

W. C. T. U.

Miss Willard Home Again.

She May Go To India With Lady Henry Somerset.

Her Views On British Affairs, the New Costume, and Other Matters.

New York, Oct. 4.—Miss Francis E. Willard came down the gangplank of the steamship New York the other day looking the picture of health. Her step was firm and her cheeks were delicately shaded with the brown evidence of a sea voyage. Her gown was a pale blue of a yachting character, and a straw hat shaded her eyes.

It is quite needless to say that Miss Willard was in excellent spirits or that she is filled with ideas about her work in London, where she has been for many months, about her future plans and so on.

GOING TO THE CATSKILLS TO REST.

"I want to say to you," she remarked just after landing, "that I am going right away from here, so we must talk quickly. I am going up into the Catskills to a little place called Catskill, where my friends are waiting for me. It was there I went last June, you will remember, on my arrival back from that splendid trip to England. I'm to deliver a speech at the twenty-second annual convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Baltimore on Oct. 15.

"I'm looking forward with much interest to this convention.

"I think I shall remain in Chicago until late in November. About that time I shall look for Lady Henry Somerset. If she does not come I shall make a trip through the South lecturing."

TALKS OF HER LONDON VISIT.

Miss Willard then went on to say in reference to her London visit: "I cannot tell you how grateful I am at the wonderful progress the cause of temperance has made in the old world during the last year. The grand Women's Temperance Convention which I attended in London was the most enthusiastic gathering I ever saw. It was held in the Royal Albert Hall, where there were between 12,000 and 15,000 women in attendance. I went, you know, as a representative from America, and was asked to preside. That convention foreshadowed the most promising prospects for the future of temperance work that I have ever imagined.

"Of course, Lady Henry Somerset was the prime mover in it all. I expect that she will come in the marriage of her daughter to the Duke of St. Albans does not interfere. If she should come, she would probably go to India to work for the temperance cause. You know that Englishmen in India drink heavily, and their habits are corrupting the natives in this respect. We want to go there to start a temperance movement that will check this tendency."

Miss Willard was accompanied by Miss Anna Gordon, who goes everywhere with her, and who she described as her guide, counsellor and friend. In her suite were also two stenographers and Miss Charlotte E. Maxwell, founder of St. Botolph's Gymnasium in Boston, who runs her through the Ling system of gymnastics, which is intended to harmoniously develop the muscles. "She is the head of the heap," said Miss Willard, "and after practicing her exercises I feel that I am glad to be in the world."

Miss Willard then touched more in detail upon her experiences and work in England.

BROOKLYN HELPS TEMPERANCE.

"There never was," said she, "so much teetotal sentiment in England as there is today. The custom of omitting wine from the dinner table is growing. One of the schools of temperance is the bicycle. I am a bicycle enthusiast, and after three years' hard work have at last induced Lady Henry Somerset to ride a wheel. The business of the saloons and of the low variety theaters.

"It is a splendid thing to abolish drink by indirection. I think the bicycle is the best of all. It is superior to the house and the yacht, and is better than we do. They often play cricket, and there was a match between two women's clubs while I was there. The effect of this is that English women are gaining in health and strength. I felt like a Lilliputian among those magnificent, well-built creatures. The fashionable game in England is now golf. We had very hot weather, and it was too warm for these games.

CORRUPT THE HINDOOS.

"India, you would think, needs little temperance aid, as the Hindoos are supposed to abstain from alcoholic drinks. But the Englishmen in India simply swim in liquor. This condition of demoralization is affecting the natives more and more. We want to get groups of women together who would disseminate temperance ideas, and we want the physiological effects of alcohol taught in the Indian schools.

"If we get the movement started in India it will amount to a great deal. For years the engineers mined and dug away at old Hell Gate, and people forgot that there was any work going on there at all. By and by there came an explosion, and the fruits of all that unseen labor began to be harvested. If you get the temperance engineers at work in a country they are bound to accomplish a lot.

"Most people have an idea that France is not a good field for temperance work, but we are already reaping fruit there. The French have begun to classify drinks, and those of an alcoholic nature, like absinthe, they call poison drinks. A campaign of education is going to be waged among them. It is no use to tell the people of another country what the great men of another country say. They want to hear from their own great men, and French physiologists are to be induced to write and teach the deleterious effects of alcohol.

"Lots of distinguished Frenchmen have stopped using intoxicants. I think Paul Bourget is one of the number. You took a drink with him when he was in New York. Well I guess I'm wrong. O, I was thinking of Alphonse Daudet. The President of France, M. Faure, has strong views on temperance.

DON'T OBJECT TO BLOOMERS.

"Am I so much in favor of a community of masculine and feminine interests that I would like to see them dress alike. Do I favor bloomers? I don't oppose them, though I don't wear them. I am 45 years old, and don't think it would be suitable, but I don't see any objection to them. You know, Worth, the great French

dressmaker, said that the prettiest dress a woman could wear was the divided skirt of a Persian woman, and that is a sort of bloomer. I suppose the opinion of Worth ought to count. I think that I have seen only one woman in bloomers in my life. They don't use them in England. I wear a skirt in bicycling just a few inches shorter than the one I have on."

Sania Temperance Workers.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held in the Foresters' Hall, at which the following officers for the ensuing year were elected:

President—Mrs. D. Clark.
Vice-Presidents—Messdames Houston, McCrae, Davis and Ferguson.
Recording Sec.—Mrs. R. E. LeSueur.
Corresponding Sec.—Mrs. Wm. Lawrence.

Treasurer—Miss McGregor.
Press Committee—Mrs. Wodell.
Superintendents of Jail Work—Mrs. John Major, Mrs. J. Wheatley.
Supt. of Tunnel Work—Mrs. T. Maxwell, Mrs. Lingard.
Supt. of Sailor Work—Mrs. Ellis.
Supt. of Narcotics and Unfermented Wine—Mrs. H. G. Davis.
Supt. of Literature—Mrs. W. Lawrence.

Supt. of Woman's Journal—Mrs. McCrae.
Supt. of Scientific Temperance—Mrs. W. S. Smith.
Supt. of Franchise—Mrs. Beatty.
Supt. of Band of Hope—Mrs. W. T. Smith and W. Lawrence.

The Flag of the Omnibus.

While thinking over the relationship between the countries Sept. 21, while in London, Frances E. Willard's attention was attracted by the little English flag carried by some of the omnibuses. She sat down and wrote this poem:

The eyes that follow thee, old flag, are fond;
A Western heart leaps up thy folds to greet;
A Saxon's eyes confess the sacred bond,
As England's standard flutters down the street.

With its red for love, and its white for law,
And its blue for the hope our fathers saw
Of a larger liberty.

Thou art the mother flag of destiny,
Our banner of the spangled star is
Cromwell was sire of Washington, and we
Claim the same cross that blazons thy ensign.

With its red for love, etc.
O holy flags, bright with one household glow
Together light the highway of our God.
Till the dear Cross of Christ to men shall show
That stripes and stars both mark the path he trod.

With its red for love, etc.
The long march of the nations shall be led
By these two flags, till war and tumult cease,
Along the happy highway where shall tread
The brotherhood of labor and of peace.

With its red for love, etc.
If that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance; for truth is a thing of habit rather than of will. You cannot in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincere.

"Do Missions Pay?"

While some secular papers are asking, in view of recent occurrences in Turkey and China, "Do missions pay?" it is timely to recall an incident in the life of the Duke of Wellington. A clergyman was once discussing this very question with the great duke, and the reverend gentleman thereupon ventured to remark that the results of missionary work were very unsatisfactory. "Results!" cried the duke. "What have results to do with you? You have your orders. All you have to do is to obey them. That sounds the high keynote of missions. The question is not one of mathematical equivalents, of dollars and cents, but one of high duty. The clear head of the great soldier enabled him to go straight to the point. Christ has told us what to do; we are to go into the world and preach the Gospel—not to a few nor to many—but 'to every creature'; in order to the fulfillment of that mission the missionary must go on till all the world has heard the Gospel. Christ having told us what to do it is for us to yield unquestioning obedience. The superior officer who bids us to the salvation of the world and leave the foreign heathen alone, is invariably the man who contributes nothing either in service or money to the redemption of mankind. Unquestionably, there are times when the missionary appears to meet with nothing but disappointment and failure. But if he is a man of grit, and especially if he is possessed with the spirit of Christ, he will not falter, but will press on undaunted, and if need be lose his life rather than desert his post. So Livingston labored, so Hiramson served the Master, so thousands of Christian men have yielded their lives upon the call of duty. It is repeatedly said that 'civilization follows the flag of the missionary.' So it does; but the justification of missions is not in the results to civilization, but in obedience to the Master. And it is fitting to inquire—If Christianity is the hope and is destined to the salvation of the world, shall we stay at home and limit its blessings to our own people? It is well that the slums of our great cities should be swept away, that the dark places in our own country should be lightened up, and that American men, women and children should be brought nearer to a realization of Christian truth; but it is not well that the missionary spirit of the offspring of so much moral heroism and the inspiration of so many noble deeds, should be circumscribed. When a man is called to the work and gives up everything, he must obey the Master, his life is noble and he renders loyal service to Christ. The duty of the hour, then, is not to cavil, to criticize, to weigh and compute, as a merchant would reckon the value of a cargo, but it is to go everywhere and preach the Gospel to every body. Such a command, uttered from the Master's lips, ought forever to silence the voice of carnal expediency. We should furnish the stimulus and the incentive, as indeed it does supply the justification of prosecuting the work of missions, until the world sees the final consummation of all things—Christian Work.

Women in British Politics

No Harm and Much Good Has Come From Their Intelligent Interest in Public Affairs.

It is now generally conceded that the presence of women in a British campaign was never before so general or so noticeable as it was in the last campaign, which resulted in the recent change in the Government. Although the fact formed a theme upon which much comment of both humorous and serious kinds was based, it has only recently happened that a systematic and comprehensive effort has been made to secure the consensus of opinion among British politicians on this subject.

A London paper, which devotes much of its space to the current questions of the day, and especially to those which deal with women duty, is now making a canvass among the newly-elected members of Parliament to secure their opinion as to the results of the general appearance of women in politics. Up to the present time, but so far as is not yet complete, the results of the published replies show anything but a unanimity of opinion. Some of the members show that the clear consensus of opinion is that no harm and much good has followed woman's appearance in British politics.

There is no doubt as to the zeal of the British woman of the "upper classes" in politics. She could not be turned into a professional politician, and her cousin among her associates. So to the average, well-educated, refined British woman of superabundant energy, a chance to do political work has been a great and welcome thing, and she has gone into that work eagerly and with apparent success, if the reports of British statesmen on that point afford any proof as to the results.

Of course, the British women have been eager champions of their candidates, and their work has not been merely sentimental, but practical. They have made canvasses, have gone to the hustings, have hunted up voters, have done all the errands from one end of the district to the other, and have done all that self-respecting political workers could do. They have been of great assistance as clerks to campaign committees, and have taken upon their own shoulders much of the routine work which formerly was done by men. In a grudging manner, the men in public and made personal canvasses, but they also did much of the humble routine work willingly and eagerly.

The result is that, whereas the average campaign manager either had to oversee most of the routine campaign work, or else had to pay for having it done by others, he now has a large number of well-educated, tactful campaign managers, who do the work as well as he himself could do. The result is that even the most conservative members of the House of Commons admit that the entrance of women workers into the campaign has been followed by no lamentable effects, but that in many respects there has been an improvement, and a higher standard in the methods of campaign work.

In commenting upon this development, an American journal, which has never been remarkable for its adherence to high political standards, says that there is "a general agreement that woman has not only taken a greater personal interest in a political struggle than has been the case in the past, but that she has been of great benefit." The added comment is made:

"What is especially notable is that not even the most conservative member of the House of Commons has noted any of the evil effects which it was predicted would follow the participation of woman in active politics. But it should be said in part, especially in part, that so far the women have not exceeded the class of women from whom the evil effects were expected. It was from gentlemen who have yet to learn the difference between the fishwomen of Billingsgate and the fishwomen of Billingsgate."

Yet if the Lancashire lassies and the fishwomen of Billingsgate wished to enter the field of politics, they certainly would be welcomed. It is precisely that class that refrains from participation in the discussion of political problems. Not only in England, but in the United States, it is women who take the keenest interest in politics and who have been most prominent in their love for the Union (not only today, but twenty years ago in the anti-slavery cause).

Women of sense, of broad education and of great mental ability. The fact is significant.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

Soup and Dyspepsia.

Frenchmen, who, as is well known, are particularly fond of soup, are dismayed to find a popular writer, M. Puerres, declaring that that food is the cause of all the ills of the stomach. He declares that dyspepsia is the result of beginning to eat soup, and that it is the cause of all the ills of the stomach that is fatal to the process of digesting the solids which follow. Moreover, as if this were not enough, he declares that it is not enough to eat little or no nourishment in it, and that, as it is usually eaten very hot, it injures the enamel of the teeth.

Ways of Shortening Life.

1. Wearing of thin boots and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather; wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of unfeeling, stupid laziness and keeping the mind in an unusual state of excitement by reading trashy novels; going to theatres, parties, and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress; dancing till in a perspiration, and then going home without sufficient overgarments through the cool, damp air.

3. Sleeping in feather beds in seven or eight bedrooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with more persons in the same unventilated bedroom.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners, eating in a hurry, without masticating your food and eating just before going to bed, when the mind and body are exhausted in the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in the evening to smoke and going from one step to another through chewing and smoking tobacco and drinking intoxicating liquors, by personal abuse and physical excess of every description.

6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction; cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials; by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with rich cakes and puddings when they are sick, by giving them mercury, tartar emetic and arsenic.

under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health, following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Poor Housewives.

Naturally it is only a practical, well-informed housekeeper who can train raw recruits, whatever their nationality; and here is a good place to say that no woman, rich or poor, in town or country, is fit to fill a housekeeper's position in her own house till she understands the business in detail. Half at least of the woes of domestic life and the trials of poor service spring from the incompetency of the housemistress.

From what silly theory did the idea ever come that it is sweetly fascinating to a young woman to profess competence? "Oh, dear, no! I know nothing in the world about cooking or housekeeping!" Cherry lips and dimples blind one to the smallness of the mind, and the woman who is so confident, as a merchant or a manufacturer acquires technical knowledge before he enters a business—for he will hardly ask his clerks to teach him details—so a woman should be trained for her profession, or else the lovely, helpless butterfly will develop into an unsuccessful old wife, bullied by hirelings and undervalued by the husband.

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Alcoholism in France.

Alcoholism undoubtedly is one of the foes from which France has much to fear, and the people are awaking to the fact. Max Nordau said recently that intemperance is the great national disease of the country. This has been pretty well understood, despite the mild forms in which it ordinarily appears. The French in years gone by have consumed wine in prodigious quantities and the effects have not been so marked as those produced by the ale and whisky which Englishmen and Americans are accustomed to drink. But the testimony of Nordau and others is that the French people have been drinking more and more of it. The consequences of such soaking are not to be found in the gutter so often as in the sick room and the hospital. But of late years the amount of wine consumed has been reduced, not only by abstinence but also by imperfect distillation in small farms. This brandy is exempt from taxation, and the result is that the small holders of land. The result is that the quantity has increased enormously. The latest report of the American consul at Paris says that the number of these small stills in 1874 was less than 200,000, and that then only a small quantity sufficient for family use was allowed to be made, while in 1894 the number was 1,000,000 and the production was unlimited. So extensive has the business become that the large distillers are suffering from the competition of the small ones, and the result is that the quality of the brandy is of a poor standard.

There is nothing which mankind lament so much as the loss of their money.

A Question of Atmosphere.

"I am worn out, very wearily. Everything I do may be the wrong thing for my children; everything I fall to do may hurt them and hinder their development. Sometimes, with the poor, passionate mother whom Zangwill describes so finely in 'The Master,' I feel inclined to 'throw up the position.' Not to destroy myself—far from it; but to stop living every hour of the day with my children's welfare as a direct and imperative object; to stop watching every word they say, and every step they take, and every breath they draw. I have very little comfort with my children, yet I love them to distraction."

"Yes," answered a wise old woman who had placidly played the part of listener in this monologue, "yes, dear, I've noticed that you have a hard time of it; and certainly the children, poor things, have not an easy one. Children never have an easy time when their parents regard them chiefly as a means to the attainment of some end to be played upon. The fortunate children are those who are brought up with a large admixture of wholesome neglect."

"But, dear lady," said the mother, "am I to pass over Harry's quarrels with Ned, and Ned's tale-telling, and Lella's gusts of rage, and her sister's tendency to be late and lazy, as though they were trifles? They ought to be admirable; they've been reformed enough; but they have a happy faculty of forgetting even punishment. I wish I had a trickier and less anxious about their morals and manners."

"If," said the other, "you could only realize that home-training is largely a question of absorption, of imitation, of unconscious assimilation, you would have fewer moments of sorrowful uncertainty. Your own general temper, your face, your tones, the pretty gowns you wear, the gay little songs you sing and the brooding that is never absent from your loving heart and from your manner, these are the things which educate your children. They resist positive orders, and are sometimes rebellious; but their hearts when commands are given brusquely and enforced with sternness, but no child resists the sunshine. Praise is worth more than blame in bringing up the little ones, and have fewer moments of sorrowful uncertainty. Your own general temper, your face, your tones, the pretty gowns you wear, the gay little songs you sing and the brooding that is never absent from your loving heart and from your manner, these are the things which educate your children. 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