

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" TALKS BY "THERESA"

In an interview with the novelist Marie Corelli published in the August number of The Strand Magazine, Arthur H. Lawrence tries to overcome some of the peculiar prejudice that seems to have gathered around this well known writer, a prejudice not altogether attributable to the efforts of detracting critics, at least in so far as normally healthy-minded people are concerned, to the majority of whom there is and must be something ominously distasteful and repugnant in the horrible themes and morbid ideas characteristic of much of this novelist's work.

It has been urged that Marie Corelli is something of a mystic, one of those who have risen in these latter days armed with a mission to show mankind the error of his ways and to unveil to the gaze of a horrified world the cancers and tumors festering beneath the thin veneer of civilization. Marie Corelli, says Mr. Lawrence, writes to elevate the mind, to counteract prurency, sensualism, scepticism and sensation-alism.

Speaking from the point of view of one who utterly detests all of the above errors as now rampant, it may be questioned whether such works as "Vandetta," "The Mighty Atom," etc., are calculated to do much good in that direction. There is an element of unreality in both the books mentioned, to say nothing of her other works; an unreality of character, motives and surroundings. We do not for an instant connect the characters she presents to our mental vision with anyone we have ever met or are likely to meet; they are so horribly vindictive, so remorselessly cruel, so coldly calculating that we really prefer, for the honor of human nature, to think that they don't exist, rather than try to find their counterparts in our daily lives.

Marie Corelli does not present human nature as it really is, but a distorted version of it with all the un-human qualities brought into strong prominence, till they resemble more the characters of abnormal criminals with all their virtues stunted and almost eradicated, than ordinary men and women.

The child Lionel in "The Mighty Atom" is an almost impossible creation viewed from the standpoint of ordinary common sense and normal childhood. Children have an inherent recognition of the true and the beautiful, and no matter what they have been taught against truth, as soon as it is presented to them they instinctively receive and believe it. It is scarcely in accordance with the ideas of an ordinary Christian regarding the goodness and fatherly protection of God that He should permit one of His little ones, scarcely more than a baby to hang himself for want of the light he had invoked. Even supposing the character of the case to be possible, scarcely one child in ten thousand would trouble its small head about the matter at all; and this is a wise provision of nature, for were many of our children the precocious philosophers Lionel is represented to be, there are a hundred and one mysterious quills sufficient to addle their brains and send them to thoughts of suicide, if only to find out what there is on the other side.

The most probable result of such training as that depicted in "The Mighty Atom" would be to make a hardened and callous sceptic, and while one child in ten thousand might possibly hang itself, the other nine hundred and ninety-nine would never for one instant dream of such a solution of the difficulty, if, indeed, they thought about it at all.

There is one thing in which Marie Corelli certainly does excel, and that is in depicting real, hard, unromanticizing, scold poverty, but while she does it she insensibly conveys the impression that it causes a loss of self respect, and you "blink along the streets, vaguely ashamed, instead of walking erect among your fellowmen" (Borrow's Satan). Whether or not poverty causes a loss of self respect depends in a great measure on temperament, and I scarcely think the ordinary man or woman would consider unmerited poverty however scold, provided they could make a decently respectable appearance, even though they might not look quite such swells as the London rasher in the old song:

"A penny paper collar round his throat, la-di-da; A penny paper flower in his coat, la-di-da; In his hand a penny stick, in his tooth a penny pick, And a penny in his pocket, la-di-da! It is not what we don't deserve and cannot help that should make us lose our own self respect or the respect of right minded people, provided we conduct ourselves in a proper manner.

combat are perhaps best described in Marvell's epigram: "Thus, when a barber and a collier fight The barber beats the luckless collier white; Straightway the collier heaves his ponderous sack, And, with ill-tongued vengeance beats the barber black. In comes the brick-dustman with grimace o'erspread, And beats the barber and the collier red, white and black in various clouds are tossed, And in the dirt they raise the combatants are lost."

That is to say Miss Corelli's adversaries are; she, herself, has emerged triumphant, and is now basking in the smiles of an appreciative public, while the miserable fate of the collier, gratefully speaking, wallowing in the dirt, is the fate of the novelist who writes the novel. Speaking of acting the author says: "Do you call it an art? Well I suppose it is, but you must own that it is on the lowest rung of the ladder. Even monkeys mimic man, more so than all that we see do. This, more than anything else, the cleverest of monkeys aro. I like the real, true men; the initiations are irritating."

Well, that sounds complimentary certainly, but it is scarcely in accordance with strict logic. A mimic is a person who takes all some other living person; imitates speech, voice, appearance and gestures. An actor who creates the part he plays can scarcely be called a mimic, in fact he stands on the same plane as the novelist, he creates a character and presents them in his own person living and breathing; he makes people see it and recognize its oddities, a thing very often beyond the capacity of a writer who merely conveys a pose and ink picture and not always very accurate one.

If a third rate actor went to see Irving play Hamlet and afterwards played it himself, taking the great actors reading of the character and imitating voice, gestures and mannerisms he would not be an actor but a mimic, and a very exasperating one too.

Marie Corelli's writing is very peculiar, the letters are nearly all formed separately, the "e" in particular being more singular in its formation than any I ever remember to have seen. It is formed backwards and looks more like the figure 2 than anything I can compare it to; it is always entirely separate from the letters contiguous to them. There is no character to the hand, but as I am not a graphologist I cannot define it.

Miss Corelli does not think the name of "poet" can justly be applied to Kipling. I fancy most people will disagree with her. "Kipling," she calls his poetry. It is a kind of jingle verse that the majority of us would like to see often, and jingle or not it often rises to heights of sublimity certainly not surpassed if indeed equalled by any living poet.

My readers are requested not to forget St. Paul's Picnic in the House of Providence grounds on August 8th. It is intended to make this one of the most enjoyable functions of the holiday, and the price of admission being only one cent, all the family can go at very small expense. Refreshments of finest quality will be dispensed at moderate charges.

Some interesting observations made by M. Patis on the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought before the Physical Society of Geneva. In these it was established that the snipe had often been observed in repairing damages. With its beak it makes a very creditable dressing, and has even been known to secure a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion M. Fottio killed a snipe which had on its chest a large dressing composed of down from other parts of the body, and securely fixed to the body by means of coagulated blood. Twice he

had struck with later seven feathers strapped on to the site of a fracture of one or other limb. The most interesting example was that of a snipe both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered it on the following day, when he found that the wounded bird had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled round the beak, and not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, the poor creature was almost dead from hunger when found.

PARSON IN DANGER OF DROWNING. A little paper down in Georgia relates this laughable story:—"The preacher had baptized Jerry Davis, and was raising him up when in some unaccountable way both were tripped and thrown in a very deep hole, where they disappeared. It took two or three days for the men from the store to save them."

"Th above recalls an incident at a Georgia baptizing some time ago, says the "Atlanta Constitution." A colored preacher held a candidate under the water somewhat longer than the usual time. When the latter regained his feet he spluttered:—"What do devil you hol' me under so long for?" "Ivy, you livin' scoundrel, you!" exclaimed the preacher, "an't you got the devil outen you yet?" And down the fellow went again! But in struggling, he got the best of the preacher, holding him under until he was nearly strangled.

When the preacher finally "got his balance," he stood up and said:—"Brother Williams, please, stop, wade out to me wid your life preserver. Some or dese niggers is so strong dey'll drown me for I gits the wid 'em!"

JEWISH COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE. The new movement for the founding of a Jewish political State in Palestine, has had a stronger indorsement among Jews in Europe than in the United States. This is doubtless due to the restrictions placed upon them as a race in other countries, which have created a longing for any change that gave promise of an improvement in their condition. The dream of the actual and sole occupation of the Holy Land is not likely to be realized—at least, not in the near future.

Turkey would never consent to the erection of anything bordering on a new religion there. Germany has already secured a strong foothold in Asia Minor, as well as considerable interests in Palestine itself. Other European nations have claims on the territory which would preclude the organization of an independent government. Nevertheless, the present movers, who have united under the name of Zionists, propose to try the experiment. They have planned to thoroughly colonize Palestine with Jews, at the cost of the Jews themselves. It will require about \$100,000,000 to carry out the plan, and the Zionists expect ultimately to settle 5,000,000 Jews there, and provide them with the means of supporting themselves by agriculture.

MARY STUART'S CURIOUS WATCHES. Among the watches owned by Mrs. Stuart was a coffin-shaped watch in a case of crystal. Probably the most remarkable one in her collection was the one which was bequeathed to Mary Seaton, her maid of honor. It was in the form of a skull. On the forehead of the skull was the symbol of death, a scythe and the skull was time, and at the top of the head was the Garden of Eden and the Crucifixion. The watch was opened by reversing the skull. Inside was a representation of the Holy Family surrounded by angels, while the shepherds and their flocks were worshipping the new-born Christ. The works formed the brains, while the dial plate was the palate. She also possessed another skull-shaped watch, but it is not known what became of it.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE MICROBE AND THE CYCLIST. The microbe has been after the scorcher for a long while, and the latter never guessed it until "The Lancet" said that the sore and inflamed throat, headache, and depression often experienced by cyclists are brought about in this way. Their machines raise a dust, and in the dust are many undesirable things. Thus says the "Lancet"—"Hundreds of millions of bacteria, according to the nature of the locality, are found in a grumme weight of dust, and the species isolated have included well-known pathogenic organisms. Indeed there can be no reason for doubting the infective power of dust when it is known that amongst the microbes encountered in it are the microbes of pus, malignant oedema, tetanus, tubercle, and septicaemia."

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MRS. HODGES' FAULT.

In a thriving village on the western coast of the old Bay State is located a Jewellery shop of high standard, its sole proprietor being Joseph Hodges, a business man on no small scale. His wife, Marjan, is a faithful life partner, and does all she can to make his home one of peace and comfort.

"What's the matter, Joseph?" she asked, having removed her jacket and bonnet and taken a seat by the fire. They had just returned from an evening party. "What's the matter?" she repeated, drawing nearer the fire. "You have been so sober and torpid all my life long."

"I'll tell you, Marjan," he replied, "but don't be offended at what I'm about to say. Were I to recite a volume of small talk, I couldn't tell you how you have wounded my feelings to-night."

"Me—wounded your feelings?" she uttered, looking at her husband in surprise. "What do you mean?" "Don't you remember your remark when I was discussing bicycles with Mr. Daniels?" "No, I'm sure I don't; what did I say?" "Well, when I said my wheel cost \$10 you interrupted me and said only 'Ee.'"

"Was that so terrible, I'd like to know?" his wife asked, not in the best of humor, for, like many others, she didn't like to discuss her faults. "It was nothing terrible," returned Joseph, "but very annoying to me. When I said my wheel cost \$10, I meant it, for that was its price, and your remark was uncalled for. The great fault was that you smiled around the corner of my company that it wasn't over half-a-mile. Now, neither you nor I knew exactly how far it was, and, moreover, it is of little consequence. I assure you, Marjan, it made me feel badly, and, whatever I say on this subject, you are still indifferent regarding my feelings."

CREATURES WHICH CANNOT SHUT THEIR EYES.

Snakes are unable to close their eyes; for the reason that they have no eyelids. Lizards, too, are in the same list, and all the vast tribe of fishes are quite eyeless. But, as in the case of snakes, a horny yet transparent skin protects the eyeballs from injury. Whether fish sleep is rather an open question. They have been noticed quite motionless, just touching the floor of their tank for hours together so possibly they do.

WHORE NOAH KEPT HIS BEES.

Dr. James K. Hoemer, who recently visited Boston, had occasion to visit the new Public Library. As he went up the steps he met Edward Everett Hale, who asked the doctor's errand. "To consult the archives," was the reply. "By-the-way, Hoemer," said Doctor Hale, "do you know where Noah kept his bees?"

"No," answered Hoemer. "In the ark hive," said the venerable preacher as he passed out of earshot.—Ladies Home Journal.

A SUITABLE RESPONSE.

A somewhat reckless youth who had enlisted for the war, and had spent his time in camp in writing home for money, finally sent this telegram as a "clinch"— "Father—Leg shot off in sham battle. Send all the Am. money you can. To this the old man replied:— "Son—Don't know your number, but wooden leg goes to you by express. If it doesn't fit, get carpenter to plane it. Best love. All well here.—"Atlanta Constitution."

A RAILWAY DRAMA.

Scene 1.—Train stopping at a big junction. Ticket Collector (examining passenger's ticket)—"This won't do, sir. You'll have to get out and— "Passenger—I shall not get out. I refuse to be bullied by you. Here is my card. You have your remedy, etc., etc. Ticket Collector—I only wanted to say, sir. "Passenger—Don't talk to me. You're only a menial. Fetch the station master. Ticket Collector—It's all right, sir.

ST. SWITHIN AND THE RAIN.

According to tradition, if it rained on St. Swithin's Day, we might expect rain for the forty days following. St. Swithin, it is interesting to recall, lived in the ninth century, was Precursor to King Ethelwulf, was made Bishop of Winchester in 852, and died a decade later. The story goes that it rained forty days in consequence of the proposed removal of his remains from the churchyard to the cathedral.

OTHER NIGHT—here Hodges cast a quick glance at his wife, but she would not notice it, for she must correct her husband's mistake—

"Oh, Marjan, you don't understand this matter," said her husband. "Jim stands all right with the Western firm." "Well, I guess I know," quickly retorted his wife "for I heard him tell about it, and if I was Jim I'd have no more to do with such people." "Joseph Hodges could say no more. His face showed his feelings as he cast meaning glances towards his wife. About ten o'clock the following evening as Mr. and Mrs. Hodges were thinking of retiring, the door opened and Jim Thomas entered.

"For Heaven's sake, Jim, what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Hodges, perceiving his death-like countenance. "I am ruined," he said; "yes, a ruined man." "Is it that Western firm?" asked Marjan. "No," he said sadly; "but the people here have come down on me." "Do you mean all is lost, Jim?" returned Joseph. "Yes, everything," he returned heart-brokenly. "Somehow Edmunds has discovered that I feared the Western firm, and, owing him a large sum, he has demanded it immediately. Just another month and all would be safe, but it's too late now; he's placed an officer over my goods."

Marjan sat pale and trembling. She plainly saw what she had done, but it was too late to recall those few hasty words. Looking up into her brother's face she uttered in a feeble voice: "Oh, Jim, I am the cause of all this, but don't blame me now. It is the result of my foolish habit of correcting my husband before others."

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