

# SHAFTS

## A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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### What the Editor Means.

"Quail not and quake not, thou warder bold,  
Watchman on Truth's grey height,  
Be there no friend in sight."  
*Stand steadfast, do the Right.*

THOSE who would go forth to fight Life's conflicts, to do battle against all wrong, must have Courage, Perseverance, Enthusiasm, Determination, Patience, and Good Sense. They will need all these; for the war to be waged calls for all their strength. Therefore, out of these they must take the material from which to forge armour that shall make them strong to work, and having endured all things to "Stand steadfast, and do the Right."

I am glad to be able to announce that the circulation of SHAFTS still steadily increases, in spite of the great difficulties with which it has to contend. But I want help, and I think my readers will feel that as SHAFTS is a woman's paper, working for woman's complete emancipation, it is only one of the *Right* things that they should try to help it on. I have to thank most earnestly, several friends who have helped me from the first, who still help, and without whose help SHAFTS would not now be in existence. But these are few, and more help is urgently needed. A Dutch friend and sympathizer—herself an Editor—who has sent some kindly help, suggests the plan I am now adopting, that of "the War Penny." This "War Penny" contribution supports her own paper, and she "*is sure*," she says, "*that English women appreciate SHAFTS sufficiently to do the same for it.*" It is quite true that SHAFTS is so appreciated, yet help from numbers does not come. Letters full of appreciation reach me, which are a light on my path; will not those who write, and those who read, begin at once to contribute to the "War Penny" column as below. Pennies will do all SHAFTS needs.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

As visitors to these Offices increase in numbers, and as it is my desire to see these kind friends, who thus show their interest, I announce here, that the Office days are Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday each week: the hours from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. Visitors received from 11 a.m. till 4 p.m. each day, except on Tuesday from 3 p.m.

All articles sent to be inserted in SHAFTS must be condensed, concise, short: as each contributor must receive just consideration, and the amount of copy sent in is very great.

SHAFTS publishes all OPINIONS; not DOGMAS, not AUTHORITATIVE ASSERTIONS on the subject of that TRUTH which we all seek, but to which in its fullness none of us can pretend to have yet attained; though some enjoy more clear seeing than others.

May I ask all subscribers to send in their yearly subscriptions promptly, as this is a great help in a condition of things where nothing can be done without money. Also I trust that my subscribers will *continue*, and that no one will give up subscribing to SHAFTS, save for some very serious cause.

By special request from many readers, I am opening a list of names of those who will help SHAFTS from a penny upwards. Send me your pennies in postage stamps. A penny now and then does much, when coming from many willing givers. The list will appear each month in SHAFTS under the following title:—

### THE WAR PENNY,

*Women of England, do not allow SHAFTS to fall. Put your Pennies together to keep it up (from Deutschland.)*

	£	s.	d.
A Dutch Friend of SHAFTS ... ..	2	2	0
A Friend though Poor ... ..	0	3	0
With Love to SHAFTS ... ..	0	1	0
With good wishes, <i>id.</i> weekly ... ..	0	1	2
L. J. ... ..	2	0	0
N. K. ... ..	2	0	0
L. M. ... ..	0	0	1
S. A. ... ..	0	4	0

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

THE Northern Heights Vegetarian Society will hold their Annual General Meeting on Wednesday, May 2nd, at 7.45, in the Jubilee Hall, Hornsey Rise, N. (opposite Hornsey Road Midland Station and eight minutes from Crouch End Great Northern). The President and Committee desire to invite on this occasion all who are interested in any branch of Social Reform, that by meeting together the bond of sympathy and co-operation between fellow-workers in the common cause of humanity may be strengthened and their mutual aims better understood. It is therefore earnestly hoped that this gathering will be a genuine "Pull-all-together Conference," when representatives of the Temperance, Social Purity and Women's Suffrage movements, of Club Life, Church and Press, will speak briefly on various aspects of work and interchange ideas.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD, M.A., B.C.L., Editor of *The Vegetarian*, will preside.

After the usual conduct of business, there will be music, conversation and refreshments.

Your personal presence, dear reader, is hereby invited and will be cordially welcomed.

FRANCES L. BOULT.

### "SHAFTS" OFFICES (MEETINGS).

THE discussion meetings at these Offices continue, and are held regularly, each succeeding Friday, at 5.30. If a change in the hour be found desirable it will be announced next month.

### DEBATES.

The names of Lecturers or Openers of Debates cannot to-day be certainly given, but the subjects will be as follows:—

April 13th.—"Vivisection."

April 20th.—"The Feminine and Masculine Ideal." (Continued.)

May 4th.—"Food Reform."

May 11th.—"Dress Reform."

May 18th.—"Emancipation."



## Mrs. Carlyle's Friend.

A BOOK of "Selections" from letters written by Geraldine Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle has recently been published by Longmans and Co. It is very sympathetically edited by the late Mrs. Alexander Ireland, the author of the *Life* of the latter. The letters, are interesting as a personal memento of two women of more than common intellectual ability, who became a light to each other through life, in many an hour of darkness.

In her Introduction, Mrs. Ireland says: "Friendships between women have occasionally furnished material for ignorant sneers. . . Women are impulsive, and must have some object for their love. Even school-girls conceive almost a passion one for another, until 'deep calls unto deep,' and they learn life's truest need. The memorable and touching friendships of mature women for each other are too well known to need proof of their existence. At times, too, women, each isolated as to the natural relation with the other sex, will turn to each other, and fling their lavish wealth of love into each other's hearts. The bosom where no child ever nestled, will draw unto itself some nature where a heart-hunger has been left unfulfilled, and clasp it close. Again, the woman who has loved, and has drawn back with a sick dissatisfaction from the scanty fare man's love has meted out to her, will turn desperately to one of her own sex, and pour out the unappreciated treasure of her heart. And again, the woman who knows man's love and must forego it, will rest on another woman's love as on something safe—something that shall not wound, nor cut, nor pierce, nor leave her stranded. She may even find an avenue for a confidence, the craving for which is eating into her heart, and, in trust and sympathy, she may heal her own wounds while she pours oil and balm into those of another. Such was the friendship between Miss Jewsbury and Mrs. Carlyle. If it did not 'pass the love of woman' it certainly reached the utmost boundary of which that sacred 'relationship of the spirit' is capable. Each woman bore with her, as a birthright, love itself; but the one was married and lonely, the other was unmarried and lonely. Over each had the 'car of Juggernaut' passed with searing bruise. Each knew the meaning of the words 'Thou shalt not have!' Each knew precisely what each wanted, but had not. The one was masculine in many ways, and she it was who bore the yoke of marriage, and the deeper cross of wedded loneliness. The other, feminine to the heart's core, seemed to have the full cup of love ever at her lips, yet by some irony of fate was left lonely—died lonely in one sense; and the two women loved each other passionately. Their correspondence, so glowing with life that it is still warm to the touch of the spirit, breathes no ordinary friendship and needs no comment. That it is fragmentary is inevitable; but it is carved out of the living rock, and tells more of Jane Welsh Carlyle than of Geraldine Jewsbury."

Miss Jewsbury was born in 1812, and first met the Carlyles in 1841, "when links of iron were forged on the instant between the two women." Carlyle pronounced her to be "one of the most interesting young women he had seen for years," but he "knew not how the one would uphold the other, nor how each would at times look to and hold on to the other, in the tempest of life."

Of Miss Jewsbury it is said that she possessed the "combination of a keen intellect and a truly affectionate heart;" that "defenceless and tender on the one hand, strong to cleave the very rocks on the other—she could never, in truth, grow old, never become hardened by the world's coarse realities. She was generous to a fault, and noble-hearted, yet mentally searching and sounding depths which it were happier, perhaps, for the average woman to leave unsounded."

This may be true! Yet it is not possible for such natures to think, and not sound depths, and if happiness is the price

to be paid for the wisdom gathered, the price is paid. Women who would help the world cannot live in illusions.

A friendship of nearly half a century ended—or, shall I say, only fully began—with Mrs. Carlyle's death. Miss Jewsbury stood by the narrow bed in St. George's Hospital where the friend of her heart lay, struck down by death, and on the very night when they were to have met in bright and congenial society, "the book was closed, when she had read but a page."

"It was to Geraldine Jewsbury that the stricken man turned for sympathy, and though he characterised some of her dear remembrances of her lost friend as 'apocryphal,' he well knew that the love that had bound the two women together was one in which he had been unable to share, by reason of the lesser quality of loveliness in himself."

Miss Jewsbury's literary labours were extensive. She was requested by Charles Dickens to contribute to *Household Words*. "I estimate your aid highly," he wrote; and she possessed the love of many men. After Mrs. Carlyle's death, she removed to Sevenoaks, in Kent, and "began," says Mrs. Ireland, "that slow process of ceasing to live, which is one penalty brilliant natures have to pay, at times, for the superabundance of vitality granted them at an earlier period." She drooped apparently, until she died, and "among her last acts was one of loyalty to her friend. Propped up on her bed of pain (she was dying of cancer) she manfully destroyed, day by day, all the letters from Mrs. Carlyle which were in her possession, having promised that she would do so. Death stopped the process, and the dying hand left one letter, which was printed in my *Life of Mrs. Carlyle*." . . . But the beloved friend had not destroyed the letters of Miss Jewsbury. She probably meant to do so, some day. She felt, perhaps, that it was hard to destroy so much love and warmth, and she had no warning given her. So the letters survived. Hence the volume which has been published.

In looking over its contents one is struck by the entire absence of what is called "sentiment" in these letters, and by the all-pervading presence of thought for the person addressed. Expressions of endearment are rare in them, but one perceives a hunger for the sight and speech of Mrs. Carlyle, and a continual effort to distract her mind, to cheer, to interest, to amuse, and occasionally to inspire her with strength, that showed far more than any special avowal, the warmth of Miss Jewsbury's feeling for her. They seemed so close together that for set expressions of sympathy and affection there was no need. It was an ideal relation amid sorrowful surroundings, like a flower that had blossomed in a wild desert.

Mrs. Ireland's observations will set many a woman thinking. How is it that so often there is lacking between men and women, husbands and wives, that most enduring, most intimate of ties—the feeling of *sympathy*? How is it that the man was apart—the two women one in the most blessed relation that we know, a harmony of character, tastes, feelings, intellect, heart? How is it also that there was no inequality in the differences of nature described in the two friends?

To the first we answer—it is because men usually lack a certain quality of "woman" in them which can alone make them truly men, and eliminate the purely masculine instincts of the lower nature; they give too commonly, evanescent passion, filled with the sphere of mere contrast of sex, a kind of "divorce" in itself, and too seldom the deep, intimate and unifying sympathy of real love. A perfect marriage should always begin by the two "being friends," growing into the love which makes wedded life possible. Many a woman is married—and alone. She never utters the thoughts of her heart, the aspirations of her soul, because the man she has loved is cased as it were in a hard shell of masculinity, and can give, and cares to give, no response. He neither under-

stands nor comes near to her, though he is the father of her children.

To the second, we reply by pointing to the signal illustration of this in the case of the Carlyles—in which all that should make true marriage was dead, and had manifested itself elsewhere in the form of a friendship which was full of harmony between two women singularly adapted for it. Yet we cannot help feeling that marriage itself should be a true, if not the truest, exponent of such loving comradeship as this.

In the third instance, we note the significant fact that it was the *freedom* of the relation between Mrs. Carlyle and her friend which forbade all sense of inequality, though the one was stern and positive, and the other expansive and gentle. What is it that repels so frequently the woman from the man when she has grown beyond the child-stage of existence? The *claim* of the latter to domination, and on account of mere physical sex, no matter what the woman may be or possess, or what the man may not be and entirely lack. It is against this that so many women righteously rebel. Free of choice, the developed woman would find a rest and sweetness in the strength of a true-hearted man,—that is natural. Enveloped by "duties" so-called, moral and religious, in which her *womanhood* is arraigned, she breaks through what has become an enslavement, and asserts her liberty. Transform a sentiment into a blind law of force, and you kill it. The law of sex also does not operate according to physical conditions in numberless instances: a wife in whom strength of nature is prominent is not seldom mated to a man who clings to her on account of it. But the moment fixed rules, outside regulations and laws come in, the harmony disappears. It is like trying to gather the colours of the rainbow to paint a prison wall.

There are exquisitely natural "bits" in these letters—never intended to be seen save by the one to whom they were addressed. "You suggest my living in London? No, I would like a cottage in the country with you! You should keep the house absolutely—keep the accounts, keep the money—and I would write." "Can you not come to us for a while? . . . I shall have my own room to work in—for work I must—and you can have the drawing-room, and shall see me when you like, and nobody shall worry you."

And Geraldine Jewsbury, even so far back as 1849 (the probable date of the letter), foresaw the coming dawn of woman's freedom. "I believe we are touching on better days, when women will have a genuine, normal life of their own to lead. There, perhaps, will not be so many marriages; and women will be taught not to feel their destiny *manque* if they remain single. They will be able to be friends and companions in a way they cannot be now. All the strength of their feelings and thoughts will not run into love; they will be able to associate with men, and make friends of them, without being reduced by their position to see them as lovers or husbands. Instead of having appearances to attend to, they will be allowed to have virtues, in any measure which it may please God to send."

We do not intend to enter upon the wide subject of women's friendships, of which there are all phases. The volume in question is chiefly suggestive to us as illustrating the result of a marriage which was only a cross to the woman who entered into it—the search for the sunshine of warm and responsive companionship elsewhere. The lonely, self-repressed, deeply-tried wife of the philosopher who has taught and inspired the world, could not have endured but for the light of the loving friendship of the woman who valued and understood her, as the husband never did. The time will come when woman, warned by her thorny past, will reject the words of passion which rise to men's lips in the first days of courtship, unless she feels and knows that they are the outcome,—a phase,—of the deeper love which will satisfy her in perfect friendship. For passion dies as soon as it is

born, while a true friendship is spiritual and eternal. Should not this above all things exist between a wife and her husband? *How is it then that it has been and is so rare?*

## CLUB RECORDS.

THE Pioneer Club will move very shortly into new premises, still larger and more convenient.

Upon the 15th of March last the members had the pleasure of listening to a clever paper read by Mrs. L. S. Skey, a lady whose death we have since deplored with very sincere regret. She was, as a Pioneer, most earnestly interested in all that concerned the welfare of the Club, and had endeared herself to many by her sweet and kindly disposition.

On March 22nd Felix Volhovsky gave his interesting account of his own life, of prison life in Russia, and of the many sufferings endured by heroic souls in that country whose people are so earnestly fighting for their freedom.

The debates for the session begun to-day, April 12th, 1894, will be as follows:—

## Pioneer Club.

SUMMER SESSION, 1894.

Thursday Evening Debates (8 p.m.).

April 12th.—"What is the most reliable System of Scientific Character Reading yet attained?" Debate opened by Prof. Annie Oppenheim, B.P.A. Opposed by Mrs. Katherine St. Hill, F.C.S. Miss Henderson in the chair.

"19th.—"Is the faithful fulfilment of Domestic Service possible under existing circumstances?" Debate opened by Miss Elizabeth Banks. Mrs. Holroyd Chaplin in the chair.

"26th.—"Will the acceptance of a Bust of a late great party leader label the Club as biased in Politics?" Debate opened by the President. Miss Whitehead in the chair.

May 3rd.—No Debate.

"10th.—"The Woman of the Future." Debate opened by Mrs. Hawses.

"17th.—"Defects of our Criminal Law." Debate opened by Mr. Fisher. Miss Shurmer in the Chair.

"24th.—"Moral versus Physical Force." Debate opened by Sarah Grand. The President in the Chair. (Women only.)

"31st.—"That Co-operation is desirable?" Debate opened by Miss Tournier.

June 7th.—"Corporal Punishment a mistake." Debate opened by John Strange Winter. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.

"14th.—"That Artistic Dress is possible under existing circumstances." Debate opened by Henry Holiday, Esq. Miss Jackson in the Chair.

"21st.—"Are women competent in money matters?" Debate opened by Mrs. Headlam. The President in the Chair.

"28th.—"Is what Tennyson upholds in 'The Princess' Freedom for Women?" Debate opened by Mrs. Sibthorp.

July 5th.—"That women have nothing to gain by the spread of Socialism." Debate opened by J. H. Levy, Esq.

"12th.—"Art?" Debate opened by Bernard Shaw, Esq. Or, "Is the Needle in its Proper Sphere?" Debate opened by Mrs. Stanton Blatch.

"19th.—"Is Spiritualism worth investigating?"

The Club will close April 27th, and re-open in the new premises, 22, Bruton Street, W., at 4.30 p.m., Thursday, May 3rd, 1894.

## CHOICE MORSELS FROM LITTLE MINDS.

ETHEL. "I do wish I were a mermaid," dolefully.

"Why, darling?"

"'Cos then I needn't go to Heaven."

"Why, Baby!"

"Yes, I do, in Heaven there's no mothers, and I do love my mother so dreadfully much, that I don't want to go to any place if she won't be my mama."



### Bond of Union among Workers for the Common Good.

Selected portion from Address by Miss Frances Lord, read in Miss Lord's absence by Miss Abney Walker

SOME reforms must begin with each person's own self, regardless of the conduct of others, or of Acts of Parliament, which are required to hinder the evil or authorise the good. How much scope there is for such public reform, we all know well.

By personal reforms, I mean *Food, Clothes, Expenditure*, and the *Service* we accustom ourselves to requiring. I want to point out the good effect that personal reform has in clearing the mind upon all questions of the life fabric, public and private, because personal reform has none of the stimuli which public reform can hardly help having, with its crowds, its attack, its marshalled forces, its bold ranging of the wrong in front and "all of us" opposite to it; the stirring speeches, the linking of the particular effort with general progress, the nation's fortunes, historical aspects, liberty, and the destiny of the whole human race.

There is power, indeed, in all those things.

Now, if any one, struck with this power, is also struck with self-doubt, and asks "But for all that excitement, should I care to go on?" there is no better test than some act of personal reform, where only one's self knows what one is doing. Perform some such act. It will often shew, not only that one's public reforms are right and must be pursued, but will clear up one's motives, methods and prejudices against fellow workers; will make one see that the hardest, most nauseous duties in reform are, after all, the very least one could do. That they must be persevered in goes without saying; and further duties rise up, pressing for attention, thus humbling any dawning pride there may have been in the thought that one was "so very advanced" already. An act of personal reform is a change; a change may give some new view; and that will free the mind more, sometimes, than argument and appeals to principle. Thus: ceasing to eat what is killed, for one week, or even one day, may give the new view that we take killing a great deal too quietly; that so much of it cannot be necessary; that it is, after all, a revolting plan, and that we could not be mutual about it and do each other's share of killing: for instance, you kill my rabbit and I will kill your fowl.

Then come obstacles in oneself, real and imaginary. But they all go to show, that if one's own very nice, dainty, liberal, unselfish and generally high-minded self, can be such a stubborn, unregenerate animal over one little point, it is not strange that the stupid world—meaning everybody else, of course—should not exactly love one as a reformer of its obvious wrong-doings, its drink-crave, its hypocrisy, or whatever we are fondest of trying to reform in its wicked ways.

One little simple act of change may open our eyes to the enormous power of habit; may hint to us that it is habit which is keeping people opposed to reforms; like Woman Suffrage, for example. Ought we not to be wiser than to expect others to go against habit at a mere beck and call from ourselves?—habit-ridden as we find we are, directly we try to adopt a change.

Let us suppose a change. For one day you do not eat what has been killed. You will then say to yourself, "I see how all killing and sacrifice must stand or fall together. I see that life is never built upon death; I see through those misleading statements. I shall take my own stand against killing and the sacrifice of creatures. This is a clear position; my old mixed one was false. I see through the phrases about 'struggle for existence' leading to the 'survival of the fittest.' They are only part of the story. The other part is about mutual aid and help to live; and in *this*, killing and sacrifice have no part."

In Dress reform, "No killing" is again my text. I would advocate beginning reform by the avoiding of such materials as are clearly obtained by killing wantonly, such as fur, and bird's plumage. Gradually, I would try to find materials made with the least sacrifice of the human worker; then to find human workers who sacrifice others least in making garments suitable for me to purchase. As to shoe-leather, were it to become less plentiful, substitutes would quickly be found. Inventions are often suppressed because they would not pay so well as some existing plan, which may be quite barbarous. *Pannus corium* for tender feet is a vegetable leather which has been in use at least thirty years; and doubtless it would be discovered to suit other feet, if leather were harder to get because fewer cattle were bred and imported.

"No killing" for personal dress is quite easy to urge, while the actual reforms of shape proposed may still be open to contention. Thus, there are advocates of loosely shaped dress, without artificial waist. These advocates leave us worried with skirts, though they provide us with pretty drapery. Then there are the advocates of short skirt and knee gaiters. They provide us with less worrying skirts, but skirts still.

I do not ask for the instant abolition of skirts, but I say that nothing short of dual garmenture—each limb clothed—seems to me a real step in advance, a real change worth fighting about. I do not urge this because men have for long so clothed themselves; nor do I admire men's dress, or the imitation of it which some women wear and say is very comfortable.

About expenditure I would say a word. "No killing or sacrifice" shall still be my text. Some social philosophers are preaching "you have only a right to what you can earn," *e.g.*, Tolstoi and Edward Carpenter, who have both renounced wealth and live by their own handiwork. Now I believe in the earnings of former lives coming to our disposal in later lives; and in enjoying these, there need be no feeling of shame or crime. The young, crude soul has its way to make, no doubt, and need not be ashamed of it; but neither need the old soul be ashamed of having made *its* way. In saying all this, I do not desire to defend the existence of private property, or of our money system, by which, nevertheless, the persons live who are wage-earners, voluntary though they may be—for I am certain it is all doomed; and I have no desire to save it. I merely suggest that it is not always a crime to have income by inheritance, or by that easy earning which is called "good luck." Nor do I say that the people who are rich have earned, or that the poor have not earned, wealth; for if I "read" one of these considerations, I read them all, in human affairs; and I see that the Law of Karma, or Harvest, or earnings, has been grievously interfered with; and that each case must be examined and judged on its own merits.

As to *distribution of expenditure*, everybody knows what is right and what is wrong; to keep within one's income, allow for mishaps, put by for a rainy day, "neither a borrower nor a lender be," and not to sacrifice for the sake of keeping up appearances. As to *personal service*, most people wish to be kind about it and mutual; to do as you would be done by, and so on.

All use of other people's energies is an extension of one's own Ego through them; a sort of demand that they shall act for us, represent us, extend our power, just as though they lent us their actual hands, feet and mind. This is not the case when we exchange services with them; for then we carry out their idea and extend their Ego just as they are doing ours. If we agree that this is true, we then ask ourselves "How much of my Ego do I think it right to make felt in the world?" And thus it ceases to be a question "How much service can I buy?"; whereas most people would say, speaking off hand, "You have a right to anything you can buy!"

### A Translation.

"A DELICATE AND SACRED SUBJECT." By Nellie. Translated from *La Revendication des Droits Feminins* (*L'année*, 20 Mai, 1893).

In No. 7 of the *Revendication des Droits Feminins*, a phrase used by M. Louis Bridel gives me the opportunity I have long sought. It concerns a subject rather difficult to handle, in a country where the influence of the convent and of the clergy, is still very palpable, in education. Even in Switzerland and in Holland, almost exclusively Protestant countries, the question I now proceed to discuss is hedged about with difficulties. How much more so, then, in a country where the two sexes, from the age of seven, are so carefully separated, that it has been possible to write a *Botany for Young Girls*—a *Botany* in which the question of reproduction is not treated at all. Therefore, since M. Bridel has opened the way for me, I take my courage into my hands and throw myself into the battle, while asking those of extremely puritanical mind, to stop at this sentence and go no further.

M. Bridel complains of a gap (or deficiency) in the handbooks of natural science—"not one word upon the functions of reproduction"; of a deficiency (gap) in the handbook of morality,—"nothing upon the relations between the sexes." And where he shows the danger that arises from silence on the part of teachers in regard to this human science, so all-important, he has taken from me the very words of my soul. Ever since I have been a mother this question has filled my thoughts. Before I married I was for some time a teacher, and my observations in the little world confided to my care, added to my personal recollections, prove to me that there is indeed a gap, a deficiency, in education. Worse still, that a false shame reigns, which gives birth, in the case of many children, to a secret corruption more terrible than the deepest public fall.

Everywhere have I seen that unsatisfied curiosity is the worm which gnaweth at many young hearts, the enemy of true innocence, the bad counsellor which ruins many unconscious souls.

As a teacher I felt the deficiency, but did not discuss it. Victim of the same false shame which, even to-day, paralyses most mothers, I avoided it. I did as others did. I left to parents the care of enlightening their children, and these?—they told them fairy tales, or else forbade certain questions to these innocently curious souls. I have known some parents who actually relied upon the information which would be given by schoolfellows. Yes, with my own ears I have heard a mother—otherwise quite a good and very advanced woman—say, "When my young son asked me, 'Where do the children come from?' I answered him, 'I will tell you when you are eighteen years old.'" But I said to myself, 'Happily before that time his schoolfellows will have told him everything.' Never could I forget these words, were I to live a thousand years. They have so revolted me, that they have been, I might say, the starting point of all my present ideas on this subject.

And what are the results of all these methods? The children always know more of the matter than they pretend. The young people as they grow older look upon that, which is really an elevating science, as an exciting secret; they have not the slightest admiration for that marvellous mystery, the birth of a perfectly new being, from the union of two beings brought together by love. For them the sexual relation is denuded of all holiness, of all sublimity, of all soul-moving mystery. Lastly, parents having themselves barred a certain road, lose their moral influence over their children; and I am sure that more than one young boy I know of, would have kept health of soul and body, if his mother had had the courage to be in *this*, as in everything else, his guide, his

The only thing which I might call "new," perhaps, is the suggestion about the age of souls, and their previous lives. Such observations show me the hopelessness of trying to live with some servants, or to humanise them; while, others, again, are very precious people, and one can love them dearly and teach them a great deal, or learn from them, in turn. Attempts to show that there is no difficulty in the idea of service seem to me as misplaced as those which seek to get advantages by cooking in public kitchens, rearing children in public creches through officials; making clothes in factories just as the materials are made, which may be made by the *yard* quite suitably, since there is no idea of suiting an individual in such weaving, as there is in shaping a garment.

In our despair about domestic service, we should not seek to make life more public. Occupying ourselves with much public work does incline us to this, because we come to see that aspect so strongly. We should counterbalance this by cultivating the sense of sacred personal life, in our own little arrangements. It will make us all the more terrible as reformers; because we shall see how this sacredness of personal life is made impossible for the victims of the organised wrongs we attack. Thus—returning to the point of personal reform in food and dress—we are sure to become struck with the blessed simplicity we can see ahead of us, if we could live without so much cooking, so much brushing of dresses and mending them, so much service rendered by others or by one's self to one's self, to achieve even "the most ordinary propriety of life" as we now see it.

In concluding, as in beginning, I say that the good is done by the change effected, because it opens our eyes; further, the energy of mind which follows every act of self-freeing can only be known by one who has tried it in some department. There are many listening to-day for some word of the interior life, or the psychic aspect of personal reforms of which I have spoken, from their material or moral point of view.

While I am quite aware that flesh-food has its own set of obsessions, just as drink has, I see that many flesh-eaters and consumers of wine and beer are psychically open by nature; while many who will have neither, remain psychically closed and quite unteachable, inaccessible to ideas of all sorts. I cannot, therefore, say "I see that leaving off flesh and fermented drinks will open the finer perceptions." I can say, however, that simple ways enable a person to get freedom from the mill-round of things; hence they suggest yet greater power and freedom; they remove limits and lift one above the connection with the whole terrible system which we call "Life," or "Civilisation." I urge simple life because I find it good.

All throwing off *may* be attended with some kind of apparent suffering; but, on the other hand, it may be all gain, from first to last. To this I can testify, however, as one who knows. I adopted the fruit diet because I thought it was right, and I do not say anything in this paper which I have not found true myself.

### The Household Service Agency.

12, FITZJOHN'S PAVEMENT, FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W.

MRS. FAIRLEIGH, who has instituted this Agency, is well fitted for the work she has undertaken, and intends to devote special efforts to the obtaining of suitable, comfortable, and desirable homes for good servants in families who will know how to value them. Also to provide with equal care, servants adapted to the different services required of them, reliable and trustworthy.

An exchange of reference between mistress and maid has been found to promote mutual respect and confidence, and is recommended to the consideration of ladies desirous of maintaining comfort and efficiency in their households, by securing the goodwill and co-operation of trustworthy servants.

This suggestion is entirely optional to those engaging servants in this office, and Mrs. Fairleigh wishes to extend her best personal care and attention to the requirements of all alike.



counsellor, his confidant. A mother myself, what should I do?—follow the beaten track which so disgusted me, or break with custom? But how? How express the truth, which I called crude, because I had not yet freed myself from my prejudices? My little daughter was not yet three years old when I began to ponder over this question; and I perceived that from that very moment I ought to begin her physiological education, or that it would be too late for this child, with so excessively fine and keen powers of observation. I had read in Rousseau an exceedingly good answer of a mother to her young son, who had asked of her this question, so much dreaded by all mothers, "From whence do the children come?" The reply, though rather crude, seemed good as a last resource; but I saw that it could have been avoided if the child's questioning had been anticipated.

Yet, by reflection I began to see the truth; I found that the only way to treat this subject thoroughly, was to anticipate the child's desire to know. As truth is diffuse, and as one truth begets another very quickly, I found that we must speak of certain things with the very young children who have not yet learned to blush.

When the child blushes, it is no longer simple and unconscious; thus the task for the mother becomes so much the more difficult. While the child still enjoys the freedom of unconsciousness nothing is easier than to discuss with it the most delicate subjects, for they interest it only in exactly the same manner as the life of butterflies and frogs do; its ignorance renders it perfectly objective. But on reflecting, I asked myself the same question which has been put to me by so many mothers with whom I have discussed these high matters: "What if the child, knowing something, wishes to know still more." Yes, indeed, here is a difficulty, for it is with the physiological sciences, as with the exact sciences, one can only teach children the rudiments; one can only prepare them to know more or all, later on. Now, I know what answer to give; then I did not know, I had to look for it. In looking for it I found it. I remembered that young children are much pre-occupied by the visible things which surround them; but rarely, if ever, concern themselves about the invisible causes of things. I therefore believed that, for the present, there would be very little to fear from critical questions on the part of my little daughter.

Also, I had been reading how very interesting are the elements of botany to little children, and thought that botany would be a capital help, in the education which I meant to give to my children. I came to the conclusion that my plan, though it seemed to most people so audacious, had a chance of success; that, moreover, having once recognised a theory to be correct, one is morally bound to put it into practice; and finally, that my child being mine, I had a right to make a serious and honest experiment with her which would, I believed, benefit all other children.

It was not without much anxiety that I took the first step on a road I intended to explore alone. Chance favoured me. I was in Java, and amongst my servants was a dressmaker, married to the groom. This woman had a dear little baby with a velvety brown skin and bright black eyes, the admiration of my little daughter, whom I took with me to see mother and child, when the baby was a few days old. While she admired and petted it wonderingly, I said to her: "This pretty little baby came out of Djahid like the beautiful butterfly came out of the chrysalis, it lay close to Djahid's heart, she made it, and kept it there till it grew. She loved it so much that she made it grow." Lilly looked at me with her large, intelligent eyes in astonishment. "Djahid is very happy to have this pretty baby. Djahid's blood made it strong while it lay close to her heart; now Djahid will give it milk, and make it strong, till it will grow as big as my Lilly. It made Djahid ill and made her suffer when it was born, but she soon got well and she is so glad." Lilly listened, very much interested, and

when she got home, she told her father the story, forgetting nothing. But beyond that, she did not refer again to the matter, and soon forgot all about it. The birth of Djahid's second baby gave me the opportunity of repeating the little lesson. This time she asked some questions. I explained many things to the eager little listener, very simply, and told her that the mother kept the child within her, and took great care of it until it was old enough to endure the changes of temperature, &c., and showed her how a mother's joy and love made her forget her pain. The little creature, suddenly remembering that she must have given her mother pain, kissed me tenderly. That was a flower of love and gratitude, which it was my happiness to see develop on the fruitful soil of truth. I was to see many more. A beloved boy whom I had lost was about to be replaced—in the house, not in our hearts, for the departed keep their place there—by another little one. Nine months is an eternity for a child of four years or five who does not even know how to count the weeks.

So I kept my sweet secret until I thought the right moment had come. But the little one herself had noticed a change in me and spoke of it. "It is," I said, "because a little dear baby is coming to us, as one came to Djahid. It lies near mother's heart safe and holy, till it is strong enough, then it will come away from mother and my little daughter shall see it in mother's arms."

"Is it Fred coming back?" she asked, pale with joy at the prospect that the one so much beloved was to be again with us.

"Not Fred," I replied, "but another."

"A little sister or a little brother?"

"That, mother does not know yet, but we will love it very much, will we not?"

"Yes, very, very much."

From that day my little daughter showed me constantly a most touching tenderness, and I blessed my courage that had been true with her. From her toys and sweetmeats, she put by for the coming little one. She would not let me stoop to pick up anything, lest it should hurt me or baby. All the tenderness of an elder sister was awakened for the child whose coming was watched for with so much joy.

When I compare the devoted love of my little daughter, to the jealousy of many children for the newly born, "found unexpectedly in a cabbage," and who comes to claim half the love of their mother and nearly all her cares, I said to myself with joy and pride, "Only truth is moral."

The little my child knows already of the natural history of humankind has established between us a kind of beneficent fellowship. The child feels that I have no secrets from her, that I hide nothing; and if I do not tell her all, she knows that it is because she is still too young, but that she will know it later on, when she is grown up and capable of understanding. All instruction I give her is penetrated by that breath of frankness, by that healthy sincerity, which forms the best atmosphere for a little child. She is now seven years of age, and she neither knows lie nor concealment, neither the false representation nor exaggeration of a fact. Never has she the slightest doubt of my words, never would she take information behind my back about anything of which I have said, "You would not understand it yet, I will explain to you afterwards." Yet she is not "a model child," she is simply a sincere child, without blot or stain, as all children without exception would be, if we were always true and consistent with them.

Now I wait with calmness for that question so alarming to mothers. When it comes I have my answer ready. For years I have prepared my child's mind for the revelation of the great mystery of life. I have worked to be able to initiate her into that science, in terms, which will neither cause her or me to blush.

She was four years old when I began to give her little

botany lessons. I analysed a flower, I pointed out to her the beauty of colouring, the gracefulness of shape, the tender shades, the difference between the parts composing the flowers. Gradually, I told her what these parts were called. I showed her the pollen, which clung like a beautiful golden powder to her little rosy fingers. I showed her through the microscope that this beautiful powder was composed of an infinite number of small grains. I made her examine the pistil more closely, and I showed her, at the end of the tube, the ovary, which I called a "little house full of very tiny children." I showed her the pollen glued to the pistil, and I told her, that when the pollen of one flower, carried away by the wind, or by the insects, fell on the pistil of another flower, the small grains died, and a tiny drop of moisture passed through the tube and entered into the little house where the very tiny children dwelt; that these tiny children were like small eggs, that in each small egg there was an almost invisible opening, through which a little of the small drop passed; that when this drop of pollen mixed with some other wonderful power in the ovary, that both joined together to give life, and the eggs developed and became grains or fruit. I have shown her flowers which had only a pistil and others which had only stamens. I said to her, smiling, that the pistils were like little mothers, and the stamens like little fathers of the fruit. All this amused her infinitely, and without a mistake she would tell anyone, without knowing the name, the history of fructification in the kingdom of Flora. Thus I sowed in this innocent heart and searching mind the seeds of that delicate science, which degenerates into obscenity, if the mother, through false shame, leaves the instruction of her child to its schoolfellows. Let my little girl ask me, if she likes, the much dreaded question; I will only have to remind her of the botany lessons, simply adding, "the same thing happens to human beings, with this difference, that what is done unconsciously by the plants, is done consciously by us; that in a properly arranged society one only unites one's self to the person one loves." And it will be on that solemn occasion that I will tell my clever and innocent child, that the woman only gives herself to the man she thinks worthy to be the father of her child, and the man gives himself to the woman he loves and thinks worthy. I am sure that, then, in that important moment of her life, this maxim of her mother, who has never deceived her, will make on my daughter a deeper impression than can be produced on others by the fear of compromising themselves. Whatever may happen, whether she be swayed by passion to weakness, or remain strong through self-restraint, her soul will always be pure; she will never know the secret wickedness, which is the open ulcer of our time.

The same method I will follow with my boy, now two years old. He also will have no time to be curious, nor the need to go for information to others than myself. And I dare presume that I will always have the confidence of my children, since I have learnt how to satisfy their *desire to know*; that they will follow my counsel for their reading, their friends and their pleasures. This gives me great and settled joy. If I am deceived I will openly acknowledge it and try to find another method.

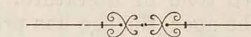
But truth and logic have never yet deceived anybody, and I have the certainty that my chance of success is very great.

If I have gone somewhat into details it is to show that, to be true, one never needs to be vulgar; that one can say a great deal, if one knows how to choose expressions, and above all, that one ought not to consider this special part of education as something spontaneous, independent of the rest. No, it is a scientific and connected instruction like all others, blended with the whole course of education, as our nerves are with our muscles. We cannot separate the one from the other without hurting the whole constitution, and we cannot

detach sexual instruction from the whole education without doing harm to the child.

Let us, then, break with all prejudices of our nature and look at all sides of the question. The light of the truth may at first hurt our eyes, so accustomed to the darkness, and so weakened by it; but soon we will perceive its beauty and its grandeur, and having learnt to distinguish between morality and prejudice, the truth will no longer shock us. But as long as we stick to our prejudices, we cannot attain to anything good. What is the good of protesting against prostitution, or pitying the poor victims, or leading them back into the right path, if, by a wholly false system of education, we force our sons into a desire of tasting of the forbidden fruit, and so let them deceive themselves as to the necessity of having an army of unfortunate outcasts at their disposal. One must not cut the weeds—one has to root them up. Education of the right sort is the source of all morality. Could we sweep away in one moment every prostitute from the earth, and in the meantime educate our children in so-called innocence, when they were grown up the old history would begin over again.

We must learn to recognize sexuality as an honourable and honest science, to teach it and self-restraint to our children. So prostitution will disappear, as snow before the sun, and the sooner, in proportion, as a reformed economic (social) arrangement shall make marriage easier and the union more durable. All this will sooner or later come about. But let us begin to do, at least, what is in our power, and give to our children an education, which is moral, because it is true, and has no mystification.



### "Is the present Increase in Women Authors a Gain to Literature?"

WE have at length come to recognize that woman is a power in literature. Up till the present century the names of women authors have indeed been rare. Want of education, no doubt, may partially account for it, yet all the same it is rather striking that so few women authors of the past have left any literary work.

In the present day fuller liberty and more thorough education have opened the way to women authors, and, whilst acknowledging the fact we are confronted with the question: "Is the present increase in women authors a gain to literature?"

It is a phase of the present day that nothing is allowed to ripen naturally; we must have strawberries at Christmas and criticism with the book just out. Now strawberries in December are not worth much, and in like manner contemporary criticism is about as valueless. Authors, great in their own day, are now unread, whilst others whose names we now laud and magnify had during their life-time to struggle for bare subsistence.

It is during the later part of the present century only, that women have written freely, and already we are considering—what is their influence upon literature! Did we know that Earth's accounts were to be closed with the century we could scarcely work harder than we are now doing to complete and wind up the work of ages.

That women authors, however, have influenced modern literature is very noticeable. We do not find them speculating on scientific topics, nor writing metaphysical treatises, but we find them doing good work as poets and novelists, and it is from these two points that their work must be considered.

It is not at once always possible to distinguish the work of a woman from that of a man if the name be not revealed. In some cases it is equally powerful both in delineation of character and in wealth of description, and in many instances



equally realistic. It is in subtle touches, rare intuition, that the woman is revealed.

Women have brought into literature the spirit of science in speculative psychological analysis, and the spirit of theology and metaphysics in the religious and moral tone of the modern novel. Women's lives, for the most part, being concerned with interests of detail, have in their work brought detail into prominence. From want of outside "life" women have been thrown upon the inner "life" for contemplation, and this has resulted in that introspection of character and motive, so noticeable in the poetry and novel of the present day.

The novel has from mere story-telling developed into a study of life. We no longer read either poetry or novels for the simple pleasure of verse and tale. We have, in accordance with the spirit of the times, come to search for truths behind show, for soul beyond flesh, and it is women authors who have brought about this change. In the works of the Brontë sisters, George Eliot, George Sand, there is a different element from that of the tales of Walter Scott, the novels of Thackeray. The one are written from the outside, the authors as on-lookers; the others are written, as it were, from inside, through the personality of the authors.

There is to be heard echoing through the works of women the struggling utterance of Soul dimly expressed in human speech; there is to be heard the restless cry of the unsatisfied

"Longing to be in God again."

There are men authors who write religious and moral novels and poems, who confine themselves to detail, and who write psychological studies, but it is women authors who have originated this modern tone in literature. Women authors are the outcome of the age; the age has produced them, and the age being scientific, analytic, the women it produces are speculative, and perhaps too much given to analysis.

To this phase of introspection is due the sadness of modern literature, which leaves behind an aching questioning. It has produced the "World-Strangeness" of a modern poet, "The Plane-Tree" of a girl poet; it has found expression in Robert Browning's "Wanting is—what?" in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," in Christina Rossetti's sad songs. It is the motive which creates the:—

" . . . infinite passion  
Of finite hearts that yearn,"

which compels us

"To stretch lame hands of faith  
And grope . . ."

which finds voice to cry, "What use in hope, what use?" In the novel it finds utterance in *An African Farm*, *A Village Tragedy*, *Mrs. Keith's Crime*, *The Wages of Sin*, and further back in *The Mill on the Floss*, *Villette*, *Wuthering Heights*.

Yes, sadness in literature is to be traced to woman's influence, and the great sadness lies in the fact that their work is the expression of their individuality.

There are women authors who view life from the outside, mere tale-tellers, but their influence on literature is nil.

That the influence of the novel has widened since women authors have so largely contributed, is undeniably evident. That the novel teaches now where once it only pleased, is also true; besides this, there has come into it a spirit of poetry which is altogether lacking in men novelists of, say, fifty years ago. Pathos, comedy, tragedy, are all to be found in the older novelists, but it is to our modern authors we must look for the subtle charm which is the beauty of soul, and it is to women the change must be ascribed. Women authors have shown that there is as much feeling in the quiet walks of life as in the exceptional situations which occur to but few of us, and therein they have opened up a whole tract which before lay unexplored, and, in so doing, have widened the range of literature.

In Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning they have poets who can appeal to the hearts of their fellow-women and echo thoughts which no Milton or Shakespeare could ever have originated, for they are the outcome of the woman-soul.

It is for posterity to judge of the effect the present increase in women authors will ultimately have upon literature; whilst struggling in the arena we are unable to judge of the probable or possible result.

### A Voice from India.

FROM India comes a newspaper *The Harbinger*, published at Lahore. For copies of this paper, interesting for many reasons, we are indebted to the kind courtesy of Miss Henrietta Müller, formerly the Editor of that capital weekly *The Women's Penny Paper*—the pioneer in England of women's papers—which for three or four years did such excellent work; with results that, like the results of all earnest work, are deathless. *The Harbinger* advocates women's rights, vegetarianism, temperance, hygiene, morality, economy and many other excellent matters and virtues. It is an encouraging sign of our growing and broadening thought in this planet, to see such a paper published and well read in India. An excellent article appears in its pages under the title of "Natural Living," and another from the pen of Miss Müller, which as women, and English women deeply interested in India and our sisters there, is full of moment. We quote here a few of its many choice sentences. The article is entitled "The Education of Indian Women—a comparison." It deserves earnest study.

Miss Müller refers to women in Egypt, and the extremes of change to be found in the history of that country, both in imparting and in withholding education.

"In former times women were held in the highest esteem, they received the best education the nation could command equally with the men. They filled the highest offices of the Ecclesiastical and Civil Estates; as Priestesses they had access to the profound learning and spiritual wisdom of their Temples; as Queens they were initiated into all the mysteries of religion and science. Queen Hatasu brought great glory and wealth to her kingdom. One of her great works was to open up communication between India and Egypt through the Red Sea by means of canals. She sent a fleet of ships to India for the purposes of commerce and learning.

"At present women in Egypt and China are more degraded and unhappy than perhaps any others. No education, no rights, no friends; and subjected to the most terrible and cruel violence from their male relations. The poor child wife is at the mercy of her Arab husband, a passionate, unrestrained, often cruel man."

The condition of Egypt now is as the condition of its women, she is "Lower than the lowest, less than a cipher, the footstool of Turkey."

Miss Müller goes on to say:—

"It is an axiom of history that the intelligence and status of the women of a country are a measure of the civilization of that country.

"This Law may perhaps be found to be based on the ancient Vedic view of woman, which regarded her as the appointed source of the vital energy of the Human Race. On the physical as well as on the mental and spiritual planes *Woman is the Sakti*; in her Nature concentrates her magnetic and vital forces; through her as Mother, Nature disperses them throughout creation. It is a sort of magnetic radiance peculiarly inhering in the whole of the Feminine side of Nature.

"Now this Energy or Force may, like any other Force, be

used for good or ill, according as it functions with intelligence and beneficence or the opposite, but one thing we may be quite sure of—this Sakti cannot be wiped out nor destroyed. Through woman, the chosen fitting instrument, and through her alone, Nature reaches all her children, and offers them the wealth and splendour of her gifts. Education develops and cultivates this energy, latent in every woman, and trains it to useful purposes. Therefore it follows that if the woman is degraded in public estimation, if she is crippled in her development, and made a slave to injurious customs, then the very springs and sources of the life of the people are rendered foul, stagnant, and poisonous.

"When the men of a nation condemn the women to ignorance and superstition they are carrying out a short-sighted policy which will inevitably and necessarily react upon themselves, for it will bring despair instead of hope into their homes, weakness instead of strength into their hearts, servitude instead of liberty into their country. Here then we find the reason for that Law of history which measures a nation's strength by the purity, excellence, and splendour of its women. Therefore in those lands where the woman is enslaved, where she is robbed of her human rights of self culture, there the Law of Nature is violated, and man has to pay the bitter penalty. Thus it is strictly in accordance with all known physical and spiritual laws that India suffers to-day. You cannot be free if your mothers are slaves.

"It is only when the Priests live in simplicity and spirituality, as in the old days of Aryavarta, that their existence ceases to be a danger to women, and menace to their nation; then they cease to be mere Priests, they become true Prophets and ministers of God's Word. To love a good pure-minded woman, to win her affection, to pass the years of life together with a sympathy and mutual love which increases and grows stronger every year, these are the highest gifts of gods to men, and the Indian men permit the Priests to rob them of these pure and ennobling joys. Therefore it is that all friends of India must rejoice to-day, and offer the encouragement of their sympathy to those who are furthering the education of Indian women, and foremost amongst these I find the men of the Panjab."

### Reviews.

POTTER'S POPULAR GARDENER.

Persons who are in search of advice upon the subject of gardening, will find herein concise and comprehensive instructions upon all kinds of gardening operations; admirably put together. It is written for amateur gardeners, and, as there are many of that type, we are not surprised to hear that there is already a great demand for the little manual. In cities such as London and Manchester, in fact in any large city, this little book must meet a felt want. Many of us know the pleasure of being the possessor of a little plot of ground, some distance away from the noise and hurry of city life, or even within hearing of it. We know how attractive, how gladdening, is that possession; how many ideas we have in connection with it; what plans we form; how, even in the midst of close attention to business, we sometimes catch a mental picture of the shrubs and flowers we have planted on this land of ours; and sniff in imagination the fragrant scented air as it blows over them. We know also, alas, too well the difficulties with which we have to cope; the disappointments experienced as, every now and then, some fondly cherished bud or blossom, tree or flower comes to grief through our ignorance: is spoilt in its growth because we do not know how to till our territory, nor how to supply the wants of the plants, or the care absolutely necessary to bring them to fulness of growth.

This useful manual takes the subject of gardening in earnest, beginning at the very earliest operations required, namely, the clearing away of rubbish preparatory to commencing the process of digging. A graphic picture is given of the householder standing in contemplation of the property. Is it a man? we wonder, but our question is already answered: he is described thus—"After a few preliminary words on tools, the garden is dealt with from the moment when the householder first gazes on a wilderness of luxuriant weeds, relieved here and there by heaps of rubbish, fragments of brick, empty tins, and other impediments which commonly decorate the wake of the jerry builder, up to the time when he enjoys the quiet of the summer evenings under 'his own vine and fig tree' with the gratifying results of his labour around him on every side."

Now we wonder if Mrs. Householder has done anything towards this consummation, or was she merely engaged in attending so carefully to the personal wants of Mr. Householder as to provide him with time to spend in this delightful, health-giving employment, and in seeing the labour of his hands growing up around him? Is it possible that the author of so able a handbook on gardening is ignorant of the natural history of his own species, and does not know that the *he* of the human, is only one half of that species; that the *she* is fully as appreciative of the pleasure of being a landed proprietor, and of her own vine and fig tree. Having set right a mistake SHAFTS does not often allow to pass, we proceed under the (we trust approving) eyes of the—not householder, but householders who are advised to change hands with the spade when digging, and are assured that while so doing they will find no exercise more absolutely beneficial to health. The hints on potting, re-potting, and shifting are capital. Equally so are those on "Tools," "Preparation of the Ground," "Levelling," "the Drainage," "Laying out," "the Vegetable Garden," "the Fruit Garden," "the Lawn," "the Shrubbery," &c. It is commonly supposed that a shrubbery is out of the question save in large gardens, but this writer is of quite a different opinion, and gives us a list of the best and hardiest shrubs, with a short account of their natural history. "Paths," a very important point in a garden and seldom attended to properly, occupy two instructive and carefully written pages of directions. We are shown how to make them things of beauty and pleasure. There is not space, nor is it necessary to enter into every detail; our readers can obtain the manual for themselves by sending to address as given below. The book must be carefully studied and its directions intelligently followed, yet it does not shut the door upon personal experiment, upon thought or upon ideas. In the vegetable garden, we are told, that the onion cannot be grown to perfection without a good depth of rich and well preserved soil, and an open situation. For potatoes the best soil is a deep, thoroughly drained, sandy loam. Particular directions are given as to manuring, watering, transplanting, thinning and sowing seeds; even worms are not forgotten, the statement being made that a worm at the root of plants in pots is frequently the cause of injury and death. Some very useful hints are given with regard to the sowing of grass seeds, which we are told can never be sown too thickly, and the thicker the seed the finer will be the turf. It is altogether an excellent little hand-book, easily carried about in the pocket, and will remove all difficulties out of the path of amateur gardeners. It can be obtained at the low charge of one penny from Potter and Clark, Seedsmen and Florists, Raven Row, London, E.

"DRAUGHTS isn't proper wind you know, but wind that ought to be outside."



## Another View.

ANSWER TO "NEARING THE RAPIDS."

THERE are those who would have us believe that the very virtues have sexes, and change their complexion accordingly. So-called "honour" in a woman being her constant remembrance of the fact that she is some man's monopoly, or possible monopoly—so-called "honour" in a man being his unforgetfulness that he must not rob nor cheat a fellow-man, nor even a fellow-woman, provided she has some masculine belongings who can, and will, resent such an insult through her to themselves. There are in all fallen races those who toy with their chains, imagining them badges of office. A slave's mind dwells willingly in a slave's body, and the deepest valley of degradation can be perverted by such a mind into the hilltops of honour. "Nearing the rapids!" so near, indeed, that we hear the clamour of torrents of wordy wrath poured forth by the "untranslated squaws," whose idea of raising the dignity of their sex is to vilify one another.

"Women have already overwhelming influence upon men." True enough, but there is also the overwhelming influence of men upon women. That is the foundation of the old régime, and which has never been exhibited with more startling effect than in the formation of the opinions of the writer of "Nearing the Rapids," a mass of prejudices held by men of the past and passing present on the subject of woman and woman's place in the world. Moreover, men have not only had enormous influence upon women, but the power also to back that influence by force. That "upon the wife mainly depends the happiness or unhappiness of marriage," is simply not the truth. It is intensely to her interest that it should be happy, and she must in many cases be too painfully conscious that an equal spur is not applied to her husband, as he can, and often does, find consolation elsewhere, while she stands or falls by his faith or unfaith. To say that women, "as queens of society, decide the standard of morality of that society," is also a patent untruth. The morals of society are based on the laws of the land, which are made by the male sex. In Eastern lands, where a man may have many wives, society laws follow suit. Why? Because they must do so, since he is the "man in possession." Where the married woman is considered by the English law as the legal wife, however much all feelings of justice or right revolt against that decree, society follows suit, and recognises her as such. To say, therefore, that women "alone are responsible," is simply untrue. "Everywhere their power is felt," this is true of both sexes, who react on each other, "everywhere their sex (*i.e.*, the female) is predominant." If overruling is meant, this is true only of the male sex, as woman at present only rules through the man. Not only have men an enormous influence upon women and women's outlook, on things in general, but they have also the direct power of the vote upon their legal status and there is no reason why women should not adjust the scale by adding the vote to their "tremendous influence" upon men.

Mrs. Lynn Linton credits her sex with "hysterics," "vapourings," and "silly vanities"; they are also "irresponsible" and "peripatetic," etc., and yet it cannot be the vote that has done all this terrible work upon women, because they have not got it. Possibly with the power and responsibility the vote bestows to alter their present conditions, they may at least slightly improve. As mothers, we are told, "they build up the body and give the first impress to the mind of the child." Truly this is so. Nature seems to have chosen strange moulds to make "the first impress," if Mrs. Lynn Linton's opinions of her sisters be a true one. Let us sincerely hope that for the child's sake at least women may change for the better under better conditions.

Again, "there is a certain class of women whom our legislators will not suffer to be registered nor segregated. Many of the more prosperous of these live in lodgings; these women will be eligible for the lodger franchise." Why not? There is a certain class of men through whom "these women" become prosperous. These men are eligible for the franchise, therefore why not their companions in vice? There are some who consider that the woman who is poor enough to sell herself for a living cannot touch in infamy the man who is rich enough to pay for his own shame. Men are truly enough "built up of ordinary flesh and blood and imbued with ordinary masculine instincts." Vice is, however, not to be condoned for them any more than for their female companions. Women are also made of "flesh and blood," and also imbued with ordinary instincts. Does Mrs. Lynn Linton believe still in the nursery rhyme, "of ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces," covering a passionless exterior?

Now let us examine into the statement about the "precious possession" which "all ages have agreed to give into her own keeping with punishment to her primarily and chiefly when she loses it." "All ages" have represented the male interests. "No one has the courage to say that more men are ruined by women than there are women ruined by men." The word "hardihood" substituted for "courage" would perhaps read better. We all know that as a rule it takes many a false step, many a shameful action, before a young man is ruined sexually in a worldly sense, but it must be acknowledged that to read condonation of evil actions from a woman's pen, as merely "ordinary masculine instincts," is as the opening of the pit for him; the first leading of his steps downward. The writer of "Nearing the Rapids" cannot refrain from dragging in even the beautiful name of Jesus. It would have been wiser in her to have abstained from raising before the mental eyes of her readers a picture of Christ in the Temple, when the shameful and immoral men, who "had taken her in the very act," brought the woman before Him—cowards and hypocrites every one of them, for where was the man who was also in the "very act," but who apparently had no "precious possession" to guard and was let go scot free? "He that is without sin amongst you let him first cast a stone at her," was the stinging reproof of that just and pure being, which awakened shame even in the apparently shameless. Surely reference could not have been made to a name more unfortunate than that of Jesus. Again speaking of "a certain class of women," we are told that in the event of Women's Suffrage, "this will be the first and only instance known to modern Christianity, or so far as I know to any form of civilised heathendom, where the politics and government of a country will be directly influenced by its public prostitutes." I deny the truth of this statement—prostitutes are of two sexes, male and female, and the male prostitute, "public" enough in all conscience, not only directly influences the country by his vote, but even sits only too often in both Houses of Parliament. Again, "less revolting than this, but in its own way as humiliating, will be the voting power of that large class of futile spinsters and widows rife in country towns." Why "futile" spinsters and widows? Which is worse, to be a "futile spinster" or a "virile" prostitute? Both seem to be burdened in this article with an equal amount of abuse, reminding one of many old-fashioned novels where an unmarried woman could not be mentioned without some uncomplimentary epithet. A "futile spinster" seems to me a great deal better off than an unhappy wife, and a widow is surely more to be congratulated than a wife separated from her husband. The great sin of spinsters is that they "know absolutely nothing of men, or life, or human nature anyhow" (men supposedly being the only part of humanity that possess "life and human nature"), and the great sin of the women "of a certain class" is that they know too much! Spinsters and

widows "have not one single idea in their heads, save what they pick in crumbs from the curate or paid missionary," who apparently fill them (the heads of the spinsters and widows) with tales of the "sea-serpent and ghosts"!

We must all be glad to hear (I mean we "Wild Women") that in the past women's lives "were filled to the brim" with duties which few were shameless enough to neglect. We have been told so often that women have never shone intellectually in the past, although, according to Mrs. L. Linton's frequent statements, they had every opportunity to do so. Now we know why, thanks to the brilliancy of one of our own sex, who appears to be treading on her own toes in the statement. Few of us have met the woman who looks upon "child-bearing as the last expression of injustice."

As a small child I had a book of "nonsense rhymes" with a great deal of sense in them. One rhyme was about

... "A lady of Russia,  
Who screamed so that no one could hush her,  
She screamed such a scream, no one heard such a scream,  
As was screamed by that lady of Russia."

I never think of that lady of "Russia" without being reminded of a certain lady whose scream is very often heard.

If the "old time womanly ideal" went about in "the bashful posture of stooping and hanging down the head," we are devoutly thankful she has died out, and would even say a little thanksgiving prayer of fervent resignation over her grave. Why a girl who has done nothing to be ashamed of should go about "hanging down her head," or a woman who is full of "delicate innocence and ignorance of evil" should flop about "stooping in bashful posture," passes comprehension. Anyway, they must have been a general nuisance, and are quite as well laid in the grave. For myself, I prefer an honest, upright English girl, who looks you straight in the face and thinks no evil, and we rejoice to conclude by saying the world is full of such.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

## Untruthfulness.

WHEN, upon a certain historical personage was bestowed the title, "Father of Lies," surely then was given the very worst of opprobrious epithets. There is no vice which is not intimately connected with lying, and lying itself is the most difficult of all vices to cure. The drunkard, the thief, the sabbath-breaker, the profligate are liars *per se*, but the liar pure and simple is of all evil-doers existing, the most subtle.

A grown person accustomed to uttering the truth very seldom changes the habit. It is in childhood that the pernicious habit must be watched, or it is likely to increase. There are two entirely different kinds of falsifiers of the truth, *viz.*: those who deceive maliciously and with intent to convey a wrong impression, and those who, from a lively imagination, exaggerate and alter things in accordance with the promptings of an active mind.

This latter case is a difficult one with which to deal; but by incessant watching, kind teaching, and interesting companionship, the weakness may be overcome. The great thing is to prevent the child suffering from want of mental occupation, mischief is ever in idleness. Encourage speaking aloud, promote the learning by heart of poems, songs, ballads, etc. What is wanted is something from *others*, thoughts and sentiments from the outside to be considered instead of much and constant inter-communicating. In some instances it will be beneficial to offer pens and paper, and to foster the occupation of writing, for in many cases the child will be found to possess the power of composing stories, etc. Interest it in every passing object. After a walk, and particularly during the progress of one, take some pains to cultivate the faculty of observation. This, you will not be required to

create, for it will assuredly exist, and the danger is that it may run riot. There will be chaos in the poor child's brain, yet is it possible to transform that confused mass into a sphere of delicate order, and nice perception, for the material will be plastic. Never allow an untruth to be spoken without gravely reproving the fault, but take great pains that the error may be perfectly comprehended, and while bestowing deserved censure employ tact, and with the utmost gentleness endeavour to create a sense of lively shame in the offender. Do not terrify.

The case of the child who lies from absolute deceit is a grave one. The sad and awful feature is, that frequently the sin is hereditary, and a strange detail is, that falsehood of this kind frequently accompanies greediness, not to say gluttony. Firmness and patience are the weapons, and are all-powerful. Impress upon every child that *stories* must not be told to avert punishment, and if possible, pardon errors when candidly acknowledged.

B. M. ROEBUCK.

## Dramatic.

MISS AGNES HILL has rendered very valuable aid to the St. Andrew's Club for women, Tavistock Place, W.C., by giving two very clever and spirited dramatic performances at the West Theatre, Albert Hall, on April 10th and 11th. Three little one-act comedies formed the programme, together with some good piano and violin solos from Miss Alice Bateman and Miss Skirving. In "A White Elephant," Sir Gregory Turner and his wife are much disturbed by the arrival of their niece Muriel from India. The small country amusements they can offer bore her to death, and she grows more listless from day to day. At last they have an "idea," occupation might be good for her, and they suggest a little help in various domestic duties. Muriel enters into the idea with enthusiasm; but poor Lady Turner finds that she cannot endure Muriel's interference in her already well ordered household, and the consequences of misdirected energy are even more disastrous among Sir Gregory's botanical collections. The poor "white elephant" is now advised to devote herself wholly to music and Sir Gregory asks for a song. The words are sentimental and Muriel breaks down, Lady Turner deducing therefrom the existence of the inevitable "man." At this critical moment a certain letter arrives from India, and the curtain falls upon the joy of Muriel and the very profound relief of the old people. This little play belongs too much to the "husband cure for all things" order, to be described as quite "new and original"—still it is amusing, and gives scope for Miss Hill's vivacious acting. "Petticoat Perfidy" is a duel in words between two women of fashion, who are both out-witted in the end by the still more perfidious lady's maid. The entertainment was very successful, and Miss Hill's acting warmly appreciated.

## "The Dead Soul."

A lamp is kindled when a soul is born,  
Small care at first to tend the holy flame,  
Clear as the starlit region whence it came,  
And pure as beam of fair un sullied dawn.  
Full soon the watcher earthward turns her eyes—  
Life with low aim is easy—wherefore toil?  
The faint light strives—flickers the failing oil,  
The flame unheeded dimly burns, and dies.  
But never more, to all eternity  
The pure light glimmers thro' a night of pain;  
The mists are closing over land and sea.  
And tears are shed in bitter, passionate rain:  
"Yield up thy soul!" demands the foe concealed;  
Despair replies: "No soul is mine to yield."

MAUD VENABLES VERNON.



## Vegetarianism: What is it?

By SUSIE HEBDITCH.

*Vegetarianism is not the practice of living upon vegetables.*

VEGETARIANISM is the practice of living on the products of the Vegetable Kingdom, with or without the addition of eggs and milk and the products of milk, cream, butter and cheese, to the exclusion of fish, flesh, and fowl.

Those who are still labouring under the delusion that these are the three things from which strength is to be derived should note the original meaning of the Latin word *vegetus*, from which we take our appellation. The verb is *vegere*—to act, to quicken, to arouse; thriving, flourishing, blooming; while *vegetus* means lively or vigorous. In Greek the adjective signifies healthful, sound; and in Sanscrit strong, mighty. Vegetarians then are free to choose from the entire range of food products which the world offers—with one exception—we refuse that section of food obtainable only by loss of life.

From the important place which is given to flesh-foods and meat extracts by doctors and others,—who, if they ever study the chemistry of foods, must know better,—a common error arises with the unthinking, that life can barely be sustained and that health is out of the question without their use.

I am prepared to state that physical life is enhanced by a strict adherence to natural living, and that, as an outcome of redundant health, and correct and elevating employment (which food customs affect largely), our moral and spiritual natures, also, find possibilities of a higher expression.

To those then who hold that our sojourn here trains and perfects our characters towards a nobler life, I cordially recommend this stepping stone of vegetarianism.

In the light of comparative anatomy we learn that by our teeth, digestive apparatus, and entire structure, we are shown to be not carnivorous or flesh-eating like the tiger; not herbivorous, or grass-feeding like the ox; but frugivorous, or fruit-eating.

By the aid of chemistry we ascertain what the elements of nutrition are, and how all these elements are obtainable in abundance from the vegetable kingdom.

In a powerful and scholarly treatise, advocating a return to the natural and ancient food of our race, Dr. Anna Kingsford in her *Perfect Way in Diet*, goes thoroughly into the questions of anatomy and physiology (and also of chemistry); and Miss Lindsay, of Girton College, in a lecture to medical men, entitled "Man not Carnivorous," ably sifts these structural and physiological questions.

A common stumbling-block is that of canine teeth so called.

Having two sharp-pointed teeth in each jaw, miscalled *canine*, or dog's teeth, it is a frequent assumption that we are made to dispose of dog's food. But these pointed teeth are much shorter and do not overlap like the fangs of the dog or hyena; and are totally incapable of being employed in striking down and securing prey and of afterwards tearing its flesh. They are, indeed, shorter even than those of the apes, every species of which is acknowledged to be simply frugivorous, and to use their canines for cracking nuts.

The incisors, or front teeth, are large, broad, compressed, and with a flat edge suitable for biting (fruit, etc.), while in flesh-eating animals these are small, pointed, standing apart, and comparatively unimportant. The canines and bicuspid (small cheek-teeth) of these animals are large and formidable; formed like saws for tearing and cutting.

The molars of man have square crowns for grinding; those of the carnivora above and below, shut into one another so as to cut and hold fast. The fibres of flesh must be cut asunder, whilst fruits, nuts, cereals, and vegetables can be mashed or ground. Equally powerful arguments are the

formation and action of the jaw, the masticating muscles, the salivary glands; also the organs of digestion, the liver and the perspiratory glands. All these in man bear more or less resemblance to those of the herb, grain, and fruit-eating animals, and always differ from the carnivora.

Even the upright posture and gentle hands of human beings point to their adaptability to gathering fruit from "trees pleasant to the sight" and attractive to the appetite. This leads us from studying man as an animal, and learning what we can by comparing his structure with that of other species, to the physiology of sight, smell, and taste.

*The natural food of every animal delights all its senses.*

Vultures are attracted by the odour and sight of carrion. Flesh-eating beasts and birds find pleasure in the sight and smell of their prey whilst still alive, just as their taste does afterwards in the mangled limbs of their victims. The gentler feeders love the grassy meads, and their sense of smell guides them in their choice of this or that herbage. What most delights our eyes? I have heard swine, rolling in fat, incapable of standing, and nearly blind, called pretty pigs, fine animals.

I have been much puzzled to know in what the loveliness consisted, and am inclined to think it was more in the colour of the gold they represented, than in any artistic attractiveness in their unnaturally obese condition.

It is fine fruit which most attracts our eyes. We say, "What lovely grapes!" "What beautiful apples!" "What luscious oranges!" Nothing is so strong a temptation as fruit to the young, whose tastes are not vitiated by artificial and unnatural preparations. All children so covet fruit that a theft of fruit by them is apt to pass as a slight offence.

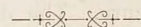
What positive pleasure is the sight of fields of waving golden grain! What delight we find in returning summer and autumn in the ripening of each succeeding kind of fruit! How sweet is the fragrance of the strawberry, raspberry, apricot, plum, and many others!

Every vegetarian will endorse the words of the late John Smith of Malton in his *Fruits and Farinaceae*:—

"Despite our customary flesh diet" (he says), "one who has long abstained from it experiences a much purer and more exquisite enjoyment in his own more wholesome food; and wonders at the degraded tastes of others!"

"I am astonished to think" (says Plutarch) "what appetite first induced man to taste of a dead carcase!"

(To be continued).



THE COMMITTEE OF THE LONDON ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY desires most earnestly to impress upon its supporters the urgent need at the present moment for additional pecuniary help to carry on its work. During the past year, many more public meetings than usual have been held, giving promise of excellent results. These, in addition to the educational and other work of the Society, have entailed heavier expenses than its funds can bear; the receipts not having increased with the expenses.

If all contributors would endeavour even by a little to increase their aid, and to bring in one (or more) additional subscriber during the year, the deficiency would soon be in fair way to become a surplus. Failing additional support, the work of the Society must of necessity be restricted, a consequence most grievous to all humane persons.

A series of meetings is less costly, and far more effective than the same number of single ones, held at irregular intervals.

The Committee appeals for prompt assistance, and trusts that it may not ask in vain. Much help may be secured from unexpected sources, if those in sympathy will kindly circulate this appeal among their friends and acquaintances. The smallest sums will be thankfully acknowledged by the Secretary,

## The Domestic Servant Question.

SINCE the meeting of the Domestic Servants' Union under the presidency of Archdeacon Farrar, a great deal has been said and written on this "burning question," both by those whose sympathies are enlisted on behalf of the servant, and those who range themselves uncompromisingly on the side of the employer.

A writer in *The Ladies' Pictorial*, in an article which is, on the whole, fair and reasonable, concludes thus:—"Once make it clear that we have certain privileges to grant and servants certain duties to perform, and that 'service' is really a trade, and we shall have fought half the battle."

This seems to me the real point of the question. Granting that "service" is a trade, we have to ask how many of those who practise it understand their business?

Inquire of any housekeeper of long standing how many thoroughly competent servants she has had in her employ since she commenced keeping house, and in most cases she will scarcely be able to number them on the fingers of one hand.

It was said at the meeting that there were an enormous number of servants out of employ in London alone, yet let any mistress go the round of the registry offices, and she will soon feel disposed to assert that every servant worth having has been long ago engaged by somebody else. It is unfortunately a fact that, taken in the aggregate, domestic servants do not understand their duties. Nor is this their fault. People seem to imagine that a girl ought to know by instinct the best ways of sweeping and scrubbing rooms, cleaning silver, trimming lamps, and laying tables. They never reflect that she has had absolutely no experience of such matters, and, in nine cases out of ten, does not know silver from pewter, or china from earthenware. Our servants are almost entirely drawn from the ranks of the labourer and artisan. The cottages where these people dwell are usually constructed with a total disregard to comfort, convenience, or even decency. What notions of order, method, and refinement can you expect from a girl who has been brought up with ten or eleven brothers and sisters in a three-roomed cottage? How should she understand the most approved way of sweeping a Turkey carpet, or of laying a dinner-table with all its array of silver, glass, china, flowers, and spotless damask?

Nor can you expect them to learn these things in the shops, inns, and small lodging-houses where they serve their apprenticeship?

One of my servants once told me that she first went into "service," at the age of thirteen, in a small shop. She had to perform the duties of cook, house and parlour-maid, and washerwoman, besides minding the children and wheeling the baby out in the perambulator every day. For this, she received, in addition to her board and lodging, the magnificent wage of ninepence a week! This girl was, like hundreds of others, bright, good-natured, and thoroughly respectable, but as regarded her profession, both ignorant and incompetent.

The cry for higher wages and shorter hours is reasonable enough provided we can obtain an equivalent for the privileges we concede; but if this demand on the part of the employers cannot be satisfied, there is little doubt that they will refuse to be coerced into granting concessions for which they cannot obtain a fair return. Moreover, Swiss and Germans will pour in to take the place of English men and women in domestic service, as they do already in the workshops, offices, and hotels.

Many suggestions have been offered as to the best way of dealing with the problem, the most practical one being, in my opinion, the erection of Housewifery Schools.

This has been tried in Norway, but, as far as I am aware, the only attempt of the kind which has ever been made in

England was started by Miss Headdon, who established an institution for technical instruction in Housewifery at Newnham-on-Severn; but, owing to lack of funds, the work had to be finally abandoned, and Miss Headdon, after spending ten years of her life, and the best part of her own private means in furthering the scheme, is now placed in such a position as to be almost entirely dependent for support on a little magazine called *Good Housewives*, of which she is the editor, and which, as its name indicates, treats of domestic economy in all its branches.

Miss Headdon organises classes for the teaching of practical household work in Elementary Schools by means of suitable models, and she is also prepared to give technical instruction in cooking, laundry work, home-nursing, etc., to women in towns and villages.

To sum up:—If Domestic Service is to be regarded as one of the recognized trades and professions, to be protected by a Union, the claims of which will possibly be enforced by means of organised "strikes," it is only reasonable to suppose that employers, on their side, will demand that those whom they take into their service shall have learnt their trade, and be thoroughly qualified and competent to undertake their duties.

The social system under which we live is slowly changing, and evolution in private life will proceed side by side with evolution in public life. It is our duty to contrive how these inevitable changes can be effected with as little friction as possible, and to the best advantage of both worker and employer.

AMY MONTAGUE.

## Women's Emancipation Union.

THIS Society, under the able leadership of Mrs Wolstenholme Elmy, is working as hard towards the emancipation of women, and with as much wisdom in its arrangements, as has distinguished Mrs. Elmy's efforts for upwards of thirty years. The Emancipation of women is practically won. All earnest workers for this end, among Liberals, Radicals, Conservatives, any and every society which—instituted for whatever object—has contributed its quota towards this result by proving of what women are capable, may rejoice and be glad over this fact, that to the single rule of one sex, the death blow has been given. Nothing can ever restore the dominion to man, or drag woman again into subjection. Much remains to be done, but we all know it now will be done, which strengthens us wonderfully, and will enable us to carry our work forward to completion.

A conference has lately been held by the Women's Emancipation Union at Bedford at which a paper was read by Mrs. E. O. Fordham. From it we give a few extracts as follows:—

We are fighting that we and other women may be saved; struggling, that we may obtain victory, may win the day and set our sisters free—free from the shackles that bind them; free from old-world opinions which cramp them, limbs and brain.

We fight that all women may be free; free as their fathers and husbands to make their own lives, to live them as they themselves think best, to work at what they are most fitted for, and for wages in proportion to their work, not in proportion to their sex—so much for man and so much less for woman.

We fight—this woman's army—for the right to interest ourselves in what we please; in any and all questions.

Slowly women have awakened to the knowledge of what life is and should be for them; they have struggled to their feet, rubbed their sleepy eyes, and begun to realise that their past has been one long history of oppression.

So soon as women understand this, they will lose no time in seeking for and obtaining the law of freedom.

"We toil not for time but for eternity." We toil not for this generation only, but for all men, for all women, and for all time.

We have realised that the law of life is progress—progress for the individual, progress for humanity.

Progress for women, progress for men.

After the reading of this paper the following Resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"That this Conference, believing that only by the full recognition of the equal human rights of woman with man, can woman be enabled



worthily to fulfil her duty towards herself, her family, her country, and humanity, pledges itself to use every legitimate means to secure this recognition; and as the surest and speediest means to this end, claims for women the protection and power of the parliamentary vote.

### The Hydrophobia Fly.

The following letter appeared in the *Daily News* of February 23rd:—

SIR,—As the Duke of Westminster has granted a site on the Chelsea Embankment for an Institute of Preventive (?) Medicine, *alias* a Pasteur Institute for inoculating dogs with hydrophobia, and as we have but lately heard of the swarms of flies which, at the Paris Institute, settle on the rubbish heaps, broken syringes, eyes of dogs sloughing out, and innumerable inoculation sores, we who live at Chelsea must either get this new plague centre in the neighbourhood of a dense population stopped, or migrate to a place where the hydrophobia-fly may be less regularly fed. No one can catch or kill the vagrant poison-laden "blue-bottle" or Pasteur-mixen-fly. He will presently emerge in his thousands from the Preventive Institute to batten on the sores of the gutter children in the Chelsea slums, to enter our own windows and larders with legs and proboscis charged with disease germs. After all, at present, death from hydrophobia is so rare that it by no means reaches the average of one in a million deaths. It does seem to me that the Vestry and County Council, and all who look after the sanitary condition of London, ought at once to assert at Chelsea the right of the people to be protected from the hydrophobia-fly.

H. R. HAWES, M.A.

In *The Echo* for March 8th, Mr. Haweis further says:—"I have just heard from a medical officer of health that he is thoroughly opposed to bringing infection of any disease whatsoever into populated places.

Certainly it would appear that, as Mrs. Mona Caird reminds us, "the protest that is being made by the inhabitants of Chelsea against the proposed Pasteur Institute concerns not only Chelsea, but all London."

*The British Medical Journal*, Vol. July-December, 1893, pages 65 and 1,236, lays stress on the danger of tubercular, cholera, and anthrax infection by flies, and those who have lived in tropical climates and know how effectually flies perform their work will be alive to the serious aspect of the state of things described in an article signed by Arthur Westcott, Philip G. Peabody, and George Baudry, M.D., in the *Zoophilist* of Sept. 1st, 1893. Referring to a visit to the Pasteur Institute in Paris, the writers state: "In one corner of the grounds we found a large heap of rubbish consisting chiefly of broken culture-glasses, and tubes and wads of cotton wool used for stoppers, these wads being saturated with cultures and different viruses. One of the culture tubes I examined had contained, and even then contained, according to the label, a culture of anthrax bacilli. This rubbish heap was in the very hottest corner of the garden, and of course was covered with a great swarm of flies. It seems strange that the very men who are constantly frightening people with sensational stories about flies carrying cholera and anthrax on their feet and wings, should take no precautions to prevent them from doing so."

Mr. Herbert J. Reid, F.S.A., F.R.S.L., speaking in the *Star*, "with the authority of an expert and the knowledge of an eye-witness," of the dangers of infection from refuse and waste lying exposed for hours where flies and insects may feed upon it, adds, "This danger is very certain, and as not only the professors of the Pasteur Institute perform their operations and experiments daily, but it is permitted to all members of their classes to have their own animals for experimentation within the Institute, the danger is increased very largely. True it is, that the bodies of the animals are burned, but this is in the end.

I have dwelt only on one phase of the horrors which vivisectioners are preparing to plant in our midst, and have ignored altogether the sufferings of the wretched victims, while space does not permit of lengthened comment upon the more than doubtful results of the experiments even when completed. Again and again have vivisectioners been challenged to shew any discovery of undoubted value which can be directly traced to experiments on animals, and in reply, we are asked to be convinced by something so ludicrously weak as the imaginary conversation aent the catgut ligature in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 4th. The mountain of vivisection has travailed and brought forth—shall we say a fly?

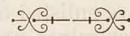
The Rev. J. Vaughan objects "not to the care bestowed upon beasts, but to the care bestowed upon them while tens of thousands of human beings are uncared for," but as Miss Cobbe truly observes, this means "human beings first and animals nowhere, seeing that the time will never come when all human wants will be supplied."

In every case I have left unquoted the arguments, cogent though they frequently are, of those who have written anonymously, but I make one exception in the concluding words of "A Medical Student" in page 297 of the *Zoophilist* for April 2nd: "The whole energies of the continental schools of medicine are directed to the furtherance of those so-called preventive inoculations, which are in reality the en-

grafting on man of ill-defined, artificially-produced, animal maladies, the consequences of which are utterly unknown."

C. E. RAWSON.

The meeting proposed to be held at Chelsea on the 5th of April, is now fixed for the 24th of May next.



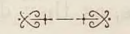
### The Materialistic View of Woman.

WOMEN will do well to note the views of so-called free-thinkers and scientists relating to the freedom of their sex. One after another of late they have been bolstering up the old arguments which hold woman back from all real advancement and liberty, from the old point of view that she is to be regarded as a sexual being. Signor Ferrero has of late sought to prove the mental inferiority of woman because she has been excluded from the activities which have developed man. To further aid her, in the last number of the *Monist*, he offers some very specious arguments in behalf of "a perfected form of the division of labour and mutual co-operation of the sexes," which, in other words, simply means that "woman must be exempt from toil." "Woman, more than man, enjoys," he says, "all the benefits of civilisation which nevertheless have been in great part acquired by him alone. . . . What advantage, then, can be gained by participating in man's struggle for existence, when woman has only to wait until he places these benefits at her feet?" (!) "I cannot understand why the question of woman suffrage should so excite public opinion. It is entirely profitless to her. . . . If her husband strains every nerve already to provide her with all the luxuries of life, he will certainly not be lax in defending those interests which are identical with his family." (The italics are ours.)

This good man lives in dreams apparently, and is as innocent as a child in the ways of the world. To hear him talk one would think men were either slaves or angels, offering the fruits of their labours to woman with adoration and on bended knee! What are the facts? Simply that the dependence of woman on man for means to live has placed her at his mercy, and kept her, in countless instances, in little short of slavery. We know instances of English wives who cannot pay a visit to a friend, cannot take a day's outing, cannot perform the most trifling acts relating to everyday affairs, without appealing to their husbands for money, and consequently the consent of the latter, which is frequently refused! Possessing no means of their own, such women are powerless. And the same men will be abject in their deference to a woman who knows how to influence them simply through their senses. But of true chivalry they have none.

It is against this that women are striking, for they know the "other side" of these well-worn "poetic ideals," and their practical working, and they prefer to possess liberty to work as they please, to allowing men to "defend their interests"—(note the laws relating to women only twenty years ago, and many of the laws still existing)—and treat them as children. Evidently these false and unnatural ideas will die a hard death, and it is only by placing the higher truths concerning humanity before the people, that an antidote will be given to the short-sighted views relating to woman set forth by many materialistic writers, who are ready to exalt purely sexual functions above true morality, intellect, and the Soul they do not believe in.

LIBERTY.



### Humanitarian League.

THE third Annual Meeting will be held on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 24th, at three o'clock, at the Ideal Club, 185, Tottenham Court Road.

### The Hop Pickers.

BY ONE OF THEIR FELLOW WORKERS.

The hop-picking season was over, the time to go back had come. The young were merry, the old were sad, at the thought of the long tramp home. This word had to them no magic sound, few knew its meaning well. It meant no more than "somewhere to doss," a roof under which to dwell.

One old couple stood with their worldly wealth tied fast round the end of sticks, Giving advice to the young ones around who had merrily christened them "Bricks." Their eyes were keen, their steps were firm, though their hair was white as snow. For they were telling, as old folks will, the tales of long ago. They turned at last to each other and said, "It's time we were on our way. 'We've many a mile to foot it yet, before the close of day.' Then went with a cheerful, brave "good-bye," picking their way through the throng. Who were laughing and shouting their good-byes with jest or a merry song.

Side by side for many a mile, bravely they trudged and well. He, trying to bring the old wife's smile, would many a story tell. The young ones, as they caught them up, kept shouting as they passed. "Ha! ha! old folks they can't keep first, old folks must be the last." "Well, well, my lads," the man replied, "it's our turn now I wot; 'Twill soon be yours, youth goes; you'll try to stop her, but you'll not.

To you grey hairs seem far away, but 'tisn't worth a smile. Before you know it, youth has gone, age stands by the next stile." The dusty road, the hot, hot sun, the woman's steps grew slow. She tried to smile, but tears would come. "Oh! the long way to go. I'm more than usual tired," she said, "of years I feel the load, Yet it's not so long since my young feet laughed at this weary road."

The crew of noisy young ones had long passed out of sight, Over the silent roadway crept the shadows of the night, But still the tired old pair pressed on, though song! it would not come; Faint, despairing, old and worn, they longed for rest and home.

"I'm overtired, let's rest awhile," the patient woman said, 'Tis but a matter o' three mile more, I'll rest my weary head. My legs won't carry me home I fear, my shoes fall from my feet, Never in all our tramping days have I felt so mortal beat."

"Now, lass, I must be comforter, how often on this road When I've been pinin' at hard times, you've tried to ease my load By talking o' pleasures that had been and might be ours again, 'Sun was but hidin' 's face,' you said, 'twould not be always rain."

"You've always been my comfort, Kate, kept always to my side, Even through that dreary winter, when your baby came and died. You never lost your faith in things, you always saw the light Glimmering somewhere through the clouds, you're not yourself to-night."

"No, lad, I'm not myself to-night"—the voice was low and weak, "I'm sick to my very soul," she said, as the tears rolled down her cheek;

"My strength is all but gone, and still, fresh troubles are to meet, And I'm so feared o' the workhouse, lad, I'd rather die in the street."

A few steps more she staggered on, then sinking with a groan. She faintly gasped, "God help thee, lad, my tramping days are done I'm not afeard to die, dear lad, 'tis leavin' you that's pain. If God would pity, take us both," and her tears fell down like rain.

The end had come, the laboured breath died ere the moon arose, Then o'er that care-worn face there stole an infantile repose. "No fear o' th' workhouse now, dear Kate," the old man sobbed and wept,

As o'er his loved one through the night he faithful vigil kept, \* \* \* \* \* When from the shining East the sun brought forth the promised day, It shone on two heads white and still, for both had gone away.

Truth does not manifest itself suddenly and entirely, but the truth of this will ere long be fully understood, not only through a finer, nobler race of women, but through their influence in the home. Their sons will grow up better men, with higher aspirations, purer in thought and deed, taught by their mothers to shun evil doing.

### Correspondence.

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

#### LOVE OF WOMEN.

DEAR MADAM.—In the March number of *SHAFTS* there are two letters, one signed "Alma Gillen," the other "A Working Woman." I should like, if you will allow me, to take up the two thoughts in these letters, and work them out in harmony. The first writer answers her own question, "What do Women Want?" by saying FREEDOM is the end of their desire, and that Freedom is to be obtained by every mother being faithful to her own children, faithful that is to the power given her, of teaching them to know and to hold sacred the mystery of life.

"A Working Woman" simply states the case, that even the women who say in words that they love their sisters, and that their sisters must love one another, carry the doctrine but a very little way in practice; while among the majority of society ladies—not the upper ten thousand only, but of middle-class society—such a principle is utterly unknown.

This is a fact; although amongst working women themselves, properly and honourably so called, the women who work always from morning till night, with no *petits soins* in the evening, no sofas, no novels, and few caresses,—in many of these women there is a constant, helpful kindness, an unwearied hospitality of the truest sort, and a loyalty which no malice and no harshness can betray.

But no preaching of the *duty* of love ever brought people together. Here are paper, wood, and coal; call the neighbours and bid them be warm. They *ought* to be warm; but there is not a match in the house. Where is the match that will kindle the fire of life in womankind?

Neighbourly feeling, sisterly feeling, rules of clubs, of communities, will not do it, that is certain. The utter self-surrender, the submissive rapture that for centuries was taught as the perfection of the womanly ideal, ends after all in narrowness, in abasement, in pampering the grosser tastes of others, fine as many individuals of the type have been in their generation.

No. Women are divided from each other and from the world at large in classes, in sets, or singly. In the crisis of life, every woman is isolated, left to fight her own battle, not against outside enemies perhaps, not necessarily against actual enemies at all, but against her own instincts, suddenly awakened and misunderstood, against her own ignorance and inexperience; left, it may be, to destroy her own happiness while straining at sincerity, or to accept it with fear and misgiving that undo half the glory of joy.

Where lies the remedy for all this, and for the solitude of thousands of women who have passed through the "meeting-time of life" earning their bread amongst strangers, perhaps to support a parent, a family of young brothers and sisters, or an invalid?

The remedy I think is simple, and lies in a larger application of what Alma Gillen has said. Easy of course it is not; but to have the right ideal before us may make all the difference between darkness and light.

Every true-hearted woman of us, be she never so young, has the mother's instinct in her. This it is (not sisterly love, not the exclusive, somewhat short-sighted love of the wife who is wife and wife only), which can solve every social problem that lies before us women. The girl may trust her own instincts utterly, if she has something of the large motherly protective wisdom for men, for the man she loves, but above all, for other women. As wife the motherly sense of such a girl grows and expands a thousandfold, flowing naturally, without demonstration, beyond her own



circle, however wide, sweeping away all pettiness and folly, but increasing the joy and the richness of life, and not diminishing its humour.

For unmarried women of all ages the same is equally true. Every woman yearns, if only at times, to give herself for something, for someone. In God's name let her do it, now, to-day, always. Let her forget every restraint that fetters her kindly feeling. Such fetters exist only in our imagination. The bars of convention, the gulfs of society, the alarms of what will be said or thought or hinted of us, simply melt away into nothingness before the woman strong in the self-forgetful wisdom that has learned to think for others by suffering, by experience, by work, by sympathy, yes, and by imagination. And let not women forget that half the education of the child is to see her mother beautiful.

Strength of soul, if not of body, may be in every woman's expression. Grace in look, in gesture, in every movement, may and should be hers. But they cannot come without dignity of purpose, without patient loving insight, without constant noble out-look.

For the daughters of idleness, who have "nothing to do at home," here is a motive. Goethe's *Liebe und Thatigkeit* going hand in hand. Let them brace themselves in ever so small a degree (they will find it extremely hard) to live in this spirit, and after many days they shall learn the lesson of the shepherd boy of Fiesole.

"You shall see things as they are," says Giotto, "the least with the greatest, because God made them; and the greatest with the least, because God made you."

(Ruskin's *Mornings in Florence*.)

E. SCOTT STOKES.

#### RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR HOUSEHOLD AND DOMESTIC TRAINING.

MRS. BUCK, Hon. Sec. North Midland School of Cookery, and MISS BRANDER, Diplômée (1st Class) North Midland School of Cookery, Directors of the above School, are doing their utmost to make it the success it deserves to be and there is little, if any doubt, that it will answer the expectations formed of it. They say truly:—"The want of a School of this description has been widely felt. It often happens that girls, though highly educated in other branches, are entirely ignorant of household matters, and these are very difficult for them to learn thoroughly in their own homes where the work is carried on by a regular staff of servants. It therefore follows that the majority of girls begin housekeeping with little or no knowledge of what they are undertaking."

In the two-leaved pamphlet they publish, they sum up very cleverly the many instances in which such a training as this School gives would prove desirable and satisfactory to all concerned. Mrs. Buck has had the management of a Training School of Cookery for upwards of sixteen years, and will teach in her new School not only Cookery, but Household management and work in all its details. The situation she has chosen for her School is in the neighbourhood of Malvern, which with the house erected has the entire approval of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., and Mrs. Marshall, M.D. She begins with accommodation for twelve or fourteen students.

Mrs. Buck, Birstall Holt, Leicester, will be pleased to give further particulars, and to send copies of the pamphlet, containing an account of her progress and intentions.



SAID little six-year-old while endeavouring to sew her broken armed doll:—"Knots seem to love me, they come crowding around me in an ecstasy of naughtiness."

The same one wanted to know when speaking of a friend of the family who was known to get under the influence occasionally, if he were a "professional drunkard."

#### The Power of Love.

Iron fetters bind  
Not the heart and mind;  
Iron fetters rust,  
They at last are dust.  
Duty's bond may break  
While we sleep and wake,  
All its boasted might  
Failing in a night.  
Even chain of gold  
Cannot always hold.  
Love, and love alone,  
Binds to us our own.  
Other bonds may be  
Those of slavery,  
But through love are we  
Always truly free.  
Through love's strength we climb,  
Here in life and time  
Seeing things sublime.  
Love makes darkness bright,  
Love make burdens light,  
Smooths the roughest road,  
Lifts the greatest load,  
In love's light divine,  
Death's misty shadows shine.

C.

#### Ego Sum.

Thought! God's best gift, how glad am I thou deignest  
To honour with thy presence this poor room,  
Whose humble walls are deck'd whilst thou remainest  
With fabrics, rarer than the richest loom

Of East e'er wrought; with glowing light thou stainest  
Window and floor and roof, dispelling gloom.  
My room of four bare walls, thou'rt blest, for thou containest  
Far-stretching fields where flowers immortal bloom.

From the vast Universe of "Many Mansions,"  
Thou bringest treasure to this house of clay:  
Beneath thy touch in limitless expansions,  
Earth's stony limits melt and fall away.

And I am free, more free than lark, that, mounting,  
Floods with wild music some fair dewy lawn;  
No grief have I more than the first white blossom  
That opes glad eyes unto a perfect dawn.

Through thee, Great Thought, above the bitter tumult  
Of trampled spirits, wailing, "Lord, how long,"  
I hear Love's voice the Universe constraining,  
By deeds of Love, to change all tears to song.

ELTON BIGH.

#### Position of Women under the Local Government Act, 1894.

KNOWN AS THE PARISH AND DISTRICT COUNCILS' ACT.

THIS double leaflet, copies of which can be had at this office, at 1s. 6d. per 100, or 3d. per dozen, exclusive of postage, gives a short but concise account of the nature of the Act and of how it affects women. All women should make themselves, and others, well acquainted with the provisions of this Act, by purchasing copies of this Leaflet and by distributing them among the women of all classes, in their localities.