

SHAFTS:

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

No. 6. VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1893.

PRICE 3D.

FROM THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR READERS,—Pain and pleasure combine in writing this sometime promised letter; pain that it should still be so necessary to write it; pleasure from the certainty I cherish so closely, the certainty so dear to me—which gives me so much courage and strength—the certainty that so many of you are in such close and deep sympathy with me.

It is the experience of all workers for public good that the time comes when many who seemed full of earnest desire to help, to walk the lines with us; to give us of what they possess; to aid and bless our efforts—fall off. I am glad and proud to be able here to say, that of those on whom I depended, I have not lost one. Unhappily, none of these are of the wealthy ones, and can therefore help only with sympathy and kindness, but such help is invaluable to an Editor; more so, I often think, than to any other worker. Perhaps that only proves how invaluable it has been to me. Many times I should have found my anxieties too hard, had it not been for the loving, helpful letters I have received. Some of them I have published in this issue, and others now and then in other issues, in gratitude to the writers, and in hopes that they might inspire others as they have inspired me. I have been asked and advised several times, to lay the position of the paper before my readers, but delayed, being desirous to reach its first anniversary, and note SHAFTS' birthday by this statement. I have been hoping that, could I reach that day, it might not be necessary to ask for help from my kind readers. Such a consummation would give me great gladness; indeed, so far as my life's experience has gone, I know of nothing which would afford me such exquisite joy. For SHAFTS is the outgoing of my vital breath; the result of the anxious yearning of my inmost spirit; the manifestation of my deep desire to serve the cause of women; helping, if even a little, to bring to the front of this great warfare now being waged against evil, this potent force which is to slay the slayer.

The great movement among women is stirring the world, compelling attention to its claims, and to the sound of its steadfast feet, marching on a journey from which there will be no turning back, and no loitering by the way. Such a movement needs its organ, and SHAFTS humbly claims to be such an organ, and on advanced lines. Women ought to support, and can support, a paper such as is required;

yea, more than one paper, if they determine to do so, though they are not yet emancipated from the crushing, demoralising influence of financial dependence.

The establishment of a paper, which is truly a woman's paper, truly in all things, and on all lines progressive, is a need of the present time; a great need!

Women, whether poor or rich, ought to support such a paper; from those who find it hard to save the monthly threepence, to those who could give all SHAFTS requires, without personal discomfort of any sort. Am I too bold in asking my readers' help? I must be bold to save SHAFTS, and SHAFTS MUST NOT DIE.

Message after message reaches me, messages most kind and true, with these words: SHAFTS *must not die*, so that they run ever through my daily thoughts, side by side with all my anxious depressions; help me to "hold up the flag," and will enable me to hold it up "till the day is done." Had I foreseen the possibility of what befell, namely, that the help so kindly meant to be given, was not possible to continue, I should not have had courage to start this paper at present. But, having started it, I now give all I possess to the glad labour of keeping it alive. This letter is written in response to the desires of many who wish to help. Most of these possess not the *Almighty Dollar*, and they ask how they may assist. Therefore I lay before them and all my readers the situation as it stands. I can keep SHAFTS going no longer without help. Will women help me, or will they be willing to see it die? It is as yet only the promise of what it is meant to be if I am enabled to carry it on. In this struggling life, full of aspirations and desires, through which, and by which we climb to heights ever rising, ever stretching before us, all should join in the work to be done. Talent, health, genius, power, wealth, all should combine, each supplying what the other lacketh, so that each may equally rejoice over the great progress made. Some day we shall witness the complete structure; then where shall be the glad shouts of those who have taken no part in the toil and self-denial?

I want at present to collect—from the free gift of those who are generous, those who earnestly desire the paper to go on doing its work, and all who will and can help—the sum of £500. This, with what now comes in, will enable me to keep SHAFTS before the public for two years, managing it on the strictly economic principles I do. At the expiration of that time, if I am justified in judging from the very promising state of the circulation, its steady increase,

&c., SHAFTS will be self-supporting. It is very unlikely it will then die; but, even so, it will have done a part, and not a little one, towards the beneficent changes all these efforts are bringing about. Personally I see, under these circumstances, with the realisation of this proposed help, no fear of the demise of the journal. I ask my readers to enable me to carry SHAFTS over the next two years, to its third birthday, November, 1895. I ask it earnestly and without hesitation, believing, as I do, in the high purpose of those women who work for woman's freedom; many of whom are among my readers and personal friends. I ask it because I feel confident that SHAFTS has its work to do; because I am convinced that to stop the circulation now, as its work has just begun, would be a serious mistake, and a cruel wrong; because so deep is my sense of its need, "that necessity is upon me." I *must not* give up the struggle till I have won success, or till all hope is over. I do not mean all hope to be over, I mean to bring SHAFTS safely through these troublous times, hard though the task may be. I mean it to be, eventually, a paper carrying glad news to woman everywhere, the glad news of the great joy coming to her in the years when she shall be free; when having realised that "there is no cruelty on all this cruel earth half so terrible as the tyranny of sex," she shall have conquered this tyranny, and from a new standpoint, shall have set forth to gain her noble goal. "Then shall a nobler race have birth," and parents shall aim first and foremost to make their children noble, with a nobility no patent can bestow. Much that is grand and to be desired lies before us, but it must be toiled for. Towards this time of freedom and ceaseless aspiration, SHAFTS means to help. But, alas! naught can be done without "the sinews of war," therefore, the sinews must be obtained. I have waited and watched, hoping to receive some sufficient answer to my numerous appeals. Many know the anxious weariness, the suffering of "hope deferred," also the joy of hope realised, which comes to those who wait.

When I made my first appeals I wanted £700. Since that time I have received £130—in sums varying from £30, £20, £10, £5, to a few shillings. Subjoined to this letter is a list of the names of those who have so kindly helped. The plan I propose would enable me to issue SHAFTS for two more years for £500—added to what I already receive from the subscribers, and from the outer circulation. I have written, dear friends, plainly and simply, as a friend to friends. As I have written, I trust you will also receive from heart to heart, helping if

you can in money; helping certainly, with that powerful aid, sympathy. All kinds of help will be most precious to me.

I shall want in money, at the rate of £21 monthly; and it would greatly help me to know, and to know soon, if such help will be forthcoming. The paper loses through the harrassing nature of the anxieties of its Editor, and a woman's paper ought to have the best and freshest of energies concentrated on its editing, in making it the very best possible.

In order to enable me to carry on the work for the sum named, I am about to move from the pleasant, airy rooms I now occupy to one room in the stair below; also to make SHAFTS, for a time, smaller by one sheet. These retrenchments will be an additional assistance until difficulties have been surmounted and the day of triumph has dawned.

I also ask my readers to help by writing letters to the paper, and short articles, and to enter into the spirit which lies at the very root of SHAFTS' existence; namely, that women must first know all things, ere they can judge of an evil, or any proposed remedy for an evil. They must not be afraid to read, to inquire, to know. Evils, too frightful to contemplate calmly, desolate the earth. Women must seriously ask themselves, "Am I free from blame if, by ignoring this evil, I encourage its continuance?" Men tell us such and such hideous matters are not fit for women's ears; must not be mentioned in their presence. So they have fooled us to the top of our bent. What then? Are women babes that they cannot judge for themselves? Is it to be credited that what is the long, torturing agony of the lives of some women must not even be known to others? SHAFTS assures its readers that brave women, are they who must crush the serpent's head; who must end all this. They will not succeed, if they dare not begin. Evil must be destroyed—women must do it—must bring men also to help in the work. Earnest men will follow where earnest women lead. Many remedies have been proposed by brave, ardent souls; the ideas of such souls are worthy of consideration. Let these be at least considered, with the care and respect which is their due; accepted if desirable and right; rejected if otherwise. In either or any case, women ought to know; must know, ere they can reform.

I shall hope to receive from my readers any suggestions which may occur to them as to the means to be employed in collecting the sum named. But first, will those who are willing to give any sum, or to aid in organising a fund, be kind enough to communicate with me as soon as possible. It would greatly facilitate matters, could I obtain the money, or some portion of it, before November next, 1893.

Exclusive of several names, which their owners do not wish to appear, the following is a list of the kind and generous friends who have come to the help of SHAFTS:—

Mrs. Cowen, Miss Dismore, Miss Dunn, Miss Eckford, Mrs. M. Gillies, Mrs. Gleeson, Mrs. Graves Colles, Miss Hope, Mrs. Cooke Taylor, Mrs. P. B. McLaren, Mrs. Wood, Miss Martin, Mrs. Roller, Miss

Ada Smith, Miss Anderson Wright, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Stanley Carey, Miss Cust, A Pioneer, Mr. Eveleigh, Miss Mark, Mrs. Smith (Birmingham), Miss J. Smith, Colonel Coulson, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Loftus Brock, Mrs. Fordham, Mrs. Haweis, Miss Lord, Miss Abney Walker, Miss Mondy, Mr. Beeby, Miss Wardlaw Best, Mrs. Crompton, Miss H. New, Miss Davies, Mrs. Reep, Miss Thompson, Miss Graham, Mr. Dalton, Mr. J. Kenneth Mackenzie, Miss F. Whitehead, Mrs. Miller Miss Brindle, Miss Beeby, Mrs. Coles, Mrs. Sevier, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Muff, Mrs. Crofton, Mrs. Rollason, Miss Priestman, Miss Gamwell, Mrs. Payne, Miss Scott, Miss Addison, Miss O'Neill, Miss Barnham, Mrs. Orr.

THE PIONEER CLUB,

22, CORK-STREET, BOND-STREET, W.

This club has now discontinued its debates and principal meetings until October, when the members all look forward with great pleasure to re-assembling. They will then carry on the work they are doing with increased eagerness. Never was good work so pleasantly and easily done. The members find their enjoyment their work, for it is through their so frequently meeting with each other that such good results arise; and their work their enjoyment for the work and the results are the source of so much gladness. No one but a member, and a member who attends the meetings of the club, can fully estimate the reforming element strong within it; the benefits conferred; the mental, moral, even physical improvement experienced.

During the recess the usual Tuesday afternoon social gathering is continued, and many of those who have not yet left town, or who have taken their annual change of scene and rest earlier, meet there each week. Members have the privilege of inviting their friends. In October the Club will be again in full activity, when many interesting subjects will be selected for debate. Not only the members of the Pioneer Club gather in these bright comfortable rooms, but different societies now and then hold their discussions there, such as the Bond of Union Among Workers for the Common Good (Hon. Secretary General) Miss Frances Lord, the Women's Progressive Society (Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Grenfell), and speakers engaged in an endless variety of useful works of reform, are cordially welcomed to visit and address the Club, whether women or men.

ONE OF THE ELECT.

Eva Sommerton, of Boston, knew that she lived in the right portion of that justly celebrated city, and this knowledge was evident in the poise of her queenly head, and in every movement of her graceful form. Blundering foreigners—foreigners as far as Boston is concerned, although they may be citizens of the United States—considered Boston to be a large city, with commerce and railroads and busy streets, and enterprising newspapers, but the true Bostonian knows that this view is very incorrect. The real Boston is penetrated by no railroads. Even the jingle of the street-car bell does not disturb the silence of the streets of this select city. It is to the ordinary Boston what the empty-out-of-season London is to the rest of the busy metropolis. The stranger, jostled by the throng, may not notice that London is empty, but his lordship, if he happens during the deserted period to pass through, knows there is not a soul in town.

—"From Whose Bourne," by Robert Parr.

Mrs. R. N. Crawshey hopes to award her prizes for Byron, Shelley, Keats Competition at end of August.

THE TOWING PATH.

SERIAL TALE, BY R.O.D.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST BEGINNINGS.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting—and cometh from afar;

Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

—WORDSWORTH.

"Wind in thy garden to-night, my love,
Wind in thy garden, and rain.
A sound of storm in the shaken grass,
And moans as of spirits in pain.

Yea, all things come to an end, my Sweet,
Life, and the light of day;
So turn thyself to thy rest, and dream,
Nor heed what the sad winds say."

—JEAN INGELOW.

"You have never seen me jump, Miss Cunningham?" asked St. George, eagerly, as, an hour after breakfast, the visitor and child were seated in the porch, waiting for Mrs. Heatherstone.

"No," replied Margaret, laughing, do you jump? I should like to see you."

"Well, I'm going now to practise."

"Practise what—music?"

The child laughed merrily, a clear ringing laugh, that echoed up the mountain side, "No, not music; gymnastics."

"Gymnastics, dear," corrected Muriel, coming from the house.

St. George seized her hand. "Let's go now b'luf'd, Miss Cunningham wants to see me, and Faithful and Majesty must be wondering why I am so late."

"Faithful and Majesty?" queried Margaret, to whom the child was a curious study.

"Yes," St. George said, dancing about with delight, "they'll be there."

There they were, sure enough, standing close to the fence, when St. George reached the little railed-off corner of the field adorned by a large blue board, on which was painted in big white letters "St. George's Gymnasium." Here were horizontal bars, swings, and other apparatus made to suit the child's tender years. Muriel Heatherstone had very decided and rapidly developing ideas of her own, with regard to her child's education. These she carried out diligently, not knowing how soon the time might come when her husband, discovering her retreat, and claiming a greater right on the strength of cruel and imbecile laws, might take from her this portion of her personality, this passionately beloved darling, her own flesh and blood. How she suffered as night after night she contemplated this dread possibility, mothers can well understand, for everywhere this dearest of ties has been made the instrument of torture inexpressible to women.

It was no little astonishment to Margaret Cunningham, to find her gay light-hearted friend of the olden time so changed; above all to see how thoroughly she was training her child. As a girl, Muriel had been clever and gifted, had kept the lead among her school-fellows easily, even finding time to help others not so gifted as herself. But all this had meant to Margaret education, accomplishments, no more. She had not, however, conversed with her friend that

morning during the breakfast hour without becoming conscious of a something in her of which she had not been aware in the girlish days, and this something puzzled her; she waited its development.

"They often come and look at me jumping," St. George said, with a pleased, tender look in the deep blue eyes, as she caressed her four-footed friends; "Majesty often wants to come and jump too—cows are that way, you know."

"What way, you curious little sprite?"

"Why, wanting to see things, you know."

When Mama and I go out, and I ride on Faithful, all the cows in the fields come running to the fence to see us. I like it; do you, Miss Cunningham?"

"I think I should like it, dear; but I have never seen it; not having lived much in the country. What have you got in that bag?"

"Clover and biscuits, their lunch, you know; you shall see them eat it presently. The clover is for Majesty, and the biscuits for Faithful. Sometimes I leave some in the field for them when they wake up at night."

"Do they sleep out all night then?" asked Margaret, who knew nothing whatever about the ways of animals, a subject on which her little friend was so learned.

"Yes," replied St. George, laughing heartily, "Yes, they sleep outside, it's lovely; and," she added, suddenly becoming serious, "they like it so much, they see the stars and the moon, and they tink; oh!" extending the little arms wide out as if to embrace all space, "they tink all sorts of fings. When I come to say good night to them I see them finking."

"Georgie has hardly got the pronunciation of them yet," said Muriel, laughing, "very often it is zem."

"See them thinking?" questioned Margaret, amused and interested beyond words.

"Yes," the child answered thoughtfully. "I do wish they could talk, but when they look at me I know what they mean, and you can't think how funny they are; they make me tumble down with laughing at them."

"Do you ever forget to take their lunch?" asked Margaret.

What a serious little face answered:

"Oh, no! I have to take care of them, you see, for I am two years older than Majesty, and nearly free years older than Faithful."

Margaret was surprised and strangely pleased—why, she did not then fully divine—to see the agile little figure go through its exercises with so much strength and grace.

"How long has she been practising, Muriel?" she said.

"Since she was four years old. I have taken her on very gradually."

Later in the evening, as Muriel and Margaret, seated on the mountain side, watched St. George far below them on her pony, trotting into the village with Mr. Winter, Margaret said:—

"How well you are training her; it is a revelation to me. I have not yet arranged the threads of thought you have aroused within me. I have never seen a girl so wisely educated as you seem to be educating St. George. I should not have expected it of you, Muriel."

"No? Perhaps you are not more astonished than I am myself. My marriage changed me very much; or rather, I often think, simply brought out what must have been always there in the germ. Women do not know what they are capable of; their lives are so narrowed; they are so smoothed down, licked into a stereotyped shape, or crushed."

"Tell me something about yourself, dear Muriel," said Margaret tenderly, "you are so

curiously altered, you puzzle me. You cannot be more than twenty-five, yet you seem to have gained such a depth of wisdom. I want to know how it all came about. How you must have suffered!" and Margaret gently pressed the small white hand lying beside her, with a world of sympathy in the action.

"Suffered!" replied Muriel; there were years of anguish in the tone. "But," she added presently, "save for my dread of losing my child—which is sometimes terrible—the suffering has passed, and it has not been in vain. I have awakened from its torture to find that I am a woman—a human being—not a wife, an appendage, a chattel."

"Oh, Muriel, Muriel," said Margaret, comprehending. "Tell me all."

"You remember," said Muriel, leaning back against the soft heather, and fixing her eyes upon the distant landscape; "how suddenly I left school, and how surprised we all were. It turned out to be merely a caprice of my father's; it was all arranged between him and the man I eventually married, or rather," she added bitterly, "who married me. A woman does not marry a man; she is married to such an one; it is the man who marries—he is the positive; the woman is negative in that as in every thing else. That is the masculine idea, the masculine arrangement of things. It suits them so, and hitherto women have foolishly and tamely submitted. Oh! what a wrong it all is, what an insufferable injustice, and to think that women should so entirely submit."

"Not entirely," said Margaret, going down into the depths of her own conscience, "I do not think they have entirely submitted."

"No," Muriel answered quickly, "there has always been the undercurrent—the undercurrent which has been moving for centuries, unknown and unsuspected; oh! the rapture, the unutterable gladness that floods my whole soul, when through the clouds of my depression and suffering, because of the wrongs of my sex, there comes to me every now and then the great solace of that thought, the inspiration of that undercurrent which has been going from strength to strength. Presently it will burst its bounds, and then —"

She threw up her arms, and, clasping her hands at the back of her head, contemplated the mental picture she had conjured up, while Margaret watched her, wondering more and more, as the petals of her own inner nature unfolded themselves.

"You already know," Muriel presently resumed, "that my father is an officer in the Prussian service, and that this James Heatherstone, whose name I hear, was known to him for some years; my father having met him in Prussia. Mr. Heatherstone is an Englishman, wealthy, proud, courted by society, considered clever—cultured, as the world has it; intolerant, filled with that insufferable arrogance so essentially masculine; a bold, unscrupulous, bad man." She shivered from head to foot, and rested her head on her friend's shoulder, white to the lips, and trembling in the intensity of the aversion which filled her pure soul.

"What was my life to them? The possibilities within me, which would have been regarded in some way, even by those bad men, had I been a boy, were nothing, nothing. I was only a woman; something belonging, not only to one man, but more or less to all men—made for man, so their creeds say—to be bartered away as seems best to fathers, to be treated afterwards as may please a husband—a creature to satisfy his pride, his lust, his comfort, his vanity; a creature which must have a body, but of spirit and mind as little as possible,

only sufficient to convince the world he has not married a noodle. Everywhere the same awful, accursed belief holds; that woman was made for man. We say the animals were made for man; and so we take every advantage of them, work them, beat them, torture them, use them for our pleasure. Woman was made for man; she shares the same fate, except where she is strong enough to rebel. Lest she should be too strong, and use her strength, she is crippled physically, starved mentally, from childhood. Nothing is left to her but marriage, in which state, maternity is forced upon her, till she has strength for nothing else; and the one unquenchable, indestructible, force within her which man cannot take from her, or kill—her great mother love—is used by him as an instrument of torture, the most diabolical of all."

"Oh, Muriel—Muriel, dear friend, dear love, what you must have endured, to cause such agony even in the remembrance; you, who used to be so light-hearted—so happy. But surely there are some good men, good husbands?"

"Some, yes many, as they comprehend it; but they do not understand: the light within them is darkness, or they would not, could not, allow such terrible conditions to exist. The comprehension and intuition of man is not so great, not so true, as that of woman; it has been seared over by years of selfish dominance; that of woman has been quickened by years of suffering and insult to every fine and pure instinct of her nature. Presently these two powers must clash; then there will come upon this world of ours a wonderful change. All things will be made new."

"Men will learn surely to know woman soon, dear Muriel; they will help us to gain our freedom."

Muriel shook her head sadly.

"No," she said. "Men will not help us in numbers sufficient to do any good. Here and there only have men helped. Women must fight their own cause and win it by their own strength. They will win, the end is not far off. Only we must work hard. We must be true to ourselves and to each other. When we contemplate the monstrous injustice done to women, the shameless effrontery with which men unblushingly claim the necessity, as they put it, for the great holocaust of women, offered up to their vices, their selfishness and greed, year after year, we may know how hard we must work. When we see the apathy of women towards this terrible question of immorality and its twin brother, cruelty, we feel in our inmost souls how hard and how unflinchingly we must work; till the day comes, whose dawn is just touching the clouds below our horizon."

For a few minutes neither spoke, their hearts were full, and the thoughts of both were bitter; though Margaret as yet had not reached the height on which Muriel stood.

"I lived with my husband two years," she resumed, "for three months I almost thought I loved him; then came a lifting of my eyelids, followed by doubt anxiety, terror. He brought many men, his friends, to the house. Men who stood well before the world, but all morally darkly stained; only differing in degree. I did not know it; I might never have known it but for what occurred. I sat up waiting for him one night—he did not like my waiting and was often cross; I tried to keep the peace as women foolishly do, instead of asserting themselves; so I used to go upstairs to my room, when I heard his key. This night I was not in time, I slipped into the ante-room, and lay down. The hangings were partly open; several men

were with him. They began to converse, and I could not escape I heard every word; I shall never while I live forget the revelation. At first I hardly understood, but gradually it all revealed itself to me. I went shivering up to my room after they left. I did not see him again, as next morning I did not come down. He had to leave by an early train, so did not disturb me. That day, cold and bleak, through the falling snow, I stole away, with my baby, and managed to reach Nurse Winter's home, where I remained for two years. I give you all this as quickly as possible, it is so painful. I am surprised, even now, why my father, who helped in the search for me, as I have since heard, never thought of my nurse: it is strange to me. Nurse's son has lived here for several years in the exercise of his duties, and has many privileges. We came here once on a visit—nurse, baby and I (my Georgie baby). Then, with the instinctive observation of such things caused by my constant fear, I noticed the place, and felt how secure a retreat it might be in case of need. The need came."

"Is it not a wonder, Muriel, that your husband has not succeeded in finding you if only to obtain possession of the child?"

"I forgot to tell you that he knew nothing of St. George, who was born at The Hollow, nurse's cottage, five months after my arrival there. My first child's death was made known to his father, by Nurse's wise suggestion; and through an old servant, a true friend of mine. I left The Hollow to come here through accidentally seeing Mr. Heatherstone with some gentlemen who had come to that district for the hunting season. He did not see me then."

"Has he seen you since you left?" asked Margaret.

"Yes. I did not return to The Hollow to live, and eventually Nurse joined us here, as you know."

"Last summer, Nurse, St. George and I paid a visit to The Hollow—our last, in all probability. We left suddenly because of what befel. Walking slowly over a portion of the moorland, I came all at once upon my husband, who stood in my path. He seized me roughly by the wrist, and demanded to know where I lived."

"I refused to tell, strong in my aversion. It was a stormy meeting. I told him how and why I had left, and that I should never return. He was fierce, coarse, violent, all such a man can be, but said he did not desire my return. I know not, however, how it might have ended, but for a strange thing which followed. There suddenly arose from behind a slight elevation of the heath—where she must have been seated, and must have heard all—a lady, young, very beautiful, who reminded me of someone—I could not in my agitation then tell who. She walked past us, looking my husband straight in the face with a clear, penetrating gaze—the face and look of a woman true and pure, unmistakably so."

"I was spellbound between my husband's violence—the face I seemed to remember—the look upon it,—and my husband's change of expression. For a few seconds he seemed dazed—he absolutely cringed—then without a word, went madly after the lady, who had walked off so rapidly that she was already some distance away. I sped homewards; next morning we left at an early hour, and we are not likely to return."

Margaret sat quietly for a few minutes.

"Muriel," she then asked, with some hesitation, "was your house in London, where you lived with your husband, called Elmgate?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Come home and I will tell you."

As they walked, Muriel, who had been very quiet, thinking deeply, stopped short—"Margaret," she said, "I now know who the lady was on the heath. It was Ritchie Montgomerie."

"Ritchie Montgomerie?"

"Yes, I am sure of it."

In the house Margaret put a paper into her friend's hand, which she had brought with her, and pointing to a paragraph said, "Read."

Muriel read as follows:—

"Died suddenly, on the 15th inst., of apoplexy at his town house, James Frank Heatherstone, of Elmgate, London, W. The deceased gentleman was well known and highly respected in literary circles, and in the fashionable world, being a man of wealth, an able politician, and a scholar. He was a man of true Christian principles, and his attitude towards the wife, who some years ago basely deserted him, is creditable to his heart and a testimony to his high nature. All his property in money and estate is by the conditions of his will left to his wife."

The two ladies looked at each other, then there was silence between them for a few minutes. At last Muriel rose. She was very white, but calm.

"Bear witness, Margaret," she said, "that I absolutely refuse, for myself and my child, every penny of this money. What I brought with me—my own money—is nearly done; but I will support myself and—my child." She folded up the paper, and laid it down. Then taking Margaret's arm, she went out into the sunshine.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE words "self-sacrifice," like many others, are capable of two interpretations, of widely different meanings, and the emphasis is invariably laid upon the wrong one. The difference is shown by the two little words "to" and "for." Self-sacrifice "to" is very different to self-sacrifice "for." The first is wrong, weak, and foolish; the latter is right, strong, and grand. When a man throws himself before the Juggernaut Car and is crushed to death, he sacrifices himself "to" an idea; when he rushes into danger to save the life of another, all uphold the glory of that idea. The Brahmin priests caused the burning of Indian widows on the funeral pyre of their dead husbands by changing the meaning of one word in their book of sacred law, by forgery, so that they could obtain control of the money left by the husbands. The Christian priests have caused the weaker interpretation of self-sacrifice to be emphasised, by dwelling upon the self-sacrifice of Christ "to" his enemies, upon his submission, his gentleness, his advice to turn the other cheek, but still more by "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands." But they have gradually hidden out of sight altogether the strength and sternness of Christ. His self-sacrifice "for." His friends—aye, and for His enemies, too—His wonderful dignity, so that sin was abashed in His presence, and His unfaltering rebuke of wrong. The priests have impressed self-sacrifice "to" upon mankind generally, but especially have they impressed it upon woman, that they might have unresisting slaves and victims. They quite forgot, while insisting that woman should imitate Christ in meek submission and humiliation, that she might also, in time, of herself, imitate Him in strong judgment, stern dignity, and ultimate triumph. But this latter will depend upon whether she will, for the future, sacrifice herself "to" or "for." Long years

ago the question was asked, and has been echoed through all the ages since, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The answer, too, was given, "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man." England answered it in deed when she proclaimed her land the land of the free, and set herself to destroy the slavery of her brothers—forgetting the slavery in which her sisters were held. Now the question is being asked, and is growing in intensity and impurity that will not be silenced, "Am I my sister's keeper?" How shall it be answered in action? Wherever the English flag waves, it proclaims that "Britons never will be slaves!" What of the women? Are they to be less free than the men? Are they to continue to be sacrificed, and to sacrifice themselves, to greed, pride, and lust? There are hundreds, thousands—nay, millions of women—dying under a slavery infinitely more awful than that of our coloured brothers. Shall they not be freed? Many women, though still held in the chains of custom and submission, are struggling to free themselves and their sisters. One of the strongest of the shackles is this misinterpretation of the words "self-sacrifice." The wrong self-sacrifice is comparatively easy at first, but it leads to terrible wrong and suffering. The right way is very difficult at first, but leads to victory and peace. It is easy for a mother to give way to her child, to sacrifice herself to present peace and happiness; but the wrong done to the child by the lack of early discipline, can never be corrected. It is easier for a sister to sacrifice herself to the selfishness of a brother than to withstand it; but by choosing the easier way, she increases the selfishness, till it destroys all respect and affection. It is far easier for a wife to sacrifice herself to the desire of her husband than to resist it—women are so inured to suffering that a little more makes no matter if it gains peace; but by so doing she destroys both herself and her husband. If woman would save herself and her sisters, she must be steadfast in resisting the temptation to sacrifice herself "to" anyone or to any idea, and strong to sacrifice herself "for" woman. It is not easy!—but what of good was ever obtained with ease? Man is right in so far that woman must—and will—be the saviour of the world; for man, with all his vaunted freedom, is yet a slave to his own self. To save the world, woman must sacrifice herself, not "to," but "for" the world. Sacrifice her own comfort, desires, and happiness, if necessary. She must stand alone, she must not lose her individuality in that of man. She must choose poverty, rather than by dependence upon man be reduced to mere slavery, in person, thought and action. She must choose chastity, rather than by degrading sensuality, sink to a lower level than the beasts. To gain strength for the fight, inward and outward, let women hold together, supporting, strengthening, and encouraging one another, and when tempted to sacrifice themselves in any way "to" ease, greed, or lust, let them remember the many fainting under agonising bondage, too downtrodden to rise alone, and let the remembrance fortify them to resist and to sacrifice themselves "for" freedom and purity. "At the hands of every woman's sister will I require the purity of woman." Oh, that the words could ring through the whole world, sink deep into the hearts of every woman, and making her to realise her present responsibility and glorious future, rouse her to cry, as a call to battle. "No more self-sacrifice 'to' slavery and sensuality, but self-sacrifice 'for' freedom and purity!"

S. E. A.

Bond of Union Amongst Workers for the Common Good.

IBSEN.

AT a meeting held by this society at Hampton Court, July 24th, 1893, a paper on this writer's works from which we give extracts, was read by Miss Francis Lord, Hon. Gen. Sec.

Are Ibsen's characters human beings? Do our hearts beat with them? Do our minds think with them? Are they what we imagine our ancestors were? Are they further on than we are? Do we look forward to them as the humanity which will be the humanity of the future, or at least the bridge between it and ourselves? All students ask these questions, and many besides. For Ibsen has been regarded as a true poet; a great leader, and revealer; a mere photographer of the hard, unlovely aspects shewn in the ugliest pages of present day life; a prophet, a charlatan, a purveyor of poisoned confectionery; and a prince of life. Clearly there must be something in Ibsen; and so I thought when I brought out my translation of his *A Doll's House* in 1882; but then this something was so little known that I gave to the play the name of Nora, the heroine, thinking the real title would sound like that of a child's story-book. When I found a space for *Ghosts* in 1885, in a Socialist magazine, the "something" in Ibsen was beginning to interest people. The "boom" of Ibsen really began in 1889 when Miss Janet Achurch acted Nora's part in a translation said to be by Mr. William Archer. He found a Mæcenas and published many Ibsen plays in the Camelot series, and in most people's minds he passes for the introducer of Ibsen to the English reading public.

Are Ibsen's good acting plays; does he teach us anything?

Surely this depends upon how much we have to learn; upon our willingness to learn; and upon Ibsen's suiting us to learn from. Let me illustrate by mentioning another playwright, of another age, Beaumarchais. He wrote plays showing up the evils of old France before 1789, and at times was forbidden the stage. His *Marriage of Figaro* exposed the feudal law by which every nobleman had a right to every maiden on his estates. The representing of this on the stage was held to be an attack on the privileges of the nobles, and Beaumarchais had to suffer for his fearless pen. The pen was so small and the wrongs were so great, that it was possible his plays might have seemed contemptibly weak had the audience consisted of the peasant poor, on whom the feudal laws pressed hardest; and that they would have said, "We have nothing to learn from Beaumarchais."

Ibsen finds himself in a world where it is harder to put your finger on any one wrong, and demand its removal; because we are all so philosophical that we see how one thing fits into another; and we are most of us so selfish that we prefer letting things alone. This finds expression in people's fault-finding

with Ibsen for doing his little best to show up first one wrong and then another. Beaumarchais attacked feudal wrongs, and the feudalists suppressed him; Ibsen attacks human wrongs, and every hearer has to say, "Am I a party to that wrong? Am I a coward? Am I an intriguer? Am I one who lives by cheating? Do I profit by and sweat the stranger? And does any stranger profit by and sweat me?"

Hence, to get Ibsen's plays translated, read, and acted, has been felt as a triumph for liberty-lovers, and they have secretly rejoiced to see how Ibsen's arrows speed home, how their wounds are shown in the anger of the *Daily Telegraph*, and the general scorn of all the Philistines. We are glad to see that such people are wounded and are going about begging somebody to kiss the place and make it well; for they are the same people as are always inattentive to a philosophical or affectionate appeal unless presented as a message tied to a dart that speeds home. Pray let them smart a little; it is the only form of sympathy they can understand. Let them stand there and howl a little—the Philistines, hypocrites, exploiters of human nature; they must indeed be poor creatures if they are hit so hard by Ibsen; for he might be easily greater than he is; and "What would the robin do then, poor thing?"—the Philistine, that is to say.

This admission that Ibsen might be greater demands some words of expansion. He might be greater because he is only a social surgeon and image breaker; and there is room for a spiritual healer and architect. His people do not know the right way out, because they do not know the right way in. They are sufferers from a social order which hampers them; they want to be free; but they do not know their own nature, its secret springs, the causes of human affairs being what they are; they do not know the way inside, nor how to let loose the hidden fires. The claim made for Ibsen's characters that they have so much to teach us, means very different things in the mouths of different admirers. Ibsen may teach one person so much because he shows us what he supposes would happen to the human creatures if they set to work to act out certain ideas in a certain way. And it may be seen as in a mirror, what more is needed to bring the happiness he had started his puppets in quest of. All Ibsen's watchwords are names to conjure with, but it never seems to me they will nourish or sustain the soul afterwards. As we find this same thinness in the life whence he draws his types, we should not set the deficiency down to the account of Ibsen as a thinker or as a playwright. People everywhere seem to be acting from the surface of things. There is one peculiarity of Ibsen's, which is often commented upon; it is his love of commonplace remarks, short, often jerky. The complaint made against it is, that being utterly commonplace, the characters have no right to give themselves airs on its account; to pronounce these dull things as though uttering poetry, romance, social philosophy or revolutionary energy. And that just as these dullards utter their stupid remarks and claim to be remarkable for doing it, so the whole Ibsen position is one of at-

tempting to foist upon us unwholesome notions as advanced truths, that just as he is crude artistically, so his pretensions to teach philosophical or social truths are false and ridiculous.

A fair reply to this would be, that it is in commonplace words that all the tragedies of life have passed in most of our lives and in those of everybody where we have been eye-witness. People do not talk like Hamlet or Othello, like Katherine of Aragon, Rosalind or Portia.

The objection that Ibsen's characters are unwholesome is harder to meet. It seems to some of us that it is these which arrest the attention, especially of the prejudiced. Take Petra in *An Enemy of the People*. She is as nice and wholesome a girl as can be found in any country, and has something of the heroine in her to boot, and so has Captain Horster, who is dismissed his ship for backing her father in his honourable course. The women in *The Pillars of Society* are quite wholesome and noble; and such among the men are Johann, the scapegrace, and old Aum, the faithful ship-builder's foreman. These are types who are not at all puzzled about their duty, nor dismayed at the consequences of doing it.

It seems very unfair to ignore these; to fancy that Ibsen does not care for them, and only delights in the sad, puzzled, morbid types among his characters. If you want to see what Ibsen thinks of morbid and mistaken people, you should see what he thinks of healthy and earnest ones. Healthy and sick, all alike appear, however, to be in their spiritual minority; the healthy ones are patient under its restrictions; the sick rebel, and are none the nearer their coming of age for it.

Mrs. Alving and her son Oswald, in *Ghosts*, are trying to come of age too quickly; but Dina Dorf's patient Aunt is waiting. That Ibsen exalts either sex, at the expense and to the disparagement of the other hardly seems true. He is just as proud of his good men as of his good women; but we may be free to imagine that this is precisely what annoys the Philistines, because such equality is contrary to custom and their real wishes. Ibsen has no use for woman as the ivy to man's oak, moon to his sun; such common-place ideas are not among his. But he does deserve the title often given him of Woman's Poet, precisely because he says woman is a human being. He takes much pains to convince the Philistine, and the engine-driver of our modern life, that woman is truly a human being, that love is priceless, precious, worth all else; that love is not self-love, and that the person who sacrifices human love to ambition, religion, or principle is only loving self throughout, and hugging its own salvation. The simple heart will rejoice to see him say to their age-long enemy "Infidel! now I have thee on the hip." For the infidel has to learn through pain what he would not let love teach him: that it is love which carries us upwards and not the deeds it may prompt us to do; since those deeds might be done by another; might be no part of our duty; but there is no one who lives without loving, and no one who loves who can live without doing love's bidding.

Shakespeare's Ideal of Woman.

PART II.

A FEW weeks ago, a theatre, beautifully decorated, and capable of containing an audience of nearly 1,500 persons, was opened in Leicester-square with more than an average flourish of trumpets. It was to be the scene of Miss Ada Rehan's capable dramatic performances and her many triumphs.

Shakespeare has himself said—

"The evil that men do lives after them ;"

and when the evil takes the form of a book or a drama which, through the monumental fame of its author, lives from age to age, it becomes true with tenfold force. It is with deep regret that we have observed that a large portion of Miss Rehan's reputation has been won by her acting in the character of Katharine in the *Taming of the Shrew*. So that to the instrumentality of a woman is due the revival of a play which might otherwise have been forgotten, and the widespread influence of ideas and teachings degrading to womanhood and pernicious in the extreme to the men whose vanity it flatters and to whose lower nature it appeals.

The play opens with the popular coarseness of the Shakespearian age, the description of which we will dispense with. In the introduction, a youth who masquerades as a woman, and endeavours by way of a joke to deceive a tipsy tinker addresses him as—

"My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience."

A key-note this to what follows. Shakespeare can imagine nothing higher than subordination in a wife: she is only the servant of a man, a creature to do his will, and live without a soul of her own, and he proceeds to enlarge on it in his play in the most elaborate manner. The plot is absurd. One Baptista, a rich citizen of Padua, possesses two daughters, one of whom is sweet and gentle, while the other is selfish and full of contradictions—not unlike, we may add, various British husbands at the present time! He is anxious to obtain a husband for the latter first, and finds a suitor in one Petruchio, who is quite ready to sell himself, as he roundly states, to any "old" or "foul" woman for considerations in cash. Quite a commercial transaction to begin with! The wooing of Petruchio is the reverse of natural, as may be supposed, and there is no pretence of affection on either side.

After the wedding this model bridegroom observes—

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything!"

And he proceeds on these lines. At their country house, after the servants have brought in supper, he blusters at them, and throws the dishes about, in order to alarm Katharine and keep her hungry, showing her that—to quote his own words—

"Thus have I politely begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully."

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak."

And his example is emulated by the servants, who tell Bianca that Licio has gone "unto the taming-school. . . . Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master"; while Grumio, the serving-man, on being, bidden by Katharine to bring her food, makes game of her in insolent fashion. Petruchio treats her with mock politeness, mingled with storms of rage against his domestics, and the tailor and haberdasher, who have come to provide new clothes. When Katharine gives her directions with regard to her costume, they are promptly contradicted by him. She then very reasonably remarks—and that Shakespeare could have conceived for a moment that her words are objectionable, is a whole volume of commentary on his own childish and semi-savage notions—

"Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe."

Petruchio, however, takes possession of her new gown, and declares they will go to her father's in their old clothes. On Katharine's remonstrating about the hour of starting, this model husband remarks—

"It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is!"

When they do start Petruchio declares it is moonlight in the broad day-time, and when his wife very naturally exclaims—

"The moon!—the sun;
I know it is the sun that shines so bright,"

he replies:

"It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house!"

And she is weak enough to agree that it is moonlight! And this is capped by another scene in which he persists that an old man is a charming young woman, on which Katharine again accommodates herself to him and addresses the man as "Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet."

On their arrival at Padua, Petruchio says in answer to Baptista, who tells him that he has "the veriest shrew of all:"

"Well, I say no; and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose!"

They agree on a wager, and two of the husbands present immediately send for their wives, each of which makes an excuse; whereupon Petruchio sends for Katharine and she appears like a sort of pet dog.

"What is your will, sir, that you send for me?"

He orders her to fetch the two wives, and in her absence says

"Marry, peace it bodes, and love (!) and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;"

and adds

"Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new built virtue and obedience;
See whence she comes and brings your froward
wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion?"

He tells her to throw away her cap, on which her companions ridicule her, and no wonder. Then the climax comes, and the closing lines may as well be quoted by way of filling up the measure of folly.

Katharine addresses one of the wives thus:

"Fie, fie! unknit that threatening, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from the eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy fashiance; commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war when they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
Then vail your stomachs for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot,
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease."*

PETRUCHIO:
"Why there's a wench! Come on and kiss me,
Kate,
and adds

"Come, Kate, we'll to bed."

And so ends this charming picture of masculine dominion and lust. To comment upon it would be a waste of time were it not that this play of late has been acted before crowds of people in England and the United States, the rôle of Katharine having taken the fancy of the popular actress already named, who doubtless sees in it simply a diverting comedy. But we venture to say that there is many a man and many a youth present among these audiences whose ideas of womanhood are appreciably lowered by hearing orations which exalt man at the expense of woman, and reduce her to the condition of a pet domestic animal in order that he shall pose as a sort of "Emperor of China." And we believe equally that many women must also feel disgusted with this false and immoral presentation of married life. It is to be regretted that a woman so gifted as Miss Ada Rehan could have found nothing so adapted to display her powers as a play whose very title betrays its coarseness of conception, and which is humiliating to woman. The whole idea of the plot is unnatural from beginning to end.

By way of contrast to all this Turk-and-harem business we will quote the ideal of

* This and other passages were actually published in a volume entitled, "Choice Thoughts from Shakespeare," some years ago. The fallacies of the arguments brought forward on behalf of womanly subordination are surely apparent to all thinking people in this mischievous peroration.

Strike at the Root.

MANY words of wisdom are uttered in the present day on the necessity of a higher moral standpoint for men. This side of the social question has too long been overlooked in the efforts made to stem the torrent of vice.

In order to remedy any evil, however, we must go to the root of the matter, we must trace the stream back to its source. To account for the characteristics of middle age, we must look back along the line of life to its beginning; and, while admitting that germs of evil may be inherited, so that a selfish, sordid nature may be "bred in the bone," and make itself apparent almost as soon as the use of reason has developed itself, yet it is surely an indisputable fact that much of the evil which makes a man's life a curse to his fellows, rather than the blessing it ought to be, arises from the influences to which he is subjected at school, and from the mistaken system of training there undergone. It is a grave charge, but a true one, that those who undertake the education and training of our English boys and men do not sufficiently realise the enormous responsibility which rests upon them. They treat their pupils much *en masse*, forgetting that each little unit among them will, if he lives, be one day the sun of a little system of his own, the fount of good or of evil, to a circle the extent of whose radius it is impossible to predict. Were this fact realised, the instructors of youth would devote their efforts to the moral training of their pupils; teaching what tends to form character, to eradicate evil tendencies to selfishness and self-indulgence, which have borne such terrible fruit in the past, and will do the same in days to come. Under the present system, truth and honesty are the only virtues upheld in schools, so that a breach of these involves disgrace. Will the day ever come when boys will be taught to regard a pure life as the highest crown of honour, that any departure from it is a deeper degradation than the telling of a lie; when the standard of living will be raised far above that of mere intellectual greatness; when a master will take more pride in the boy who, at the end of his school life, can look fearlessly into his mother's eyes; than in one who has attained distinction only in studies or in sports? Alas! that day has not yet dawned, and every mother who in fear and trembling sends her boy to school, knows only too well the contamination that awaits him there, knows that he will never return to her the same as she sends him forth, that never again will his standard of manliness and honour be the same as her own. She knows that the first efforts of his older companions at school will be directed against the freshness and innocence of his youth, and that his masters will, if they notice him at all, shut their eyes to his difficulties, and say carelessly, "Ah! it is what they all have to go through."

Poor boys! It is cruel to blame them when the results of early training begin to show themselves. They will have been taught to cherish the evil in their nature as *manliness*, and to deprecate all good influences as weak and womanish. What wonder if, in after years, they say, "Evil, be thou my god." What wonder when some even among the mothers of England take more pride in the dash and physique of their handsome sons, and in the intellectual attainments of their clever ones, than in the less showy but inexpressibly more precious achievement of him who has had the moral courage to gain a mastery over himself.

L. C. SKEY.

marriage drawn by that great and pure-hearted man, John Stuart Mill:—

What marriage may be in the case of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinions and purposes, between whom exists that best kind of EQUALITY, similarity of powers and capacities with reciprocal superiority in them, so that each can enjoy the pleasure of looking up to the other and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and of being led in the path of development, I will not attempt to describe—to those who can conceive it there is no need, to those who cannot it would appear the dream of an enthusiast. But I maintain, with the profoundest conviction, that THIS, and this only, is THE IDEAL OF MARRIAGE, and that all opinions, customs, and institutions which favour any other notion of it, or turn the conceptions or aspirations connected with it into any other direction, by whatever pretences they may be coloured, are relics of primitive barbarism. The moral regeneration of mankind will only really commence when the most fundamental of social relations is placed under the rule of equal justice, and when human beings learn to cultivate their strongest sympathy with an equal in rights and cultivation.

Most true. When men realise love for womanhood they will cease to take pleasure in ideals based upon lust; and that Shakespeare's ideal of it was thus based it needs not another word to prove. In the future it will inevitably lessen the popular estimate of him as a poet and as a man, notwithstanding the various qualities which have created his fame. His intellect too often lacked true wisdom, his soul had not yet found her wings. His ideal of woman never drew him heavenward.

EXTRACTS

FROM

'THE SOUL OF LILITH.'

I MEAN what I say," continued Madame Vassilius, calmly; "neither more nor less. Spitefully jealous is the term I used. Explain to me this riddle: Why do men encourage women to every sort of base folly and vanity that may lead them at last to become the slaves of men's lust and cruelty, and yet take every possible means to oppose and hinder them in their attempts to escape from sensuality and animalism into intellectual progress and pre-eminence? In looking back upon the history of all famous women, from Sappho downwards to the present time, it is amazing to consider what men have said of them. Always a sneer at 'women's work.' And if praise is at any time given, how grudging and half-hearted it is! Men will enter no protest against women who uncover their bare limbs to the public gaze, and dance lewdly in music-halls and theatres for the masculine delectation; they will defend the street prostitute; they will pledge themselves and their family estates in order to provide jewels for the newest 'ballerina'; but for the woman of intellect they have nothing but a shrug of contempt. If she produces a great work of art in literature, it is never thoroughly acknowledged, and the hard blows delivered on Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, George Sand, and others of their calibre, far outweighed their laurels. George Eliot and George Sand both took men's names in order to shelter themselves a little from the pitiless storm that assails literary work known to emanate from a woman's brain; but let a man write the veriest trash that ever was printed, he will still be accredited by his own sex with something better than ever the cleverest woman could compass. How is it that the 'superior' sex are cowardly enough to throw stones at those among the 'inferior' who surpass their so-called lords and masters in chastity and intellect?"

"Madame," he said slowly, and with a vague embarrassment, "you bring an accusation against our sex which it is impossible to refute, because it is simply and undeniably true. Men

do not love either chastity or intellect in women."

"A chaste woman is," he went on, "an embodied defiance and reproach to man; an intellectual woman is always a source of irritation, because she is invariably his superior. By this I mean that when a woman is thoroughly gifted, she is gifted all round; an intellectual man is generally only gifted in one direction. For example, a great poet, painter, or musician may be admirable in his line, but he generally lacks in something; he is stupid, perhaps, in conversation, or he blunders in some way by want of tact; but a truly brilliant woman has all the charms of mental superiority, generally combined with delicate touches of satire, humour, and wit—points which she uses to perfection against the lumbering animal man. He detests her accordingly, and flies for consolation to the empty-headed dolls of the music-hall, who flatter him to the top of his bent, in order to get as much champagne and as many diamonds as they can out of him. Man must be adored; he insists upon it, even if he pays for it."

"It is a pity he does not make himself more worthy of adoration," said Irene, with a slightly scornful smile.

"It is," he replied, "but most men, even the ugliest and the stupidest, consider themselves perfect."

"Do you?" she asked suddenly.

"Madame, if I am frank with you, and with myself, I must answer yes, yes! I am made of the same clay as all my sex."

"Ask any loathsome, crooked-back dwarf that sweeps a crossing for his livelihood, and his idea of his own charm will be the same."

Feraz laughed outright; Madame Vassilius looked amused.

"You can never eradicate from the masculine nature," proceeded El-Rami, "the idea that our attentions, no matter how uncouth, are, and always must be, agreeable to the feminine temperament. Here you have the whole secret of the battle carried on by men against women who have won the prize of a world-wide fame. An intellectual woman sets a barrier between herself and the beasts; the beasts howl but cannot leap it, hence their rage."

"In grim earnest men are brutes. The statement is made by what is called the 'Shrieking Sisterhood'; but I, a man, agree to it in cold blood, without conditions. We are stupid brutes; we work well in gangs, but not so well singly. The finest paintings of the world were worked by bodies of men working under one head, called 'schools.'

"Thus were painted the frescoes of Michael Angelo, and the chief works of Raphael. Men must always be helped along, either by each other or—by a woman. Many of them owe all their success in life to the delicate management and patient tact of woman, and yet never have the grace to own it. Herein we are *thankless* brutes as well as stupid."

"When a woman rises above all *usually deemed her vocation* she is voted by the men 'unwomanly,' she is no longer the slave or toy of their passions; and that is why, my dear madame, they would rather see you dragged and worn to death under the burden of half-a-dozen children than they would see you stepping disdainfully past them in all the glory of fame. Yet be content, you have, like Mary, 'chosen the better part'—of that I feel sure, though I am unable to tell you how or why I feel it."

"You mean that a thought belongs to all and not to one individual?" said Irene.

"Yes, I mean that," replied El-Rami; "and thought, I may say, is the only reflex I can admit possible of Deity, because thought is free, absolute, all-embracing, creative, perpetual, and unweary. Limitless too—Great Heaven, how limitless! To what heights does it not soar?" To what depths does it not burrow? How daring, how calm, how indifferent to the ocean-swell of approaching and receding ages! . . . Thought, and the proper consideration, controlling and usage of thought, is Power—Divinity, if you will. And it is the only existing force that can make gods of human beings."

STEADFAST LINE OF ADVANCE.

JEAN INGELOW, the poet, is an enthusiastic worker. She is deeply interested at present in her own contributions to the Child's Library, at the World's Fair. Miss Ingelow gives a weekly dinner to poor people who have been discharged from hospitals. At her charming home, in Lexham Gardens, she is always ready to help the young aspirant to literary fame who needs her sympathy and advice.

MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW, MARSTON, AND Co., will publish in the autumn, under the title *Landmarks of a Literary Career, 1820-1892*, the reminiscences of Mrs. Newton Crossland (who is best known by her pen-name, Camilla Toulmin). She promises recollections of Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, Thomas Moore, Mrs. Craik, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*; Robert Browning, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, Miss Mitford, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, Rev. J. G. Wood, and many others.

DR. SARA HACKETT STEVENSON, who will be remembered by many in London as a warm supporter of Miss Emily Faithfull's Victoria Discussion Society, when that lady was doing good pioneer work for women 25 years ago, is President of the Chicago Women's Club. She has been working hard in connection with the Women's Congress, and gave a splendid reception to the delegates at the club over which she presides.

MISS EMILY PENROSE, who passed the most brilliant final examination yet taken in Oxford by any woman, has been appointed Principal of Bedford College for Women, which is situated in York-place, Baker-street, W.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has completed her 81st year. She is very active still, and is frequently to be met on foot in the neighbourhood of her home, Hartford, Connecticut, where she lives with her daughters in a picturesque grey-stone cottage. Notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Stowe's former great intellect does not now shine out of her eyes, the face, with its crown of snowy hair, is striking and full of pathos.

AT London University in the recent examination for the degree of M.A., Miss Bertha Heath headed the list of successful competitors in classics, and won the gold medal awarded to the most distinguished candidate. Two other ladies, Miss Brebner and Miss Evans, are included in the classic list. Miss Florence Lee stands alone in the pass list of mathematics, and Miss M. Ogilvie gained the D.Sc. degree.

MISS ANNIE TAYLOR, who, after a journey of seven months, has penetrated further into the country of Thibet and nearer to the capital than any other European, save two priests, met with many adventures during her wanderings—dangers from brigands and intense cold in high altitudes, causing violent heart palpitation. For 28 nights Miss Taylor had neither tent nor house to shelter her, snow falling the whole time. The meeting of a tribe known as the Golocks, which is governed by a woman-chief, was an interesting incident. The chief, Queen Wachu Bumo, although the head of a powerful lawless band, who live upon plunder, took quite a strong fancy to our brave countrywoman and gave her an escort.

WE are glad to note in the July issue of the *Women's Trades Union Review* that the recently appointed lady factory inspector, Miss Abraham, is prosecuting her work in an energetic spirit. At her office at 8, Finsbury-circus, Miss Abraham is ready to make appointments with any girl or working woman who has grievances against her employer which need redress. The complaints made are regarded as confidential, and it is only in the interests of justice that anyone who can give information as to cruel exactions, or enforced overtime on the part of employers, should do so to a properly-constituted authority like Miss Abraham, who may be trusted to give such cases her best attention.

THE college girls of Canada are rapidly giving proofs of their capacity to use to the greatest advantage the educational advantages now everywhere being opened to women. From the McGill Co-educational College at Montreal, comes the following report:—"Of 11 persons graduating with honours six are women, and of five medallists three are women."

MISS MAGGIE BRAINARD, in writing of "Women in Commercial Horticulture," mentions that a Mississippi lady does a good business in shipping rosebuds in water, so that they are as beautiful and fresh on arrival as when first picked. A Californian lady has two orchards, one of ten, and another of twelve acres, from which she sells apricots and cherries to the value of £1,000 a year. A widow in California is the head of a cut-flower industry. She has seven acres of chrysanthemums, and twenty of violets; this year she had 18,000 chrysanthemums in bloom.

MANY of the girls employed in railway buffets have to work from 5 in the morning until 10 at night, and in cases of excursions until 2 or 3 in the morning. Cannot something be done on behalf of these "white slaves"?

THE WOMEN'S PROTECTIVE and Provident League of Glasgow, which commissioned Miss Margaret Irwin to make an inquiry dealing with the laundries of Scotland, have issued her report, and have taken a step which may lead eventually to the inclusion of laundries under the Factory and Workshop Acts. Miss Irwin says that her "information shows that on certain days in the week the hours worked by many laundry employees (who are chiefly women and include a large number of children and young persons) are considerably in excess of those worked by the same classes of workers in industries which come under the Factory and Workshop Acts, and this notwithstanding the fact that laundry work is of an exceptionally trying, exhaustive, and laborious nature."

THE WOMEN'S PRINTING SOCIETY recently held its 17th annual meeting. The report, on the whole, was encouraging. The profits were £440, £60 of which were distributed as bonuses to the 20 or so workers. There is a keen competition amongst women printers to get employment with this society, for there a better condition of labour obtains than is usual in other houses where women are engaged.

MISS CLARA COLLET, the correspondent to the Labour Department of the Board of Trade, is one of the many notable pupils who have been equipped for the battle of life at the North London Collegiate School for Girls, over which Miss Buss, who has done much for the advancement of women, so happily presides.

THE recent first examination of the students of the Vienna Gymnasium for girls has given rise to a heated controversy in the *Neuen Wiener Tagblatt*, and some of the letters, from which we quote, have been reprinted in the *Deutsche Hausfrauen Zeitung*, as having an added interest in consequence of the fact that a similar institution is to be opened in Berlin in October next. The discussion was opened by a letter from a Mrs. (?) Marianne K., whose mental harmony had been considerably disturbed by a leader from the pen of the editor of the *Tagblatt*, in praise of the Gymnasium. This writer declares that "The end and aim of every woman—unless he already be married—is to get married," and asks: "What can possibly be the use of Latin, Greek, Philosophy, and Algebra to a 'Hausfrau'?" She can carve a goose equally well without such knowledge. "If my husband," she says, "refuses to buy me a new dress or hat, I can soon make myself equal with him without first going in for a course of philology. She asks the editor if he does not agree with her that such study on the part of women does not culminate in nervous complaints, resulting in further expense to the already overburdened husband. Referring to the adoption by women of the medical profession, the writer asks: "How many women would trust their bodily health to the care of a woman?" and adds, "How different it is when a man feels one's pulse and says, gravely and in his fine, manly voice, 'Now, now! Do not make yourself anxious; you will soon be all right again,' and the same thing said in the thin voice of a woman. The former, one cannot help believing and drawing comfort from, while at the latter, unless too ill, one can only laugh." As lawyers, too, women would again, according to Mrs. K., prove a failure; the reason given being that a woman would never allow that her case was lost, and law suits would in consequence drag their weary lengths through centuries.

When *Women* can write in this style, the following letter from a council of gentlemen will surprise no one:—

A Gentleman says: A small number of reasonable husbands, who have the good fortune to possess reasonable wives (perhaps because they have not been at gymnasiums), beg the editor to assure Frau Marianne of their hearty approbation. She is a wise woman, every man will agree with her, and thankfully kiss her hand! As long as woman remains woman, man's love and respect and protection will be hers, but as for these "Himmelsstürmerinnen," he will leave them in the lurch! in the world as in the—tramway!

THE *Journal des Femmes*, in an eloquent article upon the approaching General Election in France says: "Frenchwomen have not the rights or the duties of citizens; they have no 'patrie.'" How can any man speak of woman's incapacity, when France in her bitterest extremity was saved by the heroism of a Jeanne d'Arc, when a Blanche de Castille, and an Anne de Beaujeu have given proof of the highest administrative qualities; when a Mdme. Roland has signed with her blood the principles of 1789?

MISS EDITH H. SALTER, B.A., the superintendent of the St. Pancras Labour Bureau, which has been instrumental, under her able and energetic rule, in helping hundreds of the workless, was also a pupil of the North London Collegiate School.

Shafts of Thought.

VIII.

A vigorous correspondence has just agitated the columns of the leading religious weekly, on the question of whether or no it is expedient for a draper to tell lies, or—to be more precise—whether a draper's assistant, in many situations, is expected to tell lies in furtherance of his employer's interest. Perhaps it would be safe to conclude that there are drapers and drapers, and that while some maintain a standard of truth and honesty in their dealings with the public, others yield to the temptation to increase their returns by many species of tricks, and by resort to misrepresentation. But on one point the correspondents appear unanimous, and it seemed to me one which conveyed a thought that I might venture to enlarge upon in these columns. In every reference to customers the pronoun used by the writers was invariably female—she, her, or hers; never he, him, or his. The dry-goods trade, as our American cousins term it, is, in fact, very largely existent for the women of civilisation; on them its very continuance, in its present state, depends, and, as a consequence, its conditions are very much what women choose to make them. Women in the mass, are, undoubtedly, the disbursers of the people's floating capital. Not only at the draper's, where the wife, apart from the exigencies of her own wardrobe, and the purchase of children's and household requisites, frequently buys portions of the husband's underwear, but also at other traders', the female element predominates in the customers. The butcher, perhaps, may be excepted, since in many middle-class households, a custom still lingers for the husband to buy or order the meat—perhaps a faint remaining trace of his more ancient function of going forth to catch and kill it.

It is pre-eminently to the woman, then, that the draper has to appeal, and—so say some of the correspondents of the *Christian World*—he is compelled to resort to lying and other ill-doing in order to make a living. Surely this implies something rotten in the state of society which we might individually and collectively take thought upon and endeavour to make sound. Says one of the writers referred to, "Matters might be somewhat remedied if women (note the women) would learn for themselves the difference between linen and cotton and all-wool and mixed goods." This casts a responsibility upon the purchaser of drapery goods which the Adulteration Acts have not upheld in the case of food and drugs. The grocer is not allowed to sell a mixture of coffee and chicory as coffee, nor to call margarine butter, and it would seem equally unreasonable to allow a draper to sell linenette for linen, or flannelette for wool, or a mixture of wool and cotton as "all-wool." The Merchandise Marks Act does in fact provide a penalty for any such wilful deception, but since no official inspectorship exists in connection therewith, it is left for the parties injured, or for competitive jealousy wishing to score a point, to put the law into operation, and this is certainly not

"a consummation devoutly to be wished." It may be said that to detect the difference between linen and cotton is much easier than to tell butter from margarine, and it may further be urged with much truth that the very names linenette, flannelette, silketta, &c., cannot for one moment be regarded as intended to imply anything but an imitation, or something *appearing* like linen or flannel or silk, made from some other substance, otherwise linen, flannel, and silk would suffice to designate them; and still further, that common-sense might inform anybody who paused to reflect that the extremely low prices asked for the materials specified at once labelled them as something different from the genuine fabrics. But it is surprising how very little common-sense appears to enter into some peoples' business transactions, and the poor woman referred to in the *Christian World*, who asked for "that flannelette at 3½d., because the doctor had said she must wrap her boy in flannel," is by no means alone in her ignorance. For such ignorance the draper is in no wise to blame, and there may be hundreds of cases where flannelette is asked for and supplied in perfect good faith, the purchaser believing that it is wool, the seller having no idea of the false impression that exists. Where the draper grows blame-worthy is at the point when it becomes evident to him that the buyer is under a misapprehension, and he either allows or encourages its continuance. In such a case, not only is a draper or his salesman blame-worthy, but he is blind to his own interests, for, where there may be half-a-dozen self-opinionated buyers who will resent being told of their mistake, there are scores who will remember the circumstance favourably for the establishment in making their future purchases.

But now let us look into the primary question of lying a little deeper. We may grant that all women cannot be expected to know by handle and appearance whether a piece of flannel is "all wool" or a good "union," though it would be well if in their own interests as the nation's buyers they made a point of practical useful knowledge on such matters; but we have to remember that this phase of the lying question is only one of many, and it would be well to see whether we are not to blame in the other facilities we offer to assistants to perjure themselves from day to day.

In a previous article of this series I have referred to the physical benefit which shop assistants might derive from a rigid adherence by the shopping public to the plan of going to buy and not *pour passer le temps*, and the same system would be fraught with advantage to the *morale* both of shopper and shopkeeper. Irritation at the trouble given and fear of anger from manager or principal at non-success in effecting sales would tend to disappear along with the temptation to secure a sale by lying, and on the side of the shopper the non-use of transparent and threadbare fibs, such as "looking for a friend," "preparing for a bazaar," "returning another day," &c., could not fail to be an ethical advantage. This part of the question is certainly in our

own hands, and though the evil is of long standing and probably the efforts of the few who may see and think this suggestion worthy of adoption will appear but a drop in the ocean, still no fraction of effort and thought in a right direction is lost, indeed these fragmentary papers on various subjects could have no *raison d'être* save in the belief, as stated in the first number, that thought is a living cause which is bound to have its effect, even though the thinkers do not see the fulfilment.

And there is another point upon which women as the shoppers might attain a more truly business-like method, which would conduce greatly to their own mental advantage. I mean the cultivation of decision of character. It is not they alone who go forth to shop for the mere pleasure of shopping who help to make liars of the assistants, but the undecided person is greatly to blame. She appeals to the assistant over and over again—"Does this suit me?"—"Which would you choose?"—till flesh and blood can stand it no longer, and the unhappy assistant is ready to swear that pink is blue, or blue green, if only the woman will make up her mind and depart. The harm that is done by these undecided characters is very soon apparent in its effect on a certain class of assistants. They are young, and meeting with many of these inconsequential appeals to their judgment, their heads are soon over-balanced. They accept the business maxim "What you don't know you must assume to know" much too literally, and fire off upon buyers who do know what they want, assurances as to what will suit and what will match, with a promptness and vigour which amount to impertinence, and make one want to box their ears. But, after all, who is to blame?

The two questions, "Will it wash?" "Will it wear?" are responsible for much of the story-telling—perhaps not always intentional—which is complained of by the *Christian World* correspondents. In the stress of modern competition, fabrics are now demanded, made, and sold which will neither wash nor wear satisfactorily, and about which the price ought to forbid the question ever being asked; nevertheless, the salesman is appealed to with the same seriousness as though he were showing a much higher priced and legitimate article. Of course, the proper answer would be that so-and-so will wear or wash as well as you can expect an article at such a price, and no doubt this answer is given in many cases, but there may be others where assurances of a definite kind are forthcoming without reasonable foundation. It has further to be remembered that on the question of washing the word of an angel might be cast in her teeth after the submission of the vouchsafed fabric to the process which is called washing in some parts of the world. Let us hope that some beneficent genii may develop the art of washing upon higher lines. Meanwhile if we can help to make it easier for a large body of young people to tread the path of truth is it not our duty to set about it, even though it be but in a small and tentative way?

EDITH WARD

What Working Women and Men Think.

NURSES FOR OUR COUNTRY VILLAGES.

PHILANTHROPISTS, as a general rule, prefer the townspeople to the villagers; it is to the cities and towns that they turn for work. The villages, they tell us, with their pretty cottages and fresh pure air, do not so need the kindly help of those whose lives are given to brightening the lives of women and men in the slums.

What a mistake!

The lack of fresh air, the dirt and close living, is, of course, the frequent cause of ill-health, misery, and degradation among the people in our towns; but is the life of an average person in the village happier and better? No! The world is made up of give and take; for everything we gain, we lose something; the eternal law of compensation affects us all. The unutterable dulness, misery, and poverty in our villages is unknown to those who have not lived and worked in the country. We drive through a village in the springtime, we see thatched cottages in groups on the green, little gardens a mass of bright flowers, trees full of tender green, birds singing their sweetest songs—and go back to the town and say with a sigh, "How I wish my poor people here, could be transferred into the village I saw to-day." Nothing could be better for town and country alike; but, remember, you have only seen the outside of the village, not the inner life.

On the other hand, very little is at present being done for the villagers. The people in the slums, besides, have many advantages over the villagers. For instance, better recreation, better means of improving their position, more opportunities for getting on in the world. Their lives are fuller and brighter; they have interests, if they desire them, recreation, pleasures unknown to the men and women in the country. Then, in many towns the people are well looked after in the way of visitors, and they have district nurses to tend them during illness; though they lack the pure air, the songbirds, the fields, and the growing flowers which the inhabitants of the country enjoy. These live, in many cases, crowded together in small, unwholesome cottages, with bad water and no sanitary arrangements, and have very little recreation or amusement provided for them. The women are busy all day with the house and children, who frequently have a two-mile walk to school, which keeps the small ones at home until obliged to attend, thereby making more work for the mother. The men are in the fields and on the farms all day, returning tired, worn out, to a home full of noisy children, from whom they escape to the public-house—often their only alternative. There is nothing to brighten and cheer them after their day's work, nothing to draw them away from the village inn.

Many lives are lost in our villages, especially women's, owing to neglect at times when they need every care and assistance; they cannot afford the doctor, and trained nurses are very rare. A woman in the time of her trouble, depends for the most part on her neighbours, who come in and "do for her;" and often see her die for want of the assistance they are unable to render. Even if the expense of a doctor can be met, he is very likely far away,

when wanted, on his rounds, which take in four or five villages, and so often arrives too late to be of any assistance.

The practice of having the nearest neighbour to do for them is a terribly dangerous one, and many a woman's life is lost, or filled with misery and unending illness, through improper attention at a time when she most needs it.

In the short space of one week I have known three deaths from the same cause—no doctor or nurse in attendance, the valuable life of the wife and mother being lost, thrown away unnecessarily, in bringing a young life into the world. A home wrecked, children left to get on as best they can, motherless, while the father is away at work.

No village, or two villages, if they lie close together, should be without a nurse, not necessarily a highly trained one, but a woman who can attend ordinary cases which do not require admittance into the hospitals. Lives would be saved, disease checked, if only nurses could be brought into the villages to attend the really poor, for a sum within their means.

The difficulty lies chiefly in the expense, for it is more than useless to have anyone not well trained in her simple duties.

I am inclined to think that the idea of the institution of Ockley (I believe it is called) is the best, viz., to send a woman from the village to be trained, and then to return to her own neighbourhood. The ordinary villager is obstinate and difficult to manage with regard to anything at all new, and would very likely take a dislike to a woman with a strange accent or manners. It seems truly absurd, but it is so. I believe the training under the rules of the Ockley system costs about £8 for the three months' training necessary for the ordinary cases to be nursed, and on returning to the village the nurse would be entitled to ask about £25 to £30 per annum, with cottage and coal extra. This brings the cost of a nurse up to about £40 a year (*training extra*), including small things such as lint, linseed meal, rag, &c.

The great difficulty is how to raise the money; in towns, small or large, there would be several families willing to give a substantial sum towards the nurse fund. In the villages it is different. Often the only well-to-do people are the parson, the farmer, and a few small tradespeople. The farmers in the present bad state of the land have in most cases already too many claims upon them to assist, in any substantial way a new venture, and often have little sympathy with the pressing needs of the poor.

We must, therefore, turn to our local governing bodies. They, I feel sure, are our only hope in the matter. If the County Councils would provide £20 per annum, the rest, I think, might be collected in the villages and by means of entertainments.

Let us suppose two villages lying not more than two miles apart, with a population of some 600 persons in each—100 cottages with an average of six inhabitants. If the head of each cottage paid 1s. per year towards the nurse fund, we would have £5 for each village, or £10 for the two. Those needing the nurse would be able, even the poorest, to afford 6d. a week. Taking for granted that she be out 44 weeks in the year, we would have another £1 2s. The tradespeople would in most cases give more than 6d. a week; they would, in fact, probably prefer to pay rather more than the cottagers. With 12 small shopkeepers to pay 1s. 6d. a week, and giving a nurse employment for 12 weeks would add another 12s., and bring the total to £11 14s. Four or five pounds might be collected in subscriptions from

the people around, and the remainder be made by holding concerts and entertainments in the villages.

By such means the lives of many of our agricultural poor would be saved from much unnecessary illness and death. Already in some of the large villages nurses have, I believe, been started, but the smaller places have still to be helped, and I feel sure that unless quite half of the money be granted by some body, the outlying places will remain in their present sad condition. No doubt, in many places the people would be able to pay more than 1s. a year, and 6d. a week. In that case the grant needed would be considerably smaller than I have stated. The above is what the very poor in the eastern counties would be able to afford. In the Midlands and the North, probably, a good deal more could be collected.

MARY FORDHAM.

CAN ARBITRATION SETTLE STRIKES?

ANOTHER great eruption has occurred in the Labour market, and once more the familiar spectacle greets us, of some 300,000 men fighting for their life—struggling for a crust of bread to keep body and soul together. Once more the familiar cry of Arbitration is heard, and no doubt at the eleventh hour, when the workers' funds are exhausted, and the end of the battle is in sight, some patriotic ecclesiastic will come forward and ask us to believe that his interview with masters and men has caused reconciliation and a new current of brotherly love. In the meantime, it may be well to consider the present case as it stands, unprejudiced by prognostications of failure, or hopes of success. The facts are fairly well known, which is a hopeful feature. The masters, without much pretence of proof that prices are lower, demand that their men shall perform exactly the same amount of labour as hitherto, at a wage equal to about five-sixths of that which until now has seldom been more than the bare amount necessary to support life. For instance, a man receiving 24s. per week, is asked to consent to a reduction of 4s., leaving him 20s. for himself, with exactly the same rent, taxes, baker's and butcher's bills, etc., to meet. On the other hand, the men contend, that wages should for the present cease to be a variable factor in the cost of production, and that in fact they should, as far as reductions are concerned, be placed on the same level as the colliery owner's horses, whose stabling and provender have always to be deducted from the income of the owners before any profits whatever can be reckoned. In such a case the total cost of machinery, horses, men, etc., having been reckoned, if the prices obtained for coal are insufficient to satisfy the expectation of the owners in the way of personal gain, the prices must be raised, or the owners give up an unprofitable business. The latter contingency is little likely to arise at present, and most thoughtful women and men to-day are prepared to meet the event as soon as it comes.

What room, under these circumstances, is there for arbitration? The party which entered into an arbitration with such a case would do so with a certainty of loss, while the other side has absolutely nothing to lose, and everything to gain by a compromise. Any compromise whatever is clear gain to the owners and clear loss to the workers, and the essence of fair compromise is "give and take."

Public opinion is growing more and more on the side of right in these disputes. Since the days of the great dock strike, the leaders

opinion have gradually learnt to sympathise with the workers, they are beginning to see facts as they are, instead of through the distorting spectacles of class prejudice. The new organ of the Labour department of the Board of Trade, the *Labour Gazette*, is doing real service by faithfully presenting the truth about these trade disputes, so that public opinion has a solid basis of fact on which to found its judgments. Sympathy and help are equally needed just now, and, as faith without works is dead, the happiest method of displaying sympathy will be by sending funds to help those who are fighting the battle of right against might.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

(Continued.)

We believe in the political enfranchisement of women because we believe in the old political axiom that "there should be no taxation without representation." Women, married and single, are taxed; and, consequently, should have a voice in the disposal of the taxes. Very likely, if women were as free to give a Parliamentary vote as they are to buy a pound of tea, a great deal less money would be spent on war preparations, and a great deal more on education. It is women who have to weep and to wail when a war is set on foot, and they should have the right to say whether they will have it or not. Peace and temperance, purity, goodness, and political humanity, would be more favourably circumstanced if women were enfranchised, because public money and public influences would be used in promoting them.

We say that women should have the suffrage to enable them to *protect themselves* against the brutal cruelties practised by too many of the male sex. A woman may be kicked, cuffed, beaten, and bruised (almost to death), and the law, as at present administered, gives little redress, offers small punishment as a preventative. In the eye of the law, as made and administered by men, the life of a pheasant seems of more value than the life of a woman—*vide* cases every week in the public newspapers. We need women magistrates! There are good, staid, wise women with cool, clear heads and kindly and honest hearts who would make excellent administrators of the law, excellent magistrates' helps or humane assessors, if placed on the bench of Justice; but they will never be placed there till the female vote is accorded.

We claim the Female Franchise because we believe the political federation of the sexes to be of greater importance than the federation of the Empire, or even than Irish Home Rule! If we gave the whole of the Australian Colonies a share in Imperial concerns, that would be of less import to the human race than the acknowledgment of woman's political equality. As to the Irish question, the number of enfranchisable women in the kingdom is twice that of the population of Ireland. Besides, the Irish people have *some* voice in national and imperial affairs, as they send 103 members to Parliament; whereas no woman has (to use THOMAS CARLYLE'S words) "the 50,000th part of a talker in the national palaver." In connection with the federation of the sexes, which is to supplant the subjugation of the one and the tyranny of the other, men should remember that the world is a joint-stock concern, a co-partnership between women and men, in which woman should have equal rights, and from which she should derive equal profits. We

claim equal political rights for women, because the exercise of those rights would, in itself, be an education to them, and enable a woman to be even greater and to do her duty more effectually in her own home circle. The best preparation for freedom is freedom! To say that a woman will be unsexed and unfitted for domestic duties by having the right to go and give a vote (or to drop a ballot paper in a ballot box) once in five years, is to talk nonsense. Mrs. GLADSTONE has interested herself very closely in Mr. GLADSTONE'S political affairs, but is she any the less a gentle wife or mother? When we say, "A woman cannot be a politician and yet remain a woman," we condemn ourselves for asking them to aid us at election times, and we cast or imply an undeserved slur on the character of our Sovereign Lady the QUEEN. For her Most Gracious Majesty, during the long period of 56 years, has had the foremost place in the counsels of two generations of politicians, and there is none can deny she has been a good wife, mother, and friend—none the less gentle because of the stress of her queenly duties! Whether monarchist or not, one feels free to say this because it is true.

The tendency of progress is towards the true *harmonie économique*, and that will never be established till justice has been accorded to everybody, and Humanhood Suffrage has been recognised by universal acclaim. Social evolution, by which order is created out of chaos, demands a paradox: the temporary finality of our electoral law. True finality will only be arrived at when every human being has not only electoral rights, but all sorts of rights, *in common* with every other human being. We, therefore, claim the privilege of the ballot for women, that being a *step* toward an ideal polity

ROBERT H. DUNN.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

(Continued.)

WE see the folly of class-feeling more, when we look on it from an outside point of view, among the lower classes themselves. Here it is very strong, though the different degrees of rank are almost imperceptible to us.

One of my aunts gave great offence at Twickenham by inviting all whom she considered of the lower orders in her parish to a garden-party, many of these thinking themselves too good to meet the others.

Another vicar's wife at Bury St. Edmund's told us they had fifty church-workers, none of whom could meet one another on terms of equality.

Is it not a pity that each rank, or grade of rank, should wish to be thought to belong to that above them? This is often the result of belief in class feeling, and leads to extravagance, pretentiousness, and discontent; then what is gained?

It was something of this feeling that made Dante ask Piccarda if she did not wish to be in a higher part of Paradise. She smiles, and says he would see it was impossible if he understood what heaven was; for if she desired to be higher than she was, her will would be in discord with that of God, which could not be.

If it could be recognised that all positions and occupations may be equally honourable from this point of view, each person would

aim more at being perfect in their natural place instead of coveting that above them. If fit for something better, they will naturally rise to it then, without envy and heartburning.

WHAT SHOULD BE THE REAL TEST IN CLASS DISTINCTION?

Even apart from business relations, there is something to say in favour of class distinction, for the sake of convenience alone. It would be awkward and almost impossible to do altogether without it in ordinary life.

To avoid confusion some must take precedence over others, or a general *mêlée* or free fight might ensue.

But I should like to see the test altered, and would substitute for the present test of birth the test of merit.

The only class distinction I would admit would be the distinction between—

The good and bad,
The educated and ignorant,
The refined and unrefined.

Who would be right in despising a man of low birth if he were to "break his birth's invidious bar," and prove himself in these three essential points to be the equal or superior of those above him in family? Would these be justified in refusing the rights of *égalité* and *fraternité* to such a man? And again, as Pope reminds us,

"Can the blood of all the Howards

Ennoble sots and fools and cowards?"

I suppose the only thing in favour of the test of birth is that you know, if a man is of really good old family, that he might and ought to be good, educated, and refined; while the man of unknown family may, for all you know, have had none of these chances.

The advantages of the former are in some respects very great.

How important are early associations in moulding character. How unpropitious are the surroundings and associations of the lower class children, in comparison with those of the upper class.

It is a very significant fact that many words, originally only meaning to belong to the lower class, now mean to be bad, viz.,

Ignoble—ignorant.

Base } low in relative position.

Low }

Vulgar } the general public.

Common }

Villain—a townsman.

If class distinction were to be judged by the test of moral and mental superiority, all the undesirable part of the present lower orders would remain there, in their proper place, but they would be joined by the members of their fraternity, namely, the sots, fools, and cowards, from the upper classes which would be recruited from the good, intelligent, industrious, and refined of all ranks, and would thus be a body representative of the best of the nation. This would be a true aristocracy, accessible to all as the sixth form of Eton is, by the examination of merit.

We see an example of the difference between test by merit and test by birth, in comparing a public school to fashionable society. In schools there is class distinction, but dukes' sons are not put in the head class.

and tradesmen's in the last; no, all have an equal chance of excelling through ability and industry.

In society, however, no amount of these qualities, not even if goodness be added, would allow even a distinguished commoner to go in to dinner before a peer.

In all modern thinking minds, the test has already been definitely removed from birth, though such will probably long remain in fossilised conditions.

It seems now practically to lie between two new tests—

- (1) Test of Money—Rich and Poor.
- (2) Test of Work—Capitalists and Working Classes.

It is improbable that the test of merit will be adopted for many years, but it should be regarded as the ideal. Rejecting the test of money, let us adopt the second best possibility,

The Test of Work.

Those who have to work and those who need not: which is the highest position may be left undecided. When capital is abolished, we can try the better chance of test by merit.

A SONG OF LIFE.

How grand a thing to live—to know thou art
A portion of great Nature's pulsing Heart.
With endless space, with furthest star art thou
Close link'd; they write their ages on thy brow.
The smallest bloom that blows is part of thee,
The falling raindrop and the tireless sea.

Out in the darkness, listen, from the ground
Comes up a tiny choir of ceaseless sound.
The dead leaves rustle with the insect crowd,
And Nature's voice cries out to thee aloud.
"These hidden lives are joined in bonds with thee,
And thou, oh! mortal, thou art part of me.

There is no sorrow living thing can bear,
But sends a shadow o'er thee unaware;
There is no joy that fills the brimming cup,
That does not help to fill thine own joy up;
Great faiths of Earth, the grandest that thought
sing,
All! all! are part of thee, and give thee wings.
So shalt thou mount and join the golden ring,
Where the glad Planets, on their courses sing,
Roam the great tracts of Space without confine;
Thou who art one with Nature—all is thine.
How grand a thing to live—to know thou art
A portion of great Nature's throbbing Heart!

E. WARDLAW BEST.

LAUDABLE MOVEMENTS IN SCOTLAND.

MEDICAL WOMEN.

ALL who have watched the steady, though slow, progress of the movement in favour of affording to women a thoroughly good medical education, will be interested to know that the managers of the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh have resolved to authorise the provision of a qualifying number of beds for the clinical instruction of women students.

The women students have been working in a most satisfactory way in the Royal Infirmary for nine months, but, the examining Board for the Triple Qualification having decided that the number of beds set aside for the instruction of women students was insufficient, the Board of Management of the Infirmary intimated that the clinical teaching of women students was to be discontinued after October 1st.

The Scottish Association for the Medical Education of Women appealed to the Infirmary managers to reconsider their decision, at the same

time pledging itself to raise a substantial sum of money to aid in fitting up the new wards.

This offer is now accepted, and the managers deserve credit for forwarding this rapidly progressing movement.

The Scottish Association has not pushed this matter for its own students only, but for all women preparing for the medical profession.

The college of the Scottish Association is at 30, Chambers-street, Edinburgh.

RECIPROCITY.

BY UNA.

"If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all."

EACH month as I await the arrival of SHAFTS, it is with the hope that the prospects of this valuable paper are brighter, and each month I learn with regret that SHAFTS still retains its place only by determined effort. But it has a place—that is a great point—and it remains only to secure the foothold already gained. Time will achieve this because the paper is needed, and where there is a demand, there also will be the wherewithal to ensure supply.

My friends, willing and capable, be found to tide SHAFTS over the present; the future will need no such help.

A woman myself, I am daily surprised at the women of to-day. I am filled with admiration of their capability, their earnestness, their unselfish endurance of the disagreeables attendant upon public work, to which they have been for the most part strangers hitherto. I am filled with scorn of the injustices to which they are subjected, with loathing of the indignities, with horror of the cruelties. But side by side with my satisfaction in the present uprising of womanhood, there is pain, fear lest women should, after all, have missed the lesson, the grand lesson of the reason of man's failure. Men have failed to rule the world because of their effort to dominate, and so surely as women make the same effort, shall the same failure attend them. "But," it is contended, "women do not wish to dominate by anything so gross as physical force. By their finer nature they will govern man, the lower animal, who will in time learn his place and be guided by their higher intention." It is no matter whether men seek to rule by physical force or women by the lack of it, it is all the same. In the idea of *ruling* lies the error.

Ideally each individual must be free; every restriction imposed by another blights a power in the one and feeds a disease in the other. I look forward longingly to the time when every individual shall be a law to her or himself. There will be no true womanhood, no true manhood, while either sex has any thought of dominating the other, and of every part of our being it is true that to fetter is to maim it, and this is precisely a reason why there is such misery to-day among our women and girls. Do they, then, wish to impose the same misery upon men? "Men deserve it, and will reap but what they have sown." Yes, possibly, men deserve almost anything, any revolt, any revenge at the hands of women, but—to take it at its lowest—will women gain by the retaliation? Have we learned nothing from the centuries gone by? Tyranny must become a thing of the past, and we do not want to be like the schoolboy who, when he was condoled with on the harshness of his fagmaster, remarked, "Never mind; when I am big, I will have a fag."

Women must beware of losing the splendid ideal that glimmers before them; they must never stumble into the quagmire of "tit for tat." Rule must be abandoned, whether of man or woman. There is no rule in Christ's teaching, unless it be the rule of Love, for it is, after all, fear that makes the tyrant, and "perfect love casteth out fear."

One example of the kind I refer to occurs in the story by Mary Leigh, in the July issue of SHAFTS. Margaret has been married a year, she has been her husband's toy and darling chattel, and is disillusioned. At the expected birth of her child her mind rises in revolt, and after a short explanation of her views she leaves him. In the future, she tells him, "Woman shall take her rightful position in the first rank as the mother of the world; above all else, as a woman—a human being. Man will come second." Eventually she recalls him and permits him to live with her, on condition that she is henceforward sole mistress of her own person.

This teaching is constantly put before us nowadays, and I think it is fundamentally wrong. A wife cannot put aside claims in this way without becoming negatively selfish, precisely as the husband was before, actively selfish. It is neither for the wife alone nor for the husband alone to decide upon this question, this one most sacred relationship of our lives, which is of the solemnest import to ourselves, to the child we will or will not bear, to the world into which that child shall or shall not be born.

Paternity must be equally holy with maternity, otherwise is maternity debased by it; and, in denying parentage to a husband the wife debars him from one of the most hallowing influences given us in this life.

We must bear in mind that although women suffer so cruelly in childbirth, this ought not to be so, and it behoves us to regain our natural vigour rather than to arrange our lives on the lines of our present enfeebled condition. Women of the present day learn that much of the physical suffering they endure is the result of the long years of bygone oppression they have worked under (combined with their own self-indulgence), and it is just to deduce from this that, as they emerge from their enslaved condition, their physical as well as their mental powers will improve immensely. We must not then legislate for the present; we must shake ourselves free of past and present, and nine out of ten of our sorrows will disappear. We must instil into the minds and hearts of our daughters and sons the idea of Reciprocity, and if they hold themselves in self-restraint and self-respect, bearing ever in mind that "no man lives to himself alone," neither shall they fear the oppression of the other, nor shall either need to assert dominion.

[The writer of the above interesting article does not, we think, quite see the intention of the author of the tale, which is to show up the existing state of things and to rouse thought on this important subject; important in that it affects two generations—the mothers, whose independence and comfort ought to have the utmost consideration, and the children, upon whom the present conditions are likely to have a detrimental effect.

She seems also to have forgotten that Dominion, with a huge D, has been asserted in the past by man, a dominion that gave him all the ordering of a woman's life, her aims, aspirations, culture; her learning, place in the world, and endeavour on every plane; all of which he has limited to the utmost. This Dominion over

REVIEWS.

"WORKERS WITHOUT WAGE."

By EDITH CARRINGTON. (London: Griffith, Farran and Co.) Cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

It is a labour of love to review such a book as this. A want of consideration, gradually taking the form of cruelty, towards the bird, fish, and insect world, early develops itself, and is, in fact, one of the vices of childhood. Who can tell whither such habits tend, where they may end, or what evil results follow them? Vivisection is one outcome, so are many other forms of cruelty; and cruelty, we are beginning to recognise, is closely allied to immorality. This book ought to be in the library of every child, carefully read under the occasional superintendence of a mother or teacher; such reading applied by a mother's loving voice would be productive of beneficial results. When children become acquainted with the lives and habits of these interesting creatures, they will learn to know more and more of them; they will learn to reverence their wonderful ingenuity and skill, and will find that, though helpless against a power much stronger than their own, they are wonderfully helpful to themselves, to each other, and in the communities they form. An instance in proof of this occurs: Two little children who were in the daily habit of torturing and teasing some busy ants—at work in a corner of their garden—also many other insects, were taken in hand by a lady visitor, who instructed them in all the ways of ants, bees, spiders, beetles, &c. The result of this teaching was that no more cruelty was practised. The children's interest in the wonderful things told them increased daily; even a stray toad which would at one time have been stoned was watched with affectionate curiosity, while at the same time, acting upon the lady's instructions, they kindly left it alone, to feed as it knew best. The children's thoughts had been set working in another train; they learned to love and respect the little beings who could do such wonderful things. Such love and respect might, and ought to, be cultivated in all children. Who can say how far-reaching its influence might be? Surely, even vivisectioners themselves, would hesitate to torture creatures they had been taught to love. The volume before us is evidently the result of such kindly feeling, aided by knowledge, common sense, and an earnest desire to wage war against that strange, unnatural cruelty so rife in the altogether-wrong conditions of social life which prevent our understanding the lives, and realising the rights of our fellow-creatures. The writer of this book groups the fellow-creatures whose history is told in Vol. I. as follows:—FISHES, FROGS, TOADS, NEWTS, BIRDS, EARTHWORMS, WIREWORMS, SNAILS, BEETLES, SPIDERS, LADYBIRDS, WASPS, EARWIGS, ANTS, FLIES, MOLES.

Vol. II., which will appear in October, will treat of BATS, the HEDGEHOG, RABBITS, the MOUSE, the PIG, the ASS, the COW, the HORSE, the SHEEP, the CAT, and the DOG. The dedication is very touching:—"To all who stand up for the weak—all who succour the oppressed, and to all who plead for the mute, this little book is dedicated by a comrade and fellow-labourer."

A few extracts:—"One of our greatest English naturalists, one who made fishes his chief study, did much to prevent cruelty to seals. Since he and others have spoken about the vile and awful cruelty practised upon these beautiful, gentle creatures, those who know it will no longer deck themselves in what it is a disgrace to any woman or man to wear. He also prevented much that was unmerciful in places where fish are landed in large quantities." "In very hot seasons frogs may be found on the dusty roads, dead, parched up." Because "the pond or ditch has been dried up by the sun, froggy has been forced to go on his travels to find a damp place, and has died by the way. What a cowardly deed to throw a stone at a creature already in trouble? A kind child would help to save the little thing's life, by carrying it in a green leaf or handkerchief—the hot hand hurts it—to some river's brink or cool ditch." "People have invented all sorts of absurd falsehoods about the toad. Do not listen to them. Leave the gentle, harmless toad alone, and it will be glad to live peacefully near you." "Birds were made to fly; nothing can ever right the wrong of shutting them up. It is a poor and wretched excuse to say: *It brightens the lives of people.* If we feel pleasure in what makes an innocent creature suffer, we ought to be ashamed of that pleasure." And so on; but read the book; above all, give it to your children to read; read it to the little ones.

Words of wisdom and kindness abound in these pages; even those hitherto the most thoughtless will read them with pleasure, and after a careful study, will lay it down with a determined resolve to remember for the future, that these are our fellow creatures, that they work in their own way, as earnestly as we do in ours, and that, equally with ourselves, they have their own right to their own place, to the homes they construct, to the young they bring forth, to the communities they form, and that all these are theirs and not ours.

One, only one dissentient word. Is it absolutely necessary always to use the masculine pronoun in describing living creatures, even where the sexes work equally, even where the workers are neuters? We find here the masculine pronoun used even in describing the latter. Cannot women do something to alter this foolish, even unjust practice. So long as the masculine idea is placed first, so long are all our efforts against injustice vain. Both sexes *must* be equal, equal in all things, ere wrong can be righted.

"MRS. GRUNDY'S VICTIMS."

By MRS. CORBETT. (London: Tower Publishing Company.)

"Mrs. Grundy's Victims," reviewed in last issue by a contributor, treats of a subject which it has long been the custom of the fashionable world to cover with a veil. It is a subject so ugly, so appalling, so difficult to deal with, that possibly some excuse might be found for the general repugnance to consider it. Thought has widened considerably within the last twenty years, there has awakened within us a higher sense of duty; we no longer feel ourselves justified in ignoring evils which have grown and festered, through the very darkness under which we would fain have hidden them, until they have become so threatening, that we see the subject can no longer be temporised with. The history of the girls herein depicted, one of whom escapes, while the other falls a victim to the hideous system in full life among us, is no mere fancy sketch; it is unhappily an evil of continual recurrence. The question which must be answered, and that shortly, by those of us who read such books and those who *will not* read them, is—What is all this to me? Am I responsible? Personally, we are each of us responsible not only for the

THE CITY TREE.

FROM "WIVES AND DAUGHTERS." BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Not mine to watch across the free, broad plains
The whirl of stormy cohorts sweeping fast;
The level, silver lances of great rains,
Blown onward by the blast.
Not mine to watch the wild swan drift above,
Balanced on wings that could not choose between
The wooing sky, blue as the eye of love,
And my own tender green.
And yet my branches spread, a kingly sight,
In the close prison of the drooping air;
When sun-vex'd noons are at their fiery height,
My shade is broad, and there
Come city toilers, who their hour of ease
Weave out to precious seconds, as they lie
Pillow'd on horny hands, to hear the breeze
Through my great branches die.

welfare of ourselves and those we love, but for the well-being of every living thing in the human and animal world, also for the existence of every evil under the sun. When wickedness exists, whatever form the monster may assume, it is our duty to know of that existent evil, preparatory to our utmost efforts towards its destruction. Therefore it is good to see such books as these in print. They require, however, careful writing and careful reading. Nothing need be withheld expression if stated with modesty and moderation; but with regard to the allusion to the Salvation Army surely it cannot be meant as appears? In any society, existing for purposes however noble, evils may exist not easily cleared away at once, but the statement here made may mislead. Perhaps the author will explain.

Mrs. Corbett has also written "New Amazonia," a book somewhat in the style of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," the preface to which is well worth reading. In these books, as literary works, there is room for improvement; but their great value lies in the subjects of which they treat. We decidedly object however to the Grundy idea as Mrs. Why Mrs.? The male sex, equally with the female, acts à la Grundy—possibly more so. This, of course, is not a fault of Mrs. Corbett's; it is a general fault. Might we suggest that for the future this anomalous creature—this type of all that is stupid—should be introduced to the world as "The Grundy," without any prefix.

The *Pratt Institute Monthly* is a high-class journal of an advanced type, though not yet having attained to the ideal of complete equality of rights and opportunities, for women and men. It has just issued its Columbian Double Number, and we find in an article by Mary Plummer, commencing page 278, the following remarks:—

One thing has been made very plain to me in what I have seen and heard of visitors, at both exhibits: that the moment the work of women is taken up intelligently and taught as a science or an art, that moment the wavering allegiance of women whose intellectual powers have led them to seek a life-work in other lines, turns again to the domestic field as to a native element. They begin to see that their sphere is large enough, if looked at in the right way, to occupy many generations of women, and that the work is of the sort to revolutionise the world.

This is well so far as it goes, but to say that all women will return to the domestic field is to say what time will prove incorrect. A woman is a human being first, as such she must ever be considered if we desire to arrive at just conclusions. A Human Being will seek all kinds of work, has an infinite variety of capabilities, and cannot be confined to a given sphere, without injury to its usefulness. Women demand all fields to be opened to them. This must be done, will be done; after which time will prove results. One thing seems certain, however, that the entire world is becoming more and more what might be called domestic in its tendency.

When war is at an end it will alter the whole condition of social arrangements. Women may now be sure that "the world is before them where to choose;" what they list, they may decide to take; and that without hindrance. Their success will for the future depend on themselves. Let them see, then, that they take the good now lying to their hand, and make the very best of it, for their time has come.

In the editorial we are informed of the

changes about to take place which promise to make this monthly even more pleasing than before. Some of the sayings of the founder of this school have passed into "Pratt Proverbs," such as "They never can grow old," "Help the other fellow," "The giving that counts is the giving of one's self," "Be true to your work, and your work will be true to you."

Plans and arrangements for next year are given, and we are conducted around the *Institute* by a party of pleasant friends, who present to our view a panorama of interesting studies as the students carry them on. The following item will show the spirit of the *Institute* and its magazine:—

How To Do It.—"If anything is to be accomplished in life, one must have a definite view in end; one's energy must not flash up in momentary enthusiasm, and then die away again; it must be steady and persistent. A good piece of work must never be abandoned because of the difficulty of completing it. Patient enthusiasm directed to a definite end will always win life's battle. Climb over all obstacles, crawl on top, and then *crow*."

THE "HUMANITARIAN" in its new form—July and August—promises great things. It contains some highly interesting articles, several of which are not only interesting, but of the utmost importance to humanity. Amongst these we note "Politics in the Home," by Mrs. Fawcett; "Medieval Medicine," by the Rev. Alfred Momerie; "Master of the Dark World," by G. C. W. H. The August issue is still more complete and the contents most admirable. "To the Third and Fourth Generation," by Walter Besant, is a tale bringing some vital questions to the front. "The Morals of Manner and Appearance," by Sara Grand, has much that must be noted and set right. It dwells upon the necessity of being pleasing in ourselves, our dress our manner, and shows how much more effective is work, when agreeably done. There is a powerful article on "The Curse of Drunkenness," by Archdeacon Farrar, which seems as if no one could read it and continue in such evil ways. But how frequent, and how long is the lesson needed, ere those who fall low shall arise. Perhaps the three articles *par excellence* are "The Proposal," by Zulie Maud Woodhull, "Self Control," by A. H. D., and "The Alchemy of Maternity," which leads the July issue, by Victoria Woodhull Martin. These three merit the most earnest, and careful study; they must be read in the spirit in which they are written, and the good result desired by the writers, will no doubt soon follow. The talented editor tells us, in her earnest preface, the "That regeneration of humanity will not be complete, until the light of knowledge shall have dawned on the darkness of ignorance and superstition, that now enshrouds the world and benumbs the energies of mankind. The pioneer of the dawn must be the idealised woman, who through her perfected offspring will guide man in his aspirations to higher aims of life. She will henceforth hold aloft the crown of science, and will lead the nations of the world in their march towards the goal, towards the epoch foreshadowed by Tennyson, that shall see

'All diseases quench'd by Science, no man halt, or deaf, or blind; Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind.'

We heartily congratulate the editor of the *Humanitarian* on her new edition, and wish it the success it most certainly deserves. It will open the eyes and the understanding of many;

it will lead from darkness to light; it will aid most materially in the overthrow of evil, and in bringing about the reign we all look forward to, when what is right shall triumph, the powers that work against good be crushed and for ever dishonoured.

THE "MODERN REVIEW."—Some reports had reached our office that this clever magazine was about to be discontinued. We rejoice to see it strong, vigorous, and full of life, giving no indication whatever of decay. Such magazines as these, the *Modern Review* and the *Humanitarian*, are fighting a brave battle for humanity, and deserve all the help we can give them. The August number contains, among other good things, the following articles:—"The Democratic Christ," "Kate Weale's New Marriage Law," "Concerning Our Criminal Law," "The Dreaded Scourge of all," "Iconoclast and Impressionist." A short paper on "The Health of the Ladies" is given on page 433. We trust it will be generally read. There are few women who have not felt the *insult* of this toast, in the manner of its giving, and in the position it holds on the list. The question often arises, "Do men really intend all the insults they bestow upon women? or are they simply incapable."

Aglaia, the journal of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, contains much that is well worth reading, much that is wise and good on the subject of dress. Upon dress depends much of health and comfort, without which nothing can be so well done; therefore a magazine, devoted to such a subject, ought to arouse interest sufficient to make its issue answer the aims of those who send it forth. These aims are not financial. The magazine contains many well-written articles; among others, those by Sophie Bryant, D.Sc., Margaret Booth Scott, Henry Holliday, B. Garnett, E. Winifred Dickinson, and W. Wilberforce Smith are worthy of note. Subjoined is an earnest explanatory letter which will bring all before the reader:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "SHAFTS."

MADAM,—*Aglaia* is the journal of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union. A perusal of its contents will show that it aims at improving dress by educational methods only, and its acceptance and criticism in your paper will be welcomed.

It advocates no singularity of attire, but hopes to assist those who desire to dress wholesomely and gracefully by inculcating such principles as will enable them to choose the good and refuse the evil from among the varieties presented in the fashions of the day.

The union adopts this course not merely because it is more in consonance with good taste than would be the advocacy of eccentric styles, but on philosophical grounds, because the promoters of the journal have small belief in the excellence or permanence of any development of dress which is not spontaneous and natural.

But as the natural and spontaneous action of an enlightened being differs widely from that of one who is ignorant, it is hoped that such a journal as *Aglaia* may help to establish conditions favourable to a wholesome growth, to the gradual elimination of the tasteless features in the existing forms, and to the preservation and improvement of all that is best in them.

There are many signs that the mind is now receptive on this subject, and that good seed sown in the present day may be expected to bring forth fruit.

Aglaia is in no sense a financial venture. Its contents are contributed without remuneration, and should there be any proceeds from the sale, they will be devoted to the furtherance of the objects of the union.—Yours, &c., HENRY HOLLIDAY.

The *Children's League of Pity Paper* "seeks the help of well-to-do and happy children in the cause of those who are sorrowful and suffering." "To get money and to give it" is what these little helpers are earnestly requested to do. "It is a costly thing," the paper says, "to make people who are cruel to children do right, and we need all the help which kind-hearted and unselfish young folks can give us to make all the homes in the country, where little children are unblest by love, and who are sick, and sad, and tearful, as happy as the homes of those who join our *Children's League of Pity*."

The children are not allowed to go about collecting money from those they do not know. Many interesting incidents are given, and the account of little Tommy Seabrook and his early days of neglect, hunger, and loneliness in his motherless childhood, very touching. It is consoling to see, later on, the assurance that a change has come, that a happier and merrier little lad is not now to be found; also the picture of little Tommy, fat, well-cared for, and strong, mounted on a donkey equally fat, well cared for, and strong, is highly satisfactory. Our only regret is not to see the picture of a little girl, also fat, strong, and well cared for, mounted on such another donkey, and looking equally happy and hopeful. Perhaps this regret may be only temporary, for at last this lazy blind world of ours is waking up to the fact that there are girls in the community as well as boys, that these girls are learning fast to look things straight in the face, and to demand equal recognition.

One little woman to whom I showed the picture *Seeing the Queen*, remarked demurely, "They've put all boys in the front seat." With the improved seeing power which has come upon us, and thought working steadily onward, girls, with their eager young hearts ever longing, up till now so cramped, may hope in the near future also to occupy front seats; to figure in the pictures yet to be painted; and to figure as *doing* something, not merely looking with yearning, admiring eyes at their brother's performances. The writer of this notice will never forget the agony such pictures caused her, nor how she wept over a large engraving given her by a lady, who had not even noticed the cruel defect. It was a picture of Christ blessing little children. When asked why she wept so sorely, she sobbed out, "Oh, there is not even one little girl among them all."

We heartily wish all success to the *Children's League of Pity* and its organ. It is doing a good work, and with our best wishes we would also drop one warning word: In all work, in all notices, in all illustrations, give the girls an equal place; for it is to the girls of the present day we shall look for the doing of the work that is to reform the world.

The *Sunday School Chronicle's* leading article, on women's work in the Church, says:—

Women have always held an important place in the Christian Church. They were among the first to hear, and the readiest to respond, to the call of Jesus. It was to a woman that He first revealed His Messiahship, and it was of a woman that He spake in the highest terms of praise. It is a curious inconsistency, therefore, that, while recording the distinguished honours paid to woman in the early days of Christianity, the Church should at the same time have assigned to her such

a subordinate position in its service. She has been allowed to listen and to obey, but all the glory and the privilege of leadership and management have been appropriated by the men. Yet experience is daily proving that women are able to lead, as well as to follow. Readers of the interesting life of Mrs. Booth will not need to be reminded how her unerring instinct divined the right moment for each step in that great movement, while her clear judgment found the solution for so many of its earliest difficulties.

The *Messiah's Kingdom* notices the progress of the Peace Movement in Germany in the following words:—

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, for July 1st, 1883, reports an interesting meeting of the Peace Union, at which a paper by Dr. Schlieff, of Berlin, was read. It is evident that the question is now claiming increased attention. A message from the Baroness von Suttner was read at the meeting, in which she said: "We also are working for peace with an increased following, and the spirit of the time is working with us."

FREEDOM for August gives, under the title of "Observations on the Russian Commune (Mir) III," the following interesting details:—

This method of organising popular life has created quite an original cast of thought. In the opinion of the Russian people no one has a right to appropriate to himself anything but the product of his own labour. In a peasant household the woman has the right of disposing of all that she has herself produced according to her own wish. Usually all the produce of the fields and the cattle belong to the man, whilst the produce of the garden, the poultry, and the various spinning industries belong to the housewife. And it is the same in the case of chance profits. If you go to a house for a meal or a drink or a night's lodging and you wish to pay something, you must always speak to the woman, the man will never take your money.

I attribute to this popular custom the fact that the Russian code recognises the division of property between the wife and husband, and it is that which has created for the Russian woman an economic and consequently a social position far superior in most respects to that enjoyed by woman in Western Europe.

Owing to this thoroughly humane and just idea that private property can only exist in those things which are the produce of one's own labour, the Russian people obstinately refuse to consider fishing, hunting, or the use of forests for *personal requirements* as a crime. "The forests and the water are God's," they naively say, "and each has the right to make use of them, according to his needs." "But it is a theft to cut down wood in the estate of Lord N.," said Yakoushkin, one of the best observers of popular life, to some peasants who were openly going in carts to a private estate to cut down wood. "What do you say, little father?" answered the peasants astonished. "If someone were to take wood that you had already cut or corn that you had already sown, that would certainly be a theft—but anyone has a right to cut down a tree that God alone has cared for. Do you see? to take what a man has produced would be to steal. But the forests, the game, the fish are created for all—yes, for all." For the Russian peasant there exists only one moral authority which possesses the right of temporarily forbidding the use of such and such a piece of common property—it is his Mir, the full assembly of his commune. Sometimes, in order to preserve the forests or fish, the Mir will proclaim such and such a place "sacred" (*zapovednia*) for so many years, and the Mir knows perfectly well that no Russian will touch the least straw in a "sacred" forest. The *zapovednia* forests are well known in Russia, and it is also known how the people respect the decisions of the Mir. A whole series of popular proverbs exist, which prove to what a degree the Russians esteem, revere, their Mir.

AN EXAMPLE FOR OUR WOMEN FROM CHICAGO.

MR. JULIAN RALPH writes a paper in *Harper's Magazine* upon "Chicago's Gentle Side." He gives the following account of the kind of work done by the Chicago Protective Agency for Women:—

Five mistresses of disorderly resorts had brought as many young girls to Mrs. Logan, and had said they wanted them saved. The girls were pure, but had been brought to the houses in question by men who had pretended that they were taking them to restaurants or respectable dwellings. The agency caused the arrest of the men implicated; and when the first case came up for trial, the agency sent for fourteen or sixteen married women of fine social position to come to court and sit through the trial to see fair play. When the baignio-keeper, who was the chief witness against the prisoner, took the stand, she testified that the girl had been told that her house was a restaurant where she was to have supper. Undeceived, she was greatly frightened, and the woman took charge of her. Then the counsel for the defence began to draw out the story of the woman's evil life and habits. He was rebuked from the Bench, and was told that the woman's character for chastity could not affect her testimony, and that when counsel asked such questions of women witnesses the Court would insist that similar questions be put to all male witnesses in each case, with the same intent to destroy the force of their depositions. Thus was established a new principal in criminal practice. In the other cases prosecuted by the agency the same array of matrons in silks, laces, and jewels was conspicuous in the court-rooms. The police and court officials are said to be astonished at this proceeding by women of their standing. But the women have not only gained a step towards perfect justice for their sex, they say that their presence in court has put an end to the rivalry that was always a feature of trials of this kind. Not far removed from this work has been the successful effort of the women to raise what is called "the age of consent" from 12 to 16 years.

THREE ERAS.

'Twas Chaos! Earth had neither space nor form,
Dark silence brooded on the wings of night;
There swept the passing of a mighty storm,
God moved upon the waters! It was light!
Through night's rent robe dawn blushed on land
and sea,
The teeming earth beneath her smile waxed
warm;

The breath of morning put the stars to flight,
And all things good their mission true perform.
Whilst fresh from Him Who holds life's master
key,
Walked Man and Woman equal, blessed and free.
But through man's heart surged Passion like a
tide

Of molten fire, searing Love's pure soul;
He dipped his hands in murder, avarice cried,
And all save Self shrank from his curs'd control.
Whilst meek-eyed woman, through her prison
bars,
Her task of sorrow in submission plied,
And watched long centuries of serfdom roll,
Till the dread shackles of the law divid e.
Whilst songs of angels shook the listening stars,
And Christ's blood streamed to heal the Past's deep
scars.

There comes a wild upheaval through the world!
And men and women tremble at the crash
Of falling custom, mighty Self is hurled
Into the Future's waters, and the plash
Of giant waves the very heavens defy.
Stand firm, ye noble ones! nor slow, nor rash,
And keep your banner "Equal Rights" unfurled,
Till God shall smile upon you, in a flash
Of sudden light from His own throne on high,
And men shall see the truth nor wonder why.
WARNER SNOOD.

"Our deeds follow us as shadows."—*Eastern Proverb.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMEN SHOULD SUPPORT THEIR SPECIAL PAPERS.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am sorry to read in this month's *SHAFTS* that you are so seriously short of the sinews of war, and may have to discontinue the most outspoken paper I have ever read. I commenced to think its publication a sign of the times. Surely there must be a screw loose somewhere if the women of London allow a paper with a soul in it like *SHAFTS* to be a mere flash in the pan.

Women must have a paper exposing, and if possible ridiculing man's bumptious pretensions over women, which have made all along the line, and still continue to make, a terrible hash of humanity and human progress.

There certainly is a "rift" in the social cloud. The late Lydia Becker, that noble pioneer, considerably widened it by means of her *Monthly Review*, which must have been supported by the women of the northern counties. The *Women's Herald* is not a bad paper, but it lacks the pluck to hit straight out from the shoulder.

I call at about a dozen shops every month for *SHAFTS*, and generally succeed in getting five or six. I should like to assist you more, but my earnings only keep the pot boiling. I have made 10s. in overtime jobs this week, and trust you will accept it, as an earnest of good will from a working man, who believes that no substantial good will be done, till women and men are on the same level—women taking their brave stand in Church and State with dignity, not crying out lest man should be hurt, or whining when hurt themselves. Women have been too thoughtful for men, and too patient altogether. Now let them stand to their guns and accept no ignoble peace.

Wishing you every success in your uphill work, yours sincerely,

JAMES KENNETH MACKENZIE.

DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to take this opportunity of telling you how much I value and appreciate *SHAFTS*. I do all I can to get people to read it, but, unfortunately, the average woman neither understands nor has sympathy with the principal aims and objects of progressive women.

When I read that *SHAFTS* is languishing for want of funds I feel what a drawback limited means are, and that the only help I can give is to take it in myself, and try to induce others to do the same.

Although the great majority are not educated up to *SHAFTS*—have not, as you well say, educated themselves by thought up to its level—yet I know there are advanced women enough to keep more than one woman's paper going. What can they be thinking of not to see the great, the urgent need of such a paper as *SHAFTS*? I am glad to say, however, that I see it read more and more each month. I will do all I can to make it known.

I am so glad to get *SHAFTS* every month; it is like a dear friend already. I like it altogether, but specially because it does not lower its standard by inserting articles on fashion, household receipts, &c., which is done by almost every other woman's paper, political or social. I enclose a letter which I think will suit the advanced thoughtful readers of *SHAFTS*. If too long, pray condense, cut out, or deposit in wastepaper basket, just as you please; I shall be satisfied with your judgment. I am advocating the claims of *SHAFTS* everywhere, and

hope soon to send subscribers. My interest in the paper I thought could not have been increased, but since I have had the great pleasure of seeing you face to face, my desire to help the paper has increased tenfold. *SHAFTS* must succeed, if there are even fifty women in earnest.

Yours most sincerely,

N. S. S.

FOR JUSTICE' SAKE.

DEAR MADAM,—It is generally acknowledged that women, as a sex, are more chaste than men. The average middle class English-woman cherishes her chastity as her dearest possession, but the same can hardly be said of the average middle class man, though he is doubtless pure when compared with his brothers of the west and east end of society.

Still, the presence in London alone of 80,000 women who earn their living by prostitution argues the existence of a proportionately vast army of men who are living in the same way, if not earning anything by it.

Women are unhesitatingly accredited with the possession of purity; we hear it spoken of from the pulpit, the platform, and the press, and it is the consciousness of this purity which nerves women to wage their holy war against vice, whether regulated or unregulated, in India or England.

I am convinced that the women of to-day have little inclination to indulge in sensuality; celibacy for them has no horrors, and chastity is an easy virtue. Those women who become the victims of vice have generally, either through weakness succumbed to the baseness of a lover (!) or have been driven to it from poverty. Dire necessity, not love of a vicious life, has caused them to become what they are, and many of them would give anything to re-tread the path of virtue, which is, alas, rendered well nigh impossible, through the pharisaical virtue of their more fortunate sisters.

This, then, is the question I would ask:—Why this chastity on the part of women? Whence comes it? Is it the result of a colder physical nature or of self-control, and domination of will over passion?

My theory is, that originally man and woman were created alike with respect to their amateness. There was sufficient of it in each for the perpetuation of the species. Man from various causes became more addicted to the practice until it became a ruling passion—he was no longer contented to be the husband of one wife, but wanted more and more, until we read of Solomon with his 300 wives and 700 concubines, and to-day in England we have "monogamy" the nominal and "polygamy" the actual institution.

Women, on the contrary, have always seen the seamy side; they have experienced the nine months' misery and inconvenience of child-bearing, culminating in the inconceivable agony of bringing a child into the world. This, I should think, would greatly tend to moderate the passion in a woman, and would affect generation after generation, until we have, now, the animal in woman checked and controlled.

Now let us look at this subject from another point of view, which is, that women are chaste because of education and public opinion. Men have ever required purity in their wives, and as marriage has been (until lately) the aim and object of the average woman, she has come up to the desired standard.

Another inducement, too, would be the awful fate awaiting a woman who has taken a false step. She is shunned, and avoided, treated as

an outcast and pariah. She is unable to obtain employment, and is driven to join the terrible army of women who walk our streets, in order to keep body and soul together.

All these motives are strong, not only in sentiment and morality, but as affecting the temporal advantage of the woman, hence she is chaste!

On the contrary, society has winked at vice in men, condoned their offences, made vice easy for them, tried to ward off its effects, made every excuse for them, given them its fairest daughters as wives, and really encouraged them in every conceivable manner. Hence, man is vicious! Had the cases been reversed, should we have had virtuous men and vicious women?

As I am a woman, I need hardly tell you the latter is not my explanation, but a man's, and although I cannot deny the truth of a good deal of it, I cannot accept it as a whole.

But I raise this question in the hope that readers of *SHAFTS*, who may be better informed on this matter than I am, will give me the benefit of their knowledge, also that in either case, whether women's chastity proceeds from self-control, difference in temperament, dread of child bearing, society's demands, or what not, are we justified in taking the high grounds we do in this social purity question? If I have never experienced any temptation to indulge in sensuality, why should I pose as super-virtuous any more than should a man who dislikes tobacco, pride himself on his abstinence from the noxious weed?

Let no one mistake my motive in writing. I have ever been one of the most determined in my indignant denunciation of sensuality in men. My anger has known no bounds at the shameful practices which have been exposed by the noble women who have recently visited India. I have felt that the word "man" was synonymous with all that is low and bestial. But in my calmer moments, I have felt there must be some cause for this difference between men and women, and as a lover of justice and fair play, I write to you in the hope that some competent person will give us the benefit of their wisdom and experience and explain this very puzzling question.

Apologising for trespassing so greatly on your valuable space,

I am, dear madam,

Yours faithfully,

"JUSTITIA."

THANKS FOR "SHAFTS."

DEAR MADAM,—I read with interest O.B.D.'s letter. How good it would be if every friend of our cause were to try, like her, to make your valuable paper known; it ought to be known and read everywhere. It grieves me to see how often people spend their money in buying silly papers, while if they were to spend only threepence monthly in buying *SHAFTS* they would not only read interesting articles in it, but they would also often find very useful information. Such a good educative paper as *SHAFTS* must not die, and it will not die; on the contrary it must prosper, for surely many will recognise its immense value. It is so kind of you, dear madam, to give so much of your valuable time, for the benefit of others. I am sure many ladies will be glad to avail themselves of your kind invitation to attend meetings on Fridays, to learn how to speak, as many are anxious to make themselves useful to society at large, and to Women's Associations, but hardly know how. Besides, it is a pleasure to be in the society of good and clever women, such as those one meets on such

occasions. If you think this letter worth inserting, pray insert it, and accept my earnest thanks for the honour you confer upon me by doing so. With my best wish for yourself and our dear *SHAFTS*,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

A FRIEND FROM FRANCE.

DEAR MADAM,—It is, indeed, "a sad reflection upon the earnestness of women that such a paper as *SHAFTS* should have to make so many appeals for funds." Would that I could help; how gladly would I do so. But at present I can only look on and grieve at my powerlessness. Is there any hope that some substantial aid may come in response to your many earnest appeals?

It is a day of small things, however, and it is wonderful what a large amount of encouragement can sometimes be got out of the veritable crumbs that fall from the news-vendor's counter. On the day after *SHAFTS* (July 15th) was published I was delighted to see the pink cover spread temptingly in the front of the bookstall at Aldersgate-street Station, and also hanging in prominent positions on the back boards. The clerk said he had done this because I frequently spoke of its progressive teaching, and always asked anxiously how many he had sold. He said he had sold a few more copies than his wont, and this time I went home quite cheerful in consequence.

If these can be multiplied it will lead to ease of mind for our dear Editor, and a glad satisfaction for all those who love her paper and herself for what she is doing for her fellow-women, often so slow to recognise her unselfish devotion to their cause.

I hope that your anxieties and the hot weather we are having are not trying your strength. We cannot afford that you should break down.

Very faithfully yours,

E. L. B.

DEAR MADAM,—It will be a real pleasure to do anything I can to help you in your good work, and send your "Shafts of light flying into dark places;" some will take hold and stick, never fear. A reformer's work is always painful, but it is a noble work, and you have the example and teaching of the greatest and purest of all reformers on your side, who was the first to begin the great work of placing woman in her true, unfettered place, a work now being carried on by women themselves. So take courage, dear Editor, and may all blessing rest upon you.

Your friend,

M. S. B.

IN RE SHAKESPEARE.

DEAR MADAM,—In reference to Part. I. of Shakespeare, it looks pretty bold to criticise this idolised genius; but all I can say is, it is a pity it was not done long ago. But for the impossibility—owing to coarseness too great to be quoted—facts could be proved as to Shakespeare's moral status, up to the hilt, from his own words. His idea of love is simply lust, and his jokes are sometimes so horrible, that all decent people must often wonder that his great mind was so incapable of being clean. I rejoice we are to have something on the "Taming of the Shrew," which has been rendered, I believe, as it is. Miss Ada Rehan is surely not aware of the mischief done by thus perpetuating Shakespeare's errors. It is sad to see a woman thus engaged. What

can one do? Women have not yet attained the plane which would enable them to command freedom, against such odds as are placed in their way. They often betray their sisters, the hard-working pioneers, and confirm men in their follies. This is the real cause of your painful struggle with *SHAFTS*. Women are not awakened to the necessity of upholding such a voice. But go on, have courage; *SHAFTS* will awake them, if anything can. I mention it whenever and wherever I have an opportunity, and shall continue to do so. I hope you may yet get it into paying circulation, as it is but 4s. a year posted, still less purchased from newsagents.

I shall send you some articles shortly, and help in every way possible.

With all good wishes, and hoping you will stem the tide until it becomes a flowing one.

Believe me, etc.,

A SINCERE FRIEND.

MY DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—Will you kindly accept my warmest thanks for sending me *SHAFTS* so regularly without my paying for the paper. It is so very kind of you; you do not know how glad I always am when I discover the pretty pink paper among my letters. With great eagerness and warmest sympathy do I read and study it, and hope you may be able to keep the paper going, as I know it does a great deal of good and wakes up many women or teaches others to think.

I am so grateful to you, dear Mrs. Sibthorp, that I would not like to call myself a subscriber to the paper, but like the feeling of receiving it as the gift of a kind friend.

Nevertheless, I hope you will accept the small P.O. I am able to send to the paper to-day, wishing I could send a bigger one and one of more value to you.

Strive on, strive on! Light must follow the dawn, and so much earnestness cannot be lost, but must triumph in the end.

Though I can help you, neither with money nor with my pen, I can pray for your success and for bodily strength, and strength of mind to keep up under the burden, and I do so with full heart and firm belief in your good cause, and the help of God to every one who seeks and professes truth.—Yours ever,

M. B.

[Such letters as these and many others received are full of consolation, strength, and power. I cannot sufficiently thank the kind friends who send them.—Ed.]

A WOMAN'S REASON WHY.

DEAR MADAM,—Women are often taunted with their devotion to religious exercises. The devotion of Christian women to their religion is strong, and the stronger not only because of Christ's wonderful life, but because of His deep feeling for women, and His unmistakable words as to but one moral law between the sexes. Church and State! how could they be thus joined if the Church lived up to Christ's teaching? A Christlike Church would have been crying out for a divorce from the State, instead of clinging to an unworthy partner. Take as an instance in point our marriage law. We are in the habit of speaking of polygamy as most shameful, as indeed it is (a man who is a polygamist being but a wanton), and congratulating ourselves that far different to Eastern manners is our English marriage system—but is it so different a thing? It is in true relationship, and a very near one, to the harem system; whilst an enormous number of women are kept

by the habits of the male portion of the nation as a large public harem, and a husband's rights to visit this harem recognised by the English law; for does not the law punish the wife's adultery, whilst it refuses to recognise the wife's rights to her husband's faith, binding her by a hundred disabilities. This is such a tremendous subject and so far-reaching that the last word cannot soon be said, but I hope women will know no rest till this shameful wrong be righted.

Yours faithfully,

E. WARDLAW BEST.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

MADAM,—May I be allowed to offer a few suggestions on the much-vexed question of domestic service.

It seems the universal experience of those who work among young girls of the poorer classes that the idea of going to service is becoming daily more unpopular. Factory hands especially seem to have a profound contempt for servants, and an unconquerable prejudice against this method of earning a living. And if one of their set goes into service, or, as they would express it, becomes "a slavey," she is considered to have lost caste. On the other hand, to go into "business,"—by which they mean to become a dressmaker's apprentice, or a shop assistant,—is considered an honourable calling! In their case, doubtless, much of this antipathy is due to ignorance. Yet when we consider the hard lot they choose, rather than submit to the restrictions of domestic service, it cannot but fill us with wonder, and make us feel that there must surely be some strong reasons underlying their aversion.

I agree with "An Old Associate," writing on this subject in the May number of the *Associates' Journal*, that to some girls, especially to the modern young and more independent spirited, the "badges of servitude" are sometimes a stumbling-block; but surely the chief objection to the life of a servant is the sense of being continually under surveillance, and at the beck and call of someone. She can never feel that her work is done, and her time is her own. The factory hand, the dressmaker's apprentice, and the shop assistant work continuously for a certain number of hours; but when the day's work is over their time is their own, and they are free to go where they will. These few hours of unrestricted liberty are, in their eyes, so precious a possession, that many girls will gladly purchase them at the expense of long days of work, in ill-ventilated rooms and under insanitary conditions—with short time allowed for meals, and (as is often the case in factories) no proper appliances for cooking their food—and the prospect, in some cases, of returning at night to overcrowded, uncomfortable homes.

The love of home and of all the surroundings, and friends among whom she has grown up—and the dislike of breaking off old ties by going out to service, is, in some cases, another objection that has to be contended with.

This being the state of the case, surely it behoves us even for our own sakes, and setting aside the question of justice to the girls, to do what lies in our power to make domestic service more attractive.

Let us consider for a moment what "going to service" means, for many young girls at the present day. Having worked for some time with that excellent society known as the "Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants," which concerns itself with the finding of situations for young girls of the poorest class in London, and looking after

them in those situations, I have had some experience of the kind of service that is expected from these girls. As soon as they have reached the fifth standard, or before then, they go out to service as little general servants. This means a ceaseless round of drudgery from 6 a.m. often till 11 p.m., with poor and insufficient food, and sometimes with a broken night's rest owing to the charge of a baby that is cutting its teeth. Of course much depends on the patience and considerateness of the mistress (and large calls are made upon these qualities in dealing with untrained ignorant girls), but in the majority of cases, the girls have a hard time of it.

Again, even when we have got for a young girl what we call "a really good place" in some large household, and one that may be the first step on the ladder that leads to a position of trust and responsibility, we sometimes find her unwilling to take it. Many a young servant in a large household leads a hard and lonely life. She has, as a matter of course, the roughest work to do; and has not, as would be the case in the factory or workroom, the alleviation of feeling that it is shared in by a number of other young girls like herself. We all know how the sense of companionship lightens toil. Also, the length of her working day depends on the will of upper servants, who are sometimes hard masters. But whether the household be small or large, it will take its tone from the mistress; and if she treats all with whom she comes into contact with courtesy and consideration, and does not, as some mistresses seem to think necessary, assume a haughty tone and overbearing manner in dealing with servants, they will probably imitate her in their dealings with those under them. Let the mistress (however high be her position) follow the example of the virtuous woman in the Proverbs, and look well to the ways of her household, coming more into touch with every member of that household, and concerning herself with the welfare of every separate individual. Let her not allow one servant—while living under her roof—to be practically a stranger to her, but let her show them that she thinks the work they do in no way mean or degrading, but that she honours them for it.

If we make friends of our servants, we shall be well repaid, for a service of love is twice as well rendered as a grudging service that thinks only of pay. The time has come when the world is beginning to realise, that every position has its rights, as well as its duties, and if we are to do our duty by our servants, we must recognise their right to the leisure necessary for the healthful and enjoyable exercise of the powers of mind and body, with which God has endowed them. The enfranchisement of women will in the not far distant future be an accomplished fact; and how are they to use their power as electors wisely, if they have never had time or opportunity to learn their duties as citizens? Let us, therefore, as wise mistresses, avail ourselves as far as possible of all appliances for simplifying and expediting the necessary household work, and try in a measure to copy the noble example set us by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, who have started a household club for recreation and education, to which all their servants belong—of which Lady Aberdeen wrote a most interesting account last year in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Thus might we hope for a revolution in the attitude of our girls towards domestic service.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF CRUELTY.

DEAR MADAM,—I read with pleasure the letter of your correspondent, "Di Tempest,"

on the above subject. In the question of fur and feather decoration, women are not without blame; for though I do believe that if, on the slaughter and mutilation of bird and beast by themselves, depended their getting these adornments, 99 out of 100 women would willingly abandon them, and thus upon men, so far, rests the responsibility, yet it is also true of women that they choose not to think, not to inquire into these painful subjects.

I fear that there is very little doubt that gross cruelty too often accompanies the production of the finest kid. Inquiries I have myself made have led to horrible admissions, and it is my firm belief that a certain amount of cruelty being admitted, seven times that amount is being perpetrated—not, perhaps, in this country; but that makes no difference to the animal, nor does it lessen our responsibility. If we wear an article procured by torture, in the sight of God we are as the torturers.

There is no necessity to wear fur, kid, or feathers. All these can be replaced by other articles, and if substitutes are at present inferior, this state of things will cease to be, as soon as the demand for a supply of better goods becomes sufficiently imperative.

Permit me here to recommend to the notice of your correspondent the "Humanitarian League," which is an "anti-cruelty society" already in existence, and well known to yourself and many of your readers. The address of the Hon. Secretary (from whom all particulars may be obtained) is 38, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

Yours truly,
E. M. BEEBY.

THE LATEST MEDICAL FAD.

DEAR MADAM,—According to recent intelligence, the army surgeons at the Army Medical School, Netley, preparing for service in India, are now being taught the method of "confering immunity" (sic) "from cholera by the inoculating process as practised by Professor Haffkine," recently worked out at the Pasteur Institute, and described in the April issue of the *Fortnightly Review* by Haffkine himself. Upwards of 50 doctors and students of medicine, it is stated, have undergone (voluntarily) these inoculations in Paris—a fact which speaks little for their prudence or common sense, and a great deal for their hardihood. With a view of completing the instructions of the budding medicos by practical demonstrations, the redoubtable Haffkine in person has been invited to Netley, and has "generously" accepted the invitation. Commenting on this prospectus of proflusion, a leading medical journal anticipates "very valuable results from the method of procedure when applied to our Indian Army." "Valuable results!" When, where, and how? The contemplated system is predoomed to failure. Poor Tommy Atkins! For thee, if Haffkinism becomes established, the result will be generally pernicious and in many cases lethal. That well-known physician, Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, writing of this modern and filthy inoculating craze of the medical profession, says:—"I pray you be not led away by such conceits. This manufacture of new diseases in our human, bovine, equine, ovine, canine, and probably feline species is too much to endure the thought of, especially when we know that purity of life is all-sufficient to remove what exists, without invoking what is not."

Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH COLLINSON.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—I was pleased to receive a copy of SHAFTS a few weeks since. The monthly is, I think, a great improvement. The friends who have stood by you and made it possible for you to carry forward your work must feel deeply gratified with the sterling character of the publication.

I went to Chicago early in May to attend the Congress of Representative Women, and to participate in their grand meetings. Living as I do in this broad free land, where women are doing whatever their ability and inclination may lead them to do; and being fresh back from England where women have made, and are making, such solid advancement in business and the professions; still these May meetings, and the congresses, that have been in session since, revealed to me a measure of progress on the part of woman of which I had no adequate conception. It is, indeed, a revelation to the world—the various positions of responsibility occupied by women, the vast amount of education, philanthropic and reformatory work being done by women, the number of women engaged, and the high qualifications they bring to their work. It is all a glorious revelation of a but partly-suspected truth, that women are having a hand in the great reformatory and educational movements, signalling the present time as the best the world has ever known. This great coming together of the women of the nations, will do more to bring the nations of the earth to a better understanding of, and, consequently, to a larger sympathy with, one another than any other agency at work in that direction. The woman ministry will have special occasion to remember this Columbian Anniversary, as marking a milestone in its journey. The Lombard University of Galesburg, Ill., U.S.A., one of the oldest colleges of the Universalist denomination, has conferred the degree of D.D. upon the Rev. Augusta J. Chapin; being the first instance in the history of the Christian Church of this degree being conferred upon a woman. This is in keeping with the spirit of the Universalist denomination whose policy has ever been equal opportunity, both in study and work to women and men. The Universalist Church occupies not the position of "now opening its doors to women," but the still higher one of never having had its doors closed against them.

(The Rev.) FLORENCE E. KOLLOCK.

WHO ARE THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MOTHERS?

DEAR MADAM,—For a long time I have been asking myself this question, and trying to find an answer to it by constant observation in my own circle of acquaintances. And the sum of my experience is this: The mothers who are the most loyally treated by their children, especially by their sons, are those who have been most loyal to their own rights as individuals. So often has this been noticed, that I cannot help concluding that the so-called "womanly" woman, the wife, that is, who entirely loses her identity in her husband's, becomes to her children as they grow up an object of a kind of contempt, perhaps unconscious contempt, but none the less real, whilst their good feelings still prompt them to love her as the maternal parent who endured so patiently with all their infantile weakness. Increasing years show them that maternal love is very strong in the lower animals as well in ourselves, and they see that if this

natural instinct is not supported by the exercise of the reasoning faculties, the parent who should represent to them the highest form of human life is only a maternal creature, raised somewhat above other maternal creatures. On the other hand, such a mother as Mrs. Susanna Wesley, who refused to say "Amen" to her husband's prayer for the king because she believed him to be an usurper, became the confidante of her two famous sons when they were doing their best to revolutionise the moral, or, rather, immoral state of the England of their day. When a crucial step was to be taken it was to her they turned for advice. And her son John did not hesitate to say that he believed some of his father's troubles were due to the arrogance she showed towards his wife with regard to her political opinions.

But my purpose in writing this letter is not so much to give the result of my own observations, or to quote what I have read of an eminent woman, as it is to inquire what the readers of SHAFTS think upon the subject. Deductions drawn from a narrow outlook are not quite satisfactory to one's self unless corroborated by others who have had greater opportunities for forming an opinion.

If, dear madam, you would allow any willing reader to give her views in your columns, I think many would be obliged, and if to that favour you would add a greater by telling us what you think, I believe all your readers would be, with me, most grateful.

I am, dear Madam,
Yours faithfully,
J. M. D.

COURAGE! OVERCOME!

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—You are becoming so familiar to us in the pages of SHAFTS, where we all declare we can see your own strong, beautiful soul, that I feel I must address you by name. SHAFTS improves every month, and I seem to see the people grow who read it. In any case, I know it has that effect upon myself, my mother, sisters, and brothers. Do not let your cares discourage you. There are signs of life, strong, vigorous life about SHAFTS. Everyone says it must not, will not, die. I enclose my small contribution towards your fund, which I will pay until your paper is on its feet, rejoicing in the success of its work. We all know you want not money for money's sake, but just to continue your great crusade. We most heartily congratulate you on the marked improvement in each issue. The last three seemed to us splendid; so reasonable, so brave, and on so high a plain. You have done so much good already, it must rejoice your heart, and though I do not approve of Miss Clapperton's scientific checks, believing with yourself that self-restraint is the only method justifiable, yet I cannot but admire most ardently your plan of allowing each one to say her (or his) say on any subject. It is really the only way to arrive eventually at truth, and surely must be understood by the readers of SHAFTS. The population question is a serious one, it must be considered. Women must be relieved from the burden of too many children, and men must learn self-restraint. I like the idea given out in Mary Leigh's story, it is what we will come to as we grow wiser and better. Yes, a woman must be the final judge; in her own hands it must be; such numbers of women are feeling this now. A friend remarks, "But men must be considered." Yes, there is no fear that women will not consider men. The fact is that they have always considered them too much. A new era, the

era of Woman, is dawning on the world, men will not be forgotten in it if they are worthy, but the worth of the individual, the mental and moral worth, will be the criterion, the standard by which all shall be judged in that new era.

—Yours in sympathy,
REGENT STRASSE.

EXTRACTS.

"DEAR MADAM,—Please send me regularly a copy of SHAFTS. I never expected in my life to see such a paper. Women owe you a debt of gratitude. Is it possible you have not even funds? This speaks not well for women; but SHAFTS will awake the spirit of women, and you will yet triumph. I wish I could send you £1,000 like the lady to whom you express so much gratitude. Can she help you more? Money does not come my way; but I send you the few shillings enclosed and I will send some again. I am glad one woman helped you so much—all women must thank her. Do not let depression assail you; SHAFTS is needed, it will succeed.

"JANE C. WOODHART."

"DEAR MADAM,—I am made glad by SHAFTS, I would not miss it for all I have. How fortunate I deem myself to have seen it. A friend, fearing I had not seen it, sent me hers, with eulogiums. Another wrote: 'Have you seen SHAFTS? If not, get one at once.' Two others, to whom I sent mine, are taking it, and all wish you success.

"L.C.M."

ARROWS.

Man claims an extra right to make the laws—and break the laws.

To be truly good is costly; sometimes it costs even life itself.

To be cheaply good is popular, and even profitable.

Truth is the Prince of Diplomats.

The "bread-winner" might often be better named the "money-grabber."

It is more terrible to *deserve* contempt than to endure it.

The English marriage system, is merely the harem system, posing in mask and domino.

He who makes secrets of his trifles, will make a trifle of your secret.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

THE Women's Congresses at Chicago are acknowledged on all hands to have been vastly more successful, better attended, and better conducted than the subsequent Men's Congresses. It is much to be regretted that this wonderful force in favour of everything that is best in Government and in society should have been so long barred out from full opportunity of usefulness. We quote from "Wives and Daughters" a remark made to Mr. Hawthorne by one of Chicago's noblest women: "A fundamental principle with us," she said, "is that a girl may be dependent, but a woman must be independent, in order to perform all her functions. She must be independent in order to wisely make a choice of her career—whether she will be a wife or a mother, and, if so, whose wife and mother she will be."

Meetings, Notices, &c.

Although SHAFTS is absolutely non-party, placing no value whatever on party as party; yet it is deeply interested in the efforts of women towards freedom wherever and however made. Political women, though they often act as would seem induced by the interests of "party first," must, we think, feel with those who work for women only, that the cause of women is undoubtedly of the very highest import at present; and must be, until they have attained to full freedom, when, let us hope, they will guard well what they have gained.

SHAFTS is before and above all else, the advocate of woman's claim to full and entire freedom, to make her way anywhere and everywhere she may list; to all place and power capable of attainment by a human being, utterly irrespective of sex or class. This is the goal all women have before them; this they will surely win.

But at present there are many ways of working; and, as women, all lifting eager eyes to the same heights to be attained, it ill becomes us to cavil at this method or that. Much better to praise all earnest effort and to rejoice in all good results. It cannot be denied that the efforts of those women who have used party as a means to an end, have won great things for women. They have made the struggles of those of us who put party second to other motives, much easier of attainment; they have made the voice of woman already an important factor in the realm. When woman takes the high place which will certainly be hers; when party has ceased to be, still it will be well ever to give to party, or any other instrument of progress by which women and the people have advanced, the honour and credit which is its due. Humanity will use other and higher methods as the years go by, but base, indeed, must be the heart which will ever discredit the steps by which it has arisen to higher things.

THE FRANCHISE LEAGUE.

We quote the following points from the report sent by Mrs. Jacob Bright, which was read by Mrs. Cobden Unwin at the World's Congress, Chicago, May, 1893:—

To sum up our objects, then, the Women's Franchise League claims equality:

1. Of political rights and duties.
2. Of educational opportunities (whether as a means of culture or as aids to secure the means of living).
3. Of wages for women for work of equal quality and quantity with that done by men.
4. Of the right to hold any office or position, paid or honorary, to which her fellow citizens may elect her or which is in the gift of the State.
5. We claim also equality in the marriage laws:
 - a. In the question of divorce.
 - b. In our right to the custody and guardianship of children born in wedlock.
 - c. Of personal freedom and the rights and liabilities of contract.

The legal position of the wife in England is a scandal to civilisation. We desire to set down nothing in malice and to exaggerate nothing; but the object of this report is not to send a glowing account of English women's freedom to our sisters across the sea. We do not need to tell you that there are in England as many happy homes as in any country on the face of the earth. What we do need to point out is that this happiness is the result not of legal protection, but of the fact that the vast majority of our countrymen are too just to abuse the enormous powers at their discretion.

Mr. Gladstone is fully aware of the moral importance of supporting the case for the wife, and has denounced in strong language some of

the inequalities of the laws with regard to her. Indeed, with regard to the position of women generally, he has shown that his conscience is not quite at ease. Whilst suggesting a doubt if the Creator intended women for political life, he acknowledges in a recently printed letter that men "have been most unfaithful guardians of her right to moral and social equality."

We ask these "unfaithful guardians" to give up a charge for which they are obviously unfitted. There is no such thing as "moral and social equality" apart from political equality. An unrepresented class is always a neglected, abused and degraded class.

WOMEN'S LIBERAL FEDERATION.

The sixth annual report of the Executive Committee of the Women's Liberal Federation (1893) has been handed in for notice. It gives a very satisfactory account of the progress made during the past year by these busy women, who work as seemeth to them best towards the general advance of women, every day making itself more and more apparent.

The committee congratulate themselves on the general appreciation shown of the work done by women's Liberal associations, and bear testimony to the earnest, intelligent help rendered by them, and to the deep interest taken by them in the welfare of their country. The Federation has at present 369 affiliated associations, representing an aggregate membership of some 75,000 women.

In January, 1893, the committee were able, through the energy of Mrs. E. Stewart-Brown, ably seconded by a local committee, to hold a conference at Liverpool during the meetings of the National Liberal Federation, which was attended by 242 delegates, representing over 80 associations. There has been a large increase in the demand for political literature during the past year, and the committee have been able to publish three new leaflets as well as to supply those issued by other societies.

In August, 1892, a circular was issued to the Men's Liberal Associations asking them to forward resolutions in favour of the Suffrage to the Committee of the National Liberal Federation, in the hope that, through the support of the federated Associations, the subject might be brought forward at the annual meeting of the National Liberal Federation. A considerable number of associations sent favourable answers, and greater interest has been aroused in the question, but the committee regret that the subject was not formally brought before the National Liberal Federation meetings, although declarations in its favour made by some of the speakers were greeted enthusiastically.

In December the President of the Local Government Board received a deputation, introduced by Mrs. Eva McLaren, to urge the appointment of women members on the Commission on Poor Law Relief. Although Mr. Fowler expressed sympathy with the views laid before him, the Government found themselves unable to make the desired addition to the Commission.

In January, the Home Secretary received a large deputation, introduced by Lady Aberdeen, together with deputations from Women's Trades Unions and other bodies in favour of the appointment of women Factory Inspectors. The Home Secretary announced to the deputation his intention to appoint two women Factory Inspectors, and indicated a hope that the number might be soon increased. In view of

the large number of women and girls employed in mills and factories it is of great importance to secure a considerable addition to the number of inspectors of their own sex, and the Committee trust that Mr. Asquith may soon be able to give further effect to the important reform he has initiated.

THE CENTRAL CONFERENCE OF WOMEN WORKERS will meet on Tuesday, November 7th, and the three following days, at Leeds, under the presidency of Mrs. Boyd Carpenter.

The Conference will discuss methods of work, and so give to many who are not wholly trained the chance of getting help from those whose larger experience enables them to give advice and encouragement. The papers to be read include:—"The Women of India," "Women in Shops," and "Health Teaching in Towns and Villages." Amongst the ladies who read papers will be Miss Hetty Jones, on "The Conditions of Life in Houses of Business"; Miss Clifford, on "The Work of Women Visitors to Workhouses"; Lady F. Cavendish, on "The Housing of the Poor"; and Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., on "The Supply of Medical Aid to the Women of India." Arrangements are being made to offer hospitality to the delegates sent from all parts of England. Application to be made as early as possible to the Hon. Secs., Mrs. Talbot Baines, Westwood, Leeds, and Miss E. Jones, 2, Moorland-road, Leeds.

HEN-DRIVING.

When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly at the delinquent, and says—"Shoo, there!" The hen takes one look at the object to assure herself that it is a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop. A man doesn't do it that way. He goes outdoors saying—"It's singular nobody can drive a hen but me!" and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending biped and yells, "Get out there, you thief!" The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man plunges after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out, and is followed by a miscellaneous assortment of stove wood, fruit cans, clinkers, and a very mad man in the rear. Then she skims under the barn and over a fence or two, and around the house back to the coop again, and all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for throwing, and by a man whose coat is on the saw-buck, whose hat is on the ground, and whose perspiration is limitless. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles. The man vows that every hen on the place shall be sold at once, puts on his hat and coat, and goes down town. The woman comes out, goes right to work, and has every one of those hens housed and counted in two minutes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE New Zealand House of Representatives has passed the Electoral Bill, conferring the franchise upon women, including Maoris.

WE READ in a contemporary almost exclusively given over to men's interests, that "women's clubs are multiplying fast, and are being done now in good style. They owe much to the Pioneer, which led the way and keeps its place at the head of the list, being the largest and most successful."

A LADY (Gentlewoman) wishes to have the Management of a Registry Office for Servants in London, or any post of trust; salary required.—Address, S. A. C., "SHAFTS" Offices.

Vegetarian Dishes.

DEAR MADAM,—I take the liberty of sending you a few recipes. Should any of your readers wish to become vegetarians, without experiencing any bad effects from the change in diet, I shall be pleased to help them.

ALEX.

ROASTED POTATOES.—One pound of small potatoes, as nearly as possible of the same size. Scrape them if new, peel them if old, and wash well; then dry them with a clean cloth. Put one tablespoonful of oil or butter in a saucepan with the potatoes, with a pinch of salt well spread over them, and set on a moderately hot fire. Take off and shake the saucepan from time to time, keeping the lid on. By this means they are kept from burning, without using spoon or fork, and are not broken. When done they should be of a nice brown colour.

BUNS.—One breakfastcupful and a half of flour, three dessertspoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, a little grated nutmeg and mixed spice, two dessertspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of currants, well-washed and soaked for about half-an-hour, two tablespoonfuls of stoned raisins. Mix well, then add four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, which mix carefully with the other ingredients. Moisten all with one teacupful of milk and mix all well, then bake in a moderately hot oven in small patty pans well oiled or buttered.

TAGLIATELLI.—Beat one egg in a basin, adding flour very slowly, mixing it with the egg until it becomes thick like dough; put it on the paste-board and roll out as thinly as possible; cut the paste into narrow and short strips and leave them on the board for several hours—it is even better if made the day before it is required. Put four pints of water with salt to taste in a large saucepan on the fire; when the water boils throw in the tagliatelli, and let it boil fast for about an hour, stirring occasionally. When done, strain off the water; put the tagliatelli into a dish with one dessertspoonful of fresh butter, adding salt and pepper if necessary. Mix carefully in order not to break it, and serve.—Keep the liquor in which you boiled the tagliatelli until the next day, when you will find it as thick as a jelly. A delicious soup can be made with it.

MACARONI SOUP.—Ingredients: The liquor in which some tagliatelli or macaroni has been boiled, or a quarter of a pound of macaroni broken in small pieces; one large breakfastcupful of bread, one middle-sized onion, and two or three turnips cut in small pieces, three pints of water—one pint more if made with broken macaroni; one dessertspoonful of butter, one egg, pepper and salt to taste. Directions: Put the bread in a large deep dish, pour enough water over it to moisten it, cover, and let soak for about an hour, then mash with a fork; add the onion, turnips, butter, salt, pepper, and the liquor, or the macaroni; mix all, then add the rest of the water. Put the soup on the fire, boil at least for an hour, stirring it frequently. When done pour into the soup tureen. Beat the egg well and pour it gradually into the soup, stirring all the time, and serve.

BEETROOT.—Wash the beetroot, taking care not to break it, as it would lose its colour and taste; put it in a saucepan full of water, add some salt, and boil for two or three hours, according to size. When done remove the peel quickly with a cloth, and serve plain on a dish. When you have any beetroot left, cut it in thin slices, put them in a jar, put with it a sprinkling of salt and pepper, fill up with vinegar; cover the jar well. You can use the pickled beetroot the following day, or you can keep it a long time. Cooked beetroot, sliced very thin, between two slices of bread and butter, makes delicious sandwiches.

STEWED BEETROOT.—When cooked cut in thin pieces and put in a saucepan on the fire with one shallot or an onion chopped fine, one dessertspoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. When the butter is melted, add one teaspoonful of flour, well spread over; mix well and let it stew very slowly for 12 minutes, then add one large teaspoonful of vinegar; stir gently; put it again on the fire for a few minutes longer, and serve.