

John Nicholson is evidently the god of Mrs. Steel's idolatry; and he certainly shows in her pages a most heroic figure. But the brilliant recital of the beginning of mutiny at Meerut makes one's blood boil. Twenty-four hours of sharp, decisive action then would, if Mrs. Steel's account be true—and it reads like truth—have probably quelled the entire rebellion. Had the troops gone straight on to Delhi, instead of camping at Meerut, there would have been no siege; the thousands of graves behind the Ridge would never have been filled, and John Nicholson might have been living now.

G. M. R.

Reviews.

The Woman's Signal.—There are now a few papers and magazines really edited by women, and as a constant reader of these, we have been struck during the past year with the earnest spirit by which all these publications are inspired. First of all we would offer our congratulations and gratitude to Mrs. Fenwick Miller, the Editor of the *Woman's Signal*, a weekly paper issued every Thursday for Saturday, and which deals not only with the interests of the average woman, but without doubt is the most able advocate of the enfranchisement of women. No paper that we know deals with this great reform in the same courageous and convincing manner, and we are glad to see that official reports of the Woman's Suffrage Societies now appear in its columns, so that reliable information concerning the work of these bodies can be obtained. The *Woman's Signal* Refugee Fund, to be distributed by Lady Henry Somerset, inaugurated by this paper in the autumn, has now reached the substantial sum of £500.

The Humanitarian.—This Magazine appears monthly, and is edited by Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin, it deals with the psychological and social questions of the day, and touches with delicacy on subjects with which one would imagine it would be almost impossible to deal in print. It is a publication of immense value to the public at large, and we hope, therefore, its well deserved popularity will continue to increase.

Baby.—That most useful and instructive little magazine for mothers, *Baby*, is edited by Mrs. Ada S. Ballin; it acts as a guide to health, dress, food, and education, and the General Management of Children. In this month's issue, Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., writes on Mucous Disease in Children under the heading of Children's Complaints, and touches on the causes, treatment, medicines, and diet in dealing with this form of dyspepsia. *Baby* is full of information.

The Englishwoman's Review.—The quarterly issue of the *Englishwoman's Review*, edited by Miss Helen Blackburn, is always eagerly awaited, and contains an international survey of the progress of woman's work and thought from most reliable sources. From its pages we women can gather that sure if slow progress is being effected by women for women all the world over, and no work can be more effectual or more laborious than that of the pioneer woman editor. We greet our colleagues, therefore, with good wishes for the New Year, wishing them health and strength to continue their invaluable work.

Bookland.

MISS LISA WILSON'S "Verses" (Bliss, Sands and Foster) are inspired with a delicate and spiritual tone, as the following lines will show:—

After the night and before the day,
A lark soared on its spiral way,
Singing;

The notes fell down like a silvery spray,
As the brown speck rose through the dawning grey,
Singing.

Before the day and after the night,
A soul soared upward to the light,
Singing;

The lark sang at its utmost height,
But the glad soul passed it, out of sight,
Singing.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. will publish early next year an illustrated account of Burma, by Mrs. Ernest Hart, under the title of "Picturesque Burma—Past and Present." In addition to personal incidents of travel, Mrs. Hart describes with some fulness the people, religion, history, and resources of Burma.

IN the *Temple Magazine* for January, the seasonable question is asked: "Do we eat too much?" and three doctors answer the question. As we are in sympathy with Dr. Andrew Wilson, we quote his reply:—

"I have no hesitation in saying, 'Why, certainly,' in reply to the question, 'Do we eat too much?' Mind you, I am talking of the average well-to-do man (and woman) who has no care for to-morrow's breakfast, and no thought concerning the source of to-morrow's dinner. We are not discussing problems of poverty or starvation, nor are we trying to discover upon how limited a diet bare subsistence may be maintained. We are simply taking well-to-do humanity under our physiological wing for the time being, and seeking to note whether its nutritive supply is not grossly in excess of all possible legitimate demands. Let us take our ordinary food habits. The average well-to-do man usually sits down to a dinner, leaving other meals out of sight altogether, which is far in excess, as regards mere quantity, of his requirements. There is no 'spare living and high thinking' about the majority of us. There may be 'high thinking'—that I don't deny; only, it is not the product of meagre fare with the ordinary philosopher of to-day. Dinner to him means soup, fish, entrée, joint, perhaps a bit of game added, sweet (or savoury), cheese, and dessert. Now, who for a moment is going to suppose that the hardest worked man needs the amount of actual nutriment represented in a dinner such as that I have sketched?—a meal some men (and most who are well off) indulge in, year in and year out. It is easy to prove that the income here is far in excess of the expenditure, and that is why the excess has to go somewhere (say in the form of fat) or to come out of us like an evil thing, in the form of gout, and other ailments of over-nutrition. Long, long have I held that we eat too much, and that the average dinner is a function both senseless, physiologically regarded, and wasteful.

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