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Motto for the Week:

Earnestness is the path of immortality; thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

Masks or Tell-Tales.

Are the Characters of Men Unmistakably Written on Their Faces.

There is a current notion that to every practiced and searching eye the characters of men are written unmistakably upon their faces. In the May number of Blackwood the grounds for this prevalent belief are sifted and rejected. Dr. Louis Robinson, who is known to have been for some time a student of the subject, examines the internal and external conditions which tend to mould facial expression, and arrives at the conclusion that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to interpret character aright by the general effect of the countenance.

According to Dr. Robinson, facial expression tells us not so much what a man is as what he tries to be; and, as he tries to be what he is not, we find him wearing a mask which conceals his short-comings, though to a keen glance it may reveal his aims. For example, a compressed lip is supposed to indicate strength of will, whereas what is really expressed is the habit of struggling against inclinations and temptations. In fact, therefore, it tells rather of weakness than of strength. By way of confirming this paradox, Dr. Robinson points out that the leading members of the medical and legal professions do not display the facial symbols to anything like the same extent as the rank and file. So, too, the sea captain, whose authority is seldom questioned, exhibits no sign of a constant endeavor to repress mutiny, such as is often visible in the face of a school teacher who cannot control his boys. Then again, and artist's face grows into the expression of the ideal after which he is always aspiring, not into that which reflects his own predominant qualities. In a word, if we accept this theory, we must hold that our countenances are not tell-tales, but masks, on which the habitual attitude of our character is mirrored; but the habitual attitude of a character is an index not of its greatest strength, but sometimes of its greatest weakness.

The effect of external circumstances upon the countenance may be to entirely mislead the observer. Dr. Robinson maintains, for instance, that the faces of the riveters and boiler smiths in a shipbuilding town, mask completely their true character by expressing mainly the muscular effort of the brow to keep the eye closed against the fragments of metal which fly about, and partly the slight deafness which gives them the expression of trying to hear what they cannot easily hear by reason of the surrounding din. The horse look acquired by men who are chiefly engaged in training horses, represents mainly the predominance of the physical effort needed to control the animal, and throws no light on the underlying mental and moral qualities. The true actor's face is pronounced almost necessarily a mask, since it takes on the form of so many different emotions in turn that they counteract each other and leave a kind of neutral expression. An actor's countenance becomes the playground, so to speak, of so many attitudes of mind that no record of his individual preferences can be engraved on it.

We are inclined to think that Dr. Robinson makes out his case up to a certain point. He undoubtedly shows that in many instances physical and moral causes conspire to prevent the face from betraying the true mind. The fact is nevertheless indisputable, that men whose business imposes on them the necessity of an unerring choice of agents—generals, naval commanders, politicians—do, in proportion to their professional success, read character instantly and correctly on an inspection of the face. Nor will any one deny to the great portrait maker the possession of the penetrating vision which Tennyson has ascribed to him: "As when a painter, poring on a face, Divinely, through all hindrance, finds the man Behind it, and so paints him that the face, The shape and color of a mind and life, Lives for his children, ever at its best And fullest."

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmenter's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Splendid Plunder.

The war in China has awakened interest in former military experiences in that curious country, and several British officers have related their adventures during the exciting time when the British took Peking and burned the Summer Palace of the Emperor, in retaliation for an act of Chinese treachery by which a party of English and French, bearing a flag of truce, had been captured. Half of the men of the unfortunate party were tortured to death or slain at once and the rest were held prisoners under sentence of execution until they were surrendered under compulsion on demand of a British general.

One officer, Colonel Hill James, gives a curious account of the treasures found in the Summer Palace before it was destroyed. It was given up to plunder, as anything left in it would have been wasted, and the intention was to administer to the Emperor, who had approved and encouraged the cruelties of his subordinates, a severe and memorable lesson.

Silks, furs, embroideries, gold, jewels, modern mechanical curiosities, music-boxes, splendid mirrors, watches, toys, plate, precious and marvelous carvings—these and things like them filled the palace, or rather the forty palaces of which the Summer Palace consisted. It literally overflowed with the most incongruous mixture of Oriental and European objects.

Official possession was taken of certain of the more obvious and valuable treasures, but most rich prizes fell into the hands of individuals.

French private soldiers were seen going along, laughing and shouting, wearing imperial sashes draped over their uniforms, their belts weighted with ornaments, gold watches hanging from every button of their coats, their pockets stuffed with embroideries, gems and trumpery toys together.

In their excitement they danced upon the gorgeous silks that cumbered the floors to an accompaniment from musical boxes, toy drumming rabbits, and mechanical monkeys, which beat cymbals and played flutes. Sometimes they paused to smash the great mirrors for fun.

The English, who reached the palace later than the French, indulged in no such excesses. They appointed a prize committee, and everything was done in order; but after the official clearance, officers and men secured what was left. One officer, who was asked by a friend if he had found anything of interest, answered quietly: "Yes, I got a few of these, and one or two other odd things," at the same time fishing out of the depths of his pocket a handful of magnificent pearls. Among the "other odd things" he displayed a skull, supposed to be that of a foreign emperor, lined throughout with gold, mounted upon a golden tripod, and provided with a golden ladle! It was supposed to have been used, on certain extraordinary occasions, as a punch-bowl.

Another officer came across a broken joss, the sacred image, lying on the floor. It was two feet and a half high, and had been discarded by every one as too awkward a curiosity to carry. He had been in Indian temples, and an idea struck him. He applied a touchstone, and found the image to be of gold. He took it to England, and it proved to be worth about \$70,000.

Comte d'Herisson, a French officer, had a curious experience. Noticing in the midst of a lovely lake a small island palace of great beauty, he took a gondola lying near the bank and rowed out to it.

Strolling into the chief room, which was furnished with yellow divans, and standing still to look around him, he suddenly thought he perceived that some one near him was breathing gently.

Much startled, he grasped his sword, and kicking over the nearest divan, was astonished to see tumble out from under it a Chinese court lady, wonderfully attired, who immediately turned her back and prostrated herself at his feet in mortal terror, presenting the soles of her three-inch shoes to his gaze, bumping her poor little forehead on the floor, and clutching nervously at the pavement with hands whose nails, several inches in length, were each protected by a slender nail-guard of pure gold. Her hair was thrust full of gold pins, and her dress was a mass of embroideries and jewels.

He raised and reassured her, conversing by signs as best he could. His success was attended by a stir among the other divans, from beneath which presently crept 26 more maidens quite as gorgeous! The gallant Frenchman proved equal to the occasion; he ferried his unexpected captives back to the shore in three batches, the gondola only holding nine at once, and had them provided with an escort of soldiers, and taken safely to the Chinese lines.

*He holds me when the billows smile;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempests all.*

Woman's Social Evolution

What the Twentieth Century Woman Will be Like—A Retrospect, a Present Day Estimate and an Interesting Peep Into the Future—Bright Prospects for the World's Betterment

In the evolution of woman I note four distinct phases—first, the coming woman; second, the advanced woman; third, the new woman, and, last, the twentieth-century woman. The coming woman made her debut fifty years ago. She created something of a stir, and no one approved of her. It was a good deal of a change, you remember, from the sampler and embroidery frame to thinking and studying and story-writing. The whole innovation was of such a reprehensible character that she did the thinking on the quiet and kept the thoughts to herself, and when she wrote she masqueraded under a pseudonym of a masculine order. The "coming woman," she found herself named, all on account of her desire for knowledge, and what she promised to be when she had attained it. She was caricatured in those days. Her age became the butt of ridicule, because the world had for generations turned for the young woman. Previous to this, as soon as she had outlived her youth, she had been figuratively thrown into her coffin and screwed down fast and tight, nor dared resent it. She couldn't be anything but the old conservative sort, because otherwise she wasn't classifiable. Finally, after it became a recognized fact that a woman could rise above the style of her bonnet; that she could study medicine and write, and had the temerity to bombard the doors of men's colleges, she became a still greater innovation—reprehensible, of course; but she demanded some sort of classification, and the term "coming woman" was invented to express what she was aiming at.

When the "coming woman" came she was called the "advanced woman." The latter was not as modest in her demands as her predecessor. She was a woman with a capital W. In addition to co-education, she lifted her voice—pitched it deeper, if you like—and expressed a desire for the ballot. She was more in evidence than the coming woman, in consequence of which she was frowned down more emphatically. Woman's field of labor widened materially at this stage. In fact, there were few fields the bars of which were not let down by feminine hands. When she could not let down the bars readily, perhaps, she crawled under or through some aperture, or by the aid of her dress-reform garments perhaps she climbed over. At this stage woman began to first estimate upon her own labor. She even dignified feminine industry by referring to it as skilled labor. This required an audacity that was of no mean order, even as it was also without precedent. I like to look back upon the "advanced woman." She was such an energetic creature, and such a believer in her own convictions and the possessor of courage to voice them in the face of opposition, even to the sacrifice of much that women always held dear. She forfeited the esteem of many, but it was a spurious esteem to begin with, and she was first misunderstood; that was all. The "advanced woman" was advanced in that she was in advance of the time in which she lived. But the time caught up with her eventually. When the time became as advanced as she was, she was no longer misunderstood, and she became the "new woman."

The "new woman" is with us right now. Her state at present is only a transitory one. She is better accustomed to her triumphs and her achievements than the advanced woman was, and she has broken away from the capital W. We don't hear so much about the capital W as we did. But the independence of the new woman, the firm resolution, the lack of hesitation, the force and the calm superiority, are the most splendid qualifications with which any modern human being has been yet endowed. Independence of thought is exemplified in independence of action, and the combination produces independence of manner. The new woman feels the exhibition of her newly found power, and like a blooded steed that champs and snorts and paws up the earth, she is ready for battle. But she is a good sort. She only needs experience. She needs to get acquainted with herself and to learn the scale of weights and measures by which to compute the burning purpose for which she believes she lives. The new woman is a little mannish now and then. Fashion has lent a shoulder to the wheel and helped her to be mannish by offering her the suits and trappings that seem to belong to her. Fashion caters to the sentiment of the time always. The new woman won't always be new. When she is no longer the end-of-the-century woman she will

be a changed creature, for from her will be evolved the twentieth-century woman.

There is no doubt in my mind about this twentieth-century woman. Her predecessors from whom she has evolved haven't been the most agreeable people in the world. They have been aggressive to a degree. In their minds wrongs have rankled, and they have been decorated with war-paint most of the time. They have sought in every way to accomplish their ends. They have tried every method of human action—tact and diplomacy and logic and invocation and, then, failing, they have given way to the bitterness of despair, and I doubt not, imprecation. One by one, however, they have seen the wrongs righted. Legal, political and financial wrongs have fallen into line and turned their coats, and the recognition woman has so long been demanding will be hers before the century closes.

In the twentieth-century woman I see the old-time woman with serenity of character and force, and courage great enough to be apparent, and thus to need no assertion, I see her studying the science of the sentiment of life. Her own wrongs righted, I see her efforts expended generously and sympathetically toward the righting of the great wrongs of the human family. I see in her the mother of the race—a loving, large-hearted and tolerant mother—like yours or mine—whose very presence breathes harmony, whose ideals we respect and strive to live up to. I see her standard established for the benefit of the weak, and her hand outstretched to aid them in reaching it and gaining a foothold thereon. And I see in her, while yet in her youth, the mother of sons that are chaste and of daughters that are brave. God will bless the world in the twentieth-century woman. —[Haryot H. Cahoon, in New York Recorder.]

Fish That Climb Trees.

There is a fish named the climbing perch, found in India, the Malay Archipelago and other parts of the East Indies, which is able to live out of water, and even with the aid of the spines upon its gills and fins, to ascend a tree.

This curious amphibian possesses sponge-like processes at the sides of its head, which serve the purpose of lungs, so that it can remain out of water for a long time. Indeed, some observers of its habits assert that it leaves the water every night.

When living in marshy lakes and pools, if its aqueous dwelling-place dries up, it undertakes a journey overland in search of a new home. It is even able to survive for a considerable time at the bottom of the marsh, by concealing itself in holes in the sun-baked mud.

The Christian Ideal.

Preaching at Brighton the other day on the Christian Ideal, Mr. Frank Ballard said we should not wonder at the apparently slow progress of Christianity. It must take time to let into the heart of a world like this the truths of spiritual religion. Science tells us it took millions of ages to evolve a biped from an invertebrate, so must it take time to evolve a world full of children of God from an anthropoid.

Some good people in their impatience are looking for a speedy advent of Christ. Christ said, "It is not for you to know the time or season, but you shall receive power when the Spirit is come upon you." He gives us no date of a millennium, but the power to bear witness. There is our duty, and if truly realized, we shall have time and less taste for speculation.

The Christian ideal is to act the Christ. Go back to the New Testament, to the high standard there set forth, and compare yourself and your environment with it. "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done."

The aim of Christianity is to enshrine divine goodness in human character—to produce supernatural goodness in lives in which it would otherwise only be natural. "Conduct is nine-tenths of life." Character is the whole of religion.

Modern civilization per se does not tend to build up the Christian ideal. Not to it must we look for the genesis of a new era of unselfishness. Civilization per se produces a healthy animal, to whom God is no more than the farthest star. He lives for his meals, his sports, his club. God is no more to him than his well-fed dog. Modern civilization, indeed! Why the ancients

were as far advanced as we! The Etruscan physicians, 5,000 years ago, possessed instruments as good and performed operations as wonderful as the greatest triumphs of modern surgery. Corruption and civilization may go hand in hand, as they did in Pagan Rome, and accounts of individual depravity in our own day spoil our breakfasts as we read the paper. But Christianity stamped out the horrors of pagan Rome. It alone can revolutionize the world, and neither the bitterness of its enemies nor the failures of its friends can get rid of it. —[The New Age.]

Drugs and Hypnotism.

It has long been known that hypnotized persons are abnormally sensitive in certain directions. Recent experiments show that they may be made so sensitive to the action of drugs that the characteristic powers of these become evident when they are merely held in proximity to the skin, not even touching it. We translate below a brief account of some of these experiments from Gaea (Leipzig, June):

"The French physician and naturalist, Dr. J. Luys, has announced some extraordinarily interesting researches in this direction. The medicinal substances were in closed tubes and were brought near the hypnotized subject. Some kind of action at a distance took place, which revealed itself in an alteration of the bodily appearance and physical condition of the person experimented upon. In this way Dr. Luys produced convulsions, hallucinations, alterations of the pupils, acceleration and retardation of the pulse, etc. He was also able to excite symptoms of joy, pain, grief, or anger. The changes in physiognomy and expression corresponding to these symptoms were fixed by means of photography."

In the first experiment a tube of thymol was brought into the neighborhood of one of the glands of the neck. This region at once swelled. At the same time there was bulging of the eyeball, with evident dilatation of the pupils. In the second experiment, a tube of chloral with morphia was held below at the left. Fearful hallucinations at once occurred, evident dilatation of the pupils and contraction of the arms. The hair became tangled.

"Dr. Luys has also experimented on the influence of colored light rays on hypnotized persons by allowing light to fall on them through colored glass. He finds that blue glass always produces a feeling of sadness, red rays excite joy and well-being, yellow the symptoms of strong affection. The violet and green tints vary in their effects according to their intensity and to the individual sensitiveness of the individual experimented upon. Dr. Luys's experiments are of great importance, and seem to open a way to new paths of knowledge." —[Translated for the Literary Digest.]

Moravian Missionaries.

The Outlook says: In a recent account of the Moravian missions in Alaska we referred to the common opinion that early Moravian missionaries sold themselves into slavery in order that they might reach with the Gospel the slaves of the West Indies. This statement has been current for a great many years, and we have never before seen it questioned; but an authority whose reliability we cannot for a moment doubt has informed us that the missionaries did not actually sell themselves into slavery, but offered themselves for that service. The will was there, and the magnificent spirit of self-sacrifice; though, for some reason, we know not what, the sale was not completed. Our correspondent has kindly sent us the following account of the event, which we are sure will be of interest to our readers. It is taken from the introduction to "Historical sketches of the Missions of the United Brethren from their commencement to the year 1817, by the Rev. John Holmes, London, 1827."

The origin of their missions was attended with circumstances singularly interesting. Count Zinzendorf being gone to Copenhagen, in the year 1731, to be present at the coronation of Christian VI., King of Denmark, some of his domestics became acquainted with a negro called Anthony. This man told them much of the miseries endured by the negro slaves in the island of St. Thomas, and of the ardent desire of many to be instructed in the way of salvation. This relation deeply affected the Count, and served to revive the hope expressed by him some years before at a public meeting in Herrnhut, that the Brethren would one day have it in their power to proclaim the Gospel to the Laplanders, negroes and Greenlanders. On his return, therefore, he took an early opportunity of mentioning this occurrence to the congregation. Anthony, having soon after obtained leave from his master to visit Herrnhut, repeated his former relation to many of the inhabitants, but added that the labors of the

ASK FOR INFORMATION.

Persons who have sufficient interest in knowing what the experience of life insurance companies that have kept abstainers and non-abstainers in separate classes has been, to send a postal card to the manager of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company at Toronto, Ont., stating their desire to get this information can have it by a return mail.

negroes were so incessant that they could find no leisure for religious instruction, unless their teacher himself became a slave, for the purpose of instructing them during their daily employment. This representation roused the zeal of the Brethren for the conversion of the heathen, and they determined that no obstacle, however apparently insurmountable, should deter them from making the attempt. Two young men in particular, Leonard Dober and Tobias Leupold, were so deeply impressed with the magnitude of the object that they publicly avowed their resolution to go to St. Thomas, and even to sell themselves as slaves, in order that they might have an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the negroes, should they find no other way of accomplishing their purpose.

Taught Etiquette.

A cat is lawless. A dog can be taught to come when called; a cat is heedless of the most persuasive invitations to present herself. The dog is obedient to rule; a cat despises etiquette, unless she has been taught to heed it by a more or less severe lesson. Here is an illustration, exhibited by a "Tabby" mentioned in St. Nicholas:

Tabby manifested curiosity, mixed with jealousy, when Beelzebub, the alligator, was installed as a family pet. She acquired the habit of walking up to him and showing her displeasure by cuffing him with her paw. Then she would retire as if she had performed a duty.

This was done once too often, for Beelzebub had harbored in his memory her former insults, and this last one proved too much for his injured spirit. His eyes flashed with a yellowish light, and when Tabby was walking away he scrambled after her, seized her tail and clung to it viciously.

This frightened the bully, and she started on a race around the room, taking aerial flights over chairs and tables, with Beelzebub desperately clinging to her tail.

When we released the panic-stricken Tabby we were surprised to find that Beelzebub was none the worse for his wild experience, and with widely distended jaws he breathed a general defiance; but Tabby had received a lesson, and she never molested Beelzebub again.

The Crime of Hoarding.

Harper's Bazar has some sensible remarks on the indiscriminate hoarding into which the wise economy of the thrifty housewife sometimes degenerates. Most of us are familiar with "the emotion with which during periods devoted to house-cleaning, when storerooms, attics, and top shelves render up their hidden treasures, we discover garments laid aside, old boxes, parcels carefully tied in a prehistoric era, bundles of paper and pamphlets yellowed and dust-grimed, letters written by people who have passed out of our lives, the foot-sam and jetsam of years, which belong to the category of articles too good to be destroyed, yet of no use to any one on earth." The article goes on to remind us that the lumber and rubbish which cumber our shelves afford an admirable lurking place for germs of disease and a nucleus for dirt and cobwebs, the fact being that we carry far too much luggage on the road of life, and would be much better off were we to travel lightly burdened. The housekeeper who wishes peace of mind will do well each year to reduce her stock of garments held over for contingencies, which may never arise, to the lowest possible amount. The masculine mind rebels against the giving away of half worn coats, hats and trousers, and diplomacy is needed by the wife who has grown weary in the struggle to preserve intact from the fretting moth that portion of her husband's wardrobe which he will never wear again. With children's clothing it is different, and where there is no further chance of refitting and remodelling—cutting down Louise's last summer's frock for Emily, and turning Gwendolen's brown spring jacket for Gladys—at once the mother should dispose of them. None of us has a right to hoard other people's property, and an altruistic spirit dictates that what has served its turn for us, and is still sufficiently presentable to be valued by a neighbor less fortunately endowed than ourselves, is no longer our own; the neighbor has a valid claim to call it hers.