

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895.

TEARS ARE NOT "VAIN."

AN ARTICLE IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE OF "PROGRESS"

Inspires a Much Longer and More Entertaining One on the Same Subject—Women Should Cry Whenever They Want to, Says One Authority—It Brightens Them.

Scarcely a year passes now without seeing the overthrow of some long-cherished tradition or the disproval of some fact which for many decades has been considered indisputable. It would require many columns to enumerate the illusions which have been rudely dispelled by the cold, clear light of scientific research, and though we struggle manfully to close our ears and hold fast by the vanishing idols of our youthful days they will slip imperceptibly through our fingers and leave us alone with a chill, sharp edged reality, which is not half as comfortable as the old ideal. Speaking from a personal standpoint I am sure I would much rather believe that the words "brave as a lion" had some actual application than know that the king of beasts was a sneaking coward, who preferred an ambush to an open attack, and loved to spring upon his victims from behind, and would run from a courageous adversary any day. I like to cling to the ostrich of my childhood's days, who always buried his head in the sand in such a helpless and innocent manner when his pursuers overtook him, and I feel a positive animosity towards the unconscious impostor, since this habit of his has been proved to exist only in the imagination of certain writers of text books on natural history which were used in the schools a few years ago, and to have no foundation in fact. I relinquished the dearly loved William Tell of my early years after a desperate struggle, and the thought that he never shot an apple off the head of his dearly loved son, never refused to vow to the tyrant's cap, and above all never throw open the breast of his jerkin and drew forth the concealed arrow, with the delightfully dramatic speech—"Had I slain my son, this was for thee!"—is a bitter one. But I suppose we live and learn, and the swan does not really fly up into a tree, and sing a sweet sad song just before he dies. I believe the fact that he can break a man's arm with a single blow of his wing, has stood the test of modern investigation which, after all, is a much more practical achievement, and it the modern swan has the least sense of humor, and knows how his ancestors must have looked, trying to fly up into a tree, and hold on to the branches with their shiny black webbed toes, while they chanted their impossible requiem, I don't wonder he feels ashamed of his forefathers, and has given up the practice in disgust.

Ever since I can remember anything I have heard of the baleful effects of tears! They dimmed the brightest eyes, turrowed the fairest cheeks, and played havoc generally with the good looks of all who indulged in them too freely. One heard of "tear dimmed eyes," "tear furrowed cheeks," and faces which "bore the traces of many bitter tears." Novelists waxed eloquent upon the ravages which silent tears wrought upon the beauty of their heroines, and they never allowed the forsaken damsel who had soaked her pillows with tears during the long hours of the night, to come down to breakfast without "great dark circles beneath her eyes which told of the bitter tears shed when she should have been wrapped in the happy slumber of innocent girlhood."

I must confess that I have never seen those circles, though I have looked for them diligently. I have been badly in love on various occasions myself, and laid awake for half the night in consequence; and what is infinitely worse, I have cried the greater part of the silent watches of the night, with toothache, but I have never been able to discover anything more picturesque about my eyes than a very dark smudge under each, quite near the nose, a decided puffiness underneath, and a most unlovely weariness of the lids on account of these vigils. So how any beauty, however love-sick, could manage "purple circles under the eyes" is still a puzzle to me; she might find a sort of crescent, I suppose, but a circle would require too much room, and war paint too closely, to be very romantic. However, it turns out now that novelists and poets are all wrong; and tears, instead of being destructive to our charms, are the best beautifiers in the world! An authority on medical science has discovered that the lachrymose maiden who weeps at a word of disapproval, and dissolves into a perfect torrent of tears, if her mother asks her to wash the breakfast dishes, will retain her rosy cheeks and bright eyes long after her more self-controlled sisters have lost all their charms. She will be fresh and young, with dimples and rounded curves, bright unsilvered hair and even rosy lips and smooth brow, far beyond the average of her sex, because tears are the natural outlet for the emotions, and tend to dissipate all unhealthy excitement, and disperse all clouds which would otherwise

have a depressing effect upon the mind, spirits, and digestion.

The woman who suffers in silence, who controls her feelings, and gives little outward sign of emotion is, according to this authority, the one whose hair whitens early, and whose face loses its roundness, and shows lines and wrinkles almost before she has reached her prime.

So fully convinced is the physician of the truth of his theory, that he declares the capacity for tears to be something worth cultivating, since the lack of it is greatly against not only one's facial attractions, but the general temperament. "The woman who can let rivers of salt-sizzling tears course freely down their cheeks at the least provocation have light hearts, as well as tender ones, charming demonstrative ways, are impulsive, and possess a charm of their own, which self-controlled women are without." All this is very well in theory but rather disconcerting as far as practice goes. In the first place it is going to take us some little time to adapt ourselves to the changed condition of things; we have been accustomed to controlling our emotions for so long, lest the indulgence of them should prove disfiguring, that we cannot be expected to branch out suddenly and cultivate a capacity for tears just as a young man cultivates a moustache, or a farmer coaxes a sterile field into "heart" again. It is no easy matter to sit down deliberately and practice a music lesson; and the dread visitors coming in suddenly catching the devotee of the new cult with swollen eyes and a red nose, would be ever present. In the second place—well, really, the idea is too new, it upsets all our former theories too abruptly, and involves too many sudden changes to be seriously entertained, and the complications it threatens in the world of literature are terrible beyond expression! Picture the hero no longer able to stanch his adorned one's tears, and implore her not to weep! Imagine him no longer saying "Angelina, you rend my very heart strings! If not for your sake, darling, for mine, control yourself. I implore you!" but renouncing calmly "That is right, dear, cry as much as you like, there is nothing better for your complexion, and even your digestive organs, in the world!"

And last of all, try to imagine the feelings of the novelist who is obliged, against all his preconceived ideas of the fitness of things, to make Angelina come down to breakfast looking fresh and sweet in shedding hot salt tears over Edward's faithlessness! The effort is really too much for me, so I shall not carry my speculations any further, until I have had time to grow a little accustomed to this sudden transition.

A FATAL SUPERSTITION.

Mexicans Regard Smallpox as a Divine Visitation.

The poor and ignorant class of Mexicans have an uncanny religious superstition about smallpox. On a recent visit to the interior of Mexico, says a writer in the New Orleans Picayune, I saw mothers carrying around in their arms babies whose little bodies were almost eaten up by smallpox. I was, of course, shocked at the frightful spectacle, and even offered one deluded mother money if she would take her terribly afflicted child home and call in a physician to attend it. But she refused my proffer with scorn, and began to croon some weird incantation as she tenderly caressed the little half-cad sufferer in her arms. I afterwards learned that the ignorant class of Mexicans consider an outbreak of the red pest in their miserable hovels a visitation of Divine wrath for some sin they have committed. So set are they in this belief that they will do nothing whatever to check the ravages of the disease, except when it attacks their infants, to take the victims in their arms, press them closely to their breasts and pray devoutly and continuously to God to forgive them for their wickedness. Of course the smallpox runs its course after a while, though never before claiming several members of every family as victims, but not until it does are the afflicted parents purged of their sins.

Equality of Sex.

It is natural for a woman to resent the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine, and this spirit of independence was early manifested in a school girl living in a Massachusetts town. She had, too often, perhaps been made to acknowledge the superiority of her brothers. One day her mother remarked upon the apparently utter lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. They have ruined more of the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, dog, or pig something, but a hen—never!" "Hm!" exclaimed the child, indignantly. "I think they know just as much as the roosters!"

Cock-crowing Contests.

A new amusement has been introduced in Belgium which permits the peasant to have some sport. It is a sort of competition in cock-crowing, and the game is conducted in this way. In a garden are placed rows of cages, each containing a cock. Before each cage, about a mile away, stands the marker, who notes the crows of his bird. The competition lasts for an hour, and it is the cock which has crowed the loudest that takes the prize. At the last competition a rooster crowed 131 times.

WHO WILL BE JUDGE?

A GOOD MANY WOULD LIKE TO SUCCEED MR. SHANNON.

Mr. Bell Will Probably Not Have a Walk-Over, as was Supposed—Mr. Congdon and his Political Self-Sacrifice—A Son of Hon. A. G. Jones Mentioned.

HALIFAX, Jan. 10.—In the death of Hon. S. L. Shannon Halifax loses one of its most honorable and upright and useful citizens. For many years Judge Shannon has presided in the probate court. He peacefully ended his journey on earth on 79 years early on Monday morning.

Man is so peculiarly constituted that no sooner has he reached one point than he looks forward to the next. No sooner does he learn one thing than he seeks for further knowledge. The surprise caused by the announcement of Judge Shannon's death was but momentary, for attention at once came to be turned to the new question—"Who shall his successor be as judge of probate?"

The office is a necessary one doubtless, but so far as quantity of real work is concerned, it is almost a sinecure. The court meets once a week, and generally not more than two hours is required to transact the business that comes up. The fees are worth at least \$1200 per annum, and a lawyer's private practice is in no wise interfered with on account of his holding the judgeship of probate. In this respect the judge of probate is different from the stipendiary magistrate of the city, for the latter is precluded from practicing at the bar.

The office is thus a good thing for the lawyer who holds it, because if he has a good practice \$1,200 per year is a not unwellcome addition to his income, and if the lawyer has no considerable practice the fees make the difference between comparative affluence and poverty.

It has been known for a long time that it was only a question of months when the position so well held by Judge Shannon should become vacant, and people generally believed that the successor had been as good as agreed upon. The report generally credited was, as some time ago stated by PROGRESS, that the office had been promised to Frank H. Bell, a young lawyer and son of City Auditor J. A. Bell.

Now that the office is actually vacant it seems there are other candidates for it, and that Mr. Bell may not have a complete walk over in securing the place. Mr. Bell's great rival is F. T. Congdon, and besides him the name of H. T. Jones are mentioned. Of course all are staunch liberals and supporters of Premier Fielding's government. They would not be in the race if they were not of the right political color.

A glance at the candidates and the claims of the prospective probate judges, is not uninteresting. F. H. Bell has rendered some political service, but it has certainly not been of the self-denying kind. What he has done for his party does not appear on the surface, and probably if the searcher were to dig deep he would find no more evidences of work there. Mr. Bell is a personal friend of Mr. Fielding, but he has ever been more an ornament to the party than a worker of practical worth. He does not deserve the office from a party point of view. There is one strong thing in his favor in the struggle for the office, and that is that in some way he seemed to start first in the race. He got under way months, if not years ago.

Fred T. Congdon is a candidate of different calibre. He has not only worked faithfully in the ranks of the liberal party, but he has stepped to the front when personal interest and inclination would have said "Hold back." Congdon's campaign in Shelburne against General Laurie for the Dominion commons is a notable instance of this. He never expected to win but entered the contest at the command of his party to prevent Laurie's election by acclamation. A more recent undertaking of his was since the local elections last spring, when Congdon succeeded in having Israel Longworth, of Colchester, counted out, and Laurence counted in. The Laurie campaign was a negative success and the Truro recount was a decidedly positive success. Congdon is a day in and a day out hard worker, and he is a good lawyer. It is no wonder, then, that he and his friends think he has a good chance for the probate judgeship, or that if he has not he ought to have an almost sure thing.

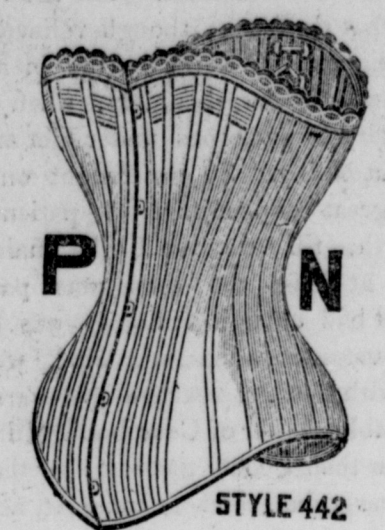
H. T. Jones is not more than nominally in the race. He is a son of that great liberal war-horse Hon. A. G. Jones, but that is his chief recommendation. If young Jones were more like his father he would be a stronger candidate and better in other respects.

The fight is between Bell and Congdon, and Premier Fielding will have some difficulty in deciding between them. It is expected the appointment will be quickly made. William Roche, Mr. Fielding's Halifax colleague will have something to say about it.


Lord Rosebery is Watched.

Lord Rosebery, it is said, is watched more closely by friends and foes than any other man in the world, not excepting the Czar of Russia. With every allowance for the tendency to exaggerate small symptoms, there can be no doubt that Lord Rosebery's


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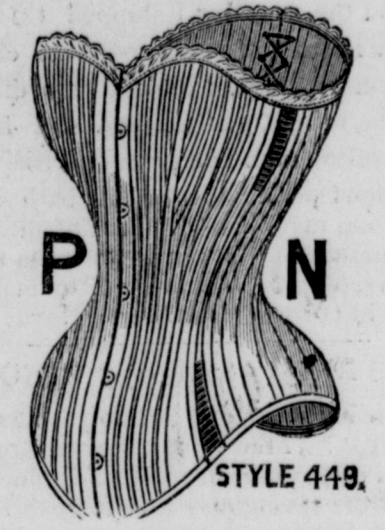
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form is causing some anxiety to his backers. Instead of growing less nervous every time he appears in public, he is getting more and more nervous over every speech he makes, and his fidgetiness is painful. His sleeplessness is worse than ever, and the lines of his face, and increasing excitability of manner, betray the man, who is bearing a mental strain that is too great for his nervous condition. "Mr. Gladstone," says the London Public Opinion, "owed much to his power of sleeping soundly, and Lord Rosebery lies under the disadvantage of not having been trained in the House of Commons, where leaders acquire that rhinoceros-like indifference to abuse, and cock-sure confidence in themselves, that distinguish Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith."

DON'T WANT TAX REFORM.

Why the Mayor of Halifax and Some Aldermen are not Reformers.

HALIFAX, Jan. 10.—There are now two parties in the city council—the tax reformers and the anti-tax reformers. PROGRESS knows the chief features of the proposed reform. The great object of the contemplated change is to abolish the tax on stocks of merchandise. Some amusement was caused the other day at the expense of the aldermanic opponents of the reform by the publication of the amounts contributed by these gentlemen in the combined form of household, business and personal property taxes. The anti-reformers had done a lot of talking about the immense amounts paid in such taxes by the reformers, and which it was charged they were trying to unload upon others, and the publication of the small amounts paid by the anti-reformers was a bombshell which caused them considerable havoc.

Mayor Keefe headed the list with the stupendous sum of \$14.40, which he pays in taxes for the privilege of doing business, carrying a large stock of lumber and brick, living in a fine house well furnished, keeping a horse and carriage, and owning bank stock and special deposit receipts. The mayor on this question has a devoted following of fourth or fifth-rate aldermen, and he is reaching out to capture an unthinking public through which he eventually hopes perhaps to find himself hobnobbing at Ottawa with Lord Aberdeen.

Take a bird's eye view of the mayor's supporters in opposing tax reform. First comes Alderman Mosher, a man of large means, whose business is wharf-building. He contributes \$7.20 to the civic treasury as business man and bank stock owner. The alderman half hopes to be mayor next spring, and he has been playing a deep game in politics, sometimes supporting both sides of a question in the council, and occasionally, to popularize himself, being "one of the boys." He can change his base in regard to fashionable ornaments, too, for when certain jewelry lost its hold upon the feminine votaries of fashion the alderman knew how to discard the adornment with the others.

Alderman O'Donnell follows as a champion opponent. He is an alderman of the \$2.88 class in taxation, for that is what he pays for personal property. The alderman works tooth and nail against reform, yet his stock of information on the subject

is limited. He knows enough, however, to take his turn as an anti-reformer.

Alderman Hubley is looking for votes next spring, when he has to retire or face another election contest. He had his eye on the votes ever since he entered the council. His personal property tax is \$11.52, for the privilege of doing a large grocery and feed business, driving a horse and carriage and living in a well furnished house. He went to a large expense last summer in an outfit for the Aberdeen reception from which possibly he has not yet quite recovered, and naturally he desires to avoid an increase in his assessment.

Alderman Eden, "the philosopher," pays \$34.56 for doing a large business, living in a nice house, and owing considerable stock, etc. The alderman is not a bad old civic father. He is a little reasonable in his opposition. He probably, however, understands his own long speeches better than those who hear them.

Alderman Outbit carries on a large produce and fruit business, and handles a lot of money. His tax is \$43.20. He can keep a fine team in addition to other luxuries, and votes against anything that might have a tendency to take another dime from his pocket.

Such are the men, from the mayor down, who don't want tax reform.

Quits in Warfare.

The game of quits is still popular among certain classes. Few of those who play it are aware that it has a deadly use in India. According to an English officer in that strange, rich section of the British Empire, quits are used as implements of war by the skins, independent and very martial tribe in India. "The Sikhs," says the officer, "have a great variety of weapons. I observed the musket, match-lock, sword, spears of sundry forms, dagger, and battle-axe; but the arm that is exclusively peculiar to this sect is the quit. It is made of beautiful thin steel, sometimes inlaid with gold. In using it the warrior whirls it wily round the forefinger, and launches it with such deadly aim, as, according to their own account, to be sure of his own man at eighty paces." It appears they wear these war-quits on their arm like armlets, and on the top-knot (which is peculiar to the Sikh) of the turban. The edges of the quits are very sharp, and sure death to all who may be hit by them.

"Labby's" Enemy.

Labouchere professes to be unable to understand how Robert Buchanan who as a moralist earned £1500 a year, can fall so heavily to have for his only assets in insolvency few copy-rights. Labby and Buchanan have never made up the historic squabble in which the former, drenched with 17 phials of vituperation, remarked that "Mr. Buchanan came to me a hungry and scrofulous Scotchman. I gave him meat for his belly and sulphur for his back; and this is my reward!"

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