

WOMEN'S POWER OVER MEN.

It's always an interesting subject, the part played by women, and perhaps it is especially so at this time.

Just read some of those chapters of Genesis and see what the women used to do with the men, and they had no representation in the councils, either. Look at Abraham and Sarah. Read the twentieth chapter of Genesis and see what Sarah did to the entire household of Abimelech. Perhaps you can better appreciate the amount of trouble she made if you read on to the end of the chapter and see the number and value of the present Abimelech gave to Abraham to get rid of the woman.

Another sad story in the world's history is that of Hagar, who incurred a woman's hatred and was forced to go into the wilderness. It is interesting to know that we get our word *hagira* from the same word as Hagar. Presented by Sarah to Abraham, it seems very hard indeed that she should afterwards be turned with bread and a bottle of water, along with her son, Ishmael, into the wilderness of Beersheba.

Perhaps there is hardly a better example of the value of a woman's cleverness than that of Rebekah, the wife of Isaac. You remember how Isaac wanted to bless his eldest son Esau, and in those days a father's blessing was like signing over a will in behalf of the one so fortunate as to receive the blessing. Was it Jacob, the younger son, who thought of the plan to deceive his father? Well, not according to the account in Genesis. It was Rebekah who suggested the placing of kids' and goats' skins on the backs of his hands to represent the hairy arms of Esau.

The story of Samson and Delilah, is too well known to need repetition here. Samson, the strongest man in the world, was easily conquered by a woman.

King Solomon is generally conceded to have been the wisest man the earth has ever seen, and his knowledge of women was something marvelous. According to all accounts he spoke from a wider experience than any other man. Still, how often does this greatest of all sages repeat the fact that the ways of a woman are past all finding out. In his proverbs he takes occasion to say a great many very plain things about a great variety of matters, but again and again he comes back to the power of women, and warns man not to try to test their strength with hers. Of course, he has a great deal to say about bad women and what they will do to the best of men, but he also gives unstinted praise to a good woman.

Do you remember this reference of his to the influence of women: "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not. The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid." If you would know what this great man thought about good women, just read his last chapter of Proverbs. While he takes occasion many times to place himself on record as not favouring equal rights, perhaps woman was never better appreciated or given a more beautiful tribute than in this chapter.

There is little need to speak of the many instances in which even the greatest prophets fall before the power of women. The accounts are familiar to every one.

Women do not have to go back into ancient history to prove their ability to suffer the hardships of soldiers in camp and on the battlefield. The Red Cross nurses in this day and generation are quite sufficient proof of this fact. But it is also true that woman has always been this way, and has always begged for the privilege of being at her husband's side, and in cases where she has been favored the instances are few indeed where she has not proved herself a valuable helper and adviser.

There was Agrippa, the elder, the wife of Germanicus, who shared with her husband all his hardships in his campaign in the North. Some of the stories told of this brave woman prove that she certainly was entitled to a Red Cross badge of courage. Do you remember when her husband was so successful and so popular that it provoked the jealousy of Tiberius? Do you remember, too, how her husband begged her to submit to the inevitable? And when her husband was put to death by Piso, the Governor of Syria, according to her story, did she sit down and mourn her husband's death? You know she didn't for she was a woman. She had the ashes of her late husband placed in an urn and, carrying them to Rome, she appeared before the soldiers who had saved Germanicus. The soldiers learn-

ed to love this brave woman so well that the fact gave Tiberius long spells of insomnia but knowing that she was a woman and that the soldiers were with her, he did not dare to do what in all probability he wanted to do. But if he was afraid of her she did not reciprocate the fear. Women seldom do in such a case. Although her husband had asked her not to provoke Tiberius, she more than provoked him. She vexed him. She made him mad and a mad Caesar was a person that even a woman might be excused for fearing. Not so Agrippina. She did not hesitate to tell Tiberius who murdered her husband, and at whose instigation,

Look at the imperturbable Napoleon. Think of the way he was affected at the very sight of Josephine. It was love at first sight, and it is said that Napoleon was moved by this woman as he was never moved by any other person in the world. Do you remember how very angry he was when this beautiful wife failed to meet him at the appointed time on his return from Egypt? Do you remember how he used to take her with him on some of his expeditions? Do you remember how she had the world at her feet in her receptions at the palaces of the Luxembourg and the Tuileries? It is said that Napoleon's friends begged him to divorce Josephine before she was crowned Empress of the French at Notre Dame, but that his love for her at this time was greater even than his ambition, and he refused to accede even when so great a thing as a posterity seemed a closed door to this "Man of Destiny." This was the power of a woman. To be sure, when afterwards his love grew cold, or, as many claim, he compelled for the sake of his ambition, his love to grow cold, he divorced his wife. You know the story of that interview. You know, too, how it is said Napoleon was forced to struggle with himself, as he had never done before, and that he died loving Josephine. Of course, she, being a woman loved him always.

Do you remember what one woman, Judith did for the army of Israel? Do you remember how this beautiful widow of the tribe of Simeon saved her people from defeat? Every one is familiar with the story and still it always bears repeating. Holofernes, the trusted General of the Assyrian King, Nebuchadnezzar, held the Hebrews in a state of siege. The besieged were in sore straits, and there seemed to be no way but to surrender. Then it was that after the greatest Generals of the Hebrews had failed, Judith came to them with an idea of her own. Arraying herself in her most beautiful robes, and accompanied only by her handmaid, she came to Holofernes and told him stories that he believed. The victorious General proved an easy captive to this beautiful woman, and when he was asleep, taking his sword from his side, she severed his head from his body. Judith it was, too, who told the Hebrews when the proper time had come to fall upon their enemy. Her suggestion was carried out and victory followed.

Think for a minute what Cleopatra accomplished. As the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, she was to be married to her brother, Ptolemy, this according to an ancient custom of the Egyptians, and to share half of the kingdom of her father. But the younger Ptolemy wanted everything, and so he proceeded to take away his sister's portion. And did his sister go away and die of a broken heart? Not according to the history of the Egyptians. What she did was to go away quietly and wait her chance. That was the woman of it. The chance came in the person of Julius Caesar. After Caesar, for her sake, had waged war upon her enemy, Pompey, and had vanquished and killed him, she was restored to the kingdom of her father. She had accomplished her intentions—that was more of the woman of it. Then when Anthony came along she proceeded to tie him to the strings of her peplum in hard knots that he never could untie, not to the very last, when she deceived him into the taking of his own life. She failed at the last with Augustus—that was the human part of it. But when you remember that her failure was after she had played the part of Isis with Mark Anthony in the most wanton profligacy, the world has ever seen, had betrayed to death her former lover, it is more than possible that her erstwhile charms had lost much of their pristine beauty, or what is even more probable, Augustus, knowing that he was dealing with a woman, was altogether afraid of her, and steeled himself against whatever attractions she might still have owned. So it was that a powerful woman came to an end at her own hands, when she was only 39 years old, a move of Caesars in life, a disappointed woman in death, the last of the Ptolemies of Egypt.

Where was woman when Athens ruled the world? She was at the very head. You can say that this was because the Greeks were first of all artistic, and for that reason woman, as the most beautiful thing in the world, was the only logical thing to fight over or write beautiful poems about. At any rate, you can not read the story of "Helen of Troy" without knowing for a surety that women were a power in the Greek world.

Perhaps there is not a more interesting story in the fiction of the world, not to mention history, than the story of "Esther." It is only another example of the power of a woman pitted against the power of a man, and, in this instance everyone knows what became of the man Haman. The King Ahasuerus hanged him, and the woman, Esther, he placed at his right side.

There is no need to mention the name of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, or a hundred more that are sure to come to your mind, when the influence of women is the subject of your thoughts. The purpose of this article has been rather to prove the weakness of strong husbands in the hands of their wives and strong men in the hands of women. And even if that last has every quality of inconsistency from a grammatical standpoint, it is true, every word of it, and men don't have to read history or the newspapers to find it out. If you can't prove it to yourself by looking over the top of your newspaper you can by thinking of some of your friends.

The best part of the whole matter is that a good woman can make a very good and strong man, out of exceedingly raw, not to say poor material, and she is doing it every day, for all women are good with perhaps just enough exceptions to prove the rule and make it possible to appreciate their superior qualities.

COLD AIR HEALTH.

Winter About the Best Stimulant People can Have.

Many persons regard the winter season as an unfortunate visitation. It is considered both uncomfortable to the body and harmful to health. This is an error. Cold is a most potent agent for the restoration and preservation of normal activity on the part of the organs of the human body. It is a wise plan of Providence which gives us a change of seasons.

The winter cold comes as a tonic to repair the injuries done by the enervating heat of summer. Summer, it is true, has many wise uses in the matter of health. It induces outdoor life, rids the system of poisons through copious perspiration and through the scorching rays of sun destroys germ life.

Winter is the great bracer of the system. It stimulates activity in every organ. When cold attacks the surface of the body the blood is set into more free circulation as a means of bodily warmth. It is through the circulation of the blood that the human anatomy is kept in a state of repair.

When the food has been digested and converted into liquid form, it is taken up by the blood and carried the rounds of the system for the purpose of repairing the waste places. When the cold causes increased circulation it also brings about more perfect nutrition.

Man's face and hands illustrate how weather-proof the body becomes when exposed to air. Continued activity in circulation on the surface caused by the air coming in contact with the skin, tends to nourish and thicken the skin. Thus man's skin grows thicker in winter just as animals are supplied with a double coat of fur. The savages who dwell bareheaded in the open air are seldom, if ever, known to be afflicted with bald heads, while with the civilian who shields his scalp scalp from air, baldness is prevalent.

The Indians who, in former days, roamed our western borders, practically without clothing to shelter their bodies, became, through long exposure, so inured to cold that it gave them but little discomfort.

NOVEL WEATHER GUIDES.

Postal cards are now being used for the purpose of foretelling the weather. They are manufactured in Italy, and are known as barometric postal cards. On the back of each is a small figure, holding an umbrella. When the weather is going to be fine the umbrella is blue, when the outlook is doubtful it is violet, and when there is going to be rain it is rose colored. These changes of color are produced by means of cobalt, which an ingenious Italian inventor has thought well to utilize for this purpose.

CRONJE'S COTTAGE PRISON

CAPTURED GENERAL SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME ON THE VERANDA.

Can Talk English Well, But Refuses to Do So at St. Helena—His Great Attachment to His Wife, Who Shares His Captivity—Grateful for Efforts to Make Him Comfortable.

A correspondent who has visited the Boers in St. Helena reports their lot to be very comfortable. Cronje and his wife and three members of his staff are in Kent cottage, perched on top of a hill, "just such a cottage as may be seen on the outskirts of many an English village. Imagine an unpretentious two-storied dwelling with slate roof and yellow-washed walls standing out clearly from a background of hillside. The window frames and shutters are painted the same shade of green that you may see any day at a Dutch farmhouse in the Paarl district of the Cape Colony. In front runs a veranda, and there is a slightly raised 'stoep.' There is also some pretence at a flower garden, but it is sadly neglected. The garden is enclosed by a black wooden paling, and still further in front is a little more cultivated land with bananas and a few other trees. The scene is simplicity itself, but for the bell tent in the right-hand front corner of the garden, and the steady tramp of khaki-clad sentries, east, west, north and south.

"On the stoep and beneath the veranda for the best part of the day sits Gen. Cronje, dark of visage, somewhat long-bearded, and with hair turning gray. His eyes are deep set, dark and ferret-like, and his demeanor is one of

EXTREME RESERVE.

Piet Cronje can speak English almost as well as any Transvaaler of Dutch extraction, but you may pry him in vain with questions, in English. He positively refuses to speak anything but his native taal, and even then his replies are little more than monosyllables. He has little to say about anything, and is difficult to draw. Of course he feels his position. You may see that written large upon his face; but, contrary to what so many people think, he appears to be very grateful for any kindness that is shown him, and fully appreciates the efforts that are made to secure his comfort. Beyond this he is as the Sphinx.

"It is a strange character, this of Piet Cronje. Charges of terrible cruelty have been laid at his door, and somehow, when you carefully regard his face, you feel sure that the man is capable of violating the terms of an armistice or firing on the women and children's laager. Yet there are some redeeming features, as, for example, when the fire of patriotism lights his eye, and more particularly in the homage paid to his wife. All day long, Mrs. Cronje in rusty black dress and black Boer 'kappie,' is the defeated General's close companion. Others who are blood relations may emerge from the house and remain for a brief while beneath the veranda, but there is about them the restlessness and impetuosity of the younger Boer when under restraint. When, for instance, I was at Kent Cottage, there came within a hundred and fifty yards, just outside the cordon of sentries,

TWO YOUNG SUBALTERNs

with field glasses and snapshot cameras. Of course they were inquisitive. The General and his wife were screened, by the closed end of the veranda; but a younger relative was extremely annoyed. He was a fine, tall young fellow in shirt-sleeves and the inevitable slouch hat. As he caught sight of the officers he gesticulated violently, flung his arms about and muttered in Dutch. Then he hurriedly entered the house, but only to emerge a minute later, if anything more restless than ever. Cronje, however, and his wife have acquired the art of sitting still. His attachment to her is very great. Talk to him on any subject and he will immediately make reference to her views and acts. Cronje, the devoted husband, and Cronje of Potchesdroom, of Mafeking, and of Kimberley! You come away feeling that the conjunction is incongruous.

"Quite a different man is Commandant Schiel. Here you have one who has received training in European military schools. There is much of the soldier of fortune about him; but there is much that is superficial and insincere. When I last saw Commandant Schiel he was a prisoner on board her Majesty's ship *Penelope* at Simon's Town. To-day he has recovered from his wound and occupies a tent standing alone and within sight of the house in which Napoleon lived and died. But it is the same Schiel. At Simon's Town, the sight of ladies in a boat approaching the prison,

ship sent him into an ecstasy of delight, and he would chatter away with fervor about 'the dear ladies.' Almost as soon as I stepped ashore at St. Helena there was placed in my hands a photograph of Schiel being driven along the way to main street on his way to Deadwood Camp. His eyes were raised, and you followed their direction to an open window on an upper floor at which sat two girls. Yes, I thought,

IT IS THE SAME SCHIEL.

Talk to him at Deadwood, and there is the same assumption—it is not real—of the old-devil-may-care spirit.

"Next time I fight," he says, "it shall be on the side of the British," but you feel instinctively that if he ever fights again it will be on the side that pays him best.

"Oh, the war will not last long," he tells you; "that is, if one thing happens. If you beat the Boers well at Kroonstad; it will all be over in three weeks."

"Then he will change his tune. The assumed gaiety passes away, and almost pleadingly he will tell you that he is not at all well treated, and that he has made application to be allowed to roam the island on parole. Yet all the time this insincere creature knows that he has been guilty of more attempts to escape than any other of the prisoners.

"The Boer prisoners are being well treated. This I know as a fact, and as the result of personal enquiries and observation on the spot. But, of course, there will be some objectors. Schiel, for example, declares that the British prisoners at Pretoria are permitted to go out picnicking and so forth; and then he will make comparisons. But of this statement we have no confirmation. Other prisoners, however, are extremely well cared for. ment, and I do know as a fact that all of them are better fed and get more fresh meat than their guards.

"Unfortunately, sickness had broken out among the Boer prisoners, before they left the Cape. The sick, however, are extremely well cared for. As I write there are twenty in hospital out of the 500 on shore, and two have died. These were accorded military honors, and were buried over the hills just beyond Cronje's new home."

MEDALS THEY WILL WEAR.

Elaborate Affair for the Brave Soldiers Who Are Fighting in South Africa.

On the authority of "South Africa" the medal for the campaign against the Boers will be the most expensive and the most ornate issued by the British war office in recent years. The medal proper is to be a five-pointed star with a gold centre surrounded by a ring of bronze, on which the words "South Africa," appear in raised letters. In the centre of all is a miniature of the Queen. The medal is the same size as the Khedival Star



SOUTH AFRICA SERVICE MEDAL.

of 1881. The ribbon is of four colours, a stripe of khaki in the centre, two of white, and one each of red and blue. There will probably be a bar granted for each important engagement. Both ribbon and star are exceedingly attractive in appearance, and will doubtless, be worn with much pride by the happy recipients when the war is over. Even up to the present, the important engagements have been sufficiently numerous to provide bars to satisfy Tommy's most ardent desire for material decorations. To name only some of them there are Magersfontein, Colenso, Belmont Graspan and Paardeberg.

A TEMPERATE MAN.

She—Mr. DeGraft is a temperate man, isn't he?

He—Very. I never saw him take a drink unless somebody else paid for it.