

Woman's Page

Devoted to Ways and Means for Bettering Her Lot in the Various Walks of Life

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

THE TOILER

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.
So brief the sunlight and this task so great,
What wonder that I yearn to drop the strand
And mar the pattern with a ruthless hand
Of this I weave, and in the weaving hate!
What profits it if, long compelled to wait,
At twilight by the finished work I stand
Too weary for that gipsying I planned?
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.

My truant comrades call without the gate,
"Ah, little sister, throw a jest at fate,
And laugh, and join us." All the spring-thrilled land
Lures me with sweet insistence and command,
Taskmistress Life, be one compassionate,
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.

—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

THE ART OF SINGING

MARY COTTON WISDOM

(Continued)

Tons of literature, I am quite sure, have been written about the subject of deep breathing.

It is a question which concerns each of us, whether we pretend to sing or not. Every vocal teacher has done his or her little best to help swell the ocean of the knowledge along these lines. Doctors, physical culturists, gymnasts, pugilists, elocutionists have all added their quota.

The votaries of every art or profession which depends upon the development of the physique for its best results have all combined to say that deep breathing is of great importance. Ever since God breathed into our first father Adam, the breath of life, we, his children, have lived by breathing. When our spirit of breath departs, we are no more. Every minute of every hour of every day of our lives we must have this thing of vital importance to each of us from the cradle to the grave. We can, to a greater or less degree, live without food or water, but air we must have.

The scientific study of deep breathing is no new thing. The Oriental, perhaps more than the Occidental, has exalted the science of breathing into some thing more than a mere physical exercise.

The most ancient Hindu records show us that in those far away times deep breathing formed the basis of some of their religions. They proved that by a systematic study of deep breathing man could be helped to a higher plane mentally, morally, physically and spiritually.

What the ancient Hindu did ages ago is of very little interest to the young vocal student of this twentieth century, only in so far as it impresses upon him the fact that the study of deep breathing is no new thing hatched in the brain of modern voice teachers to make harder than necessary the path of study along which he must pass if he hopes to arrive anywhere near the goal of becoming a beautiful singer.

I suppose nearly every professor of singing has his own particular ideas about the study of breath control; also, his own pet exercises. But roughly speaking there are four schools of breathing viz: the clavicular, the lateral, the abdominal and the diaphragmatic. The clavicular, might be called upper chest or lower neck breathing. It brings into play the muscles surrounding the clavicle. This form of breathing is very apt to make the pupil raise his shoulders while inhaling. Common sense, itself, would tell the greatest dunce that this was a habit to be avoided. Tradition says that Jenny Lind used this mode of breathing. However that may be, very few teachers at the present day advocate it.

The strain of holding the breath with

the muscles of the upper chest causes many throat troubles of which hoarseness and vocal fatigue are among the least. Clergyman's sore throat, so common among the public speakers, is very often caused by this harmful way of breathing.

Singers and speakers should control the breath, with muscles that are entirely independent of the vocal chords. The throat and upper chest must be free and unconstrained so that the vocal cords will respond to the breath which plays through them as easily and readily and musically as does an aeolian harp respond to the wind which plays over it.

I will describe the other three modes of breathing in my next paper.

The Little Southern Beauty

MARY COTTON WISDOM

A lady has just asked me why I do not continue my talks about that little Southern lady who gave me so many beauty hints.

To tell the truth I learned more about the care and preservation of one's complexion during the six weeks it was my pleasure to live under the same roof with this Southern girl, than I've ever dreamed or heard tell of, in all the years of my past life put together.

My puritan conscience trained along the rugged path of stern duty, counted beauty as a snare, and the time used in caring for one's complexion as wasted hours, which should have been devoted to higher and nobler things. However, under the basking rays of this delightfully charming little southern woman, I changed my point of view. I came to the conclusion that I had been looking at life from a wrong angle, so I veered around and this part of my life, that had hitherto been starved, devoured with avidity every scrap of information I could get along the lines of beauty cult. I had an able teacher, for this young Virginian matron had as it were, been born to the purple of beauty. Her grandmother had been a beautiful woman; her father and mother had been the handsomest couple ever married in the leading church of their home city; their children (of whom my little friend was one) were noted far beyond the limits of their native town for their good looks. They had beauty inherited and beauty acquired.

Coming from the State of Old Virginia, where the men are supposed to be chivalrous and the women beautiful they had a very different idea as to the value of a beautiful complexion, than would three girls brought up under our Northern skies, where the men are all supposed to be honest and the women industrious.

I've never been to Virginia, so I only gather my information from my little friend's idea of it. But from all accounts, a Virginian gentleman counts personal beauty in his wife a thing greatly to be desired, while as far as I can gather from observation the average Canadian seems to feel if his wife is a good worker and can minister to his personal wants that her price is far above rubies. I suppose it is all a matter of taste.

All the same, our Canadian girls are pretty and sweet 'and nice, as the girls of Old Virginia, or any other State; but what they need to learn is that work isn't the whole law and the Gospel; that the care of their own dainty selves is equally as important.

A woman, beautiful with the glow of health, possessing glossy hair, a clear complexion, well kept hands, a gracious carriage and charming manners (all of which things bloom under cultivation) will have more influence than the woman who sinks her own self beneath her mop pail, her scrubbing brush and her soup kettle.

Granted they both have the same household duties. It is possible to simplify things, if they only will, so that each can have some time every day for rest and relaxation.

Half an hour's nap in the middle of the day with a sponge bath or a facial massage, will refresh a tired woman as does water refresh a thirsty land. My Southern beauty knew this, so each afternoon, before changing her dress, she had her sponge and short nap. I

am quite sure nothing short of battle, murder or sudden death would prevent her doing this.

I may add that this Southern lady was a busy woman, but she was a Spartan at heart, so she kept to her determination to preserve and cultivate her God given beauty. She succeeded so well, that as she walked down the street, both men and women turned to gaze at her in admiration. Verily a radiant, beautiful, living picture.

PUT ON SAND

Apologies to Rev. W. D. WATTLES

There's an engine on the railroad
With a heavy train to pull,
There's a hot fire in the fire box
And the water gauge is full;
But the wheels are slipping, slipping
And the train is at a stand,
For the track is smooth and icy,
And they don't put on the sand.

CHORUS

Ding Dong! Ding Dong!
I need sand and so do you,
For the Socialist engine
Will get started, understand,
When all you Christian people
Get to work and put on sand.

There's a merchant on the corner
And he sees the coming crash
Knows the system is all rotten,
Going to eternal smash;
He would join the people
And for Socialism stand,
Vote for truth and right and justice
But he hasn't got the sand.

CHORUS

There's a preacher in the pulpit
And he knows what's in the air,
He would like to blaze and thunder
At the system if he dare;
But the bread and butter question
Puts the gospel at a stand,
And the church's wheels are slipping,
Cause the preacher's got no sand.

CHORUS

There's a labor union yonder
Tavelling in the same old rut,
When they ask for better wages
Always get their wages cut.
But they vote the boss's ticket
And they follow his command;
They would like to throw him over
But they haven't got the sand.

CHORUS

There's a very smart reformer,
And he thinks he knows it all,
But he's standing back awaiting
Just to see the system fall!
When you bid him come out boldly,
He'll refuse to lend a hand
He's a dead one in the movement,
Cause he hasn't got the sand.

CHORUS

Sent by Mrs. S. J. R.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Bacon fat may be saved and used to fry fish in. It gives the fish a good flavor and keeps it from falling apart.

Remove flower-pot stains from window sills by rubbing them with fine wood ashes, and rinse with clean water.

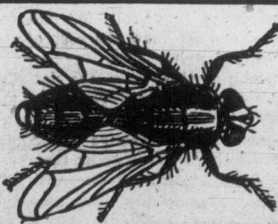
A teaspoonful of powdered alum to a teacupful of lukewarm water sniffed into the nostrils will stop bleeding from the nose.

Ham soaked in milk overnight will be found exceedingly tender and sweet when used for breakfast the next morning.

Cold foods are enemies to the stomach. They reduce the temperature before the point necessary for good digestion.

Boiled or roasted meat which is to be used cold may be wrapped in a wet cloth before putting away, and it will be moist and tender.

Lemons can be kept a long time perfectly dry in silversand. Place the stem end of the lemons down, and set them three inches apart.



EVERY TEN-CENT PACKET OF
WILSON'S FLY PADS
Will kill more flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper

A Saint of the Russian Revolution

On Wednesday, June 23, a crowded and eager audience assembled at the South Place Institute in London, England to greet the famous leader of the Narodnaya Volya (People's Will Party.) Mme. Vera Figner, who, after being confined for twenty-two years in the Schlusselburg Fortress, the Russian Bastille, came out shortly before the Revolution, and, after travelling on the Continent, arrived on a short visit to this country. None of the members of that wonderful party enjoyed a greater popularity in its midst than Vera Figner. Of aristocratic birth, with a brilliant future before her, she, like her friend, Sophie Perovskaya, abandoned everything in order to devote herself to the service of the people, and was the soul of that dramatic duel between the handful of terrorists and the Russian autocracy which for two years kept riveted the attention of the entire world. Without disparaging either the abilities or the services of the other leaders of the Narodnaya Volya, either living or dead, it is no exaggeration to say that Vera Figner excelled them all in her genius for organization, and in the influence she wielded on the personnel of the party. It was a happy thought on the part of the Russian "Herzen" Circle in London to arrange for her a meeting in order that Socialists and all lovers of freedom might have an opportunity of welcoming her, and the endless rounds of cheers which greeted her appearance on the platform showed that the idea was approved of by the numerous people present.

Felix Volkovsky introduced her, clad in a white robe and still youthful and beautiful as of yore, in a few well-chosen words, contrasting her visit with the one impending from the Czar, and then

Peter Kropotkin delivered a brief and eloquent speech on the history of the revolutionary movement in Russia.

Vera Figner then addressed the audience in Russian, speaking with deep emotion, though in measured tones. If twenty years ago, she said, while immured in the Fortress, she had been told that one day she would speak to an English public in London she would have regarded this as a piece of derision. Yet there she stood, face to face with her audience, exchanging with it greetings and reminiscences. She would only touch on the most salient moments of her life. Just 30 years ago the Narodnaya Volya commenced its struggle with the Czarism. They were a mere handful. The masses did not know them, and the educated classes merely whispered its sympathy. Two years the struggle lasted, the revolutionists thinking all the while that when the supreme moment arrived the remainder of the educated classes would rise and join them in revolt. That moment came with the assassination of the Czar Alexander II., but it brought with it a profound disappointment. No one rose to support them, and the nation kept silent, and the revolutionaries felt themselves isolated. Ah, what a bitter moment that was! And in addition, a spy and agent provocateur, Degayeff, the precursor of Azef, turned up in their midst and betrayed them all, herself, the speaker, included. With what a sense of humiliation and disappointment they all stood before their judges! They were sentenced to death, but at that time Victor Hugo, Rochfort and others in France had commenced an agitation against the further execution of political offenders in Russia, and the condemned had their sentences commuted to one of confinement to the Schlusselburg Fortress for life. The prison in the fortress was especially constructed for them. It was a horrible prison—a replica of the ancient Bastille and the Austrian Spielberg where the Italian patriots used to be immured. The cells were painted black, and the small windows were so situated that never through these long years could she see for once the passing clouds or the starry skies. It was one long dark winter to them. The stillness of the grave reigned all round. The gendarmes never spoke a word, and when they were asked a question, one could see by their stony faces, that they had been forbidden not only to speak, but also to hear. Silence was the weapon with which they thought to break their valiant spirits. Many died during the first year at the rate of one per month, and others went mad. The harrowing screams of the latter were the only sounds that pierced the air, and frequently they would hear the doors of some cell being opened, and the unhappy prisoner dragged out in order to be placed in the disciplinary cell and put into a strait-jacket. The Governor of the prison was one of the most inhuman brutes she ever

knew, with an iron will and an iron heart. His ignorance was so profound that even his Russian speech was full of grammatical errors, and on seeing once on a prisoner's cell a triangle drawn there by a nail he exclaimed: "None of these clever things for me!" His subservience to his superiors was such that he would often say: "If I were told to call you 'Your Serene Highness' I would do so, and if I were told to strangle you I would do so also!" The prisoners were in continual revolt against him, and two—Minakoff and Myshkin—were shot for attempting to obtain his removal by deliberately insulting him. Ultimately he was removed, but after a third and most horrible sacrifice of all. Dratchevsky, another of their fellow prisoners, poured kerosene oil all over his body and set himself on fire. He was burnt to ashes, but the Governor was removed. Such was the state of things in the prison in which she passed 22 years of her life! For 13 years they had not exchanged a single word, either spoken or written, with the outside world, and even their nearest relations did not know where they had disappeared. Subsequently they received permission to write to their relations—twice a year, but so hunted had become their feelings, so loose their attachments to the world outside the prison walls, that many of them did not avail themselves of the new privilege. They just continued to exist, and then died.

After a lapse of 17 years their dead life was unexpectedly broken by the arrival of Karpovitch, the young student who had killed the Minister of Public Instruction, Bogolipoff, for sending revolting students to disciplinary regiments. The appearance of Karpovitch was like the sudden descent of a bright meteor. The new prisoner brought them strange and joyous tidings. He had been sentenced, he declared, for 20 years, but he would not stay longer than five. The revolution was bound to break out soon, and set them all free. They would not believe him, they could not believe him; and many a time the young Karpovitch would feel offended at their treatment of him and would sulk in his cell. But Karpovitch was right, and one day in 1904 they came out to find a new world and a new nation. What a difference from the state of things she had left in 1882! The working class had risen and gathered under the banner, "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" The peasants, too, had risen in revolt for a better life and for political freedom. When she came to the village in the province of Archangel, where she had been ordered to reside after leaving the fortress, the other political of that place presented her with an address of welcome, and the first signature on that address was that of a peasant of the district where she had once carried on a propaganda, and where she, as an assistant doctor, treated his father. Subsequently she went to her native place in the province of Kazan, and there a young peasant came to her one day, showing her a photographic group he had secretly bought for one penny, and said: "Here is Sophie Perovskaya, here is Zhelyaboff, and here are you!" She was deeply touched not only by the fact that she was still living in the memory of the people, but also by the enormous progress that the mind of the masses had made in the interval.

And now—Vera Figner concluded—our hopes are once more blighted. But what has once passed through the people's mind will not be eradicated, and if the seed sown by the small group of the Narodnaya Volya brought such an abundant harvest, the toil of the millions during the ever memorable year of 1905 is bound

to bring in due time its fruit in the shape of complete freedom for the Russian nation. No folding of the arms, then, but forward to work and battle.

The audience rose and made an ovation to the speaker when her words had been translated by Kropotkin. The concluding speeches were made by Soskice, Tcherkesoff and Aladdin, and it was past eleven o'clock when the audience began to disperse. The memory of that evening and of that figure in white will long linger in the minds of those who were present. It was a sort of brief communion with a saint and the genius of the Russian revolution.—Justice.

THE TRYST

By M. E. RYLE

He waited by the dim lake where the canoes were drawn up high amongst the rocks, and the pine trees above him murmured like the sea.

In those northern lands the night-sky was twilight from sunset till dawn, transparent green above the forests where single stars shone, reflected in the lake.

The night was a wonder mystery for him, as he thrilled with pride and strength; for he loved and was loved. He waited, and his heart laughed, though the trees hushed the sound upon his lips.

Softly, slowly, the great golden moon, that is only seen in Russia, climbed above the woods, and the ripples on the lake were touched with trembling light.

He strained his ears to catch the sound of her footsteps, till the silence seemed to sing. The pebbles of the lake-path would tinkle beneath her feet, and patter into the water below widening rings of gold, as she hastened to him. She would laugh for the burden of her joy as she leaned against him, raising her face to his, with a strange light in her eyes.

But the hours slipped by, and a small wind shivered in the sedges. His heart grew heavy and stifled, the laughter driven out by fear.

His faith in her never wavered; but with cold hands he fought down the pictures that rose before his eyes—pictures of a cruel, dark Fate, who might crush the loveliness of life at a blow, and break their golden thread asunder.

As the grey dawn bared itself above the pine trees he turned towards the village.

Between the slender larches and young silver birches a man was staggering as though dazed. They, her father and her lover, met face to face in the pathway, white and terror-stricken. "They have taken her," moaned the elder, pressing thin hands upon his temples.

"She went to the Revolutionaries, though I prayed upon my knees . . . and at night they came—the Emperor's hell-hounds. It means death for them all—twelve young men and girls from our village. . . . She was quiet as the moon, and she wept not at all. This she sends you, my son."

Blinded with tears, the father held out a tiny cross, hung upon a thin gold chain.

After many weeks they met. The lovers kept tryst within the old prison walls that have long ago become hardened to tears of sorrow as to shrieks of slow-creeping madness.

In his agony he had sought an answer to the one question that burned within his soul—"Why, of her own free will, did she give up life and its gladness?" And, finding the answer, he did likewise. Thus they met, not by the whispering lake beneath the Russian summer moon, but at the Gates of Death, where martyrs and lovers join hands and there is an end of weeping.—British Labor Leader.

PSALMS

Psalm 31.

14 But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

15 My times are in thy hands: deliver me from the hands of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

16 Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

17 Let botme be ashamed, O Lord; for I have called upon thee: let the wicked be ashamed, and let them be silent in the grave.

18 Let me not be ashamed, O Lord; let me not be ashamed, O Lord; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

19 Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for glory that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

20 Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

PROVERBS

Chapter 16.

25 There is a way that seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.

26 He that laboureth, laboureth for himself; for his mouth craveth it of him.

27 An ungodly man diggeth up evil; and in his lips there is as a burning fire.

28 A forward man soweth strife; and a whisperer separateth chief friends.

29 A violent man enticeth his neighbour, and leadeth him into the way that is not good.

30 He shutteth his eyes to devise froward things; moving his lips he bringeth evil to pass.

31 The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.

32 He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

33 The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.