

upwards as well as outwards, hold the breath while you count three, then open the mouth and exhale as slowly as possible till all the breath has gone. Keep the chest up. This exercise should be repeated. Keep the same position. Inhale a full breath through the nostrils as before, but now very quickly; hold the breath while counting three, then open the mouth and exhale slowly; keep the chest up. Repeat as above. Inhale a full breath through the nostrils slowly; hold while counting three, then open the mouth and exhale as suddenly and as violently as possible; keep the chest up. Repeat. Inhale a full breath quickly through the nostrils; hold while counting six. Open the mouth and exhale violently; keep the chest up. Repeat three times."

The following muscular exercises are also recommended:—"Clench the right hand, holding it out straight in front of you, with the back of the hand downwards. Unclasp the fingers with a snap, and simultaneously move the whole hand round on the pivot of the wrist and forearm as far as it will go. Then come back as smartly as possible to the original clenched-hand position. Repeat about twenty times, making the movement as quickly as you can in both directions without sacrificing correctness or fulness. Do the same with the left hand.

"Extend the arm at full stretch from the shoulder sideways, with the hand and fingers completely extended and palm downwards; then bend it as smartly as possible to its full extent at the elbow, bringing the hand close to the head, with the palm nearest to the head, and at the same time clenching the fist. Go back to former position again as smartly as possible. Repeat about twenty times. For walking and running: Stand on both feet firmly, preserving the proper position of chest, chin, &c. Then (1) bring the right knee up till it is on a level with the hip; (2) stretch out the leg to the front, pointing the toe downwards as if about to step forwards, but the toe must not be allowed to touch the ground; (3) bring the foot back to original position beside the other. Do this three times with each leg, then three times with the two legs alternately."

It is reported from Vienna that two sisters, Juliska and Ilona Molnar, both pretty girls of fifteen and sixteen years of age, standing before a mirror, shot each other simultaneously through the heart with revolvers. They left a letter saying that they were tired of life.

A lady automobilist presented herself recently at Berlin to be examined by an expert as to her capabilities in driving a motor-car through crowded streets, &c., and received the police certificate for efficiency.

### Temperance Post Cards.

An enthusiast in the cause of total abstinence has had half a million picture postcards printed illustrating the evils of drunkenness, and having such titles as "The Drunkard's Doom," "Death in the Bottle," and "The Drink Fiend." The author suggests they should be posted to confirmed drunkards. A contemporary states that two or three slander actions have already been started by people who have received the cards, and one recipient is being proceeded against for violently assaulting a sender.

### A Book of the Week.

#### PIGS IN CLOVER.\*

It may seem at first sight doubtful whether the reviewer is justified in recommending such a book as this unpleasant and strongly-written novel, by the lady who chooses to be known as Frank Danby. But we write as to women who know the world—nurses cannot be wrapped up in tissue paper, nor stored in glass cases; and there is a moral to be drawn from this study of moral obliquity—of perverted purposes, loose lives, sensuality, and vice—we had well-nigh said, bestiality.

The Pigs in Clover are two men called Althaus, though Karl, the elder, is the only one with a legal right to the name. Karl is a Jew millionaire, hailing from Whitechapel, where he was born and grew up in dire poverty. His hard-working mother being smitten by paralysis, the loathsome Polish second husband, who had lived shamelessly on her earnings, imported a gutter girl into the house where she lay helpless. Of this Polish scoundrel, and this outcast of the streets, was born Louis, known as Louis Althaus, the adopted brother and deeply-loved *protégé* of Karl. Louis Althaus might be fitly described as the vilest reptile who ever crawled in fiction. To call him a man is to offer the human race the deepest possible insult. He is a traitor, a coward, a liar, a libertine, and all this without one saving grace. But he is extremely handsome; and the author makes us believe it possible that, by dint of that personal comeliness only, he seduced, degraded, betrayed, abandoned, and well-nigh damned for ever Joan de Groot, the woman of English birth, of intellect, of many interests, the darling of Cape Town society, the author of "The Kaffir and his Keeper," the beloved of Karl, to whom the diabolical Louis owed everything.

Joan de Groot went out to South Africa with her brother from her Devonshire parsonage, and was married, young, to Piet de Groot. His treatment of her soon necessitated a separation, and as she had a husband living she was well able to decline the middle-aged millionaire who adored her. But the loathsome Louis came, saw, and conquered by sheer force of his fine animalism. The woman who could resist the world became helplessly the prey of the flesh, and so was by degrees enslaved by the devil.

At first, when she finds that Louis only wants her Dutch husband's farm—because there is a gold mine under it—when she realises his treachery and desertion, she does repent; she well-nigh loathes the child who is to be born of such a father.

Then, in her extremity, Karl seeks her out—Karl saves her from despair. He makes her nominally his wife, and mistress of his millions, asking of her nothing in return. But even this supreme generosity cannot uplift the mire-sodden soul of the wretched woman who has been contaminated by the poison of Louis' society. She, actually, meeting this devil of whom she knows all evil, at a country house, allows him again to woo her, and saves herself from the last step of shame only by suicide.

Such is the hideous story, rendered more so by the subsidiary sacrifice of Aline Hayward. What is the moral? There are two. One is, avoid the gutter-bred millionaire, whom everyone so joyfully welcomes

\* By Frank Danby. Heinemann.

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