

# BOW BELLS.

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ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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## NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

A NEW AND STIRRING STORY,  
by

JAMES GREENWOOD,  
entitled,

### KERRISON'S CRIME,

will be commenced in No. 131, BOW BELLS, published on Friday, July 4, and will be continued from week to week.

A series of interesting articles upon the

### LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,

with full significations and many curious notes, will also be commenced in the same number.

## WOMEN THAT MEN PREFER.

THAT a man likes beauty goes without saying, as that a bee likes flowers. But as the bee only flutters about a flower which contains no honey-yielding property, so man only hovers a brief time about the beauty without wit or charm.

A man likes a woman to be capable of talking well at times, but he does not care for the garrulous girl. He likes to be listened to himself, and objects to the girl who monopolizes the conversation, almost as much as to the one who does not talk at all.

A man likes modesty, but he is disgusted with mock prudery.

He secretly likes a slightly unconventional girl, but he is so sensitive to public comment that he is afraid to openly show his liking for her unless she is well grounded socially. And he is quick to censure if she defies the proprieties, or violates absolute good form.

A man is utterly lacking in independence regarding these matters, and far more sensitive to public opinion than the weaker sex. However much he might enjoy the society of a woman who defied conventional rules of dress or deportment, he would not be seen in public with her if he could avoid it.

A man likes a woman who does not scold him for smoking, and he is never reformed by one who does.

He likes a spice of coquetry in a woman, but he does not like the professional flirt.

He is afraid of the woman who boasts of her conquests. The woman who tells a man how many proposals she has received and rejected from his disappointed fellow-men destroys his respect for and confidence in her discretion, and he is very sure not to add one more proposal to her list.

The French maiden is told to never lift her eyes above the second shirt stud of the gentleman to whom she is listening. This sort of shyness entertains a man for one or two occasions; after that—or after he has

compelled her eyes to meet his—it bores him. He likes better the frank, honest, direct gaze of the American girl; but the unblushing stare of the flirtation-inviting belle is not to his liking, although he may respond to it for the sake of adventure.

A man likes a woman of sympathetic feeling and affectionate nature, but he is afraid of the intensely emotional one. She tires and fatigues him, and is liable to be exacting in her demands, or, at least, he fears she might be. The highly emotional woman needs to wear an armour of control and repose, no matter what it costs her to do so, if she would be pleasing to man. Let her nature be suspected, and it fascinates; let it be discovered and it bores. A man likes a cheerful and optimistic woman, though he may strive with all his might to convert her to pessimism; yet the ready-made cynic in woman's form shocks him. However erroneous the idea, man regards woman as the sunlight of life, and expects her to drive away malarial mists from his mind and shadows from his heart by her warmth and light. Though she be accomplished, beautiful, and talented, she will lose ground with the opposite sex if she is cynical or sad. Every man likes to create his own pessimist. He does not wish to find one.

Men like an accomplished and bright woman rather than a talented one, and entertaining and amusing qualities rather than markedly intellectual ones.

A wise and tactful woman, who desires to be popular with mankind, will keep her intellect subservient to her graces and charms when in the presence of men.

A man likes a woman's intellect to shine brilliantly in its full force only when great occasions demand it. At other times, he wants it veiled by her beauty and modesty. He would rather it should gleam like stars on his path, or suddenly glow forth in shadowed places like a powerful dark lantern, than glare always about him like an electric light, which blinds the eyes of his egotism and offends his pride.

A man may consider children a great bore himself, but he shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. He expects the maternal instinct in woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it, and when it strongly exists, this feeling will draw him back to her often when her personal charms no longer influence him. He may prove a bad father and an unloving husband, yet through her love for his children he often returns to her.

A man prefers temper to sulks, a storm of tears to a fit of melancholy. He is flattered by a touch of jealousy occasionally in a woman's attitude towards him, but he is weaned and alienated from her if it becomes a quality of her nature. An occasional thunder-storm clears the air, but constant cyclones and cloud-bursts destroy life and vegetation. A man likes girls who speak well of one another, and he is repelled by those who declare "they hate women."

Men like women with ideas of their own, but they are afraid of women with theories or hobbies. A woman with a hobby needs to carefully blanket and stable it away from the eyes of a man whom she desires to please. Women with some of the qualities, grace, and charms we have mentioned are those whom men prefer.

## CHILDREN'S STORY-BOOKS.

WE often hear parents deplore the sensational style of stories written for our older boys and girls, but I do not think we are careful enough about what we read to little children.

An intelligent child will listen with pleasure to almost anything, enjoying the mere fact of being read to, which often blinds parents and relatives to the fact that they are reading what is altogether too old for the little mind, which is straining itself beyond its proper capacity to appreciate what should only be read to older children.

How little a child knows of the world! How simple is its own little life, surrounded by quiet home influences! Why, then, should we try to make it comprehend the hopes and fears, the dangers, trials, and sorrows of older people, or even of less fortunate children, before there is any necessity for doing so?

One of my most distinct memories of my own childhood, certainly up to ten years old, if not beyond, is the fact that anything like a regular plot in a story gave my mind a perplexed and strained sensation in following it; while an exciting or thrilling incident made me decidedly uncomfortable, especially at bedtime. Whatever danger was described immediately began to haunt my mind as liable to come into my own life. Even when this was utterly impossible, it would still haunt my imagination in a way which caused me

actual suffering. For instance, I once read a story of a girl who, having heard terrible accounts of Indians, was in perpetual dread of them, so that she once mistook the cry of a screech-owl for a war-whoop. The girl did not live near Indians, and none of them appeared in the story; and yet the thought of fierce savages, of their war-whoops, tomahawks, and bloody scalps, so affected my imagination, that I suffered nightly horrors from the thought of what I knew could not come to me personally. This is only one instance of what I remember as occurring often during my childhood. And yet I do not think I was in the least an exceptional child in that way, for no such fears of imagination or any undue timidity have troubled me as a woman. Indeed, I know that other children suffer in the same way. One girl of eleven whom I knew was so haunted by anything horrible which she read, that her younger sister, if she found anything of the kind in a book, used to beg her mother to forbid the other to read it, remarking, "I don't want to be kept awake in the night because E— has been reading a ghost-story."

It is not, however, terrifying incidents alone which we ought to guard against in children's stories. If we object to their having a craving for sensational literature in the future, we ought to take care that a taste is not being formed for too highly-spiced narratives in their childhood. How well I remember as a child the restful feeling produced by reading the quiet, uneventful home-stories in which the children had no exciting adventures nor hair-breadth escapes, but simply had the little every-day trials and wholesome home-joys which I had myself. Such books were Mary Howitt's delightful and true stories of "The Children's Year," and "Our Cousins in Ohio." Such also were the Susie Books, and Jacob Abbott's Lucy Books, companions of the Rollo Series. The Lucy and Rollo Stories, by the way, have lately been republished, much to my satisfaction, in spite of their somewhat quaint stiffness of style.

I am afraid, however, that a story written at the present time, with no more exciting incidents than those of the little books mentioned, would not find a publisher, judging by the incidents which authors apparently feel obliged to introduce into children's books in order to get them accepted.

If such highly-spiced matter is given as mental food to children of tender years, what books but sensational novels can possibly satisfy them at a maturer age? I doubt if anything produced by American or English writers will gratify their acquired taste or strong flavours. They will have to go to France for their literature; or else find satisfaction for their taste for excitement in the pages of our most sensational newspapers, which will serve up for them the details of the last murder or divorce case with sufficient spice to suit their over-stimulated mental palates. If we give our children black pepper in their infancy, nothing but the true cayenne, together with plenty of strong curry-powder, will satisfy their maturer appetites in the future.

A. P. C.

## OUT OF THE NIGHT.

OUT of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I think whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishment the scroll;  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. H.

AMANDA: "Now, there's Wilfred Seymour—he's a man after my own heart." Pert (who has not escaped the green-eyed monster): "I always thought that you were after his."

THE Rev. Mr. Slim: "You must remember, my young friend, 'that the soul is the body's guest.' Young friend (looking him over): "Well, it must sometimes make very impolite reflections on the accommodations."

It is curious to note how the example of one man will affect so many others, and how Mr. Smith, and Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Brown will clean up their premises, simply because Mr. Robertson has put his place in order.