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# SHAFTS:

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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## WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

To the dear friends and well-wishers who have thus far given me their sympathy which helps so much, I have only to say that the keen regret which I experienced in being compelled, for want of funds, to issue *SHAFTS*—for a time at least—as a monthly, will be somewhat modified, should the new form prove a successful one. I appealed to my subscribers and friends to assist me, in the easiest way possible—as it seemed to me. Many have nobly responded, but not in quite sufficient numbers. I have so far over thirty names, which, unless the owners object, will be published in next month's issue, by which time I trust to have many more to add to the list. As each person is asked only for a very small sum, the importance of numbers will at once be apparent.

The paper will proceed upon the same lines as before, advancing, it is hoped, in thought and usefulness as time passes. A paper ought to be as a human mind, learning as it goes on its way; becoming wiser and better with every attempt it makes.

My object in inserting every phase and expression of thought, or opinion in any field, is to give to all an opportunity of knowing what other people think, and of comparing it with what they think themselves. It is my earnest hope that in so doing I may be able to help persons who *think*, and who earnestly desire to teach themselves *how* to think; also to prevent many from turning their own thoughts into dogmas, forming of them a huge log, to which enchained they move not to the right or left; and "Onward" becomes to them a word untranslatable. Of all forms of thought-slavery this is perhaps the worst, and the most hopeless. Thought tends so to solidify, if kept too closely in the mind of the individual; it is the life of it to be expressed. When we know that others think differently from ourselves we begin—unless we are blind and stupid—to question our own thoughts, to put them to the test they ought to be subjected to, and so we approach by slow and sure degrees to brighter and brighter light.

Therefore, I trust, when articles and letters on this subject and on that appear in *SHAFTS*, all will understand, and even

approve, the Editor's reason for their insertion, and will freely and with good temper discuss them. If we are all in *dead earnest* to know what is true, we shall not disagree even if we differ. It is only when motives are personal and selfish that people quarrel.

I most earnestly ask all my readers and subscribers to co-operate with me; to help me financially and otherwise. A paper so supported would be carried on to do great work, kept ever at steady flight on the strong wings of the united good wishes and determined efforts of many souls.

M. S. SIBTHORP.

## Women's Municipal Suffrage in France.

Reprinted from "LE PETIT MARSEILLAIS."

TWO members of the "League for the Enfranchisement of Women," of Paris, Madame Astié de Valsayre, official candidate for election, and Madame Hérnance Chatelain, candidate in the municipal elections of 1893, have lately written the following letter to the French Chamber of Deputies:—

"GENTLEMEN DEPUTIES—

"During the period of inscription on the electoral lists two women—Citizen Astié de Valsayre and Citizen Florence Hubert—claimed their electoral rights. Neither M. Rissles, Mayor of the seventh ward, nor the Mayor of St. Owen, mindful of the future, made any opposition to granting their demand.

"Considering, as is evident from this incident, that many persons at the present time think it unjust to compel all women to perform duties, and not to give them any of the rights accruing from those duties, the Socialist revolutionary League for the Enfranchisement of Women has the honour to ask you as a logical solution of a false position to grant, for a beginning, the title of elector at least to widows and spinsters who are registered on the lists as taxpayers equally with men; or, if not, to remit women from payment of all such contributions.—We have the honour to be, etc."

The articles on Nansen, Ibsen, Björnson, and kindred topics appearing in *Sketch*, are by Mrs. Alec. Tweedie, the author of a "Girl's Ride in Iceland," who has just returned from Norway, where she has been up the mountains in snow shoes (ski), about which she purposes writing a book.

## How a Strong-Souled Woman Feels About the Marriage Tie as it Is.

"Oh, to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking every day;  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape—yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.

"Could I only stand  
Between gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand;  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain-wet face, and know  
I am free— not yours, but my own—  
Free, and alone!

"For the soft firelight,  
And the home of your heart, my dear,  
Thy heart being always here.  
I want to stand upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens—to try, to know,  
To learn, to grow!

"I am only you!  
I am yours, part of you, your wife!  
And I have no other life.  
I cannot think, cannot do;  
I cannot breathe, cannot see;  
There is 'us,' but there is not 'me'—  
And worst, at your kiss I grow  
Contented so."

FROM "WOMAN FREE."

## CHOICE WORDS.

The spirit which, in the impetuous mind of woman, springs from a sense of right, is rarely to be controlled by the cold dictates of expediency.

Society, as at present constituted, is . . . a perpetual compromise between principles and conventions, an attempted reconciliation of the dignity of virtue with the conveniences of sycophancy.

From the Caesars to the Czars despots have been for ever taught, but taught in vain, that power loses in safety and security what it gains by force and irresponsibility.

LADY MORGAN.

A new and interesting tale will commence in our next issue. "What the Girl Says" is to be continued at the earnest request of many readers.—M.S.S.

ALL those desirous of helping *SHAFTS* would do so by favouring, whenever possible, those firms advertising in this paper. See advertisements.

## LIVES THAT BAN.



THE SLEUTH-HOUND OF SOCIETY.

## A SOUL AWAKENED.—CONTINUED.

IT cannot be said that the Honourable Cuthbert Gordon approved of his fiancée's new ideas. "Beauty's new fad," the gay world called it, and he held somewhat of the same views, though, being more within the magnetism of her high nature, he never uttered his thoughts. They died in the attempt to rise to his lips, which might have warned him of their falsity. But the Honourable Cuthbert was not easily warned. Perfectly self-satisfied and self-complacent, pleased with himself and his surroundings, himself and his elect lady, himself and his future prospects, himself and the world in general, at least, that portion of it privileged to come "betwixt the wind and his nobility," he went on his way; and that there might possibly be some career more worthy of acceptance and desire, of a human being's ambition than to be a peer, and a prospective member of the House, had not yet dawned upon the Honourable Cuthbert, even as the faintest suggestion. Like Lady Urbane, his blood was of the bluest; an aristocrat of aristocrats, life had gone too smoothly with him, his higher nature was asleep, away in some closed up cell; as yet it had heard not the faintest sound of the crash, out of which he was to leap startled and alive at last, to find the world—as he had thought it—the baseless fabric of a vision—leaving what?

For the present nothing troubled him, save when vaguely the immense superiority of the woman soul to which he had attached himself, gleamed for a moment across the darkened surface of his masculine consciousness, that had not even begun to contemplate the possibility of a woman approaching even to equality with a man's power and breadth of intellect. He silenced this voice, however. Was he not a man? And a man under any circumstances was

he not? Pooh, pooh! When Urbane was all his own he "could not," and, growing bolder, he "would not" encourage or permit vagaries—no certainly not! All this never formed itself into words. There are some curiosities of subtlety in a man's thoughts with regard to women and his relation to them, and these were Cuthbert's unuttered thoughts. As to his moral character, if the title of Honourable was an honour earned by worth, not birth, it is doubtful if

it would have been his. But Urbane knew nothing of this, and he did not consider himself bound to lay his sins at her feet. Nay, he would have considered it quite absurd; ever wrong, disrespectful even to do so. Yet he loved her as the world phrases it—and in his case the love was genuine so far as it went, and deeper than even he himself knew. All the more ardent and urgent was his suit growing, that even his vanity detected signs of decreasing interest on the part of the beautiful girl who held such sway over him. No engagement had yet been made between them; Urbane would not consent to it, but it was generally understood and considered, as these things are by people outside.

\* \* \* \*

It is evening again, some twelve months after our first introduction to Lady Urbane de Triste's home of elegance and beauty, her rooms are filled, but the guests are not quite the same. They meet here now, not by right of birth, wealth, and "a lang pedigree," but, by right of the work they are doing.

The rooms are elegant still, but simpler; mere votaries of fashion, and the idle emptiness of life, which is so essentially vulgar in its silliness and pretence, are not to be seen. Urbane has, in fact, banished much that was useless, banished all save human nature and the Sleuth Hound.

A group of persons stand chatting of this, and then of that; in the centre are two ladies and three gentlemen, supposed to be great literary connoisseurs. They are discussing the merits of a new book, a new paper, some new poems—just launched with the fear and trembling so keenly felt by genius, upon the world of pen-and-inkdom. How is it done? it is difficult to tell. The eyes of the Sleuth Hound gleam here and there through these human eyes, its bay sounds

through these human voices—sometimes fierce, sometimes merely an echo; but the evil is done. What might have been, with these books, &c., will not be, till later some honest mind discovers their genius. But it will not come in time for all, if any, of the writers.

There is a club being formed; which has been started in fact, and is struggling its way to the success it deserves—the success it would certainly have, and that ere long. But the Sleuth Hound mingles in the discussions here, there, in all the fashionable and unfashionable gatherings. It stretches its paws, lifts its head, gives one long sniff, a low growl, opens its eyes wide, and the club shares the fate of many attempts. Its progress is delayed, its struggles made harder. Other groups, even amid those who are working hard for the good of the race, discuss many things, laying their ban now on this and then on that. Where the slightest suspicion as to moral character enters, the Sleuth Hound needs not to much disturb its pose. One movement of the paw, a languid uplifting of the eyelid, is enough to show it is on the scent, and its track will not tire.

Why cannot people—even well-meaning people—let other people manage their own affairs? Ay, why indeed? That why will ring out on the weary air for long, long ere it will be answered and the trail of the Sleuth hound destroyed. But Urbane de Triste, and many besides, in rapidly increasing hosts, are on the track of the Sleuth Hound and with a keener scent.

(To be continued.)

[Some ask why take an animal to represent so evil a thing? Because it only represents the untiring scent. No need for fear, it will do the animal no harm. Every one knows that the *lover creation*, as we carelessly call them, have not yet ARISEN to the HEIGHT of the evil that is in humanity.]

My audience at Michigan was composed of one thousand young women and one thousand young men, in their early twenties, students of the University, who were staying together in the same boarding-houses, studying literature, science, and the fine arts in the same class-rooms, living happily and in perfect harmony. They are not married. No restraint of any sort. Even in the boarding-houses they are allowed to meet in the sitting-rooms. I believe that the only restriction is that, at eight o'clock in the evening or at nine, (I forget which), the young ladies have to retire to their private apartments. "But," some European will exclaim, "do the young ladies' parents trust all these young men?" They do much better than that, my dear friend, they trust their daughters.—A Frenchman in America, MAX O'RELL.

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## SHAFTS OF THOUGHT.

V.

WHY should there exist perpetually a million of Englishmen not one of whom can at any moment be writ down as in perfect health from day to day?" asked Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson a quarter of a century ago, and he concluded a chapter on tobacco, in his "Diseases of Modern Life," by the assertion that "the existence of such a million of imperfectly working, living organisms is a national absurdity." I think to-day he would use a stronger word, and with his million multiplied by three or four he would say nothing short of a "national calamity." Such, at any rate to me, seems the fact that hundreds of thousands of boys are helping to ruin their digestions, their nerves and their morals by indulging in the practice of tobacco smoking, and that seventeen millions of money are being annually spent on tobacco and its appurtenances by the men and boys of the United Kingdom. One hardly knows which to look upon as the more serious, the wholesale tendency to narcotism, in some form or shape, or the puerility of mind which induces thousands to smoke, not because they feel the need of it, but because it seems a manly and desirable thing to spend a considerable slice of life in making stupendous efforts to burn a bit of weed, and in puffing smoke from a pipe which might much less harmfully be employed in blowing bubbles.

The question of narcotics is not a simple one, and there are those who affirm that in high states of civilisation they come within the limit of human necessities and are not merely indulgences. But their use and abuse is by no means confined to the civilised world, and, as a matter of fact, we find them known in some form or other in every inhabited part of the globe. Derived almost exclusively from the vegetable kingdom, manufactured and taken in every conceivable shape—gaseous, liquid and solid, varying in the manifestation, degree and duration of their effects, as in their chemical composition and mode of manufacture, narcotics play a conspicuous part in the life and conduct of humanity. When it is a question of opium in India or China, hemp in Africa, betel-nut in the Malay Archipelago, ava in Polynesia, or coca in Peru, we are most of us piously agreed that the evil effects of these drugs are evidences of the degradation of the natives who grossly indulge in them; but when it becomes a question of tobacco in Europe or America the case assumes another aspect and is described as the necessary use of a mildly beneficent narcotic rendered essential to the male part of civilised humanity by the arduous and nerve-destroying nature of their severe mental toil—a piece of Pharisaism well in keeping

with some of our other egotistic and jingoistic ideas. The italicised word in the above sentence disposes at once of the whole argument for the use of tobacco upon the ground of necessity. If, with all the supposed greater tendencies to nerve complaints and the generally accepted greater excitability of the so-called weaker sex, it is not necessary for women to use tobacco on any large scale it surely cannot be essential that men should do so. Whispers sometimes reach us that women who smoke are more often to be met with in "smart" society than of yore; that cigarettes find favour in certain very high quarters; but so far, the female devotees of nicotine may only be counted by the hundred, and it must be the hope of every well-wisher of humanity that the fashion may spread no further. Not that a woman deserves more reproach for smoking than a man; for I do not see, as some people do, that smoking is one whit more degrading to a woman than to a man. Looked upon impartially and scientifically it is a sign of admitted weakness in either case, and as such to be deplored. But in view of the fact that for a long period women, with all their handicaps, self-imposed or otherwise, have yet maintained from their side the integrity of the race against the deterioration which persistent imbibition of nicotine tends to involve, it would be a grievous day for humanity when women took to smoking to the same extent as men.

We have in this country an Anti-Narcotic League, which is endeavouring to promote a Bill for penalising public smoking by boys under sixteen years of age, and making it a punishable offence to supply tobacco to youths. Such a law already exists in New York State and in Germany, and the principle has the support of smokers as well as non-smokers to a considerable extent. The *Lancet*, in an editorial, strongly advised the adoption of some such course to check the growing evils of tobacco smoking amongst boys. Professor Seaver last year read a paper before the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, showing the effect of smoking upon students of Yale College, where a series of inquiries and anthropometric investigations resulted in showing a marked difference between the non-smokers and the habitual users of tobacco, noticeably in the height, weight, and lung capacity, the difference in the latter being as much as 77.5 per cent. of extra increase in a given period in favour of the non-smokers. His paper concludes in the following words: "Here, then, is scientific demonstration that the use of tobacco checks growth in weight, height, chest girth, and most of all, and most damaging of all, in lung capacity. If this be true of young men so nearly grown as are college students, what must be its effect upon younger boys? . . . Many imagine that it is 'manly'

to use tobacco. Instead, it hinders the growth of the user in all that goes to make a man."

We may therefore take it that as far as boys are concerned, public opinion is unanimous as to the mischief which is being done. Is it too much to expect that fathers should abstain from the same self-indulgence, not only for the sake of example, but also before marriage in order that the offspring they bring into the world may not be deprived of the advantages which a perfect physical apparatus gives them in the race of life? With what sense of honour or justice a man, steeped in nicotine for years, can forbid his son to smoke when he himself is the primary cause of the boy's physical, craving and the abiding suggestive influence and example of the inability to abstain from gratifying such craving, it passes ordinary comprehension to imagine. It is another of the inconsistencies of social existence. But what of the woman's part in all this? Mothers, even though not smokers, are not always quite irresponsible for the increased consumption of tobacco. Men frequently urge that women like tobacco and enjoy the smoke which they (the men) so generously (?) bestow on others after passing it through their own mouths and nostrils (to say nothing of the odour of their skin and breath). I may be deficient in taste, but I confess I should prefer my tobacco *not* at second-hand. But I am bound to admit that I have often heard women express approbation of the "fragrant weed" and even invite guests or relatives to smoke in their company; nay, I have even heard them say they should not like their husbands and lovers *not* to smoke. Surely this is due to extreme ignorance or thoughtlessness. Were it but thoroughly realised what an aggregate of mischief is due to the tobacco-habit they would haply regard it more from King James's point of view, even if they did not use his vigorous language: "A custom," he wrote, "loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." An organised, united, persistent effort on the part of women could crush the tobacco evil as it could crush most other evils. But, alas! smokers can afford to smile and smoke until we become united and organised.

Besides the physical deterioration for which it is responsible, tobacco smoking is surely an evil worth combating on the ground of its bad influence on the manners of our times. A man, where his pipe or cigar is concerned, seems to lose more or less the instincts of a gentleman. The smoker is ubiquitous; wherever people most do congregate, he is there ready to puff his smoke into your face whether you like it or not.

At the theatre he fills the corridors with smoke that penetrates in volumes into the auditorium; in trains he is not content with the accommodation set apart for him, but invades other compartments and scowls at or openly insults you if objection is made to his pipe. At all outdoor functions he reigns supreme: on bus or tram, on railway platforms, at band performances, political meetings, or cricket matches it is all the same, he puffs into eyes and nose and freely expectorates in all directions, to the damage of your garments and disgust of yourself. Even the most rural and picturesque resorts are at times rendered malodorous by the ever present weed, and to pass among a crowd of average men nowadays is to be forcibly reminded of Casca's report to Brutus about the crowd which offered the crown to Caesar. Imagine what an outcry would be made if women took to burning some pungent offensive herb at all sorts of times in all sorts of places! A fine fuss would result, and it would be discovered that prohibitory taxation and penal restrictions were necessary in the interests of humanity. But the tobacco fiend has crept and crawled from point to point, gaining ground everywhere since the days when the "Counterblast" in England, the Papal Bull on the Continent, and the knout in Russia were fulminated against its introduction. If this wholesale narcotism be the penalty we pay for high civilisation we might deem it best to bow to the inevitable; but if it be merely an evidence of weakness which we share with the most barbarous and depraved races of mankind it becomes the duty of each and all to set their faces against its further development.

EDITH WARD.

## HEREDITY.

[A paper read March 1st before The Band of Union Amongst Workers for the Common Good.]

So many people's thoughts are in our day turning to the problem of Heredity in various mistaken ways, that it seems elevated by us professedly Christian people to the rank of a Juggernaut, whose huge car is remorselessly allowed to crush many an aspiration and to slay many a feeble desire for good. We have emancipated ourselves from what is practically the very similar tyranny of Calvinism, which called people "reprobate" ere their birth, and "predestined to eternal torment," refusing even to the little children any right to shelter in the loving Divine Arms! A doctor in Edinburgh (who had very regrettably joined that strange sect, the Plymouth Brethren) once actually asserted: "I cannot teach my children to say 'Our Father,' for how do I know they are elect, or have any right to say so?" Some people are very fond of denouncing the dogmatic

priesthoods of all religions, and are yet quite willing to set up a new one in their own midst in the shape of scientists and materialists, whose yoke is quite as tyrannical, and even less satisfactory, because, avowedly, on the mere physical plane. If the gruesome Inquisitors of old burned men's bodies, they, at least, believed, however mistakenly, it was to save men's souls; but the modern ones teach that matter is all—they elevate crass selfishness into the rank of a national virtue, when, for instance, they callously advocate the torture of "hecatombs" of innocent animals—if this will, as they mistakenly fancy, ease the slightest pain of a man—to counteract the so-called effect of "ancestral tendencies," which they say cause him to lead an evil life, naturally reacting on his precious health! With some there is no such thing as belief in sin at all—every piece of wrong-doing being considered as the consequence of "inherited tendency"—and this is indeed a convenient salve to conscience, shifting back one's own deliberate transgressions upon those who have preceded us!

There is a great sense of superiority in those who thus talk—a feeling of how clear-sighted we moderns are—thus to grasp Heredity as a cause, a potent "ticket of leave," which sets us free from the bondage of personal blame, making the drunkard excuse himself for all his own degradation because of his "family predisposition"; making the very murderer think his father's vindictiveness of disposition had thus quite naturally ripened into fruit in his own person; or the dishonest excuse himself on the ground that perhaps some remote ancestor failed to distinguish clearly between "meum and tuum"! It is only another form of the old cowardice—"The devil tempted me," or "The woman whom Thou gavest me, and I did eat!"—only now it is the new scientific slang of "inherited predisposition," by which we fancy ourselves absolutely "tied and bound."

The fact that our bodies take shape, or natural habit, from those who gave us birth may be true enough, though these may be modified, but mental or moral tendencies concern the higher portion of the incarnating ego, and can be overcome by the Spiritual part of us. If the cry is heard by this: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" as the Soul wakes from sleep, and finds itself bound by the strong green withs placed round it by the Delilah of the senses, it can, like its Jewish prototype, arise and mightily shake off its bonds, to go forth in strength and strike down the spiritual foe.

Our present day warfare is against the "principalities and powers" of materialism, which regard the body as the cause, and the soul as its mere product—so strikingly shown in the Rosminian heresy (amid so much

other good teaching) that "Souls come by human generation"—and fittingly condemned as a most insidious error.

Yet, to hear our modern scientists talk, one would suppose Spirit must be entirely subordinate to matter, and simply hug its chains as a feeble and captive thing.

Darwin defines "an idea as a contraction of the fibres, which constitute the immediate organ of sense, or an animal motion of them." Huxley says: "Thought is the expression of molecular change in that matter of life, which is the source of vital phenomena," though he obligingly suggests that "the soul comes in somewhere, but that, as we do not know the causation of spirit and matter we cannot do more than hope." Bain speaks of "the self as a fiction coined from nonentity," while Professor Clifford calmly states: "Man is a conscious automaton," though, with the strangest inconsistency, he speaks of our being "responsible for posterity's welfare, and for our confirmed tendencies of thought."

If, however, we are only automata, we might just as well hold the poor little marionette which dances to the pull of a string, responsible for its own movements.

I have quoted those few typical utterances of some who are, unfortunately, the leaders of present day thought, to show "the hole of the pit" whence has been dug the present crushing doctrine of Heredity. On the showing of materialistic teachers, the physical organism is the chief thing, and the poor Soul (which only "comes in somewhere") is deaf and dumb and blind—dependent for its ideas on the "contraction of muscular fibres," according to Darwin, or the "molecular change in matter" of Huxley! Further, this dominant body of ours being entirely derived from our parents, as theirs, in their turn, from previous generations, what chance, say they, has the poor human being but to follow the chain of "inherited tendencies"?

No wonder we have the natural sequence to this. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But, thank God, the believers in the Spiritual nature of man, as a spark from the great central Fire of the Life of God have in this conviction an all-powerful pickaxe to break open this living tomb, and it is a curious study in the many graphic stories of Heredity, now being written, to note the contrasting views expressed according to the various authors' different standpoint. Ibsen's "Ghosts" depicts the "hereditary" question in the most ghastly colours, as rising up like a giant to destroy the young man's life who has been carefully kept in ignorance of the "skeleton in the family closet."

The *Heritage of the Kurts*, a recent very powerful production of Bjørnsen's, another Norwegian writer, shows the converse and truer side of the picture in a boy

whose ancestry is the most horrible that can be imagined, cruel, brutal, degraded, tyrannical, and whose mother (herself keenly alive to the shameful inequality of the moral standard accepted as between men and women, and the rights of the two sexes) carefully trains him in all those points where inherited tendencies if left unchecked might have led him astray. He has a hard fight against this, but comes out victorious in the teeth of terrible opposition, from the lowness of standard prevailing in his native town, and he effects a marked degree of improvement in the rising generation by his earnest and outspoken teaching. In *The Story of a Penitent Soul* (only to quote one more) we have the powerful working of the Heredity idea very graphically described, as regards a dreamy sensitive boy finding himself to be illegitimate, and his father an utterly selfish and worthless man. These discoveries seem to blight Stephen Dart's whole life, being of a highly morbid temperament, and make him feel as if he simply could not resist an unlawful love and that all efforts to overcome it are useless and hopeless, despite his agonising sense of wrong-doing. It is only when his own child is born that he arrives at the true solution of the grim idea of Heredity, which has darkened all his own life. He is amazed to find that the child which is born to him in the saddest circumstances seems quite unshadowed by his parents' sin, and, unlike his own morbid temperament, is sunny and merry, seeming to combine the best ancestral characteristics instead of the worst, just as if these had changed by new combinations and proportions as in a chemical compound.

Stephen Dart had thought that our future was determined for us by the acts of those long since dead, and by the temperaments bequeathed, from which we could not get free—that we were "tied and bound" by the sins of our fathers as well as our own—that Heredity is the fury which drives us forth to meet our fate, and that no aspirations for goodness avail, or prayers for purity and faith.

This, in few words, is too truly the logical outcome of what is pressed on our acceptance by modern materialists, who verily leave us no room for Prayer, or Faith, or Hope.

Stephen saw at last what he ought to teach his boy about it, after his own life of bondage to these depressing ideas—viz., that only through God and the thought of our own Being as in union with His can we cease to be captives—that the stumbling block of Heredity can only be surmounted by a firm grasp on the Spiritual, and that though it be strong, the Grace of God is stronger still, and can strike off the shackles from our limbs, while we look to the Great Ideal and seek the strength of the God-Man, Who came so lovingly to help us, and Who walked this

earth nineteen centuries ago. This idea of a grasp on the Spiritual part of our own being carries our thoughts to the helpful teachings of "Christian Science," which have been so much to some of us here present, and I would now only further remind you of a very striking passage in my friend, Miss Lord's, book, where she says: "If you were running along, and a bear were after you, in a few minutes you would be caught; but if by some power you became a bird, and rose up into the air, that bear would come shambling along in vain! If you will but claim your spiritual rights you are at once swung up above where the belief of heredity can affect you." Thus I believe it is a condition, not a destiny, and though certainly one of the factors in human life, it is not the insuperable barrier to human progress and righteousness that it is represented, "for when a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace, but when a stronger than he shall come upon him he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."

E. E. ABNEY-WALKER.

## ON SPORT.

THERE are a few points in connection with sport that call for consideration from the working classes especially, and this paper is therefore especially addressed to them.

It is a common habit among us to look upon, at any rate some animals, as placed here simply for our amusement. The late Dr. W. B. Carpenter even went so far as to say that "because animals have no moral nature, therefore man has no moral obligations towards them"—a most extraordinary statement since it would bring lunatics under the head of "game," or, as he himself applied the idea to vivisection, it would even turn our lunatic asylums into laboratories for "experimental science," and our most helpless idiots into material for the torture-trough. But he was wrong, as we all know, in denying a moral sense to animals. We call them the "lower animals," but every time we sacrifice their inferiority to our pleasure we sink ourselves below their level. This is most clearly shown in the case of sport—for man, in most instances, hunts for mere pleasure. Like the domestic cat, he amuses himself with his prey.

It is asserted by the defenders of sport that it encourages manliness. Is it, then, so brave to face the wrath of a fox, of a timid deer, or of a hare? Clearly no great courage is needed for this. No; but we are told it necessitates and fosters good horsemanship. So, then, our brave English gentleman can only ride well, can only endure

fatigue and face possible death when spurred by the consideration that some defenceless animal is fleeing from their pursuit! Verily a noble pastime!

I say that our miners, our firemen, our lifeboat men are infinitely braver, and with a courage that demands respect. Yet these men also dabble in sport, and every time they do so, every time they set dogs to catch miserable rabbits, every time they bet on the results, and lose the hard earned week's wage and bring hunger to their children and anxiety and sorrow to their wives, by so much do they detract from their manliness, by so much do they stain their hands and hearts. It is no use to argue that they sometimes win the bet and bring in more money instead of less—their gain is the loss of another man, and is hunger and misery to his wife and babes. It moreover often finds its way to the publican rather than to the wife at home.

It is my opinion that rabbit coursing is rather encouraged than otherwise by sporting men, although they probably at the same time despise it. Why should they then encourage it? Because so long as working men take part in sport of ever so poor a nature they are gagged, they are bound hand and foot, they cannot lift a voice against other forms of sport—which are, in fact, legalised cruelty. And so long as this is the case, shall we have lands "preserved" that should be open for tillage, lands preserved while working men have not where to find a decent house to live in, lands preserved for feeding deer and other game while men starve for want of food and shelter. Sport is one of the accompaniments of tyranny, of barbarism, the outcome of selfishness, and of the law of "might is right." It degrades whoever takes part in it.

We have often heard it said that animals enjoy being hunted, and it is difficult to believe that those who make this statement are quite sane. I never knew any human being who enjoyed being frightened, and I am not inclined to believe that animals do; nor that they enjoy pain—the undoubted result and accompaniment of the chase. It is but an idle excuse, and one that is without credit.

But if it is desirable to destroy foxes, for instance, as noxious animals—how can it be, at the same time, desirable to "preserve" them? They could, without doubt, be exterminated in this country as easily as wolves were centuries back. Clearly, it is not desirable—to the sportsman.

There is no denying that whatever form of sport is considered (in this country), it is carried on for the pleasure of the sportsman and for no other purpose. For his pleasure the wild, timid hare is run to death by dogs; for his pleasure the carted deer is turned loose, hunted till exhaustion and its pur-

suers at once overtake it, carted again and put by for further use. It may chance to be killed, or it may be cruelly injured. I have known a tired stag take refuge in a yard, from which, though evidently exhausted, he was turned out to run again. Again he took shelter in a private garden, close by where he crept among the bushes under the drawing-room window, and fell into a deep brick area. From this place he was with difficulty hauled out by ropes which, he being heavy, *cut him to the bone*, so that he had to be stabled close by till healed of his hurts. But of course he did not mind any of this; stags enjoy these things. And the horses, too, find quite a pleasure in being torn by the kindly spur, in being urged to leap when tired, so that they stagger, fall and break their back—or are impaled. I quote an instance. There was a case not very long ago of a poor jaded horse breaking down under his merciless rider, and when examined as he lay in a ditch, the flanks were covered with blood. On one side, a patch nearly a foot long by six inches wide was one mass of raw flesh, from the ferocity with which the rowels of the spurs had been forced into it. He laid down and died.

But we have to ask ourselves Who was it that made the animals? Who put them here? Of Whom is it said that "not a sparrow falls to the ground" without His knowledge? And if not even a little bird dies without His noting it, what sort of a note shall He make of the death of that deer torn (accidentally) to pieces by the hounds—*for man's pleasure?* Of that hare (most beautiful and timid little creature) pursued to death by cruel dogs—dogs, however, less cruel than their owners? Or of that other hare that escaped, and having escaped the dogs, fled, and crept away and hid itself to die the almost inevitable death resulting from the chase—to die of what is known to sportsmen as a "burst heart." What shall be said of this—all *for man's pleasure?*

And this is not all; what of the rabbit, helpless indeed, set down to run before the dogs? First half-blinded perhaps, that it may run aslant and not spoil a bet, or whose leg has been broken or other hurt intentionally inflicted before it is put down and seized by the dogs—carried round the field by two of them in agony and deadly terror, thrown away at last for dead, but raising its bruised and aching, miserable little body later on only to be caught up again and with a brutal shout, pursued again and tortured until death—kindly death—releases it. And this *for man's pleasure?* What kind of a note shall He make of all this?

Truly, sport is one of the black spots in our boasted civilisation; but it has had its day, and sportsmen know it. I do not mean that I have any hope of the speedy ending of sport, but I do mean that thinking people

have begun to realise the meanness of it, and that as the number of thinkers is on the increase in all classes, sport is on the decrease. And I say this in face of the statement that the Queen has given a fresh sanction to the Royal Buckhounds, notwithstanding her own disapproval of the institution on the score of cruelty. Who would be a queen, more trammelled than any one of her subjects? No, it is the workers who will make the future of England; let them see to it that they are worthy for the work. To despise even the most insignificant of God's family is to ignore the words, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

Let us, therefore, inform ourselves on all points, spread our knowledge to those who possess it not, and steadfastly determine to work on until we have stamped out the national shame of legalised cruelty to animals.

ELEANOR M. BEEBY.

## SPORT *v.* CRUELTY.

A SHORT time back an article appeared in the *World*, entitled "A Day with the B. B. H." The writer, a lady who evidently has had plenty of hunting in her day, endeavours to justify herself, and animadverts rather severely upon some people who appear to differ from her on the subject. We may not know the precise opinion of the biscuit girls at Reading—in fact some of us may not have heard of their protest—still there are many people and working women among others who really *do* see some cruelty in the sport to which Diane Chasseresse refers.

The cruelty of stag hunting is admitted at the outset, and elaborate arguments are brought forward to show that cruelty is rampant everywhere. So it is. Fashionable women wear birds—soft, fluffy brilliant-hued warblers and songsters—in their hats and bonnets. Fabulous sums are paid for sealskin jackets, for which the mother seals are slain and the young cubs left to perish wholesale. Fur cloaks of the skin of some little animal that delights to bound in the snowy depths of Siberian forests are priced at thousands of pounds. It is all cruelty, certainly—these various articles! But who are the chief sinners? Why the rich women who can afford to spend enormous sums from vanity or jealousy of other women. They value nothing unless it costs a great deal, and is almost unique. Can the poor man or woman, toiling for his or her daily bread, ever dream of such heartless luxury? Lobsters and crimped salmon are not for

the likes of the middle or lower classes," and we do not see them buying *pâté de foie gras* or washing it down with *Hiedsieck* or *Veuve cliquot*. We do not mean to say that all rich people are afflicted with stones instead of hearts, but we do say that they should look home ere they sneer at other people.

It is absurd to argue that because there is already much pain and torture in the world, that therefore it must always be so! Did ever anyone read such a worldly and callous sentence as that "we could not possibly put a stop to cruelty even if we were to devote our whole lives to doing so." One might almost say that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich person to spend her life in alleviating misery. Some do, we know, and are noble philanthropic souls who have their reward even upon this earth. Why should anyone, however insignificant a unit of society, inflict more cruelty because there is already plenty of it in the world? Cruelty in their pleasures is a fault of the upper classes—we meet cruelty in the lower, but rarely in their enjoyments and pleasures.\* They like the low music-hall, or shying at Aunt Sally, or tea and shrimps on Hampstead Heath! Do fashionable men and women dress less because sweating is carried on in East End slums where most of the outdoor work of the great tailoring shops is done at starvation prices? Look at the men and women who perambulate Piccadilly nightly? Is it not principally the richer classes, those who hunt and who are callous to the sufferings of animals, who encourage the vice in the streets. They have money; they can always buy the fairest slaves in the market. If it is absolutely impossible to avoid giving pain, and if cruelty and suffering must exist, let the "large and fashionable gatherings who meet to ride after the hounds" first purge themselves and their families—first pluck out the mote in their own eye. Of all virtues charity—love for every moving breathing thing—is the greatest. Can we give back life to the fox or the cub that we have pursued to the bitter end? If we cannot, what right have we to make a pleasure of robbing the animal of its life? If it must be killed as vermin, let it be killed quickly.

There is a sneer at some girls employed in a biscuit factory at Reading, but it is difficult to see where the point comes in. If they make good biscuits (to be munched by fashionable people, perhaps!), if they do their work honestly and well, is that a reason why they should not protest against a wicked and cruel custom? Is it because they are poor? They may have a heart for poor dumb animals. Christ, who walked this earth, was poor, and He would never have hunted tame deer. As to their practical experience of riding, it is difficult to see how the question

arises. The cruelty is in relation to the stag, not the animal that carries the huntress. It is absurd, it is cowardly to sneer at these girls because they cannot indulge in the luxurious pleasures of the rich.

The only excuse that can be given for this stag hunting is an argument that a woman should blush to enunciate. If cruelty and suffering must exist—then—hang it, why should we be debarred from sport? We must be cruel just to add to our health and enjoyment! Health—what do you expect of a frame worn out with the ennui of fashionable life, bored by an endless succession of dances, balls, and receptions, jaded by all the luxuries that minister to the lusts and the appetite! Can no pure enjoyment and health be gained by rowing or boating, or driving, or riding through leafy copses and gorse spinnies, under the glorious blue bosom of the sky, inhaling the fresh spring-like breeze, hurting neither man nor animal? It is the heat and hurry of this speculating, gambling age, the vagaries of fashion, the calls of vanity that lead to such a sad confession! Let us for a change place ourselves in the position of the animal hunted, and let us try and imagine ourselves the object of sport. Let Diane Chasseresse picture herself as some gentle-looking meek-eyed stag, such as we read of in the "Lady of the Lake," the "antlered monarch of the waste. Then one bright morning aroused from his heathery couch by a pack of panting fierce-eyed animals thirsting for his blood; they come tearing and racing after him, followed at a little distance by men and women endowed with brains and intelligence, perhaps with gifts of beauty and of grace, mounted on horses intent on chasing the flying frightened animals and so getting a day's sport. Perhaps then there would not be so much fun in it. It makes little difference whether it is a tame deer, or wild, whether a fox, or a wild rabbit—the cruelty is the same in every case. Put yourself in the quarry's place and see if you like it!

It is bad enough for men to indulge in cruelty and brutality in their sport. What shall we say about the women who follow the hounds, does not that fact destroy some of the sweet gentleness, the consideration for others, the desire to alleviate pain and misery in others—those qualities that are found in the noblest specimens of womanhood. A woman who would be cruel and callous to the sufferings of dumb animals would be equally so to the pain of her own children. Let a woman preach a crusade against intemperance, let her organise Happy Evenings for Board School children, or Half-penny Dinners for waifs and strays, let her do all sorts of praiseworthy works, if she has not charity, it availeth her nothing. Is not this hunting and chasing mere personal

gratification at the expense of nobility and kindness of soul?

No, there is no palliation, no excuse for cruelty to others in pleasure. We may torture ourselves for pleasure, or sport or vanity, then no one will cry out against it. "I am not my brother's keeper!" No, but you are the keeper of the poor dumb animals around you, and you should lift up your voice when others dare to inflict needless pain on animals. The golden rule of doing to others as you would they should do unto you—one of the great rules of conduct given by Christ applies to our relations with our dumb friends and neighbours equally with the individuals of the human race.

EDITH J. TEMPLE.

[\*What of rabbit coursing, where the poor, tame, timid, frightened creatures are torn to pieces by dogs, and have no chance of escape; where they are frequently bundled into sacks in a maimed, torn condition, and kept to be the sport of these same working classes next day? What of cock-fighting and many other cruelties? Is there, indeed, a sport, pastime, or holiday-making which is not the excuse for, or cause of, cruelty to some helpless, living creature? Let us have no pitting of class against class. There is, indeed, no choice between. Culture ought to refine, purify, and raise the entire being; if it do not so, then is it but the greater condemnation. It is in the power of each human being amongst us to cease from evil; to say to every form of cruelty, "Get behind me!" We have only to rise up in the strength that is ours, and put an end to this SHAME among us.—ED.]

## The Whole Duty of Woman.

(Continued.)

MANY measures confessedly good, wise, and temperate are "not within the range of practical politics" because popular feeling is not ripe; in other words, there is a vast mass of cold indifference still quite untouched by the heat of the most burning question. And this indifference of woman is not pardonable: it is criminal. If we do not help onwards, we retard, were it only through our own dead weight. It is not requisite that we shall show uniformity of ideas, or even alternative schemes, but we should, at least, endeavour to realise the importance of measures proposed, and of the conditions of society that call for them. We may not be called upon to proclaim our views, still less to wage a crusade to enforce them, but the very fact of thinking carefully about great matters will render it impossible to be utterly trivial at some critical moment when our attitude is betrayed by our speech or action.

It is generally acknowledged that a deed of splendid valour or one of craven cowardice is the outcome, not of the necessity of the moment, but of the habit of courage or of cowardice which has been built up day by day in little things. Not less is the strong decision, and the resolute action forthcoming when needed, the result of patient and persistent realisation of what is worthy and excellent. Even were it valueless in its effects upon the

individual, the influence of earnest thought and intelligent interest is "in the air"; it makes itself felt, and all unconsciously tends to bring about what it desires.

And towards the community at large, the plain duty of every thinking woman is to know something of the conditions of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth. Such knowledge could not fail, at least, to chasten the delight that every woman *is said* to feel in a "bargain," by revealing that if she "purchases something for half-price, someone else has paid the other half," and generally someone less able to afford it than herself.

Such knowledge could hardly fail to make her endeavour to raise rather than depress, the commercial value of services or employments upon which many of her fellow-women are dependent. It is not always necessity that leads a woman desirous of an active or useful life, to compete against others until remuneration has reached its lowest point, and then to accept what it is at once an injustice, and a scandal, for any person or association to offer.

Not dependence for some, not independence for any, but inter-dependence for all is the relation that needs to be recognised as existing between the various members of a society or the units of a nation.

As to the social duty of woman, take, first, its domestic side. And in saying that much belittled word we can but feel that it will be a sad thing when home is not the best and dearest thing in a woman's life, in every human being's life; when publicity is so congenial that the privacies and tenderesses of home are no longer valued. Some place is home to many of us who have no share in the family life under two heads, that is generally understood by the term; but wherever it is, and whatever it is, whether in a community or in solitariness—in "rooms" with an intractable landlady, or in the house of one to whom we owe service—it is the centre of our universe; our first distinct and positive duty is to our immediate surroundings. If we cannot reduce to order, and invest with dignity, those surroundings, we fail to respond to the first claim on our humanity.

We are all more or less familiar with the picture of an ideal woman from the point of view of "home" sketched by some Hebrew sage, and though it may be possible to some to smile at the combination of the useful and the ornamental presented there, none can be quite insensible to the attractiveness of the stately figure of "Solomon's Virtuous Woman." We note the dignity and self-restraint of the personality; many of the characteristics quite commonplace and simple, but so effective! Steadfastness, loyalty, discretion, industry, persistent and watchful diligence, tenderness, wisdom; creating around her an atmosphere of reposeful strength, and suggesting an entire absence of that unrest and fussiness with which so many people surround themselves; and a mastery of circumstances which results from a sense of proportion duly developed. And we note the individuality of the picture: in the vivid Oriental imagery "strength and honour are her clothing": she is known as the mainspring, as it were, of the distinction of those dear to her, and of the wealth, *i.e.*, the well-being, of those connected with her. Instead of caprice, sentiment, or weak indulgence the "law of kindness" is on her lips, slander and scandal are unknown to her, though we can well fancy that a stern rebuke, a crushing estimate, can on occasion proceed from her.

(To be continued.)

## The Tame Woman.

THE tame woman is a very much commoner specimen than the wild woman, and you will, therefore, have had abundant opportunities of observing her ways. But have you made use of them? Have you ever been admitted to her private sanctum, and listened to her confidential opinions about the social questions of the day; to her morning-room, where she mends her children's frocks; to her drawing-room, at the soul-expanding hour of afternoon tea; or to her own private dressing-room during the sacred half hour before she retires to rest?

The tame woman has very decided opinions on all social and practical matters. With respect to technical subjects, such as spectroscopic analysis, the policy of Government, or the merits of an artist, she trusts implicitly to her husband's opinion; but she knows that there are some subjects which men do not understand, and on these she takes the liberty of judging for herself. She is fond of telling her friends that her husband does not allow her to do this or that; but that does not prevent her from doing anything that she really wishes to do. She does what she pleases. If it is something which cannot be done without his knowledge, she has ways of her own of accomplishing what she wishes. I think she honestly believes that she lives in subjection to her husband, and that it is right that she should do so. She certainly thinks that other women should. She thinks humility a highly becoming adornment to a woman, and she is never tired of preaching self-abnegation and self-mortification to other women. She tells her daughters, or her pupils, or her younger sisters, that because they are only girls their sole mission in the world is to make life pleasant for other people—that is, men—and, no matter what their inclinations or abilities may be, she strives to tie them down to the narrow Procrustes-bed training which her mother and teachers applied to her, and which, in her case, has been so successful. She talks to her daughters of their duties, and to her sons of their rights; the consequence is that her daughters, by the time they are ready for marriage, are just as tame as herself; and her sons sometimes forget that they have any social duties.

Underlying all this deference and subjection to the other sex, deep down in her inner consciousness, so deep, indeed, that she is hardly conscious of it herself, the tame woman feels a sort of aniable patronising toleration for them. She believes with a mighty belief in her mother and sisters; their ways of doing things, from bringing up a child to making a custard, are the right ways, just as the Creed and the Ten Commandments are right. This faith extends even to the part of the country in which she was brought up, which she considers infinitely superior to that part in which her married lot is cast.

She is very religious. She reads her Bible with a reverent faith, especially the Epistles of St. Paul and his social maxims; but she does not consider it necessary to understand it. She believes that the world was created and brought to its present state of development in order that she and her children (and other people and their children) might walk about on it; and that the lower animals were provided simply that they might be useful to her, whether as food and clothing or that she may decorate her bonnet with little corpses. "Why," she exclaims, in answer to the arguments of a vegetarian, "if we didn't eat them,

we should be overrun with them!" How tame she is!

Once I spent a day with her during her husband's absence. She told me that if he had been at home she would have had something good for dinner; "but when there are only two women, it does not matter." That is the whole burden of her teaching (but this time it was expressed with unusual candour). "You are only a woman, and so it doesn't matter." Was she not taught it herself? All this does not hinder her taking her own way, where she thinks it right that she should have it.

The tame woman, at about the age of sixteen, and before her opinions have had time to stiffen into prejudices, is sometimes a very charming creature. Have you not seen her, with her hair hanging about her shoulders or tied loosely with a ribbon, her dress still short enough to display a neat pair of ankles and stout little shoes, in her eyes the beautiful candid ignorance of girlhood, running up and down stairs to help mother, or guiding the toddling steps of her little brothers and sisters? It is right and natural that she should be charming at this age, because, in the system of society of which she forms such an important part, her only chance lies in attracting the attention of some eligible man as soon as she comes to a marriageable age. Now the wild woman is anything but charming at the age of sixteen. She is like an awkward boy, always getting into everybody's way, full of ideas and opinions which are so crude and original that she is afraid to express them, lest she should be laughed at. But then the wild woman does not want to marry young; she prefers to wait till she has had time to look about her, and— But I am forgetting. This is a dissertation on the tame woman; we have heard all about the wild woman already.

I do not deny to the tame woman any charm as a wife and mother. Her very inconsistency is charming in its wilfulness. She is charming when she winds up a discussion with, "Well, I don't care what you say, women never did such things in my young days, and I don't see why they should begin now!"

But most truly and thoroughly does the tame woman's character reveal itself when she is called upon to contemplate the situation of one of her less fortunate sisters. For them she has no mercy. If they get into trouble it is always their own fault, and nobody else's. Her pity is ready for the disgrace of a man who could deliberately plot their ruin; of the girl who so narrowly escaped his clutches she says only, "Why didn't she see where she was going?" This is the invariable rule with the tame woman. For the failures of her own sex she is a merciless judge, for is not her righteousness built upon their disgrace, as upon a foundation? For the faults of the other sex she is full of mercy and forgiveness. Does she not hold her social position as a gift and a favour from them?

H. E. HARVEY.

[Does society need most the tame woman or the wild woman?]

In an ill-organised society the laws are like spiders' webs; little insects are stopped by them, but the great pass through.

—DUMAS FILS.

ALL those desirous of helping SHAFTS would do so by favouring, whenever possible, those firms advertising in this paper. See advertisements.

## Publications Received.

"THE SPINNING WHEEL" is a new paper now in its second issue, which aims at being a good home journal. One of its special features will be illustrated articles on needlework in all its branches, with the latest fashions and paper patterns of all designs, which will be supplied from the office. It treats also of decorative art in the home, teachings for the nursery, and, gardening. The children's page promises well. Little jottings of news are also given on subjects of interest to women and all. We are glad to find that it takes note of the advance women are making, and of matters connected with working women. Even cookery is not forgotten. No fault can be found with the tone of the paper, which is pure and advancing. Altogether it forms a bright addition to our weekly papers, and we wish it all success.

"THE WOMAN'S HERALD" for March 9th contains a very good article on "Girl's Evening Homes"; another upon "A Doss House for Women," which subject has called for much remark lately in our daily and weekly papers, and seems to be working its steady way to its desired end. There is a short and most suggestive paragraph called "Total Abstinence at the White House," with a portrait of that beautiful and gilded lady, Mrs. Cleveland. Another equally short and equally suggestive, under the heading "A Beacon Light," gives an account of Mrs. Hannah Pearsall Smith, who has done so much in the work of philanthropy and reform. The paper is very good, and while Temperance subjects are well treated women's interests are not forgotten.

"UP-TO-DATE" is a sparkling little paper well-suited to please those for whom it is evidently written. It is full of fun, and also contains much useful information. Some of the cuts are very comical and to the life; we would especially draw attention to the one on page 137, "I'm watching you," which is exceedingly good. The paper contains nothing offensive, and we hope it may be able to hold its own.

"THE TEA TABLE" we can highly recommend to be fully what it professes to be. The editor in her greeting tells us the *Tea Table* intends to come congenially into the homes of its readers. Its topics will be fiction, literature, art, the drama, and philanthropy. Since fashions, amusements, and the cuisine are not mere details in the lives of the majority of women, these, too, will have their place. From time to time, special attractions will be offered to all classes of readers in the shape of prize competitions, literary, poetic, and domestic. There are many points in it worth noting, and some of its articles are full of interest, notably, "Women in Men's Novels," which is pungent and to the point, an interesting account of Miss Kate Marsden's journey to Siberia, "Winter and Spring in the Canary Islands," and the "People's Palace," all of which are well worth reading. We wish good luck to the editor and her *Tea Table*.

Mrs. Amelia Charles has written for the Woman's Progressive Society a leaflet entitled "Women as Poor Law Workers," which treats of the subject exhaustively, though in so small a space. It can be obtained from the hon. sec., Mrs. Grenfell, 12, John-street, Bedford-row, W.C., for one penny, and should be obtained by all women anxious to inform themselves on this point.

"LIGHT" continues to sustain its character for pure and excellent reading, especially on

subjects connected with our higher spiritual life. March 11 contains some capital articles worth some painstaking study. This is a paper which appeals to all who are seeking for information higher than can be obtained on the material plane.

"THE ANIMAL WORLD" keeps up to its high standard of excellence. "How Bonny Boy Was Conquered" is both suggestive and interesting; so is "A Poodle Reformer." The pictures themselves are a lesson in kindness to animals. Young folks are much interested in "The Animal World," and enjoy the information as much as the stories. It is worth reading from cover to cover.

"THE PRATT INSTITUTE MONTHLY" (Brooklyn, N.Y.) is a paper full of advanced and somewhat profound thought. It is well got-up, well printed, and deals with many interesting questions, though we object rather to the difference of treatment observable in the papers on "Our Girls" and "Our Boys."

"THE ANIMAL'S GUARDIAN" gives us an interesting and curious article on "The Habits of the Cockroach," and treats the subject of vivisection from a sound and humanitarian standpoint. There is some good information under the headings of "Curiosities of Bird Life," "The Action of Morphine on the Antelopes and Man," and "A Tiger's Levée." The reader should carefully study the review of the report of the Society for the Protection of Birds.

## What Cradle-rockers Might Do.

IF every mother in the land could realise to its fullest extent the truth of the saying, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," a silent revolution would begin which would soon bring about as a right the possession of those things for which we now strive. But, cramped by superstition, blinded by custom, and fettered by conventionality, mothers do not, as a whole, realise the immense possibilities which lie in their hands. Men possess no lever comparable to that which they so often ignore. It is still the rule, though now often honoured by its breach, for the boys of a family to take precedence in all that is most valuable to child-life. The best education, the freest leisure, the greatest toleration for all shortcomings is given to them. If all this is best for them it must of necessity be best for their sisters. But it is impossible for the best of anything to be given to each of two claimants, and, therefore, common justice alone would decide that the inheritance be divided equally. Every human being who comes into this world has a right to be treated with sole consideration of its own nature and not relatively to the welfare of another human being. Only when this right is universally acknowledged will each man and woman arrive at their highest possible development. Perhaps some mother, feeling the wrong which exists, and wishful to help on the right, asks, "And what can I do?" The reply is simple enough. Be perfectly fair to each of your children from earliest infancy onward. If you do not know how to set about it, just study some of the many examples of splendid motherhood of whom records abound, and you will soon learn the way. There was Mrs. Susanna Wesley, who in the first few months of her babies' lives taught them "to cry softly." Not the girls only, but boys and girls alike. Perhaps from this wonderful method of inculcating early self-control may have resulted the immense

power of controlling their fellow creatures possessed by her sons. Where boys are allowed, and even expected, to give way to the dictates of their immature wills the way is safely paved for their becoming a few years later the victims of their own lawlessness. On the other hand, what a safeguard to her sons is such a mother as the late Catherine Booth. "I have tried," she says, "to grind it into my boys that their sisters were just as intelligent and capable as themselves. Jesus Christ's principle was to put woman on the same platform as man, although I am sorry to say His Apostles did not always act up to it." Is it to the working out of this idea that the Salvation Army owes its great success? In that organisation men and women are equals.

Perhaps no section of the people would be more benefited by the adoption of justice to girls equally with boys than the lower ranks of the working classes. It is there so common a thing to see a little girl overweighted with work that only the observant minded notice it at all. Hard worked at home, rushing off to school with one or more infants dragging at her frock, back to home work when school is over, so run her monotonous and weary days. At the same time her brother has only to vary the pleasures of school with the greater pleasures of the playground. He is invigorating his brain for fresh school work during its intervals. And then we are told boys are mentally superior to girls. One cannot help thinking, when the working man so often alternates the public-house with his work, that it is simply the modification of an old habit, a habit which taught him to think of his own pleasure only. This system leads the boy to the public-house and leads the girl to hate service. She is wearied to death of work long before she should have begun it in earnest. And the pity of it is great, for poor people's homes much need for their improvement a judicious arrangement of child-helpfulness. If the boys were expected to keep the garden tidy, to clean knives, boots, door-steps, windows, stoves, and generally to lend a hand,\* much greater comfort would prevail, whilst they would be learning considerateness for others and in consequence the next generation might know of fewer wretched married couples. These small interests in reversion might, too, prove a counter-attraction to the very clean, bright, and enticing gin-palace.

But poor mothers are so hard to move in new directions, some people will tell us. These women object to making what they term "mollycoddles" of their boys. This is true, but it is equally true that they are open to conviction when a case is clearly put to them. They seldom fail to see the anomaly they allow when they are shown that our protectors, the soldiers and sailors, do of necessity, when on active service, all kinds of women's work, and of their own free will use up their leisure time in what is generally termed by "fancy ladieswork." It has been said by someone "that he who makes two blades of corn to grow where only one grew before" is a benefactor of the race. If any reader of SHAFTS can enable us to count two just and wise mothers where previously there was but one, she will be a still greater contributor to her country's welfare.

[Why not train the boys to do all household work equally with the girls? This is before us, and nothing short of this will do. It is not absolutely necessary that either girls or boys should always be doing house work because they know how to do it, but let it be understood that household work is not necessarily woman's work.—Ed.]

## The Steadfast Line of Advance.

WHAT begins in Vanity ends in vexation of spirit; indeed, it does not wait for the end, but jogs along with it, robbing its whole progress of enjoyment and its end of consolation.—H. MORE.

They who weep over errors were not formed for crimes.—LADY BLESSINGTON.

I don't think any of the strongest efforts our natures are capable of can ever be explained. I think there are stores laid up in our human nature that our understanding can make no complete inventory of.—GEO. ELIOT.

When one does well, one does some good to the whole world, for one helps to make it better; and when one does badly or does wrong, one does it to the whole world, and helps to make it worse than one found it.

The best workers think only of their work and whether it will be good for the world and in itself, or of what it will do for others, not for what it will do for themselves.

Out of good love and good work has the world grown up; from them, and through them, we possess all good things. To love well and to work well are the two things to desire, for all other things are in their gift.

You must not think of trouble if you can only do a thing as well as it can be done—that is all the great men do. Do your best; do it, don't dream of doing it—good work lives for ever. It may go out of sight for a time; you may not see it or hear of it once it leaves your hand; you may get no honour by it, but that's no matter; good work lives on; it doesn't matter what it is, it lives on.—MRS. CLIFFORD.

True affection, true friendship, knows nothing of benefits conferred or received. The mutual give-and-take, where hearts are large enough for giving and taking, is not a thing to be counted up and entered in a notebook. You shall do a thousand kindnesses to your friend, and she shall forget everyone of them, but she shall never forget the atmosphere of love that was about you and with you, making your material kindnesses so utterly a secondary thing.—MARY LINSKELL.

The boys have the immense majority in duncehood.

A woman is gifted by nature with many special faculties for education. There are in her a kind patience and indomitable courage in going over the same ground over and over again and smoothing every pebble which the restive pupil has kicked up, a marvellously facile power of combining amusement with instruction, of making the dreariest lessons interesting, and withal a real love for her vocation, seldom possessed, seldom felt by men.

I am persuaded that a boy could not learn his accidence and go through his Greek and Latin Delectus under better and sounder tuition than that of a refined and intelligent woman.—G. A. SALA.

Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.

## What Working Women and Men Think.

### THE INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY.

THE Labour Conference, held in the Labour Institute at Bradford early this year, was remarkable chiefly for two reasons—first, because from it will date the formation of a National Independent Labour Party; second, because for the first time in the history of British politics the collective ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange becomes the fundamental object of a political party.

#### ITS RAISON D'ETRE.

The formation of the new party is obviously the outcome of an opinion now very common amongst large masses of working men and women (an opinion which has been growing stronger and stronger during the past ten years) that as between Liberals and Conservatives it is "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other"; in other words that nothing is to be gained from either except by independent pressure on the part of the toilers. When thoughtful working people set themselves to analyse the "make-up" or composition of the ruling section of each (or any) of the old political parties, they arrive at the conclusion that not much can be expected in the way of true reform or betterment from either. The Conservative party is dominated by aristocratic landlords, and the Liberal party by autocratic employers; and both are bolstered up by fussy aspirants to titles or overpaid appointments. The first class of politicians deprecate any interference with enjoyment—the enjoyment of the land as a private monopoly, a game preserve, or a rent-producing milch cow. The second class of orthodox politicians resent all State interference with employment—the employment of abject wage-slaves at a competitive price derogatory even to mere subsistence. Between the two schools there is strict uniformity in the desire to deny to Labour its due. All orthodox statesmen agree that the toilers and moilers must continue to submit to an unjust and unreasonable embargo in favour of caste, privilege, and monopoly. That is the conclusion, as regards politicians, that the bulk of the population is fast coming to. And neither a retrospective nor a prospective view of what Liberals and Tories have done, or are going to do, will falsify that conclusion. From 1880 to 1885, when Mr. GLADSTONE'S friends were in power, literally nothing was done for Labour beyond what was wrung from the Liberals by continual and increasingly-earnest agitation and demand on the part of the *proletariat*. The householders in counties were enfranchised certainly, but only after the miners and other workpeople had met in their thousands to accentuate its necessity, and as an electioneering sop at the end of a Parliament. In fact, such was the feeling of disappointment caused in Labour circles by Mr. GLADSTONE'S administration, that, from 1885 to 1893, the vote of the newly-enfranchised agricultural labourer, and of many other Liberal working men, has been largely estranged from the old Liberalism. Liberal election agents and sub-agents could testify to the truth of this last remark, but of course they won't.

Then, from the Conservatives, from 1886 to 1892, not much was expected by Labour leaders, and the migration from country to town continued, land and labour were divorced, and squire and *pheasant* left more and more to themselves. The Tories gave us a Railway

Rates Bill, which has increased the cost of carriage; a Free Education Bill by way of subsidy to the schools of the Church of the squirearchy; and a Small Holdings Bill to enlist a wider sympathy for private property in land. They also gave certain elected individuals the option of using two C's after their names by means of a County Council Bill; and they evicted discontented Labour in Ireland! The publicans may thank them, but the labourers cannot! Yet, it is questionable whether Liberals would have done better, or even as much, had they held the reins of power instead of the Conservatives. Both parties have given us reforms, and the means to obtain more; but only as the result of outside pressure, or as a bid for popularity.

"The Liberals love us so much, They staved off Reform till compelled (In their own interests, mind you) to touch The questions the people upheld. The Tories love us so little, We might await many years Their yielding one jot or one tittle, Were they not appealed to by their fears."

Going further back than the period alluded to, we have it on the authority of Professor THOROLD ROGERS (in his book *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*) that, "the English Government having been administered by opulent landlords and successful traders, did its best to depress the condition of those who live by labour." We did not need a *Professor* to tell us this. We have known it from sad experience. Every time we have fabricated a programme both it and its supporters have been dubbed as Utopian, impracticable, visionary. As if it were the Divine prerogative of official Liberalism, or Toryism to take the legislative initiative in everything affecting the working classes. They have been allowed the initiative (the formulation of the political and social programme) too long, and have given us the *semblance* rather than the *reality* of benefit. It is urged against us that we advocate class legislation; but for 600 years at least we have had class government by and for the OPPRESSED; and now, *till the balance of the scales of Justice be even*, it will be class government by and for the OPPRESSED. If we take a prospective view of the situation we must bear in mind that conventional Liberalism is apt to betray those who place it in power. Already it is hinted that the Government cannot fulfil its pledges in relation to the Direct Veto. Already there seems a desire to shirk London Municipal Reform, Welsh Church Disestablishment, the Eight Hours Question, Payment of Members, and, of course, Woman's Suffrage. Why? Because there is a popular demand for these measures! Under these circumstances, and to procure our larger enfranchisement from wage-slavery, the Independent Labour Party has been inaugurated. Some of the London dailies make merry over the fact that neither TOM MANN nor JOHN BURNS were at the Labour Conference. It is, however, understood that Mr. MANN was in Paris, gathering information about the French Labour Bureau; and that Mr. BURNS was engaged in other important business at the time the Conference was arranged to meet. Everybody knows that JOHN BURNS is a Socialist. The best type of Socialist! And that he is in favour of independent action (*vide* his speech on October 14th, 1891, at the Grove Schools, Battersea). As regards TOM MANN, if our London Editors will look at the *New Review* magazine for February, 1892, they will find these words written by Mr. MANN:—

"Politically, workmen are not likely to be long connected with either of the two parties; complete independence is absolutely requisite for success. It is a case of hold both at arms' length, beg from neither, but quickly and effectively through the agency of the Labour organisations bring pressure to bear wherever it is most wanted."

In the same number of the same magazine BEN TILLET is impressed with:—

"The necessity of Labour gaining experience in administration of both Imperial and local affairs; and a conviction that once the institutions of the country are in the hands of the people—in principle and reality—privileges will be abolished and equitable conditions will obtain."

Writing to the late Mr. JOHN BRIGHT on October 4th, 1887, Mr. T. R. THRELFALL, the Secretary of the National Labour Electoral Association, said:—

"You say you are not in favour of a Labour party in Parliament. But the people are. They are not content, after assisting to wrest the power from the landed classes, to allow it to be permanently monopolised by the great middle classes. Nay; the mere proposal to form a Labour party has aroused the liveliest satisfaction amongst the people. They are organising themselves for vigorous action, and many a seat now held by a wealthy nonentity will be secured for the Labour party. As the Labour representatives will come directly from the industrial population, who form two-thirds of the nation, they will strive to 'do justice to all.' They will not content themselves with mere political reforms, but will obtain such industrial and social legislation as shall make the people happier, their employment more secure, and their proportion of the results of Labour greater than they have yet been, under class rule."

The last Trades Union Congress, held at Glasgow, in September, 1892, at which a million and a quarter operatives were represented, passed a resolution, and the President spoke, in favour of the formation of "an Independent Labour party." So much for the drift of working-class opinion on this important point. We have made up our minds; and (as THOMAS CARLYLE said) "This that they call organisation of Labour is the universal vital problem of the world. It is the problem of the whole future for all who will in future pretend to govern men."

(To be continued.)

### LOCAL OPTION AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

THE Government of Mr. Gladstone stands committed to a scheme of Local Option which is awakening enormous opposition on the part of the trade concerned. The licensed victuallers feel that they are threatened with a great act of unjust confiscation, and it is very natural that they should, under the circumstances, object. Meanwhile, the Labour party will take care that the essential features of the case are not overlooked, and that, while the trade on the one hand cry out against exceptional legislation, and the teetotallers on the other advocate temperance principles wherever these principles may take them, the important point to be borne in mind is that, for the first

## The Labour Party.

IT is impossible to foresee the result of the recent conference at Bradford, or to estimate its probable effect on those social questions which await their settlement at the hands of the new democracy. Whether the newly organised party will cohere, increase from day to day, and become a power to be reckoned with; whether it will develop into an "extreme left" and form simply a thorn in the side of successive class Governments returned to the House of Landlords; whether it will be crushed out of existence by the power and weight of the parties representing *right*, or itself melt away in internecine strife—these questions the future alone must decide. Its beginning, however, is promising; good men and true are at the helm; the burning questions of the hour, duration and remuneration of Labour, adult suffrage—repairing the long-continued injustice of excluding women—nationalisation of land and collective ownership of the means and results of production—we may be certain that these questions will be approached from the standpoint of justice with unanimity. We know in whom we have believed.

But generalship cannot win a battle. There must be the "big battalions," the steady charge of the rank and file, the dashing onslaught of the cavalry, rescue of and care for the wounded, and last, but not least, a *well-found commissariat*, to secure victory.

What will be the answer of Labour to these requirements? Unanimity, self-sacrifice, devotion, trust in its elected leaders; or petty quarrels, angry altercations on the difference between "tweedledum" and "tweedledee," self-seeking, whether for place or profit, and a desire to *shine* instead of a determination to *fight*?

The attitude of the *workers* is really the only factor in the case if you will remember their numbers. So soon as those who earn their living by toil of hand or brain *make up their mind* the whole system of land appropriation and capitalistic oppression, with its attendant wrongs, can be swept away. We have no fear for the *ultimate* result of the "new Renaissance." When the first Factory Act was passed and the first Board school opened its doors the doom of class privilege was sealed, and the inevitable end in a just apportionment of the results of labour became a *certainty*.

The great lesson the Labour party has to learn is self-reliance. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the chief friends of Labour are within itself in the ranks of the toilers. Each of the political parties will promise measures of reform at the hustings; each of them will do in Parliament just so little as the pressure of the democracy permits.

And it cannot well be otherwise. The Labour programme involves the nationalisation of land and the collective ownership of the means of production. Will either party concede that? Will owners of land go into the lobby to support a measure which transfers their "rights" to the State? Will the capitalists who form the

time in recent years, a Government is found willing, in what it regards as the interests of the public weal, to face a stern fight with a gigantic system representing millions of capital.

Teetotallers may rest on their oars when Local Option has become law, or they may concentrate their strength in the direction of prohibition of the liquor traffic. The admission, however, of such an important principle as is involved in the interference with this powerful trade cannot be allowed to hide itself under the Temperance bushel. One of the chief reasons given for this interference is the universally-admitted, if frequently exaggerated, fact that drink is the cause of much of the poverty in our cities. But to admit such a truism is far from equivalent to believing that if the drink curse were abolished women and men would no longer be poor. Everything finally depends upon the approximation of wages to the value of the work done by the wage-earner, but until that great question receives State consideration it will be useless to dabble with the drink question and leave untouched the great question of RENT. While the land-owners of England absorb nearly one-sixth of the entire national produce we shall look in vain for any real improvement in the condition of the people from mere Temperance legislation by itself. A very large proportion of London rents are obtained from such property as that of the noble marquis whom the police-court recently ordered to remove his unsanitary dwellings within seven days on pain of imprisonment.

After a long day's labour for a master whose payments for work done are strictly limited to the price at which he can obtain human slaves to do his work, the worker returns to the slum where his wife and children have to live. He has to pay a third, and sometimes even more, of his wages for the lease of a cheerless room, where the direct rays of the sun seldom enter; in a court where neither nature nor art has room to breathe. One of the arguments against the drink trade is that there is necessarily immorality in allowing a man to make money through the degradation of mankind. It should certainly be considered base to amass a fortune from such vile sources as the average South-wark or Stepney slum. It would, perhaps, be Utopian to imagine that because the Government's desire to abolish the causes of poverty led them to Local Option they will immediately afterwards attack other fruitful sources of misery and want. But, in the matter of rent, it would need only a small expenditure of legislative work to level up the landlord class, and to eliminate the LOWEST type, at any rate.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

FRUITS AND NUTS.—We would advise our readers to give Bilson and Co., of 52, Gray's Inn-road, W.C., a trial order. They have an extensive and well-assorted stock, and their prices and goods will be found to give every satisfaction. (See advertisement.)

other section of the House vote for a measure which relegates them to the necessity for honest labour?

These questions need only to be asked to prove that, under many names, there exist but *two parties*—the party living by their labour and the party living on the labour of others. So soon as the workers of England realise this, and perfect their organisation, they will find that all the old-time feuds between Liberals, Tories, Radicals, or what not, will heal as by magic, and an united phalanx of *privilege* will oppose the army of *justice*.

The needs of Labour in the past have been but the bones of party contention. The Factory Acts were wrung from the merchants by the landed interest, and the cheap loaf was obtained by and for commercialism *against* the landed interest. Land has ever been willing to grant reform only at the cost of capital, and *vice versa*.

This point in Labour policy has occupied a good deal of attention. Are we to form a "party" analogous to the Home Rule party under Parnell, in so far that it will exist simply for one end and steadily work towards that end—namely, justice for labour—or are we to adopt the Fabian policy of "permeation"?

There is something to be said on both sides. Permeation has most certainly taken place, and the "progressive" section of the London and other County Councils is the outcome.

But the former policy seems unquestionably better for the interests of labour. As already stated, we must finally do the work *ourselves*.

The *moral* effect of an united party, definitely working in one interest, would be valuable as an encouragement to the world of Labour generally. The policy of permeation, operating necessarily in the dark, would not furnish such an element to a large number of workers, and when Labour troubles become more acute—as they must—the outward and visible sign of a party, consisting of their fellows, working towards their emancipation, would tend to allay the impatience born of want, and to prevent those acts of lawlessness which have before served as a pretext for putting back the clock of progress.

At the same time, we cannot cease to be opportunists entirely. If we are isolated and cannot vote for a *Labour* candidate we will vote for the man who will support the current Labour demand. If *neither will*, we will cast in our paper for the weakest party, with a view to increasing the power of our own members in their function of "the moveable wedge."

On County Councils, Vestries, Boards of Guardians we must leave no stone unturned to place our own members. Where we cannot do that we will support the "Progressives" until we can run our own members. In every case we must remember that every phase of the work of these bodies touches *our* interests chiefly. Is it a question of water supply? We need above all classes to secure its provision at the lowest cost. Is it a tramway question? Our fares support the line. In each case we do all the work of construction and maintenance.

We must, therefore, replace "Progressives," who may understand the workers' needs *theoretically* with some of our own number who know them *experimentally*, and who may be trusted to go the whole journey.

A word to *men* in conclusion. Injustice brings always its own Nemesis in its injurious reaction upon its perpetrators. The "classes" are beginning to experience that reaction just now. Working-men by their selfish acquiescence, or criminal assistance, in special sex legislation which has deprived the larger half of humanity of its just rights, have forced women into a position of subjection utterly unnatural, have injured her physically and mentally, until those who look on the sacrifice merely believe her to be physically and mentally *weaker*. This act of injustice is bearing its fruit to-day in the exclusion of women from active participation in the work of government. The loss to the cause of Labour cannot be assessed. Woman's ready sympathy and special qualities of heart and mind would have furnished just the necessary counterpoise to the errors of male administration. If Boards of Guardians, for instance, had been composed two-thirds of women the inhumanities of the Poor Law would never have occurred.

And the voting strength of Labour would be double what it is to-day. Working men have made or allowed their wives to be mere drudges, broken in constitution and spirit by excessive child-bearing, and that "all work and no play," it is allowed, will make even Jack a dull boy. Women are toiling painfully to a higher plane, but the little assistance they receive shows that men's appreciation of past wrong is infinitesimal.

The Labour party must remember, therefore, that it lacks to-day an *enormous force*—the intelligent support, the voice and vote of the wives and daughters of working men. *This* is the Nemesis of sex injustice. The past cannot be undone, the future is ours to make or mar.

SAGITTARIUS.

### THE PIONEER CLUB.

In consequence of the great increase in the number of its members, the "Pioneer" has removed into much larger and more commodious premises at 22, Cork-street, Bond-street, where the members and their friends met on Tuesday, March 7th, to inaugurate the opening of their new rooms, to which everything has been done that can contribute to the comfort and pleasure of those who frequent them. A rapidly increasing library is one of the attractions, and the attrition of mind consequent upon so many meetings together must not be lost sight of in our enumeration of blessings. The afternoon and evening passed off very pleasantly; the interest did not flag, and that was much heightened by the powerful pointed and interesting speeches on Woman's Suffrage by Mrs. Pearsall Smith, Lady Isabel Somerset, and Miss Frances H. Willard, who must that day have confirmed many and made some see things in a new light.

Mrs. Massingberd, the president, moved among her Pioneers happy and bright, pleased with their pleasure and glad with the great gladness that comes now and then to all who work,

### What Women Have Said.

"The world waits  
For help. Beloved, let us work so well,  
Our work shall still be better for our love,  
And still our love be sweeter for our work."  
MRS. BROWNING.

"Measure not the work  
Until the day's out and the labour done.  
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work is scant,  
Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;  
And, in that we have nobly striven at least,  
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,  
And honour us with truth if not with praise."  
MRS. BROWNING.

### REVIEWS.

"CONSTANCE NADEN; A MEMOIR," by William R. Hughes, F.L.S. (London: Bickers and Son. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers, 1890.) In the introduction to this interesting volume, written by Professor Lapworth, LL.D., F.R.S., we are told:—"The groundwork of this volume is a reprint of three articles which appeared in the *Midland Naturalist* in 1890; the larger section (Parts I. and II.) has been contributed by Mr. W. R. Hughes, F.L.S., a friend and admirer of Miss Naden, and one who was intimately associated with her during the last six years of her life in a society which had for its object the study and promulgation of Mr. Herbert Spencer's system of Synthetic Philosophy." The book is printed in clear type, paragraphed, and easy to read. It is full of the most instructive and interesting matter which it is possible to put into print, namely, the ardent, unceasing struggles of a human soul during its whole life upon earth to know something of its environment, to understand the why and the wherefore of all things. The story fascinates as it is read, and it is not difficult to perceive that a kind pen, a wise pen, the pen of one who knew Miss Naden well, has written these pages. In order to give us the best idea possible of Miss Naden's character and ability Mr. Hughes sensibly relates much that is culled from her earliest years, and his definitions have been assisted by facts obtained from her personal friends and associates. Different friends have contributed to the completion of the "Memoir," which is presented, as a loving souvenir, to Miss Naden's friends and admirers. Professor Lapworth states that Miss Naden was "of all my geological pupils from the first not so much a student as an interested and sympathetic fellow-worker, and in her early death I have lost one of the best and dearest of my personal friends." It was while she attended his classes that he came gradually to recognise the richness, strength, and promise of her well-balanced mind, and he declares that he gained as much from her as she learned from him; that the association produced in him that intellectual stimulus always to be found in the association "of the highest minds." He soon perceived that, though she earnestly studied the drier parts of geology, which she grasped with ease and rapidity, what attracted her most was the principles and the far-reaching conclusions of the science. She was profoundly impressed with the immensity of the time that was past—"the slow but irresistible effects of natural causes, the gradual evolution of the geography of the globe, the upward sweep and

elaboration of organic forms." In gathering her facts, and forming her deductions from them, Miss Naden was in her own element; it was the natural bent of her mind, and deductions followed immediately from every point of knowledge she gained. Towards the science of geology the attitude of her mind might be said to be that of one who knew and understood well its facts and principles; with the deep and heartfelt sympathy felt by those who love knowledge, and so make the result of their studies a part of their own life. Yet Miss Naden might more justly be called a poet and philosopher than a scientist, but a poet and philosopher to whom science was necessary, as it enabled her to form a proper estimate of the immensity of past ages, and the infinity of change and evolution which stretched out before her in the ages to come. She studied all things as a means to an end. Of her character no better summary could be given than the words before us: "One thing was always clear—her love of absolute truth, of uprightness of mind, of goodness of heart, and of all that makes for nobleness of soul, and as natural to her as the air she breathed." She looked upon poetry as the noblest form of literature, but did not regard it as the serious business of her life. As a woman she was tender-hearted and true; staunch and unchanging in her friendships; and it ought to be a great joy to every woman—especially to those who in working for woman's freedom are leading the very highest possible life—to know that such a woman as Constance Naden has lived, and, knowing, to read with diligence and attention her memoir and her works.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has asserted that her wonderful mental powers were developed at a cost which her feminine organisation was unable to bear. That may be possible, but thoughtful women attach no importance to this statement. We are told that "she gave no evidence of this whilst at college." During the whole of her life her studies continued, more or less, without cessation or abatement of fervour. Professor Lapworth says: "I never saw her look wearied or exhausted during the whole of her college career." She was certainly not strong, in which she shared the fate of many of her fellow creatures, both women and men; but her enthusiastic mind, overflowing with power and strength, overmastered the physical weakness from which she suffered. It is an education to read this Memoir; it ought to be put into the hands of the young. If girls and boys from the ages of ten or eleven onwards were encouraged to read books of this kind their minds would be so strengthened and trained to the development of a higher taste in literature, that there would be little fear of their ever degenerating into the trashy reading which now occupies so much of their time.

Miss Naden has written several admirable works, well worthy of a prominent place in our household libraries. Her poems are very beautiful, some specially so. Among her works may be mentioned

#### "INDUCTION AND DEDUCTION,"

an historical and critical sketch of successive philosophical conceptions respecting the relations between inductive and deductive thought, and other essays, royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.; "Songs and Sonnets of Spring Time," 5s.; "A Modern Apostle," "The Elixir of Life," "The Story of Clarice, and other Poems," 5s. We would earnestly recommend the study of these books to our readers; it is well for them and us that souls so great and so beau-

tiful have dwelt upon the earth; what they have thought and written it ought to be an effort of our lives to understand. We cannot conclude this review more appropriately than in the words of Robert Lewins, M.D., another of Miss Naden's true and faithful friends: "The boundary of the brain range of to-day becomes the truism of to-morrow," and in those of the writer of the "Memoir": "It is an exceptionally rare privilege to record the higher intellectual, and especially the philosophical, achievements of women, but it is impossible in this inadequate memoir to do full justice to this many-sided and beautiful character."

"WOMAN FREE."—The Women's Emancipation Union, which is rapidly making its way in all work for woman's freedom, has just published a book under the above title which every woman, backward or advanced, should read. It contains matter which ought to put new life into those who have not yet thought of anything beyond the old ideas and creeds, and confirm to fullness of strength those already on the onward track. The author is Ellis Ethelmer, and she (or he) may well congratulate herself on its completion, and on the good that will follow the reading of its pages. It is eminently suited to the present time, when women everywhere are asking for information and light to be thrown on the perplexed problem of their suffering lives. One notable feature of its "Notes"—quotations from many writers, both old and new—is that while justly blaming women for what they *have not done* to free themselves, the chief blame is laid where it ought to be laid—on the shoulders of men.

All the different questions from the point of which women have been assailed with accusations of inferiority, mental, moral and physical, are treated in these quotations, and very cleverly discussed. Physical questions are met and answered in a spirit of the utmost purity and truthfulness. Those women—if any such there now exist—who have been feeling sad and hopeless because of the numerous assertions of incapacity brought against them by clerical and lay opponents, will rise to new strength, determination, and vigour after reading. Here are a few quotations:—

"He (Mr. Frederic Harrison) says:—'All women, with few exceptions, are subject to functional interruption absolutely incompatible with the highest forms of continuous pressure.' This assertion I venture most emphatically to deny. The actual period of childbirth apart, the ordinarily healthy woman is as fit for work every day of her life as the ordinarily healthy man."—Mrs. Fawcett, *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1891.

It has always seemed amazing to us to contemplate the audacious impertinence with which most men strive to prove the general unfitness of women for everything except acting as the victims, slaves, and tools of men. Women are capable of enduring all or any work which is to result in pandering to man's comfort, pleasure, or physical wants.

Another quotation:—

#### WOMAN'S BRAIN.

"The brain of no remarkable woman has ever been examined; woman is ticketed to fit the hospital subjects and tramps, the unfortunates whose brains fall into the hands of the profession, as it were, by accident, while man is represented by the brains of the Cromwells, Cuviers, Byrons, and Spurzheims. By this method the average of men's brains is carried to its highest level in the matter of weight and texture, while that of woman is kept at its lowest, and even then there is only claimed 100 grammes difference." She denies that anyone

can tell a female brain from a male brain by looking at it, and says no such difference has ever been demonstrated, "nor do I think it will be even by more elaborate methods than we now possess."—Helen Gardiner (Loc. cit., p. 308.)

Carefully read and ponder on the case mentioned on page 62. It is hardly possible to select passages from such a store of good things. We earnestly advise all women to purchase and carefully read "Woman Free" as advertised in our columns.

THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY (234pp.), by Carlyle Petersilea; 102, Guilford-street, London, W.C., or Colby and Rich, Boston, U.S.A.; price 1 dol., or 4s.—Its motto, placed in his own writing under the writer's photograph, is "In the Ages to Come, Love, Wisdom, and Goodness—which is Heaven—will prevail: while Hate, Barbarism, and Cruelty—which is Hell—shall pass away." This book calls itself a psychological novel; and it tells of the life certain persons find after death; their homes, their loves and marriages, their ways of being useful, and of losing the sorrows, ignorances, and fatigue of earthly life. It may be that its perusal would induce some people to believe who have hitherto doubted whether there is any life after death, any way by which we can be told of it here and now, any means of making the information improve our present lives and clear up our present notions. If the book could be relied upon to work thus, we should recommend it unhesitatingly, though it is disappointing on the most interesting of all topics; and above all, in spite of its being incorrect in so many of its psychical details that we cannot but conclude some mortal's invention has been added to the psychical communications described. The book treats of the duality doctrine, the Twin Soul idea. We think it is much better and more acceptably treated in Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*, to say nothing of Marie Corelli's various novels. *The Discovered Country* has an air of "cocksureness" which is bad taste, and may repel. The writer seems to have no idea of evolution, nor its method, a soul living more lives than one; yet professes to explain "everything." We subjoin a list of passages, with the comments they evoked from us as we read. "For a short time I was at rest, like one that is sleeping; then there was a gradual awakening of the spirit"—[most true]—"I felt myself supported by an angel, a form on either side of me." [Sometimes the case, at death; others feel no presence; or feel a familiar friend, mother, husband, wife, lover, who has come to welcome the soul leaving earth; others, again, are not met or welcomed; this loneliness is no proof of wickedness; has many possible and interesting explanations.]

"A blue *etherial* (sic!) sky, and fleecy white clouds." [Clouds are a pretty ornament to the sky here; but are produced by a cause which will be absent in other states of being, and nothing could be there or anywhere else meaninglessly.] "A mosquito did not bite." [No form which hurts would be in "Heaven," even if stingless then.] "I tried to crush the little insects, but could not." [True; but a soul while retaining such experimental ideas, so out of sympathy with life, would hardly be able to perceive the beautiful place described. It is inconsistent.] "Nothing propagates itself here in this spiritual world; there is growth and progression, but not propagation." [This is too absolute. The writer may have been in a spiritual world, where there was no propagation; there are so many states that no one should deny a witness speaks truth as to personal experience. But the following is certainly incorrect]:—"The material earths are the only

places where propagation takes place." Speaking of bath and food, desired by the writer, "How could you, or any other spirit, pass directly from the habit?" [The testimony of most souls is to the effect that the more earth-bound the soul, the stronger earth's habits for some little time, but that many drop them at once.] "Every spirit should look upon its own body before it is put beneath the ground." [No duty at all; few do so; most sleep too long, and, when they begin to wake, do not awake to an exact and complete idea of the life left behind on earth; it comes over them bit by bit, usually.]

A man's former wife says of him, "Mr. Bancroft now is about to marry a young girl." [We do not think this close knowledge of earthly ties is usual; it may occur, but not in a soul so advanced in happiness as described.] The lady is telling her doubting twin-soul how to be sure that they belong to each other, and says this profoundly true thing: "You are not obliged to meet this spirit, or that spirit, or innumerable spirits, and try to make your choice from them; the image of your counterpart is for ever reflected within your own being. . . . The one that you can place before me, or think she would excel me in some way . . . that one is your other self."

"The spiritual world is not as large and extensive as many suppose." [The pettifogging idea, the limited, provincial tone of the book, comes out here very markedly.] "It is one angel" (the twin-soul). "It has answered the end and aim of being cleft in twain, which is merely an earthly condition for the purpose of propagation, and as there is no propagation here, there is no necessity for it to remain in halves any longer, and it speedily becomes one." [The purpose is evolution, in which propagation is an incident, and one, moreover, that is necessary, because you learn to act by having a body to act through; and to get this you must have parents and nurture in childhood; you must give this in your turn, some time, or you will be reaping where you did not sow, and gathering where you did not strew.] "In the earth . . . the female . . . does not often stop to ask whether *he* is fitted to make her happy or not, but if he has money and can keep her in style." [This is a vulgar concept, and its language could not be formed by a soul long enough in the spiritual world to become what she is described as being, into whose mouth the sentence is put by the writer. It would have to be a very earth-bound mind to retain such a style after death.]

"The male here does not seek the female"—[not true; either may seek the other, and may educate the other if required]—"but the female is prepared for the male; that is, her true spiritual self is taught just who her other self is." [This is not borne out by any case in our possession as evidence; nor is it like the testimony given by them. It is entirely an artificial and man-made idea. Either may be the inquirer, the welcomer, the teacher, the better, stronger, and more capable of the two; and yet welcome the other, and delight in promoting perfection till unity is possible.] "If she comes to this life first, which is the case nine times out of ten"—[no such rule exists]—"she is placed in a school of wisdom and love, and instructed by angels." [No such rule exists, and attendance at such a school is entirely optional.] "But it sometimes happens that the male comes first, and when this is the case he becomes earth-bound; he cannot rise until his spiritual half is here." [Sad, sad, to see a writer distort a truth, a noble life truth, and misinform people on it in this way. Either soul may aid the other in any way.]

"I must have reason or positive proof of all things before I could believe." [This "proof" is demanded entirely by the mentality belonging to earthly life, and is never given while that is retained.] A man offers to teach him, and he gladly accepts, saying, "It is so much better to have a wise man by my side than to be alone." [Why not his Hélène as the one teacher? In true spiritual law she was the only possible one. Any mind can teach any other mind; but only soul can teach soul; only the one soul can teach its own.] The ladies wear veils. [Why? "Spirits sleep, but angels do not." [The cessation from consciousness is permitted to all at times. Why should it not be? The reverse is a very tiring idea; for where angels work they need relaxation; put any restraint on this, and it is all the less a relaxation.] Hélène had built a villa for herself and him. "I had had no hand in constructing it, and my feeling was that I should prefer to build a house for Hélène." [So man-like! One can see him on earth, marrying a lady with nice income and pretty house, yet never resting till he has sold it and built another, probably out of her own money, which might seem like his having built her a house.] "A beautiful flag waved. . . . from the central spire." [Why a flag? An Indian girl comes and talks in their peculiar English. [Why should she retain this purely temporary defect of bad English, since her personal beauty was new and perfect? "It was nothing uncommon for us to have visitors." [Souls differ in this very much. Visitors appear to be liked in any order of affairs save those of the perfect unity between the two who belong together.] Harvey is made to say (p. 204): "I suppose . . . you are aware that I was the first to discover the circulation of the blood." [The real Harvey, if he deserves to be quoted as a teacher in "Heaven" at all, would surely know better than to claim this in this crude way. Harvey's teacher, Fabricius, called attention to valves in the veins; Harvey saw it pointed to the direction in which the blood in such veins must be intended to travel. (By-the-by, he says that he got dreadfully puzzled so long as he studied the heart by actual inspection [vivisection]). Its actual course through arteries from the heart, and back to it by veins, and the network by which they are connected, was shown by Malpighi (born the year Harvey published his views), who published his researches four years after Harvey's death. (See a leaflet published by the London Anti-Vivisection Society, based on a work, entitled "Vivisection," by George Mellvain, M.R.C.S.) "Aristotle had become an Archangel, and that means he had visited many other worlds besides the earth on which he, as well as myself, were born." [Whatever meaning may attach to the word Archangel, this is not the right one. Visiting worlds is a matter of taste and ability.] "It will take us many days to go to Jupiter" (which is) "in advance of (our) earth." [It takes less than any time which can be imagined, if you do not actually know how rapid thought-travel is. And Jupiter is not in advance of this earth as described; but disputes on such matters are idle.] P. 231. After this journey all alike were tired, but "The ladies retired to prepare our dinner, and we three gentlemen remained in the parlour." [This is indeed Heaven for man and not for woman! Heaven according to a German "male man," as Josiah Allen's wife would call him.] The philosophy about complex man, the way worlds are made, how children are taught in heaven, how confirmed woman-haters are reformed, does not seem to us any more correct

than the rest, and we only review the book with patience because we are so perfectly aware the "country" exists, herein described so incorrectly, and because we are also aware that a description which repels an admirer of really delicate literary psychical novels may convey to a cruder mind what they fail to convey. The art of recommending books is at least as difficult as the art of writing or of reviewing them.

FRANCES LORD.

"HOW NATURE CURES, comprising A New System of Hygiene; also, THE NATURAL FOOD OF MAN, being a Statement of the Principal Arguments against the Use of Bread, Cereals, Pulses, Potatoes, and all other Starch Foods," by Emmet Densmore, M.D.—The dedication of this work is well worth inserting here; it is so suggestive of a happy, useful life of true comradeship and mutual and affectionate understanding:—"To Dr. Helen Densmore, whose enthusiastic interest in all movements looking to the betterment of our race is unsurpassed; whose persistent labours in behalf of such reforms as seem of greatest promise are untiring; who from the outset has been a co-worker in the development of the system of hygiene and health which this work aims to unfold, this book is lovingly inscribed."

The book itself is what such a dedication would lead us to expect—namely, a clear, lucid and powerful exponent of the writer's views, nay, earnest convictions, on the different causes here treated of as tending to create, preserve, retard, or destroy a condition of perfect health, which the writers declare to be the rightful heritage of all human beings, and of which they are only deprived by some fault or easily avoidable ignorance on the part of each individual, or others related to or acting upon the individual through surroundings produced by the same forces.

As far back as Plato the doctrine was taught that the chief factors in health and disease are food and dietetic habits; but that the use of bread, cereals, pulses, and vegetables "is not only unwholesome, but is at the very foundation of nervous prostration and modern diseases" is both strange and new to us and will prove rather startling and inconvenient to many in the present condition of our food supply and the far from easy arrangement of our domestic and business affairs. Whatever may be our individual opinions, the book will carry our interest captive to the end. There is so much reason in it; all the statements are well supported, and the dissatisfaction of each one of us with her or his state of health could hardly, as a general rule, be greater than it is. Therefore are we prepared to welcome any book which promises to throw light on the subject. From first page to last the work deserves serious and patient consideration; this we think it will win.

Here are a few extracts.

"It is our hope that the readers will see in this book such reasoning as will induce them to resolve that, whatever the ailment may be, they will not complicate the situation by summoning any physician of that school in which opium is a sheet anchor."

"The central thought on which this book is written is the confident belief that sickness and acute attacks of illness bear the same relation to diet that drunkenness bears to drink."

Constant indispositions are stated to be accepted quite as a matter of course, and a dispensation of Providence, which the book throughout teaches is quite a false idea, and that it is our shame that we entertain such.

A fruit diet, as set forth in these pages, "means the solution of the problems of how to banish disease and intemperance from the race . . . to give us food in accord with our higher instincts." From an essay by Dr. Helen Densmore is taken the following:—

"Health is our birthright. It is as natural to be well as to be born. All pathological conditions, all diseases, and all tendencies to disease, are the result of the transgression of physiologic and hygienic law."

There is a capital chapter on "Father Kneip's Water Cure, another on "Wholemeal Bread," a third on "How Ossification is Caused," a fourth "Cause and Cure of Constipation," a fifth on "Dinners and Dining." [This ought to be specially studied by those who waste time and money on giving large and horribly unwholesome dinners.]

"The Effect of Diet upon Teeth, Complexion, and Old Age" is very carefully entered into. Obesity is treated as a disease, and useful practical methods recommended for its cure. Familiar poisons are grouped and ticketed *dangerous*. Altogether the book is very valuable, both as a contribution to our list of such works, and especially, perhaps, as a means of aiding and keeping persons to take care of their own health, to build up a good state of health for themselves, and to establish it in continuity, thus saving the expense of doctor's bills, saving their constitutions, and fitting them for longer, more enjoyable, and more useful lives. —(Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London.)

## The Best of Fathers.

CHAPTER V.  
TWO COLLEGES.

FOUR Oxford undergraduates sat over their wine in the attic of one of their number. The decorations of the chamber showed the bent of their host's mind.

A dark blue cap in a corner was his insignia as one of the University Eight, while sundry silver cups and trophies on mantel and book-case bore witness to the battles which had been fought and won ere that honour had been attained.

Pug's mask grinning over his own brush, sundry whips, and a set of Herring's sporting sketches, showed that the equine genus were not neglected when Jack was ashore.

As for the books in the book-case, their covers were not flawless. It was possible they had been read.

Isaac Olroyd, tall, handsome, and very like his father, lounged at length on two chairs, puffing blue rings of smoke into the air from a mahogany-coloured meerschaum. His expression was pensive, not to say disconsolate. "It is an unmitigated nuisance, all the same," he said.

"Oh, well, old chappie," responded one of his guests—a broad-shouldered, brown-skinned fellow, who didn't look much as if he spent the small hours reading classic authors by the light of the midnight oil, with wet towels wound round his burning brow, as certain candidates for honours are fabled to do. "Don't take it too much to heart. You can't be everything, an athlete and an aristocrat, and a first-class, too; it would be too much for your deserts."

"No doubt it would," said Isaac. "I know full well my deserts are small. But you cannot excuse me on the score of athletics; the 'Varsity crew hold their own in first classes, as you know very well. "First class," he added

with a groan, "If only I'd got a second I could die happy."

"What difference does it make to you after all, you bloated aristocrat?" asked a young man in the corner—a short, bluff fellow, with a square face and a North country accent. "If you would have to grind for the rest of your natural life after bidding adieu to these 'ancient spires' as I shall, it would be another thing."

"Pah! Man lives not by bread alone, John Hawkshaw," put in the remaining member of the quartet, a thin, keen-faced man, with deep-set, grey eyes, and future eminence in the world of Dons promised in every line of his thoughtful countenance. "The mind can be hungry as well as the body, and if we neglect to gather in the golden grain of knowledge at the right season we shall starve for our idleness. I should judge that Olroyd's mind must be mightily 'clemmed' now, as they say in your part of the world. It serves him right. For my part I am not in the least inclined to comfort him. Nothing is so wholesome for us as to have the consequences of our sins come home to us sometimes."

"Yes, I believe that's true, Morecambe," admitted Isaac, humbly. Then getting up and stretching a mighty stretch which united his finger tips to the ceiling, and seemed to be half an excuse to hold his hands up towards Heaven. "I would not mind," he said, "if the punishment fell on me only, but the dear old dad will be so disappointed, and he has been such a trump to me."

"Sin would not be sin if it hurt only ourselves," said Morecambe, sentimentally. "If any beggar preferred perdition to salvation why shouldn't he have his choice in that case? We, 'being all members of one body,' never can do any wrong thing without causing quite immeasurable suffering to our neighbours."

Isaac groaned.

"It seems so ungrateful after the way he shelled out without a murmur to meet my last lot of debts. I did make a mighty big intention to read hard and take a good place, but it's gone to make an additional paving-stone for a certain city with broad approaches."

"H'm," said Morecambe, "my father made a great many murmurs when I got into debt. They were of so reasonable and convincing a sort that I never did it again. Perhaps it would have been better for you if yours had murmured too."

Isaac shook his head. "Anyhow, I feel a brute to vex him."

In this fit of remorse which had overtaken the young man, when, after a term spent chiefly between athletics and lounging, he found his name a very long way down in the class list, it was entirely of his father's disappointment that he thought. His gentle mother, tenderly though he loved her, had always so subordinated her wishes and happiness to that of his father that her son scarcely realised that she had any aspirations. His thought was, "If the Pater is vexed, how it will grieve the Mater." She was rather a cipher in his estimation. A sweet soft creature, that he had to subdue himself to pet and comfort, rather than a strong sustaining influence for good, a refuge in trouble to whom he could go for wise advice and loving counsel.

But the thought of his father was as coals of fire on his head. Memories of unvarying kindness and hearty affection, long suffering, and lavish generosity, which he had requited with selfish idleness and careless extravagance, rose up with torturing vividness.

"I am a brute to vex him," he said with a groan, "for he is the best of fathers."

\* \* \* \* \*

In a narrow, white-washed cell in one of our great convict prisons sat a gaol chaplain talking to a prisoner.

The latter was a young fellow of twenty, tall, well built, and with a singularly handsome high-bred face, marred though it was by the expression half of fear and half of cunning peculiar to the professional thief. He was doing his five years for participation in a daring burglary, and had served three, but in another prison, having had a remove into his present quarters.

The chaplain was a plump, portly person, with an edifying whine and an address so little calculated to reach the tender spots in desperate hearts that it was not surprising that, in the few interviews he had had with the newly-imported convict, he had not been favourably impressed by him.

He considered No. 146 to be a very hopeless case; the young man was hardened and desirous, and the good chaplain rather dreaded interviewing him, though feeling it a bounden duty he had determined to make an effort to soften him, and to bring him to a better state of mind.

"Tell me a little of your past history, my man," he said, in the most persuasive manner he could command. "Where were you born, and who was your father?"

"Lonnon," answered the convict sulkily, "never had no father as I am awears on."

"Your mother, then? You remember your mother?"

"Died when I was born," said the convict, laconically.

The chaplain looked in the handsome face, and surmised with a shudder that its patrician beauty might be but a brand of shame.

"Poor Ishmael!" he murmured to himself, "starving and thirsting in the desert while, perhaps, some child of promise revels in luxury."

Unfortunately, he was not the sort of man who could stretch out a strong hand of help to such as Ishmael, and show him a pathway through the wilderness.

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Two more years had passed over Isaac Olroyd's fortunate head. He had left college and had gone on a yachting tour round the world, and so it came to pass that on his twenty-first birthday, which was to have been kept with much pomp and rejoicing, he was thousands of miles away.

The festivities which were to have celebrated his coming of age were, consequently, postponed to glorify his home-coming, and the November days were murky, and the burnished leaves too thin to afford cover to the long-tails when, seated by his father's side in a high dog-cart, he re-entered the hospitable gates of Holmbury Park.

The grey-haired dame at the lodge dropped her most reverential curtsey as the bay mare swung through the gate without changing her pace, while her rosy-cheeked grand-children bobbed first and shrieked with pleasure afterwards as he tossed them a largesse.

"Welcome home, sir!" called the dame after him, and the children's shrill voices broke into a cheer.

Sir Stephen nodded pleasantly. His own heart was overflowing with joy at having his boy at home once more. He looked with pride at the bronzed, manly young fellow beside him,

who promised to support worthily the family name and family honours, and to fulfil all Sir Stephen's hopes and aspirations in spirit and letter. Next to his love for that son's mother his love for his son was the strongest passion of his soul. Nay, did he love the mother most? It would have been hard for him to say.

He felt that if he wished to keep up his English stoicism he must jest about something. Joy is more apt than sorrow to bring tears to a strong man's eyes.

A whirring pheasant cock striking across the green ride furnished the distraction.

"Old Hay is boasting that there are more birds in the coverts than you will knock over, young Shikarry," said Sir Stephen, "notwithstanding your feats in 'furrin' parts.' But I suppose you will think it tame work after tigers, eh?"

"Not a bit," answered Isaac, beaming. "I'm longing for a saunter through an honest English wood, where there are neither snakes nor leeches in the grass. Whew! There's another rocket! Hay didn't boast for nothing!"

"And as big as Norfolk birds," said Sir Stephen. He did not add that he had been sparing the covers and nursing his birds with jealous care for the two years his boy had been away that the youngster might have the pleasure of thinning them on his return. "If we have no snakes in the grass though, by George! we have poachers instead, and they are near akin it strikes me."

"What! Have Holmbury folks fallen away from their high morals then? I thought my dear old dad was too well liked for that."

"Oh! The Holmbury folks are all right. It's a London gang, regular pickpockets. Old Hay is furious, and, of course, the under-keepers are ready to commit murder straight away, like the hot-headed lads they are. I'm rather anxious. Of course, I should like to have the scamps caught, but I want no bloodshed for the sake of a few head of game."

By this time they had reached the house, and at the porch stood Dorothy, pale and graceful in her soft black laces, with orange red chrysanthemums, the colour of pomegranate flowers on her bosom, looking like a Spanish lady.

A moment more and her slender fingers were clasped in her son's strong hands.

"Welcome home, my big baby!" she said, with her dark eyes full of joyful tears, and laughing in each others eyes they walked quickly through the hall, where the servants were watching with faces beaming sympathy, into the privacy of the drawing-room where they fell into each other's arms.

"Ah!" cried Dorothy, "my boy! my treasure! I shall have you to myself for a while at last! You are really come home."

Little did she dream how soon she was to cry for sorrow instead of joy!

(To be continued.)

FABIAN SOCIETIES AND THEIR PUBLICATIONS.—The Fabian Society is doing much good work. It has branches in all important towns, and publishes many tracts, dealing—many of them—very sensibly with the questions arising from the conditions of our social life, conditions, many of them evil, but, by firm, steady, and peaceful means, removable. The tract before us now, *Wealthy and Poor*, treats of pauperism, gives statistics concerning it, and explains the Fabian idea of the causes producing it, and the remedy which suggests itself. These tracts should be read by those who are striving to discover the why of social undesirabilities.

## Ibsen's "Master Builder."

TO say that this play is by Ibsen is only to say that it is totally unlike every preconceived orthodox idea of the drama. It is, however, something more than that; it is Ibsen of Ibsen, more unexpected and puzzling to the ordinary expectation than any of the preceding plays. We can find a distinct story and plot in "The Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and the "Pillars of Society," though the *dénouements* may be unexpected, but here the plot is almost undecipherable, existing only in the development of character as worked on by circumstance and influence—external or internal. The story is becoming well known through the gifted interpretation of it which has been given lately at the Trafalgar-square Theatre. The scene is laid in respectable middle-class life in Norway, which would hardly be considered worth portraying in England, though it is probably really the most representative class of any, as it unites the education of the upper classes with the industry and practical experience of the lower.

The chief events may be thus briefly sketched. Solness, the master builder, and the hero of the play, is a depressed and miserable man, taking a morbid view of life, though he has been remarkably successful in his profession. He believes in some sort of occult influences round him, and that his desire to destroy his wife's ancestral home which was accidentally fulfilled, has brought a curse on him: first causing the death of his sons and afterwards the settled misery of his wife. He also believes that he has the power of causing events to happen if he wills them strongly enough. Combined with this belief in himself is a doubt of his own complete sanity; and a nervous fear of the younger generation, who he fears will oust him from his place, as he himself has ousted the last one. He therefore prevents his pupil Ragnar from advancing in the profession, or setting up for himself; and, with the view of stopping his departure, has used all possible influence over the girl Kaja, fiancée of Ragnar. She is completely fascinated by Solness, works for him in the office, and will not leave him. This keeps Ragnar in his power. It is uncertain whether this feeling of Kaja's is ordinary love, which might well be, as Solness is, though no longer young, a very attractive man, or a kind of hypnotic possession. In either case he is well aware of it, and resolved to use it to further his own interests. Meanwhile, Mrs. Solness wanders about the story, dreary, depressed, and intensely trying. Mr. Solness is a sensitive, morbid man, longing for brightness and happiness. Her chief wish is to do her duty, but her conception of duty is a small one. Though making a martyr of herself in little things she is incapable of rising to any true sacrifice, such as a real effort to put away her grief and so make her husband's life happier would have been. He believes her to be grieving for her dead sons, and feels great pity for her, though little pleasure in her society. However, we find that she really feels far more regret for the loss of her childhood's relics in the fire at her childhood's home, especially the nine dolls which she had secretly cherished, even after her marriage, than for the real sorrow of her children's deaths. This she can bear as being sent by God, but the smaller troubles are to her far more crushing. This is a wonderfully true touch; so many people we know are mourning for the dolls of some kind or other of their youth, and have never really outgrown

childish things, though the sympathy they receive is given for those real troubles which to them are so much easier to bear.

Into the middle of all this bursts Hilde— young, strong, fresh, and decided, like a fresh sea wind, or, as Solness says, the dawn of day. He is full of belief in his powers, and warms his cold and wearied soul with her firm clasp of fellowship. She demands the kingdom which he has promised her, half as a castle in the air, half as a concrete tower or palace which he must build, a high tower—the highest conceivable! He feels indeed that the young generation has knocked at the door and come in, but what life, strength, and happiness she has brought with her? Something, no doubt, of the ordinary attraction between man and woman there is, but many other feelings are mixed with it. Ambition, longing for development and self-realisation, the ideal and yearning for the impossible—discontent with the unsatisfying conditions of both their lives—all find a part in the feelings which unite them and carry them on more and more strongly to the culminating point, when, if he will realise himself and rise as high as his work has already done, she promises that the castle in the air shall be realised, and on a firm foundation. He climbs, though warned by his wife of the dangers arising from giddiness, reaches the top of the scaffolding of the tower he has built, fulfils Hilde's ideal, slips, and falls dead to the ground.

This play is intensely modern; it represents life as it is all round us, with the complicated motives and mixed feelings that occur so often, though the ordinary representations in the drama or in novels usually lag twenty or thirty years behind, and represent the feelings and difficulties of a past generation. In Ibsen, and especially in the "Master Builder," we find the questioning of all recognised institutions, even marriage, as necessary facts of life, the demand that everything shall stand on its own merits as useful or useless, which is so remarkable in the present day. Ibsen does not judge, he only lays open these questions, and leaves his audience to think out the questions for themselves.

Nothing can be more powerful than Mr. Waring and Miss Robins's interpretation of Solness and Hilde. His morbid delicacy of nature, nervous sensitiveness, and overstrained self-absorption is brought out with wonderful skill, and forms a contrast to Hilde's strength, vigour, and indifference to any considerations except her own determination. As she says, she has a robust conscience. Miss Robins' play of feature and vigorous action emphasise all these points and completely enthral the audience. One could hardly have hoped after her marked success in Hedda Gabler that she could have had the sympathetic intuition to interpret such a very different character; but she has succeeded, if possible, more completely than the last time a London audience had the pleasure of seeing her explain one of Ibsen's women.

[Does it not strike the writer of above that "a depressed and miserable man taking a morbid view of life" was as much bound to try to make *his wife's life* happy and comfortable, as a "dreary, depressed woman" was to act so to *her husband*? Also, was not her regret and sorrow for the vanished relics and dolls of her earlier years much on a par in its origin with *his* regret for his youth and strength manifesting itself in an unreasonable, morbid jealousy of the rising generation?—Ed.]

## Woman's Franchise and How to Get It.

## AN APPEAL TO WOMEN.

DEAR FELLOW-WOMEN,—You have been gradually working each other up to demand from men what you call "your rights," and thinking man very cruel and unjust that he has never given you your "rights." Has it never struck you that man has not the power to give you what you want? Whatever is your "right" is yours to take when you will, and no one on earth can "give" it to you, prevent your taking it, or take it away from you. But everything has its price. Emerson says: "If a man deserves a thing he has only to pay the price and take it." It is the same with women. If you desire what is your "right"—justice, equality, votes, or anything else—pay the price and take it. Man cannot give it to you for it is not his to give; it is "yours," and you must pay the price to the great God of the Laws of Nature, not to man.

You say you want equality with men—"be" their equal; the price you will have to pay will be your frivolity and unwillingness to stand alone. Can you call yourselves equal while you spend most of your thoughts on how "stylishly" you can dress—"style" being whatever fashion rules, regardless of health, comfort, and true beauty? Are you man's equal when you dare not stand against him, and for yourselves, in the question of social purity? You cry out for equal justice! Whose fault is it that it is *unequal*? Your own. You educate your boys to think themselves superior to their sisters, and then blame them for the result.

You bring up your daughters in the ignorance which you mistake for innocence, and then when bitter sorrow comes to them through that ignorance, you turn them out of doors, and scorn them for the rest of their lives, while you welcome to your homes and society men well known to be altogether impure. On whom rests this injustice? You bring up your daughters without any resource but dependence upon a husband, and then cry out that she is a slave. You will even marry her to a man you know is unclean, selling her for money, and then say that he is cruel. Boys are allowed to grow up utterly unable to control their desires, and girls in utter ignorance; and then laws have to be made protecting girls from the grown boys. Women! why do you allow this to be? How is it you cannot see that it is your own fault? You have the power of educating the children from the first moment of their conception. In your hands is the question of social purity—justice—equality—"everything" if you will only realise that it is so, and stop crying to man to "give you your rights"—they cannot, even if they wished to—stop clamouring, and, as the Americans say, "Git up and git." You are like the man in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" who would spend all his time raking together dust and straws, and would not look up to take the crown held just over his head.

If you want all these good things you must stand up and take them—they are ready and waiting. In America the white people say that the negroes are spoilt by freedom, as they do not understand, and will not undertake the responsibilities which go with freedom. Is it so with you? You were born as free and as equal as man, but you have let yourselves drift into

slavery, and now cry to man to lift you out. "He cannot"; you must lift yourselves, and the first thing you have to do is "yourselves" to equalise the unwritten law of social purity. Raise, teach, encourage, restore your fallen sisters, and refuse to receive and marry your daughters to men whom you know are impure. Then will you gain the deep respect of man, for then you can respect yourselves.

Oh, woman! do you not see that you are the Christs of the world, not men? On *your* shoulders will rest the government, and into *your* hands will all things be given when you have cleansed yourselves and made yourselves fit for it.

You have to do it; you must do it. The regeneration of the whole world is your work, and it must begin "in yourselves."

Awake! awake! cleanse yourselves, put off your follies, open your eyes to your true work and position, and there will be an end of this cry of the injustice and cruelty of man. The fault lies with you. Cease to accuse man; he can neither give nor keep. Search out sternly and correct your own faults and mistakes. "pay the full price," and then take your place in full equality.

## A LOVER OF JUSTICE

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[Writers are themselves responsible for what their letters may contain.]

## SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

DEAR MADAM,—Will you allow me to call attention in your paper to the insanitary conditions and the cruelty practised in private slaughter-houses? The animals are packed together in small sheds at the back of the butchers' shop; killed by youthful and unskilled hands within sight of each other, the blood from the dead running round the feet of the living, and with no proper gutter to carry away the refuse. Carcasses are too often hung up in the butcher's house in close proximity to crowded sleeping rooms.

I am glad to see that the Humanitarian League is sending a petition to the County Council, begging them to discontinue the use of private slaughter-houses and substitute public abattoirs. It would be well if women would write to the secretary, 87, Gloucester-road, N.W., for petition forms, and help on this good work by getting as many signatures as possible.

Faithfully yours,

E. F. CHESTER.

## HEREDITY THE INSTRUMENT OF REINCARNATION.

DEAR MADAM,—In your issue of February 25th there is an article headed "Heredity versus Theosophy," which for its grievous perversion of the theosophical doctrines calls for a definite reply. The writer ("Jao'n") says: "Each individuality is the outcome of many progenitors, and the disposition and mental powers are as distinctly inherited as the features of the face; therefore, unless exactly the same set of ancestors, with identical environments, were produced over again it would be an impossibility for the same individual to be born more than once upon this earth." Without troubling to point out to "Jao'n" how his premiss admits of controversy, I would criticise his conclusion in that it completely sets on one side all ideas

of progression, and implies that, in reincarnating, man would appear upon this earth to repeat the same dreary life without variation *ad nauseam*. No wonder "Jao'n" does not believe in reincarnation, for he ignores its very *raison d'être*, viz., the ego's demand for a longer period than three score years and ten in which to learn the conditions of all forms from the lowest to the highest. Given an informing principle, heredity alone does not help us at all, for it deals merely with the thing that the principle informs. An undying ego makes use of heredity as a means whereby it comes again and again into conditions more and more complex, and fitted for a fuller expression of itself. To embrace the theory of reincarnation does not involve a denial of that of heredity. "The sins of the parents are visited upon the children." Certainly. That "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," may be true enough, but it gives a broader view to postulate a higher overruling law, by means of which certain egos are born under certain parents, so as to inherit the conditions they need for their further development.

It is admitted that the argument derived from fitting glimpses of a hypothetical past is weak, but the theory of reincarnation is taxed neither on the one hand by the hazy reminiscences of dreamers, nor on the other by the limitation of our memory to the affairs of this present life. It may be that—

"Some draught of Lethe might await  
The shipping thro' from State to State,"

and the draught may drug some memories less than others, but theosophists are not so altogether abandoned as to ignore all the other explanations of those things which are thought by the childish and superstitious to point to a previous existence. No deeper insult could be hurled at theosophy than to say that it locates the stronghold of one of its doctrines in such an airy *chateau d'Espagne* as that built up of dreams and glimpses, and such flimsy material. To say that because anyone has a fitting remembrance of something done before somewhere, or something seen, therefore he must have seen or done the thing in a previous life is utterly absurd. "Jao'n" has taken one of the fanciful leaves, or maybe a cobweb, from the tree, and laying it down as the root, has proceeded with great swelling words to demonstrate in a popular style that it is impossible for any tree to hold by such a root. To quote again from the article: "Theosophy, based on fancy, melts away 'as the baseless fabric of a vision.'" I have pointed out that reincarnation should not be based on any such fancy as that fabricated by "Jao'n" as the "sole argument" for its support. Its principal support is found in the argument that it offers a broader field with more reasonable conditions for the solution of the questions: What am I? Whence do I come? Whither do I go?—than the philosophy of orthodox Christianity.

To speak of "the futility of the same spirit being reincarnated" is practically to assert one's ignorance either of the meaning of reincarnation or of things in general, if not both. To cull another sentence: "It is by memory that we retain knowledge, and by experience that we learn to utilise it; of what use, then, would it be to acquire knowledge and gain experience during one's life if all memory of it is annihilated in a succeeding stage of existence?" This would be a sensible question if it were the personality which reincarnated; but it is not. The mistake arises from looking upon the incarnation and manifestation of the

ego as the ego itself. The ego is in itself unchanging, but its personalities are many and various, and may be compared to the manifested footfalls of the ego in its onward march through the ages from the infinitesimally small to the infinitely great—from the origin of time and space to their endless end. Plato, in his proof (in the *Phaedo*) of the pre-existence of the soul meant what theosophists mean when they claim that the ego is exempt from the limitations of time and space. The only reminiscence of a former state, or a state out of time altogether that is worth considering is that which Socrates deduces from our innate knowledge of "abstract standards."

I will notice one more point only. The words: "it would be terrible to believe that they would revisit this world in another body," show plainly that there are many in the present day who bear out the truth of Pascal's saying: "Men do not believe what is true, but what they wish to be true." I do not see how the truth is to be trimmed to suit "Jao'n's" sensibility. The subject under discussion, viz., Reincarnation, owes what adherence it has from theosophists more to its reasonableness than its sweetness. If there be a "sweet-reasonableness" at the core of things, surely it will be found by tuning ourselves to what is true, however terrible it may appear to our superficial vision.—I am, &c.,

REGINALD HODDER, F.T.S.

## MISLEADING THE PUBLIC.

MADAM,—The Victoria-street Society is so constantly in receipt of inquiries as to the real truth regarding the use of anaesthetics in experiments upon living animals, that perhaps you will allow me to supply to the public, through your columns, such facts as are at our disposal, and which, I may remark, are taken from the official report prepared by the Government inspector, and issued through the Home Office in the early summer of every year. These inquiries have no doubt arisen from the controversy which raged last October and November, and in the course of which Professor Victor Horsley led the attack for the vivisectors. Mr. Horsley was very particular on the point of anaesthetics, for he said, in his paper at the Church Congress, that in these vivisectional experiments "the animal is usually anaesthetised." A casual reader would be satisfied from this that Mr. Horsley and his fellow-vivisectors rarely, if ever, performed an experiment on an animal without first using an anaesthetic.\* But Mr. Horsley is not so particular about anaesthetics when he is not addressing the Church Congress, as will be seen from the following facts, gleaned from the official report of the inspector under the Act, and presented to Parliament.

In 1888 Mr. Horsley held no less than six certificates. Two were "special for experiments without anaesthetics"; two were for "dispensing with the obligation to kill the animal before recovering from the anaesthesia."

In 1889 Mr. Horsley held five certificates. Two of these were "special for experiments without anaesthetics"; two were for "dispensing with the obligation," &c.

In 1890 Mr. Horsley held five certificates. Three were "special for experiments without anaesthetics"; one was for "dispensing with the obligation to kill," &c. The inspector also returns him as having performed a total of seventy-eight experiments, but he does not know this of his own knowledge. They are

\* Chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide.

Mr. Horsley's own figures, so that we may take it that the number is by no means exaggerated. Fifteen of these were performed without anaesthetics, and in thirty cases the animals were not killed before coming to.

In 1891 Mr. Horsley again held five certificates. Three were "special, for experiments without anaesthetics," one for "dispensing with the obligation to kill," &c. He performed thirty experiments.

There is another point. An anaesthetic may be used before the commencement of an experiment, but, where animals are kept alive for months, the public will readily understand that they are sensible to suffering during the whole of that period. We could give some harrowing cases if space permitted. As Dr. George Hoggan has said in the *Spectator*, so uncertain are anaesthetics in their action upon the lower animal that complete and conscientious anaesthesia is seldom, if ever, attempted, the animal getting at most a slight whiff of chloroform. The effect only endures for a minute or two, and during the rest of the operation, perhaps for hours, the animal must bear its torture as best it may.

During 1891 (the last official return made) 2,661 experiments were performed by licensed vivisectors. Of these, more than half—1,363—were carried out without the use of anaesthetics. This is not a statement on my personal authority; it is the statement of the Government inspector, based on the returns supplied by the vivisectors themselves. What then, in the face of these facts, becomes of Mr. Horsley's statement that experiments are carried out mainly under anaesthetics. It was a gross attempt to mislead the Congress. Mr. Horsley was indignant with Miss Cobbe because her compiler of the "Nine Circles" omitted to state in some of the experiments recorded that anaesthetics were used. The public will be curious to know the why and wherefore of this indignation, seeing that Mr. Horsley is so indifferent to the animal's sufferings that he only takes out certificates which enable him to dispense with the use of anaesthetics. The indignation was carefully simulated in order to draw public attention away from the real point at issue—the immorality, cruelty, and uselessness of experiments upon living animals.

Yours faithfully,  
SIDNEY G. TRIST,  
Assistant Secretary.

#### LOVE AND LABOUR

DEAR MADAM,—A copy or two of SHAFTS having reached me (which I hope to make good use of), I venture to take this, my earliest opportunity, of expressing my gratification in finding at last for the comrades of the other sex a journal devoted to what is, after all, the axis whence all ethics, all economics, must eventually turn, viz., the equal rights of all, irrespective of sex or class.

Our women are absolute slaves. Our men have well-nigh obliterated their manhood, and in their degradation they have dragged down the physically weaker but morally stronger sex. It is as if each puppet Richard had, in the vortex of his vitiated wrath, exclaimed:

"Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,  
I that have neither pity, love, nor fear."

With the effects of our practical efforts to turn back the universe—to promote happiness and perfection of character by creating misery and scientific selfishness—you are, with many readers of SHAFTS, only too familiar. Our

practical nation (not to speak of others) is in a state of political, economic, social, and religious chaos. Our lives present a maximum of misery, with a minimum of happiness, and truly, either as individuals or as a nation, "there is no health in us." In our efforts to improve Nature we have deformed humanity, and the depth of our degradation is the exact measure of our deviation from "the broad and better ways" of justice, equality, comradeship, summed up in that syllable which shall yet govern our world—Love.

Already, as if "out of the eater was to come forth meat, and out of the strong was to come forth sweetness," our Independent Labour Party has taken shape, and is steadily and surely moving itself aright. It has, indeed, been well named the Army of Justice (too long, alas! it seemed the Army of Despair), and as truly as it overcometh pessimism, fatalism, and everything, that insults the soul, so truly shall it succeed, and, not only realise its ideal, but enjoy the possession no less than the pursuit thereof. Meanwhile the Army of Labour are dependent on a mere stage army for their right to work, to live. But the Army of Labour have the political power to rectify this *whenever they like*. Our women have not that power, but it cannot now be denied them.

The degradation of man involves the degradation of woman, just as the degradation of woman involves the degradation of man. Man shall not be free until woman is free. Therefore the emancipation of woman must come side by side with the emancipation of man. As truly as woman co-operates with man for the upheaval of a system founded on greed, hatred, and distrust of God, Humanity, and Reason, so truly does she accelerate her own emancipation.

Believing, as I do, that everything is topsy-turvy, I commit myself with heart and soul to the new world's Gospel, and have no higher desire than to yield what energy I possess to the service of this the noblest cause—even if it should prove the fiercest feud—that ever called for the devotion of brave women and true men.

Believe me, dear Madam,  
Faithfully yours,  
GEO. MURRAY.

#### THE HEIGHT TO WHICH WE SHALL RISE.

DEAR MADAM,—Mr. Dalton has entirely mistaken the meaning of my letter. There was nothing whatever in it which assumed ignorance of the well-known physiological facts he alludes to; but notwithstanding these, woman exercises the maternal and man the paternal functions. Theosophy is not a "nineteenth century" product; but, on the contrary, the origin and basis of all religions, and is, in fact, as old as the human race. Occult study shows that the *seventh* principle is sexless, being absolutely pure spirit. This does not exclude the idea that duality (not the present differentiation into separate sexes) is the perfect condition of humanity, or that the "angels," the hierarchies, the Elohim, are also androgynous. There is also a condition of Pure Spirit in Deity, although this has the power of changing into dual manifestations, which then become, as Mr. Dalton observes, the cause and effect of the universe. The condition to which I referred is so perfect a fusion of the *potencies* of the feminine and masculine, that it must be described as sexless, while possessing a power which the word "neuter" would altogether fail to convey.

While thus replying to Mr. Dalton, let me say to him, and also to Marie-Joseph, that the idea of the Divine Feminine is undoubtedly based on truth, and would be of great service to the Christian world, which has too long worshipped a masculine God, derived, no doubt, from the Hebrew Jehovah, which degenerated into a tribal god, masculine, combative, and wrathful. The Church has never got rid of it.

"H." is quite right in saying that the active, and not the passive condition, if unwilling, is that which entails moral responsibility in act. It is also true that physical degradation may not produce moral degradation. Take the case of the violation of an innocent girl. The man alone is the criminal. Yet it is impossible to refrain from asking the question, why should the "higher" human being receive such treatment at the hands of another, and be subjected to a condition so vile? Such were the points I had in view. They cannot be explained by surface theories. I certainly should be among the last to underrate the powers and forces of sex, which surely every occultist knows to be immense, the physical forces being capable of being transmuted into vast psychic agencies. But in sex-abuse with which the world has been filled, even to reducing man to the condition of being the most diseased creature on the globe, it is impossible to deny that woman has been an especial sufferer. I have known women to produce a dozen children and die from the effects of the incessant child-birth, while the men within a year married again. Until we entertain new views as to the relations between the sexes, and recognise that maternity is a sacred responsibility to which masculine desires must be subordinated, we shall not free woman from the worst and most fatal aspect of her oppression.

In urging women not to be led away by what she describes as "vague and misleading theories," "H." forgets that *ideas* are the sources of action, and that the external is only representative of the internal condition. The "next step" surely is to replace the present erroneous ideas with regard to sex with others better and higher, and strike at the roots of the refusal to give woman the status of a human being. Were men more enlightened would they refuse to extend the franchise to woman, to give her her share in national government, and in the moral and religious education of the people? Certainly not. Self-knowledge, self-conquest, the spirit of true love, the origin and right use of physical sex, the dual powers it represents on higher planes, the futility of the oppression of one sex by the other through the law of reincarnation—all of which are taught by theosophical principles, are surely, therefore, invaluable to the woman's cause.

I should add that I still think it unjust to blame men alone for the sufferings of women, and I also think that men are capable—though only the few reach it—of a high degree of spirituality. The selfishness and the blindness of the ego has produced these sufferings, and, as I pointed out before, the result in the reaction of woman becomes the very source of an evolutionary force towards higher conditions.

I am unable to reply here to the various erroneous conceptions in the article, entitled "Heredity versus Theosophy," since it requires a special answer, but shall be glad to do so on the first available opportunity, unless a reply appears—as I hope it may—from one who has specially studied the points in question.

OBSERVER.

#### "HEREDITY VERSUS THEOSOLOGY."

MADAM.—Since you invite discussion I will venture on a few words. Passing over the assertions of your correspondent "Jao'n" that the "solitary argument in support of it" (that is of reincarnation as an explanation of some phenomena attributed to heredity) is "a shadowy memory. . . ." with the remark that it is absurdly inaccurate; seeing that in E. D. Walker's book on Reincarnation, out of 325 pages, scarcely one or two are devoted to this "shadowy memory." Passing over the gratuitous nature of the assumption that "nothing whatever of its [the spirit's] previous experience remains," which is not theosophical teaching, and passing over the confusion of thought that seeks to derive all the human powers and faculties—consciousness, self-consciousness, imagination, desire, affection, intellect, the moral sense, and so on—from a single material germ cell aggregating to itself other like cells, and yet clings to a "personal immortality" after the disruption and dispersion of these cells, which, *ex hypothesi*, are all of the man, I will proceed to the gist of the matter.

"Heredity," it is said, "makes no claim upon our credulity." Let us see. A germ grows by the apposition or intersusception of surrounding matter which has no relation to the male parent, and, after the period of gestation, no relation to the female parent. So that the first germ must be the source of all the phenomena of heredity—if what is said of heredity be true. But this is not all; every particle in the body is changed many times in the course of an ordinary lifetime, and the germ that is no longer there, and when it was there cannot be shown to have been more than an aggregation of a few cells devoid of sense, character, mind, emotion, reason, yet rules, it is asserted, the physical, emotional, mental, moral, and, if you will admit it, spiritual being. I confess I am not "credulous" enough to believe that!

But even this is not all. The germ does not reproduce the character of the parents at the time it was separated, but reproduces their characteristics it may be in youth or in age, and it reproduces characteristics in addition that neither parent possessed. Whence did these come? Even now we are not at an end, for this astounding miracle-worker will miss over the character of parents and grandparents, and develop the qualities of a remote ancestor, and will not carry on the seeds of genius from parents to child.

Now, this faintly organised group of protoplasmic cells which, nevertheless, seems to be as a god, knowing good and evil, and all the arts and sciences to boot is thought of as pure matter! This is the climax! For if we once admit the existence of soul or spirit it is impossible to resist the theosophic contention that it is this spirit and soul which is the real human being, that it is the source and repository of all the higher faculties; that it is the informing agent and guiding principle; and that it makes use of the stores of matter, and the forces of nature, and the laws of organic evolution to provide itself with a body and suitable organs whereby it may come into relation with the physical plane, and there garner that experience which is necessary for its spiritual training and progression.

Yours truly,  
J.C.S., F.T.S.

DEAR MADAM,—The above title is a misnomer, for theosophy is not opposed to heredity, nor does theosophy put forward any theory that

is opposed to heredity—that is, if heredity be taken to mean that *some* of the qualities of children are derived from their parents. If, however, heredity be taken to mean that *all* the qualities and faculties of children are derived from the parents, then theosophy certainly does disagree. Theosophists might reason *a posteriori* that this latter view of heredity does not suffice to account for all the facts of transmission of qualities; that children are often born with marked idiosyncrasies not traceable to any of their ancestors. But theosophists have no occasion to rely upon an *a posteriori* proof, when they have their own independent teachings—those of the "Esoteric Philosophy"—as to the constitution and destiny of man, which will furnish an *a priori* ground for their views as to transmission. Now, what are these teachings? In brief they are as follows:—The *raison d'être* of the career of mankind is to effect a union between the spiritual, or divine, and the material, by which a perfect type of man will be gradually produced, who will combine in his own nature the powers and attributes both of the spiritual and of the material worlds. The primordial man is a spiritual being, and in order to complete his nature he has to undergo a long series of incarnations in human organisms, during which he gradually assimilates the properties of the material world and obtains control over the forces of physical nature. The physical organism is supplied by nature, and the primordial man before spoken of, which is what we call the *Ego* or *Manas*, gradually unites itself with this physical organism. The process requires many incarnations, for at first the *ego* is only able to manifest a very little of its power in the physical organism, and man differs but little from a highly-developed animal. As time goes on, however, the *ego* succeeds in manifesting itself more strongly, and we get the complex human mind as it is to-day, in which the spiritual aspirations of the *ego* are strangely intermingled with the carnal promptings of the animal organism. In process of time the *ego* will awaken to full self-consciousness in man, and the man will reach his original state of spiritual knowledge and bliss—*plus* a complete knowledge of a power over the lower planes of nature, the attainment of which was the object of his incarnations. That is the teaching of the Esoteric philosophy shortly put, and if the incompleteness of my exposition has left many points vague and undefined, they can be amplified and supported from the written explanations of Theosophy. Now for its bearing upon heredity. The *ego* being about to incarnate, seeks a matrix in which the temperamental, emotional, mental, and physical conditions are suited to its present requirements, and incarnates in the child that is being formed in that matrix. The mental, emotional, and other qualities of the child will, of course, be derived from its parents, and if the *ego* is in an early stage of its career and is as yet but very little manifested, the child when grown to maturity may exhibit little or no characteristics other than the hereditary ones. But if the *ego* has attained to considerable power, the offspring may exhibit idiosyncrasies not traceable to heredity, and these latter are those peculiar to the *ego* itself.

With respect to the objection that the experiences gained by the *ego* are useless because lost, I deny that they are lost. We come into the world with certain proclivities towards action and certain instincts towards avoiding particular actions.

For instance, some people never drink, although born in the midst of alcohol drinkers.

This is the result of past experience. The fact that most of us do not remember our past incarnations only shews that our consciousness is still located in our perishable personality, the ego, of which we shall later become conscious, remembers its incarnations, and it is the essential human being.

I am, &c.,  
H. T. EDGE, B.A., F.T.S.

#### Franchise League Meetings and Others.

THE BARONESS DE PALLANDT, well known for her devotion to the higher interests of women, is giving a series of very charming "At Homes" at her house in Bryanston-street, on Friday evenings in February and March. Subjects of vital importance to women are discussed. At the last two meetings papers on Woman's Franchise and the Divorce Laws were read.

Mr. Arnold, a veteran in the woman's cause, remarked upon the immense improvement in the position of women during the last thirty years. We had really heard the last of the old "Rib Theory." He thought the great principles once fought for with so much zeal and energy were in danger of being changed into a question of policy by the men of to-day. It was more important to raise the whole status of woman than to give the vote to a small number of unmarried women and widows. Any bill which does not include married women is degrading and should be avoided.

Dr. Alice Vickery said that men would come to think the Married Women's Property Act a disgrace to the Statute-book; it would show with what injustice and cruelty men had treated women. Even if married women were not included in the Franchise, it would be better to accept it. Women who had the vote would not rest until their married sisters were enfranchised.

Mrs. Jacob Bright said although spinsters had had the vote for the last twenty years, they had not troubled themselves about married women. The vote should be given to all who pay rates and taxes and have houses; marriage and set should be no qualification.

Major Sargent thought it unfair to accuse men of wilful injustice to women. But force was once universal, and the subjection of woman was the natural result. As civilisation advanced brain power replaced brute force. Woman has proved herself fully man's equal in intellect, and her complete emancipation must surely follow. Politicians recognise this fact, but they are apt to sacrifice principle to policy, and to ask whether it is expedient to give women the Franchise rather than if it is just to do so.

Mrs. Corbett, Mr. Bryce, M.P., and others joined in the discussion.

At a meeting under the auspices of the Band of Mercy, held recently at Romsey, in Hampshire, one of the speakers (Colonel Lisle Coulson) a sportsman and large landed proprietor in the North, delivered himself of some remarks which are typical of the feelings entertained by many of the men of the present day towards the would-be fast and manly woman of the period. He said: "Of all the detestable forms of gambling, that of greyhound coursing was the worst. The odds against the chased were too great—there was really nothing good in chasing a creature that could not defend itself, and that when women

and young girls joined in pastimes that were so cruel and cowardly, it cast a painful reflection on their character. We had every right to expect from women a larger amount of tenderness and pity than from men; but when they indulged in cruel recreations they forfeited their right to respect.

"We had all progressed in civilisation, but our progression was too slow, considering our advantages; we needed more pity, more thought, more sympathy in our natures, and we needed to get out of the way of thinking that there was anything grand or brave in bullying a timid, defenceless animal under the name of 'sport.'" J. H. S.

## Politics: What They Can and Cannot Do.

MRS. BESANT, who has just recently returned from her lecturing tour in America, from which country she brings back many pleasant impressions of the social status of the people, gave a most interesting lecture at the National Liberal Club on Tuesday, the 7th inst., on "What Politics Can Do and What they Cannot do."

Before entering fully upon the purely political aspect of her subject, Mrs. Besant wished it to be clearly understood that her views of political and social order were based upon her convictions as a theosophist, and to enable her hearers the more clearly to understand the spirit in which she dealt with social problems the speaker briefly postulated the principal tenets of theosophy—reincarnation, or the rebirth time after time of the soul upon this planet, and karma, the controlling law which governs the conditions under which these rebirths take place. Mrs. Besant next defined political action to be "all concerted action which has behind it an authority which is compulsory over the district with which it is dealing." It was thus opposed to voluntary association, which also may be concerted action, but lacked the power of enforcing compliance to its desires. All action, the speaker asserted, followed a certain sequence; first, the mental action, or thought, which to her was a living and moulding force, the starting-point of all progress or retrogression; second, the passage of thought from the purely mental plane into that intermediate between thought and action, when it began to influence the minds of others, and is what is commonly described as in the air; third and last, the act or final crystallisation of the thought. This sequence was invariable. Politics dealt with the last of these stages—actions or the outward forms of thought. In dealing with these, political action was all potent. It could change them at will; transform a republic into a monarchy or a monarchy into a republic; but it could not give them stability or vitality; that depended upon the natural genius of a people or the sum of its experience in the past. And though political action might change the social order in which we live, it is a question whether it does more than change the outer surface, and whether something more than this is not wanted. Slums might be swept away by political action at once, but so long as there exists in one brain the desire to take from another more than is given in fair exchange, so long as there exists the desire to gain at another's loss, so long will slums continue, for it is this desire to live upon each other rather than to help each other that lies at the root of the slum.

## ANSWERS TO LEGAL QUESTIONS AFFECTING WOMEN.

A "Legal Column" will for the future be devoted to answering brief questions upon "Women's Law." Correspondents desirous of information upon subjects in which there is a liability to litigation, or in which legal proceedings are pending, should write a clear statement of their case on one or more sheets of foolscap (written on one side only with a broad margin), and enclose it in a letter to the Editor with the proper postage stamps affixed and the words "Legal Editor" on the left-hand corner. It will be forwarded and the answer will appear in an early issue.

The subjects should relate to Legal Questions as affecting the rights and liabilities of Women in respect to Marriage Settlements, Interests under Wills, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, Hiring Agreements, Bankruptcy, Creditor and Debtor, Landlord and Tenant, Matrimonial or Divorce Law, Liabilities on Shares of Joint Stock Companies, Contracts with Servants, etc., Money in Chancery, or unclaimed Dividends in the Bank of England.

FIAT JUSTITIA.—If no arrangement was made with the editor of the proposed journal for either payment or return of the drawing then you ought to send in your account and request payment. If you do so it will probably elicit a response from the editor either to the effect that as the journal was not published at the time anticipated the drawing was not required or used, and, if it has been preserved, you will probably be asked if you would like it returned. If it has been lost or mislaid you should offer to make a reduction on the price. If payment is refused enter the case in the county-court, by leave of the Registrar, and you will recover the value you place upon the work, because, having prepared the drawing at the request of the editor, this carries with it an implied promise of payment.

"SEQUAH, LIMITED."—If "Letitia," to whom I replied on February 18th, will obtain a copy of *The Chemist and Druggist*, of March 8th, she will find full confirmation of my views of the state of this company in the report of an application for an injunction to restrain the defendant from using trade marks on March 3rd (Sequah, Limited, v. Bailey), which motion Mr. Justice Kekewich dismissed with strong remarks. The affidavits filed showed that in less than three years Sequah's capital of £300,000 was lost, and it was necessary to write off £150,000 while the shares were at 80 per cent. discount. The report of the trial will satisfy "Letitia" of the proper method to adopt respecting her shares.

ALTERATION OF MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.—The lady who writes me, without name or address, to inquire if her "marriage settlement" can be altered, is scarcely as explicit as I should like. She says that at her own marriage her mother placed certain money in settlement for the benefit of the issue, which, as I understand, would follow the usual course—viz., the interest be payable to the trustees of the settlement during the life of the husband and wife, and at the death of the survivor be divisible amongst the grandchildren or grandchild. This is the ordinary practice. It appears, however, that the grandmother, who placed the money in settlement, has only just learnt that for, say, twenty years, at least, the money was placed upon different trusts to those she originally intended. There is a granddaughter who is anxious to marry without the consent of the mother, but with the assent of the father, who is aiding and abetting her against her mother. The latter and the grandmother now discover for the first time that, according to the "trusts" of her parents' settlement, at the settler's death the granddaughter will take her grandmother's money absolutely. My correspondent does not say whether this young lady is an only child, or who are the trustees to the settlement, or how the funds are invested. Nor does she explain why the father and daughter take sides against the mother. I presume the "settlement" is drawn in the way suggested, and it is most probably the result of a mistake. Anyway, if the grandmother and the mother, being the "settler" and the first *beneficiaries*, unite in making a strong affidavit that

the facts have only just come to their knowledge, and the settler will swear distinctly that it was contrary to the direct instructions given to the solicitor who prepared the deed, it is very probable that a judge of the Chancery Division will order a rectification of the trust. It is only reasonable that the granddaughter should be deferred until after the death of her mother. The judge will be guided to a great extent by what is for the benefit of the child. If he does not alter the trust he may order that the fund be "settled" upon the young lady at the death of her grandmother. As a general rule the wishes of the father are taken in money matters, but in a case of this kind, where a mistake has really been made, substantial justice will be done by an equity judge. There are many particulars required to be given in matters of this kind to enable a correct opinion to be formed, but I apprehend the principal point will be to satisfy the judge that the mother is anxious, while preserving her own rights, to benefit her daughter, and that she has not delayed in seeking her legal remedy—for the law seldom gives relief to a litigant who slumbers on her wrongs.

DISTRESSED MOTHER.—You can maintain an action for "loss of services" in your own name, whether your daughter assents or not, and upon proof of the facts disclosed can recover substantial damages. To succeed in a case of breach of promise you must be in a position to prove that a "promise" has been made and broken. The promise may be either a written or verbal one, but it must be capable of being proved in court, and should be confirmed in some material part.

JUDGMENT DEBTOR.—A married woman never need be troubled about a judgment debt. Unless she has "separate estate" she is free from personal liability, provided she takes the proper remedy and pleads "coverture." Whenever a wife is sued by a tradesman jointly with her husband she should put on the file of the court this special defence seven days before the trial:—

"The defendant A. B. says she is the wife of C. D. and was married at ..... on the ..... day of ..... 189...., and is without 'separate estate.' If she attends court and produces her marriage certificate no order can be made against her.

## OFFICIAL REGULATIONS.

All copy sent to this Office must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only. Persons desirous of remuneration for MSS. must make previous arrangement in writing to that effect. Such arrangement cannot be made after the article is in print. No copy will be returned to senders unless stamped cover be enclosed for the purpose.

All tales, articles, &c., must have the name and address of the sender on the back of MSS. (not necessarily for publication,); also the title of such article, &c. Poetry, or short articles introducing any speciality of the writer, or reports of meetings, notices, &c., will not be paid for.

In writing articles, tales, &c., the use of the masculine noun and pronoun must be avoided save only when that sex is to be denoted. The plural, which signifies either, may be used, but if singular, pronouns and nouns of sex must refer to the sex alone, not to the race, which is of both sexes.

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