and a drop or two of almond essence improves. And while not a necessity, a lump of red currant or black currant jelly gives a richness of flavour and colour that well repays the extra cost; or a spoonful of raspberry vinegar is not to be despised in the same connection. An ounce of sheet gelatine cut up will be wanted; it is best to reserve a little of the pint of water and heat it, then dissolve the gelatine in before adding, so that it may get evenly distributed; allow a few minutes' more simmering, then when cool pour into a mould, and turn out when set. And by the way, if the mould be rinsed in cold water after it has had a thin coating of pure olive oil, the *gateau* will turn out with a shining appearance. Supposing a border mould, which is quite the best thing, how shall we fill it up? Whipped cream is too costly for everyday consumption, so try a custard from Chivers' powder, using half to three-quarters only of the ordinary amount directed of milk; then when the custard is cold, it will be firm enough to take up with a spoon, and so can be piled up in the middle of the mould. Or, for a change, does not a glistening heap of one of the pretty and delicious strawberry or raspberry jellies of the same firm appeal to you? By the way, do you know that if you chop jelly very finely, on a sheet of damp paper (white, need I say) it becomes much paler, as well as looks very bright, it is so useful for garnishing purposes.

This is not the time for making a large stock of rhubarb jam, but still, a good many take advantage of early rhubarb to make a little, to tide them over a jamless spring; for, by this, many a preserve cupboard is in the same condition as Mother Hubbard's. To obviate the possibility of getting jam of a dingy colour, which does happen now and then, the following is recommended. The flavour is famous. Take some stalks of rhubarb as even in thickness as you can, and wipe them, then cut them up into half-inch lengths, and spread them on flat dishes with a pound of sugar, crushed lump, pure cane, and no other, to the pound of fruit; leave for a couple of days and nights, or a few hours longer; cover with a light cloth just to exclude dust. Now for the boil; allow about fifty minutes; test as usual, and do not boil too slowly. The flavouring requires care; grated ginger makes it thick. Try this. A little essence of ginger, and go to a thoroughly reliable chemist for it, and a few drops of essence of lemon. The first named should predominate. Put both in when the jam begins to boil up well, after it has been skimmed. It is not intended for long keeping, but a dry place must be chosen, and there is nothing better than the "vegetable parchment" paper for tying down. There are many who, for the sake of getting a pure essence make their own, and this is a good mode. Break up some whole ginger, but do not bruise it, then put it in a little jar, and pour over enough good spirit

(whiskey answers well) to thoroughly cover; tie down and set in a warm place for a few days then strain and use. The same ginger can be used a second time.

HONEY AS A SWEETENER

for everyday dishes is, according to the lady I have referred to, not made half enough of, though it is necessary that it be quite pure; and there is much in the market that has little in common with the busy bee. Those suffering from constipation may be glad of the hint, as in such cases it is of special benefit. Stewed figs with honey and orange juice may be instanced as a famous dish. And here is a good recipe. Wash the figs, then soak them in cold water, to cover for some hours; this restores a good deal of the original moisture to dried fruit, and the flavour will be better. Add the juice of an orange to a pound or less, and if liked, some of the rind, but remove that before serving. Bake in a slow oven, or simmer over the fire, long and slowly, that the fruit may plump, but not become mushy looking. The honey, as much as is required, should be put in towards the end of the cooking. Brown bread and butter, or rice and other cereals are suitable adjuncts; and custard of course commends itself. Here is another hint from the same source. It is for children who are troubled with constipation. Soak a fig in olive oil all night, drain it, and give to the little patient as soon as he wakes in the morning.

I trust that readers will not vote the cookery column uninteresting this week, because it is semi-medical in character.

HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

By MRS. E. L. CHAMBERLAIN, F.R.H.S.
 SOME "FLORISTS' FLOWERS."

I HAVE a very curious old book, with beautifully coloured engravings, bearing the name "Florists' Flowers." It belonged to my great grandmother and my grandmother, to whom she subsequently gave the volume. It is amusing to look at it, and see the choice specimens, deemed worthy of representation; modern horticulturists might preserve them as "types" to enhance by force of contrast the glory of their hybrids, otherwise, as far as intrinsic value is concerned, they would banish them to the rubbish heap.

"We did away with sixty varieties last year," said a grower of "Florists' Flowers" to me a few days ago. Yet he carefully preserved the "type" of each new departure; it was only the unworthy offsprings that were discarded. These were always larger and more showy than the "type," but are thrown out because of some "fault," or wants of distinctive character.

Now I generally aim, when writing on gardening, to drop technical phrases, which may prove stumbling blocks to amateurs; at this moment I am conscious of having used at least three. Once I quite failed to understand what was meant by "Florists' flowers"; it seemed a senseless term, and there may be readers who are puzzled by it in the same way. It really means "Connoisseurs' flowers," those of which collections are made, and of which the collectors must know the "points." A collector will ostentatiously tell you his subject is so large that he only professes after a lifetime of study to understand the Flemish school of painting, the literature of such a country in such a century, Sévres China, violins, "Adam's" furniture, shorthorns, bulldogs, or auriculas!

Now we all know that the collector is often a bore to his friends, but he is generally a happy man. So there are many persons to whom general all-round gardening is simply a weariness of the flesh, but once set them on the collector's or florist's flower-track, and the aspect of affairs is quite changed. They become keenly interested in "types," however insignificant, and a serious "fault" is quite a heart-breaking misfortune. The gentleman who had cast away 60 varieties of daffodils last year, was immensely disgusted with a gorgeous bed of tulips, which, by some "fault" or other, had a streak of white, where no white should

be. The bulbs of those tulips will be victims on this year's rubbish heap.

It is not everyone who can make a collection of orchids or other exotics. But collections of hardy plants may be interesting.

Take daffodils, or the narcissus tribe, with their sections, or series, including "primary types," "secondary types," and "hybrids." I might illustrate these by columns of long Latin names, for which few readers would be much wiser. I will only use a few English names—the "Hoop-petticoat" variety, the "Trumpets," the Crown or Cup (Ganymede), the "Incomparable," the Rush-leaved, the Jonquil, and the Poet's Narcissus. To anyone desiring such information I will gladly furnish lists of the most desirable species and hybrids.

Of tulips in their infinite variety it would take many pages to discourse with fulness; patriotic people will rejoice to hear that many of the most charming, which recommend themselves by small as well as beauty, own for ancestor our own shy, sweet, delicate English tulip, now only found in a few isolated upland districts—*Tulipa sylves tris*. Fritillaries are most dainty and interesting; they come mostly from Eastern Europe and Asia Minor. There is great variety of colour, form and size, varying from the stately "Crown Imperial" (generally and erroneously spoken of as a lily) to the tiny Fritillaries *Persica*, purple and fragrant, the chequered "Snakes-head" of Oxfordshire anthers yellow, red, even scarlet, and *F. verticillate* with its narrow pointed leaves which stand out, and curl round at the ends, as though naturally provided for decoration.

A CAB OWNER'S GRATITUDE.

The gratitude of Mr. Henry Bright, cab proprietor, who lives at Bitton, Gloucestershire, for certain benefits he had received, found vent in an interesting communication to a representative of the *Bath Chronicle*, who called on him.

"I suffered for two years," explained Mr. Bright (who had driven a long way in the rain overnight, but looked none the worse for it), "from paralysis of both legs. It was so bad that for some time I had to be wheeled about in a chair. I got neither worse nor better. Every remedy I tried, including Turkish baths and electric currents, seemed to be of no avail, and our medical officer could do nothing for me."

"To what do you attribute your recovery?" inquired the reporter, and Mr. Bright unhesitatingly said he accounted for it by the good luck which led him to try

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "A pamphlet was left at our house," he explained, "and in reading it I saw it stated how beneficial the pills had proved in numerous cases of paralysis similar to mine, so I sent for a box. Altogether, I took seven boxes. Soon after I started taking them I commenced to feel stronger, and began to have feeling in my numbed and paralysed feet. Three months after I first took the pills, I was so much improved in health that I was able to resume work, driving my cab."

"And you have continued well ever since?"
 "Oh yes; as well as I ever was in my life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, nerves and spine, and thus it is that they are so famous for the cure of paralysis, rheumatism, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, anæmia, pale and sallow complexion, neuralgia, consumption, rickets, St. Vitus' dance, and nervous headache. They are sold by all chemists, and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 13s. 9d., but are genuine only with full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.



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THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS AND WOMEN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

By C. S. BREMNER. With a Preface by Miss E. P. HUGHES, of Cambridge. 4s. 6d.

This book is the first attempt that has been made to examine the whole field of women's education. It briefly surveys the agencies in existence both before and after the Reformation, the share that women and girls had in such agencies, and shows the effect of the Reformation on their education. The great development in the education of women and girls, inaugurated in the middle of the nineteenth century, is treated at length. The field divides itself into four sections: Elementary, or Primary, Secondary, Higher, Technical-Professional.

A chapter on Scottish education is appended, the work of Mr. G. Alexander, Clerk to the School Board of Glasgow, and Miss Jane Galloway, of Queen Margaret's College.

THE TIMES.—"A valuable repertory of information." "The Scotsman".—"A clear and full account of the historical development and present state of the organisation by which girls and women are taught in this country. Well founded in a wide and philosophic knowledge of its subjects, the book is an interesting record of the progress and results of a movement the importance of which is every

day more and more recognised. Without the least trace of controversial partiality."

THE BRITISH REVIEW.—"Miss Bremner is to be congratulated upon her thoroughness and her moderation."

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—"A full and able survey of women's education in England and Scotland."

SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & CO., Ld., LONDON.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A BOOK FOR LADIES.

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

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

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