

Has "Right to Beat His Wife"

(New York Correspondence)

The charity nurses came to help the little Syrian wife of nineteen with her first baby. That's how she began to get acquainted with the strange ways of America, so different from those of her former home in the Orient. Through the weary days before the second baby came the nurses taught her better ways of living. By some magic they helped the new baby's colic and saved him the time he choked on his milk. So her big black eyes showed the gratitude she couldn't speak in the strange tongue of the American women.

The young Syrian had brought to America many traditions of the Orient. She worked hard for her home and her babies. She earned a bit to help out expenses by irregular sewing in a kimono factory. Despite work she kept up appearances, decked in gaudy colors, with heavily painted cheeks and lips. Her living quarters in the congested part of the city, where twenty-seven distinct races were represented, were typical of the locality, one room with two windows and an unventilated alcove for sleeping. The room was without chairs, the family ate from the floor in eastern fashion. There lived the wife, her husband, two babies and the husband's brother, as boarder.

Like a true wife this tiny creature with the big black eyes did reverence to her husband, reverence that was only deepened and broadened by frequent beatings he considered proper to husbandly discipline. This reverence extended to the brother-in-law, who was also of the lord and master sex.

She had never resented her beatings. Dutifully she strove not to provoke them. But when she got acquainted with the nurses and began to see something of the way of American women, her husband noticed a slow change in her. His submissive wife became more independent, less cowed. She began to express her own opinion and answer back as no wife of the Orient ever did.

One day on her round the nurse called to ask about the baby's cough. At the door she heard strange noises. She stepped in hastily. The big, burly brother-in-law was beating the tiny wife. At the interference of the nurse he was outraged. He exclaimed with indignation, "I have a perfect right to beat my brother's wife! She was sassy to me!"

Despite his loudly proclaimed prerogative, the nurse had him dragged to court where, to the utter disgust of himself and the husband of the beaten woman, he was fined.

After this lesson in American ways the little wife, though born and reared and married in traditions of female submission, increased in "insolence" to her men folks. When they didn't act to suit her she constantly threatened, "I'll tell the nurses!" The very day after the brother-in-law was fined she asked her husband for a new silk dress. Profiting by the chastisement of his brother he gave in to her demands, but not without complaint.

"She's got a bigger head since she knew those nurses," he growled. "Those American women are making our wives too fresh!"

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HISTORY —DAY BY DAY—

SEPTEMBER 29TH.

Birth of Clive, 1725.

Robert Clive, the founder of our Indian Empire, was born at Market Drayton, in Shropshire. He went to India as a clerk in the East India Company's service. The dull routine of a desk was not, however, suitable for Clive, who left it very soon for a military life. The siege of Pondicherry gave him a chance to distinguish himself. He rapidly secured promotion, and became at last the leader of the English forces in India. In 1751 he captured Arcot from the French, and defended it against them in a most skilful manner. His most famous exploit was the defeat of Surajah Dowlah at Plassey, in 1757. In 1758 he was appointed the first English Governor of India. Clive died by his own hand in 1774.

The Boyhood of Clive.

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year; and from these letters it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple at Market Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and a halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year, a writer'ship in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

(From Macaulay's "Clive").

SEPTEMBER 30TH.

Birth of Lord Roberts, 1832.

Earl Roberts, commonly known as "Bobs," was born at Cawnpore.

He was sent to England to be educated, and entered the Army in 1851. Present in India during the Mutiny, he won the V.C. in that campaign. He saw much service in Afghanistan, and was in command of the English Army which relieved Candahar in 1881. After he defeated General Cronje at Paardeburg, in the South African War in 1900, he returned home, leaving Lord Kitchener to carry on the war. Lord Roberts has contributed much to military literature, including a history of his own life.

"Little Bobs."

The typical English soldier! He lives simply and temperately; his element the open air; his literature history and biography; his favourite animal the horse; his keenest enjoyment a great run with the hounds. The problems of the modern world do not touch him. Religion is a simple matter to him; he has no difficulty in reconciling his profession with the spirit of Christianity, no misgiving as to the governance of the world and its affairs. To live

vigorously and uprightly is to him the manifest duty of mankind; all those diversions and amusements which harden a man's muscles and brace his moral fibres are good and profitable. Effeminacy, luxury, ease, and subtlety of thinking are either unwise or dangerous. Patriotism is manifestly a man's duty. And as patriotism presents itself so clearly to him as a man's duty, Lord Roberts is a keen Imperialist. He is so much a soldier that he can never be a politician. To make the British Empire self-supporting, and, above all things,

to bind it together as one solid influence for good in the affairs of the world, seems to him the inevitable path of our destiny. The supreme concern, the consuming passion of his days, is the welfare of the Army and the happiness and efficiency of the British soldier. Far from regarding the Army as a burden and a necessary evil, he looks upon as a blessing to the State. So long as it is conducted on the just and humane principles governing the British military system, he does not see how an army can prove, anything but a blessing to a nation.

(HAROLD BEGBIE, in the "Pall Mall Magazine").

The paper used by the British and Foreign Bible Society for its cheap editions of the Scriptures cost just 2d. a pound in pre-war times. To-day the price is 8d.

Australia is going to impose an additional income-tax of 10 per cent. on single men and childless widowers between twenty-one and forty-five who have not yet enlisted.

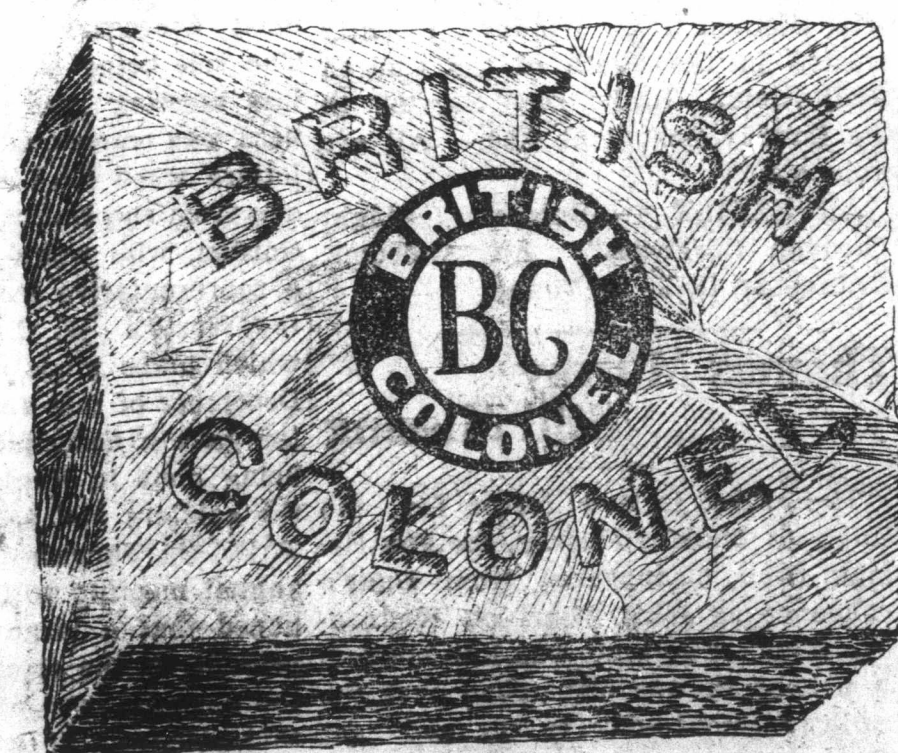
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