

ness was cramped and dwarfed, and their energies compressed. Truly, in the light of the modern development of woman and her work, we do not need to search back and admire the "old-fashioned heroine." Let us rather admire the best type of the modern woman, the women pioneers who have rescued Hospital Nursing from the hands of Sairey Gamp; those who have won the right for women to enter the medical profession, and who are on all hands opening up legitimate avenues for women's work.

"Oh, but the Pioneer Club is such a dreadful place!" whisper the uninitiated; "I hear that the members smoke," and a shudder goes through the room.

Now, it is perfectly true that the charming Club in Bruton Street has a smoking-room, and I believe it would be pronounced by male connoisseurs from the Carlton or Reform Clubs to represent the most luxurious type of smoking-room that could be devised. There are Eastern-looking divans, and couches and easy chairs and everything that can add to the enjoyment of "the weed," but where are the smokers? The room is usually empty save for a few writers and journalists who repair thither for leisure and quiet, or to do their work. But of smokers there are few. The smoking-room was provided a little in the spirit of bravado, and partly to carry out the principles of liberty to individuals, but it does not represent the needs of the average Pioneer. Out of a membership of nearly 600 women it has been calculated that there are twenty smokers, and these ladies, in their wildest moments of emancipation, never indulge in more than three cigarettes daily. So that they cannot be described as hardened smokers.

Now, on the one hand, while the comic and other papers are full of the misdeeds of the new woman (and I believe the "new woman" was invented by *Punch*, so as to vary the monotony of its jokes), we hear nothing about her virtues. They say "the Pioneers smoke," as if that were all that they do. None of the papers have mentioned "the Pioneer Baby," the little girl who has been adopted by the Club—a happy child, with many loving mothers. "What a sweet womanly thing to do," would be the universal verdict were the history of this romantic adoption to be published. But of things like this the world does not take cognisance. It is so much easier to sneer and cry, "The new woman only smokes and wears knickerbockers."

"My little girlie shall not be an advanced woman. She shall not be a Senior Wrangler and a clever woman. She shall be just a nice little domestic wife, who can cook, and make a home. I hate these clever women." This tirade was pronounced by a commonplace ignorant woman, who while she spoke clasped to her breast in maternal ecstasy an ugly little commonplace child whose unnatural shaped head suggested water on the brain. The remarks were made to a clever woman, who only smiled and thought, and her mind wandered over her large list of friends and acquaintances, and she had visions of ill-managed homes, of badly cooked dinners, of a chronic atmosphere of washing and spring-cleaning. And she

thought of homes where tired and weary husbands and brothers returned from their business to sit down to unsatisfactory meals, and to listen to complaints about the delinquences of servants and tradespeople. And she remembered children badly brought up and inefficiently trained. And she was struck with the fact that in a large proportion of cases these things happened in the homes of women who claimed above all things to be "domestic." And it was borne in upon her from experience that among her friends it was always the women who inveighed against "cleverness" that were unable to put on the table a dinner that one could eat.

Given a clever woman, well educated and cosmopolitan, who values the truth that homes are the foundations of everything that is best in the world, and such a woman is a household treasure. Intellect brought to bear on every-day concerns always tells. A clever woman will appreciate that a good dinner need not cost more than a bad one, and therefore is a distinct economy. She will also recognise that children to be successful in the world must be brought up in the spirit of the times, and be educated in accordance with the requirements and the standard of the age in which they live. And so the clever women can beat the "domestic woman" even on the ground of kitchen and larder—just because everything well done must be done with brains.

## Science Notes.

### ROOKS AND ACORNS.

MR. CLEMENT REID, in the pages of *Nature*, asks "Do rooks roosting in elm trees ever carry home acorns for supper?" Trivial as this inquiry will appear to some readers, the answer may throw light on what took place in prehistoric times. Once upon a time (a convenient phrase when one cannot supply the date) this country was covered in many parts by glaciers: the traces which they have left behind are absolutely convincing to those who give a little attention to the subject. Later on a more genial climate prevailed, and the earth became clothed with vegetable growths, and in the woods and pastures giraffes, hyænas, bears and many other animals disported themselves. It is generally believed that at this time the British Isles formed part of the mainland of Europe, so that there existed no hindrance to the passage of animals from Southern Europe and from Africa to this country. The similarity between the vegetation of the mainland and that of our island also points to the probability that the British Isles were supplied with seeds from continental plants when, at the close of the glacial period, the conditions became favourable for such a flora.

As far as the evidence of our flora is concerned, however, Mr. Reid points out that it does not prove conclusively that the channel was non-existent at the close of the glacial period. There can be no doubt that, with the gradual subsidence of the land, a narrow channel must have been formed at first, and it is here that the importance of the habits of the rook comes in.

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