

## THE PARADISE OF WOMEN.

HENRY FIELDING.....BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

It is not anywhere in civilization, not even in America. It is in heathen Burma. There woman is on absolutely the same footing as man in all that pertains to law and custom. There is not a single law that does not bear equally on man the same as on woman. Men have never tried to "boss" them or to say what was fitting and what was not fitting for them. "No artificial ideals from long past ages have been held up to them as eternal copies. It has been left to their own good sense and to the eternal fitness of things to determine what is womanly and what is not." The result is, none is more womanly than the Burmese woman, "none possesses in greater strength all the nameless attractions of a woman."

In the higher classes a woman has property of her own and manages it herself. In the lower classes she always has a trade and runs it herself. The sexes are left to choose their own occupations, and "it is rather curious to find that sewing and embroidery are distinctively male occupations. The retail trade of the country is in the hands of the women, and they nearly all trade on their own account. Just as the men farm their own land, the women own their businesses. They are not saleswomen for others, but traders on their own account, and, with the exception of the silk and cloth branches of the trade, it does not interfere with home life. The bazaar lasts but three hours, and the woman has ample time for her home duties when her daily visit to the bazaar is over. She is never kept away all day in shops and factories. Her home life is always the centre of her life. She could not neglect it for any other. It would seem to her a losing of the greater in the less. But the effect of this custom of nearly every woman having a little business of her own has a great influence on her life. It broadens her views. It teaches her

things she could not learn in the narrow circle of home duties. It gives her that tolerance and understanding which so forcibly strike everyone who knows her. It teaches her to know her own strength and weakness and how to make the best of each.

## HOW TUMBLERS GOT THEIR NAME.

AT MAX MULLER'S LUNCHEON...THE JEWELLER'S CIRCULAR

Every day we drink out of a tumbler. Why is the large glass that holds our milk and water so called? Years ago Professor Max Muller was giving a luncheon at All Souls' College, Oxford, to the Princess Alice, the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt and the second daughter of Queen Victoria. There were not a dozen guests besides the princess and her husband, and a very agreeable luncheon was had, with talk on all kinds of interesting subjects.

But what excited the curiosity of all strangers present was a set of little round bowls of silver, about the size of a large orange. They were brought round filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed in the college. These, we are told, were tumblers, and we were speedily shown how they came by their name—a fitting lesson for the guests of a philologist. When one of these little bowls was empty, it was placed upon the table mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back to its proper position as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated—trundled along the floors, balanced carefully on its side, dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet—up it rolled again and settled itself with a few gentle shakings and swayings into its place, like one of those india rubber tumbling dolls babies delight in.

This, then, was the origin of our word tumbler, at first made of silver, as are all these All Souls' tumblers. Then, when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the exquisitely balanced silver spheres and stole their names so successfully that you have to go to All Souls' to see the real thing.