

medical practice; but it is equally important, and perhaps even more so, that the gouty person should himself know it. For what would a really intelligent man do who knew that he was of gouty descent, and had in him seeds which, under favouring conditions, might blossom into grave and dangerous maladies? What would a man do if he knew he were descended from an ancestry of liars? If he wanted to be a true man, he would resolve not only to tell no lie himself so long as life endured, but to leave no stone unturned until the vicious habit was eradicated, both from himself and any children he might have. Similarly, if a man born gouty be really a man of intelligence and conscience, he will take care to spend his life in such a way as that, if possible, the gouty taint shall be eradicated from his own constitution, and if not completely subdued, that it shall at least be diminished in potency, and that the next generation shall be much more wholesome and vigorous than himself.

Intellectual babies and medical men of vulgar minds may consider this a "counsel of impossible perfection."

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(Books for Review should be sent to The Editor, The Lodge, Porchester Square, W.)

Something Wonderful.*

THIS book is a curiosity in its way. No one can read it without feeling an intense surprise that it ever found a publisher. There are a number of stories in the volume, but practically they are all the same: There was once a deserving but impecunious young man. Sometimes he is a curate, sometimes a clerk, but as he always tells the tale in the first person, you haven't even a frequently-recurring name to guide you, and get hopelessly confused as to which of the narratives you were reading if you happen to lay down the book for a moment. This deserving young man meets a young and beautiful heiress with charming parents, who are only too delighted to wed their daughter to the deserving and impecunious one. The situation is a pleasing one, especially to love-lorn bachelors who have not yet met with such amiable heiresses, but after reading it over half-a-dozen times with scarcely a jot of difference, it will become monotonous even to them. Even a reader who is not passionately fond of sensation might incline to a moderate indulgence in Rider Haggard or Gaborian, after he had got to the end of that eminently-soothing narrative which is erroneously entitled "The Strangest Journey of My Life," and which makes one realise enviously how very placid Mr. Pigott's life must have been. The style is easy, not to say slipshod. Why any man says "did not have," when it is within his rights as an Englishman to say "had not," must always remain a puzzle to the critic.

New Music.

A SONG lies on our table, called "Re-united," by "Torriano" (Hart and Co., 22, Paternoster Row, E.C.). The words are by "W. H. H. M.," and are pretty and suitable, though the subject is not very original. The music is, on the whole, pleasing, each verse ending with a refrain in 3-4 time, the remainder being in common time. Should the writer be tempted to publish further essays of the kind, it is to be hoped that more care will be taken to avoid technical and grammatical errors. The composer shows a fine contempt for

But if science means anything practical at all for the world, it means that the rational counsels of perfection of to-day are to be the commonplaces of daily practice to-morrow. There is such a thing as scientific infidelity, which is as withering and deadly in its influence as every other kind of infidelity. Science, it cannot be too often repeated—science, and all science, is for the world, not for the chosen few. Any science that cannot be communicated to the world is self-reprobated and worthless. The man of true scientific temper can never be content until he has shared his knowledge with another, and until the other shares his own enthusiasm. Selfishness in scientific knowledge is like every other kind of selfishness: it comes from the devil, and should be hounded out of the world by every honest and wholesome-hearted man. The facts of heredity in their widest bearing reveal many enemies of man dating from his birth, enemies which are with difficulty destroyed by the most strenuous efforts of a long and wisely-spent life. It is alike the interest and the duty of every thoughtful man to make himself acquainted with these facts, and to live his life on such lines as plain sense and honest intent would dictate.

the conservative fads of harmony, which forbid the use of consecutive fifths, parallel sequences, and others which grate harshly on the ear. All these militate heavily against a song, but those whose musical education is simple enough to enable them to overlook such little matters will find "Re-united" pretty enough, and really not so far behind some of the ballads which flood our drawing-rooms and lighter concert-halls.

POLICE MATRONS.

MISS LOUISA TWINING writes: As there appears to be some confusion as to the different classes of police and prison matrons in your recent article, you will perhaps allow me to explain the difference and distinction. In the first instance the present movement is in no way concerned with prison matrons or arrangements, for there appears to be no need for interference with that department. Women only are appointed to supervise women, and this makes the other arrangements a more remarkable contrast. Male warders are not allowed to enter the women's side of the prison, and they have no keys of it. The subject under discussion is therefore only concerning police-court and police-station management, and as few persons seem to understand the distinction, I may explain that the arrangements of the former alone were the subject of the recent inquiry and Commission ordered by Government. To the police courts persons are taken from the stations and from prisons to appear before the magistrates, and these have been fully described by the five Commissioners appointed to report upon them. For these alone matrons have been recommended and structural improvements ordered. Then there are the police stations, apart and wholly separate from the courts. To these persons are taken at once on being arrested by the police, and frequently detained all night, till discharged, or sent to the courts before the magistrates. These have not been included nor named in the recent Report, though the need of reform is as great, if not greater, as I explained in my recent letter to the *Times*. It is to this last object alone, therefore, that we are now urging public attention, in the hope that resident matrons may be appointed to all police stations as well as courts, instead of the at present non-resident female searchers.

* "The Strangest Journey of My Life." By F. C. Pigott: London, Ward and Downey.