# SHAFTS:

# A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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## What the Editor Means.

Nothing resting in its own completeness, Can have worth or beauty; but alone Because it leads and tends to further sweetness, Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Learn the mystery of Progression duly: Do not call each glorious change, Decay;

The Soul that knoweth suffering, knoweth the need of others, the Soul that knoweth pain, and loneliness, and much sorrow, knoweth also the value of words of true sympathy. And in sending forth its wishes, its desires for other's good, knoweth the force of an earnest wish, and knoweth how to wish. Its earnest wishes as year after year passes by, are drawn from a source whose depths are profound; the great gulf of its sorrow its experience and its tears, in which the ore is washed till the dross disappears and the purest gold is revealed. Many there are who give us good cheer at this Christmastide, whose greeting and hope for us comes from this deep source; yet whose message of love we pass lightly by not understanding how to read it aright. Could I but say to each of my readers and kind helpers all that is in my heart this day, it might perchance help and cheer in return, those who have so helped and cheered me. But there is no voice or language to breathe forth the human soul. I can only say, To each and all I wish a very happy Christmas, and a New Year that will be full of usefulness; in which they may carry out their determinations with a power that is equal to their will.

I rejoice to say that SHAFTS has surmounted many of its difficulties; that the help kind friends have sent in small sums, has paid the printing month by month, has enabled me still to go on, so that if those who love Shafts and who recognise its importance will rally round me, the paper will soon be all I intended it to be. We must go on, step by step higher up, further afield, no evil thing must be hidden; it must be known but hated. Change comes to our most cherished creeds, beliefs and opinions, but wrong when known to be wrong must die, will die; therefore let all things be known for what they are, not for what they seem. However dear a belief may have been, however beautiful it may seem, when it has served its turn, it must go, to give place to better; it did well once, it suited perchance the time, but now many scales have fallen from our eyes. Now—"If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from My own pen need add no more, for a kind, generous friend from the South of England has sent a letter for insertion which has given me both strength and comfort. It is addressed to the readers of Shafts, and I have much pleasure in printing it here.

#### THE WORK OF SHAFTS.

DEAR MADAM: - If you will allow me, I should like to say a few words to some of your readers in behalf of Shafts. We have not a single organ published in support of the advancement of women (and consequently humanity) which is so absolutely true to principle as the journal in which I write. Other papers will support various reforms, and drop many of the graver issues. They will have much to say on woman suffrage, but they will avoid any comment on the root of the opposition to it in a pseudo and non-Christian religion which miseducates boys from their earliest years; they will show up the evils of drunkenness and turn away from striking a square blow at the ignorance and brutality which not only fill our streets with prostitutes but degrade the relation of marriage. They will talk of 'Christian purity' and smile on the priestcraft which destroys it, exacts the worship of the male, and elevates every bridegroom to the position of 'lord' of his natural equal—woman. Nay—they do not hesitate to employ the last-mentioned term in describing a husband to round a period, or make a phrase eloquent.

And thereby they aid in maintaining the very subordination which is at the root of the ills which they deplore. You will find none of these things in *Shafts*. The editor has determined to employ no phraseology which teaches and serves to uphold the inferiority of woman. And she does not shrink from the free-thought, the philosophic thought, or the true thought which will detach Christianity from its creeds and give woman her birthright, or even more than this-point to the, as yet, little known laws of Nature which theosophists are seeking to point out, and which but re-assert the inspired words 'In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female,' because woman, like man, is a LIVING SOUL, whose experiences in bodies may be numerous and educational and cannot be limited to either sex—but whose great reality is the Eternal Life assured to Spirit, and to nothing less.

Such efforts as these merit the support of every wide-minded, thinking woman, of every generous, sympathetic man, of every being whose centre is spirit rather than body. Help to circulate her paper, and you will see it become what you want in matters of detail and journalism, which demand workers who are paid, and who cannot be employed until the funds are forthcoming.

Many of us, reformers at heart, willingly contribute papers for nothing, because we will uphold a journal in the vanguard of liberty for Woman. And some of us also coldly criticise, although we know our innermost thought on this great question will be silenced elsewhere, but never in these pages. The editor works hard and has anxiety only for her reward. Meanwhile—can 'bricks be made without straw'? I believe with a determined effort on the part of the present subscribers, the circulation of Shafts might be greatly increased, and permit of an excellent monthly at least being permanently established. Only four shillings a year in behalf of an unswerying front concerning the freedom of Womanhood! Surely—this can be afforded by a sufficient number of humanitarians to make Shafts pay and succeed at last. Let us help -for the editor's position is one which needs to be kept alive. We want strong, plain words at times, which will utter the truth.

'I have need to be all on fire,' said the noble-hearted Lloyd Garrison in his crusade against slavery, 'for I have mountains of ice to melt!' There are 'mountains of ice' around us. A loving fire will melt them, and right every wrong. Again let us help! Yours, TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

## From Swinburne.

\* \* \* \* Man's soul is man's God still, What wind soever waft his will

Across the waves of day and night To port or shipwreck, left or right,

By shores and shoals of good and ill;

And still its flame at mainmast height
Through the rent air that foam-flakes fill

Sustains the indomitable light Whence only man hath strength to steer Or helm to handle without fear.

Save his own soul's light overhead, None leads him, and none ever led,

Across birth's hidden harbour-bar,
Past youth where shoreward shallows are,

Through age that drives on toward the red
Vast void of sunset hailed from far,
To the equal waters of the dead;

Save his own soul he hath no star, And sinks, except his own soul guide, Helmless in middle turn of tide.

No blast of air or fire of sun

Puts out the light whereby we run
With girdled loins our lamplit race,
And each from each takes heart of grace

And spirit till his turn be done,
And light of face from each man's face

In whom the light of trust is one;
Since only souls that keep their place
By their own light, and watch things roll,
And stand, have light for any soul.

## INFLUENTIAL LIVES.



JOSEPH EDWARDS.

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike As if we had them not. . . .

THINGS "gang aft agee" in this planet of ours; and at times, in the saddest of our sad moments, when we reflect upon the more serious aspect of the evils existing, it seems as if the ancient sceptic who compared human kind to swine pent up in a wrecked and rudderless vessel foundering in a hurricane, had, after all, some excuse for the simile. Many pessimistic views have been and are held; to wit, that there is but little to hope for, that we only advance to a worse condition of things than we at present endure, that there is nothing before us but ever-increasing wretchedness. Were these depressing views really trustworthy there would surely be no place for the courage and devotion constantly animating the hearts of earth's nobler ones. Yet, though few in number compared to the mass of non-thinkers and non-workers-for-betterthings, how great is the multitude of those who daily tread the hard path of upward climbing; how determined are the souls which row onward and upward in spite of tide or adverse winds, gaining one goal after another for themselves and those coming behind; and how the numbers of these heroic souls increase. Such knowledge gives us strength, makes us fearless in our doing and brave in our daring. We have ground, surely, for hope that an existence which gives birth to souls so ardent in their pure intent, must have some outlook wide-stretching and limitless, differing greatly from these pessimistic and sceptical prognostications.

To those, observant and reflective, who mark the changes growing ever around them, it must be interesting even amazing, to note how great are the improvements in all conditions and classes of life. Some of these are already in full operation, some

has been the growth of public thought and opinion; how eager the out-reaching hands; how earnest the resolute eyes searching ever for greater and clearer light. If we look backward even to some five-and-twenty years of our own past lives, we must be profoundly struck by the great strides which progress has made; by the higher ideals, the more enlarged views, the greater opportunities for thought and action, which characterise the present day. We see that what seemed some years bygone, but the dreams of a dreamer are now the realities of our every-day life; we feel that we are justified in our contemplation of still higher possibilities—our dreams—which shall one day reach their realisation as other dreams have done. Out of these dreams come all the improved conditions, all the grand realities of life. The account therefore of lives which live themselves so as to influence towards the onward track the thoughts and actions of others-whether among those whom the world in its baser moods ranks as rich and great or otherwise—ought to be a glad reading to all of us. Mr. Joseph Edwards, or as he prefers to be named, Joseph Edwards, has taken ever since its ommencement a warm and active interest in Shafts. When in London recently he called at the offices to make the personal acquaintance of the Editor, and in the course of a very pleasant, sympathetic interview, the story of his past career, his present work and duties, his future hopes and plans, proved so interesting that we decided they night be interesting also to our readers.

Joseph Edwards, of Liverpool, is a student,

a hard and earnest worker, a scientific socialist, a man of ever widening thought; very deeply in earnest in all matters tending to the advance of humanity; intensely interested in the numerous and complex social problems daily breaking forth on the national horizon. In Liverpool, engaged in his daily occupations, he finds many opportunities for personal contact with, and study of, the causes lying at the root of the evils which desolate society. His energy is untiring, his patience seems inexhaustible, and we venture to prophesy for him great success in the work he has under-

He was born twenty-nine years ago in the then quiet country market town of Burton-on-Trent, and he told us laughingly that he was noted for being the quietest and most contented baby in the family (he must have been waiting for he is now possessed of a divine discontent). His parents were both country people, natives of Leicestershire His mother, Elizabeth Richards, was the daughter of a village cordwainer and helped out the family income by the homely industry of knitting wool socks and stockings. His father, after following the plough for some years, eventually became a carpenter and joiner. The Edwards family was settled over one hundred years ago at Roper's Hill Farm, by one Thomas Edwards who came from an old Welsh family and married Fanny Shakespeare, a relative of Dr. John Shakespeare, professor of Oriental languages at Marlow and Addisundergoing their trial, others suggesting themselves to many minds. How rapid also combe, and a learned teacher of Hindustani, days a close friendship with Alfred Richard

possession of the family, which, it is said, ca claim to be of kindred blood with the Bard of Avon. Joseph Edwards received much of his early education at the Ancient Foundation Alsop's Boys' School, Burton - on - Trent, through which he passed creditably; and after a few months' experience at practical building with his father, he served a five years' apprenticeship as a pupil teacher at the Christ Church National Schools. It was during this time that his interest in local affairs became an intelligent interest, and consequently productive of results. This naturally produced in him a desire for a wider life, which culminated in his obtaining a position in the Civil Service. It was not only pleasing but instructive to hear him give his account of the three busy years which followed; eventful to his personality in the experience of human character, human motives and the ever rolling wheel of human life—creating the circumstances which help to mould and make us-which he then obtained. He was occupied on the Gravesend Boarding Station, where he led a life half naval, half civilian, experiencing some severe discipline-on duty for two days and nights in succession, employed frequently for sixteen or eighteen hours a day with no intermission for Sundays, and long weary night watches. This life was calculated either to demoralise or to raise the nature and strengthen it for life's battles; and under its discipline Joseph Edwards began to ask the whys? and the wherefors? of life, and quietly to study what might be called the labour question. He says: "There were men on this rough-and-tumble duty fit to grace any society; men of keen susceptibilities, refined manners, well educated, with generous hearts and kindly hands, ever ready to help, who were loved and admired by all. There were others who merited none of these phrases. The duties of this first line of defence of the Queen's revenue were very varied; one day shivering on a cold cheerless dynamite schooner, almost out at sea, another, quite a little god-in the authority given by knowledge of the world's movements-to the crowds of homeward bound passengers on a P. and O. Steamer. A graphic and interesting description was given us of the grateful comfort experienced in the shelter and hospitality of a navigation boat, after a night spent in the open boarding boat, amid rain, wind, snow and all the dangers of the rough, dark river. Generous testimony was borne to the kindly spirit of helpful co-operation which ever lightened the unceasing round of duty; and reference made to the library ashore, the annual sports at Rosherville, the gymnasium, the cushioned lockers, the rough table, the rough-and-ready provisions, and the huge fire of Lukes, the shopman of H.M.S. Dolphin; all of which entered into the enjoyments, and dwell in the memories, combining to make memorable, years, whose experiences will never be forgotten by those who went through them. Life-long friendships were formed, good seeds of kindly feeling sown, which have borne much fruit. So must it ever be for the associations of the earlier years of our lives help greatly to make us what we are.

Lennon, to whose thought and influence I owe much of what has come to fruition in my later life. He possessed great musical their "tanner." He says: "The pathetic appeal contained in the dedication of this my later life. He possessed great musical talents, seemed quite at home in literature and science, and in character was noble and self-sacrificing to the last degree. Freed from the trammels and shams of conventional modern life, he had gained for himself the power not to be swayed by the thought-What will people say? and bore his many burdens bravely. He was born in sunny India, and naturally dreaded the fogs and darkness of London." When the force of circumstances compelled him to resign his commission, there was lost to the service a man who would have been one of its worthiest ornaments, and Joseph Edwards. who now sends to far-off New Zealand a fervent testimony to a grand and noble man, lost a loving comrade. Other friends there were also not less worthy, nor yet forgotten. Dolphin men, now scattered up and down the land, who must all look back with

pleasure to those old days. " Just then," Joseph Edwards says, "the ideas which had hitherto ruled my conduct, underwent a change; I found the old-world notions, on such subjects as the food question, religion and politics, too narrow for the newer spirit I was imbibing from my friends, my reading, and the various lectures I attended. Among other things Dr. Draper's 'History of the Conflict between Religion and Science' helped me greatly. The manner in which so great a question as that of Religion is faced therein is typical of the treatment every subject ought to receive."

St. Augustine's advice, "Commend to the keeping of the truth whatever the truth hath given thee, and thou shalt lose nothing," was ollowed even to pain in Mr. Edwards' life, and justified; for, as he says, "'The truth brings peace, that passeth all understanding.' People are no more bound to conform to their earlier training, than is the Church to believe the ancient idea of a flat earth, or the geocentric theory. In religion, as in science, there must be both expansion and growth. Many who remain nominally members of orthodox churches have ceased to believe much that s preached from the pulpits, and we cannot out feel that when women bring their thought and reason into independent action, as they are fast doing, the influence of the pulpits will decline, unless the preachers conform themselves to the changing spirit of the times. No class, indeed, should be more earnest students of social science and the perplexing problems of human life than ministers of religion; for in that, as in all else, the survival of the fittest obtains. They who in their own system see something worth preserving should endeavour to preserve and fit it for future ages."

In 1889, Joseph Edwards was a daily witness of the progress of that historic London Dock Strike which brought to the front labour leaders such as Burns, Mann, and Tillett; and the influence of such books as Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" developed in him an enthusiastic interest in the downtrodden masses—an effect this work has produced upon many-leading

work has touched many hearts; and it would seem that the higher consciousness of the race is being roused to respond to it." The following quotation is taken from the

"That which slumbered in the plant and fitfully stirred in the beast awakes in the man. The eyes of the mind are opened and he ongs to know. He braves the scorching heat of the desert and the icy blasts of the polar sea, but not for food; he watches all night, but t is to trace the circling of the eternal stars. He adds toil to toil, to gratify a hunger no animal has felt, to assuage a thirst no beast

Out upon Nature, in upon himself, back through the mists that shroud the past, forward into the darkness that overhangs the future, turns the restless desire that arises when the animal wants slumber in satisfaction. Beneath things he seeks the law; he would know how the globe was forged, and the stars were hung, and trace to their sources the springs of life And then, as the man develops his nobler nature, there arises the desire higher vetthe passion of passions, the hope of hopesthe desire that he, even he, may somehow aid in making life better and brighter, in destroying want and sin, sorrow and shame. nasters and curbs the animal; he turns his pack upon the beast and renounces the place of power; he leaves it to others to accumulate wealth, to gratify pleasant tastes, to bask themselves in the warm sunshine of the brief day. He works for those he never saw and never can see; for a fame, or it may be but for a scant justice, that can only come long after the clods have rattled upon his coffin lid. He toils in the advance, where it is cold and there is little cheer from men, and the stones are sharp and the brambles thick. Amid the scoffs of the present and the sneers that stab like knives, he builds for the future; he cuts the trail that progressive humanity may hereafter broaden into a high-road. Into higher, grander spheres desire mounts and beckons, and a star that rises in the east leads him on. Lo! the pulses of the man throb with the yearnings of the god—he would aid in the process of the suns!

All these interests did not prevent Joseph Edwards from taking part in efforts to better the position of the Outdoor Officers of Customs, of whom, he says, "it would be difficult to find a finer body of men." Among them at that time discontent was widespread on account of the difficult and responsible duties and the inadequacy of their remuneration. When, after years of agitation the Government of the day granted a special enquiry into the conditions of the outdoor customs, Joseph Edwards was one of the five chosen to state their position and claims. Before the reforms desired had been even partially completed, Joseph Edwards had left that Department of the Service, his kindly heart deeply sorrowing over the troubles of those left behind.

Soon after, in Londonderry, he pursued his course of usefulness, helping with the Unitarian service at Limavady, joining the labour movements in "the maiden city" and discussing the merits of capital with J. Havelock Wilson. Also, as one of Mr. Stead's Helpers, him to sympathise deeply with the action of | writing for the poor in the workhouse, assist- | up their task and to carry it on. Many perish with-

ing towards their supply of literature, and helping the many emigrants that weekly leave Derry for better conditions of life across the

A few words from a paper on "Libraries" read before the Literary and Progressive Association in 1891 show how strong were his leanings towards Socialism at that

. . "A public library, with its reading

rooms should mean far more than the mere words indicate. While supplying a place for meetings for all sorts of pleasant and worthy purposes, and being a standing incentive to similar enterprises, it should be a source of life and light to the whole district. The superiority of one woman or man over another is chiefly in knowledge and in character, and the reading of right books is an immense help in instructing the mind and heart, and so in forming the character. To those who are tempted to think evil of this day and generation, the zeal and promptitude with which the working populations all over the kingdom have taken advantage of the opportunities offered them are greatly cheering and reassuring. It is the triumph of such principles of social welfare that is so divine a factor in the upward progress of humanity. . . . The sympathies and activities of all shades of opinion and of all degrees of position are needed for the ultimate and lasting success of so great a social work. The motto must be—"Festina lente"—hasten slowly. Unhasting, but unresting, the work must proceed; educating both ourselves and others, making sure of our ground, building without prejudice, without fear and without injustice the home of the ennobling influences of the future.'

The possible results of his work in Londonlerry he did not see, for after a happy year spent there, the staff of the port was reduced and Edwards was transferred to the Long Room of the Liverpool Custom House—the scene of his present labours.

The following, written while in Derry, and published in The Review of Reviews, gives mother glimpse into the inner working of Mr. Edwards' mind, and minds such as his, at that time. It is an appeal for a wider human charity, and was not without good

"The people's conscience is dawning o its duties as largely responsible for the welleing, body as well as soul, of the common brotherhood of humanity. Communities rise or fall together, learned and ignorant, rich and poor. The duties of position and riches are being preached on all sides, and practical Christianity requires much from those to whom have been lent talents. What are saints more than sinners if they obtain not greater goodness and a firmer footing for their less fortunate brethren out of their trusts?

Hundreds—nay, doubtless, thousands—of ooor, desolate ones—rich in stores of this world's goods, yet very poor in that which makes life and makes it endurable, bright even, to the poorest—are going down to their graves uncomorted, with an awful sense of the responsipility of their riches and advantages, desiring honestly to do something for others, yet deterred by distrust born of bitter disappointment, and justly fearing the common methods of charity and testamentary disposition. Others are at work, but they sadly see that the work will outlast them, and want someone to take

in sight and sound of deepest sympathy and human kindness, while yet there are-

' Beautiful words never spoken, Whispers of cheer that might save Hearts drifting, weary and broken,
Down to the night of the grave.

"To young folk of 30 or 35," Mr. Edwards says, "the better half of life is to come. Their work will then be done with the hands of a master. Their trained intellect will see things clearly and in just proportion. They will cultivate original dealings with the Universe, and will make up their own minds on as many subjects as they deem necessary. For, as Marcus Aurelius Antoninus wrote 17½ centuries ago, 'nothing is so productive of elevation of mind as to be able to examine methodically and truly every object presented in life.' So persons of trained temper do not rush blindly at work, but direct their energies with the calm and measured pace of conscious power and deliberate determination.'

With regard to Mr. Edwards' present work

he said: "To successfully overcome the inertia of a laggard population like that of 'the black spot on the Mersey' will require no little energy and enthusiasm." We of the local Fabian Society hope to infuse a little more activity into the actions of all the governing bodies. But as the initiative rests chiefly with the working classes our most important task is to educate them up to a due appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of their position. As their power will be great so they must fix their standards high. Education is the greatest need. We have, during the past year put forward programmes both for the Municipal Council and for the Boards of Guardians, and are at work on a 'Liverpool Programme.' The churches too have not been overlooked. Many ministers, of all denominations, at the instance of the Fabians preached special sermons on Labour Sunday, and this feature will doubtless now become a regular one in the New Calendar. But what is more particularly needed in Liverpool, as perhaps in many other places, is a small band of women and men, possessing the necessary freedom and ability as well as the determination, to make it the end and aim of their lives to understand the multitudinous problems of the city's life, and then to set themselves resolutely and fearlessly to work to put things on a fairer and firmer basis. They must be able to work together without misunderstanding, to sink personal differences, to give up their own gratification or private interests, and, looking ahead, be ready to seize every occasion that offers to guide things in the way they should go. They should be the motive power behind most of the good work carried on in the place under their jurisdiction."

Mr. Edwards has his opinions on the food question, and considers that the subject of what people eat should engage more thought and attention than it has hitherto done. "People," he thinks, "become what they are from what they eat." The practice of eating flesh-meat is destined, in Mr. Edwards' opinion, to be gradually discontinued. "The natural repugnance to animal food," he thinks, " is not the effect of experience, but is an in-

persons who have benefited by vegetarianism must sometime prevail over the arguments and customs of flesh - eaters. It is unnecessary to quote instances of eminent workers, thinkers and scientists who have been vegetarians. As a general rule all who have ever been earnest to cultivate and preserve their higher natures in the best possible way have particularly been inclined to abstain from animal food." It was a vegetarian lecture on the 12th Nov., 1888, at Dr. Thain Davidson's schoolroom in Islington, where Mr. W. Jeffery and Mrs. Boult gave their experiences, that first turned Mr. Edwards' thoughts this way. He has not had a day's illness since.

In politics, Mr. Edwards, we asked, what position do vou hold?

"An independent one-placing principle before party. A new element has appeared in politics. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., is the forerunner of a band of men devoted to the best interests of the working class in the community. He is often charged with exhibiting 'bad taste' by his so-called eccentricities. To dare to enter the House of Commons, the working committee room of the country —in his ordinary attire and not in the garb conventionality and usage have decreed, is an unpardonable and odious offence in the eyes of the unthinking multitude. But that so few now dare to be eccentric marks one of the chief 'Dangers of the Day.' As J. S. Mill has said — 'Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. Eccentricity has always abounded according as genius, mental vigour, moral courage and strength of character have abounded.' R. W. Emerson recognised that 'Governments, for the most part, are carried on by political merchants quite without principle, and according to the maxims of trade and huckster. Why should we suffer ourselves to be cheated by sounding names and fair shows? The titles, the property, the notoriety, the brief consequence of our fellows, are only the decoration of the sacrifice, and add to the melancholy of the observer.' But independence carries its penalties. Just as in all other forms of profound convictionof revolt against previously generally accepted beliefs-those who have a new understanding of things, whether industrial, political or moral, and who are not backward in expressing their convictions, are often disliked; often feared and hated. The 'Woman' question appears to me, as a scientific socialist, inextricably mixed up with all great social questions. The present generation, by all signs, is on the threshold of far-reaching changes. Just as the future of the workers is now much in their own hands, so is the future of women in their own hands. When women act in concert they will attain their goal. Though, as a general rule, socialists have not yet grasped the full bearings of this question, the new ideas are spreading fast, and it is from this direction that the greatest sympathy may be looked for and the greatest hopes of freedom expected. stinct; and the assured objections of healthy Gradually awakening out of the long night

of their slavery women are finding the keys of emancipation in their self-determination to place themselves on an equal footing of rights as human beings. Though ultimate success is sure, its advent will depend upon how resolutely they unite in working out their own salvation-without fear or tremb-

Mr. Edwards gives the following pithy suggestion:-"To facilitate social work on a large and scientific plan, it is desirable to have a central authority where could be obtained reliable information on everything worth knowing about in a community. There might be seen registers of men and women actively engaged in, or ready to engage in, social and philanthropic work, the names of those who, in any imaginable emergency, would be at hand to assist, addresses of those able to give special or technical information on outof-the-way points, a register of all local societies—charitable, learned, literary, educational, religious, political—in fact a concentration of all necessary to be known, all that tends to progress."

So our interview ended. The enthusiast planning his plans and dreaming his dreams of the future, visiting the guides and leaders of the movements in search of inspiration and encouragement, and going back to his self-imposed tasks with a lighter heart and stronger resolves which he with others will bring sooner or later to an ending of victory, not over class, sex, party, or race but over all that is evil, all that hinders.

"By thine own soul's law learn to live; And if men thwart thee, take no heed, And if men hate thee, have no care-But sing thy song, and do thy deed; And hope thy hope, and pray thy prayer. And claim no crown they will not give, Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.'

### A VISION.

see great hosts of radiant souls attending Two God-like beings, moving hand in hand;

Now leap the hills. The desert places blossom,

And sudden music thrills th' exultant land. For man, redeemed from brute by purest Reason,

Wins equal soul, true mate and lawful

Truth's heel hath crushed the serpent's head for ever,

And "woman free" honours man purified. see the crooked paths of life made even. And man no longer preying upon man,

But each soul striving towards this grand

To be one fragment of God's perfect plan. Now loosed are all the victims of the ages Of blind Unwisdom, Wrong, and Tyranny; Love, Reason, Justice reign supreme, and all men

Honour and serve the glorious Trinity. Oh. Thought Divine! Forsake me not I pray thee,

Shed more and more of thy pure light on

Let me behold thy glorious face unveiled, That I may know, and conquer, and be free,

ELTON BLIGH,

### REVIEWS.

December, 1893.]

"THE NEW PRIESTHOOD." By Ouida. (London: E, W. Allen, 4, Ave Marialane. Price 1s.)

In this book, which ought to rouse a general revolt against that awful trade VIVISECTION, Ouida says,—

"I want to impress on the great mass of the public that there are tens of thousands of persons who pursue the scientific torture of animals as a trade, a career, a means of livelihood, and that these men would torture human victims with the self-same brutal callousness

"The boast of the Japanese cooks is that they can cut every atom of flesh off a living fish, bit by bit, slowly, without causing death the vivisector aims at attaining the same artistic perfection; and has, indeed, so far attained it, that he can put an animal to the most agonising suffering throughout a sequence of many months, without permitting it to take refuge in the last mercy of

"Even in mere demonstration, that daily practice considered necessary to teach manual dexterity to the physiological pupil and to students of the medical veterinary schools, the utmost limits of the agony which can be borne by life are reached over and over again; and at Alfort, and other veterinary schools, one horse or one bullock is thus killed by slow degrees every day."

She gives the following quotationary statement :-

"64 operations being performed on the same horse; the eves cut out, the ears cut off. the tail docked, the teeth punched out, the belly opened, the hoofs torn off, and every inch of the body fired." Mothers! try to imagine the awful moral debasement, your sons must undergo, practising day by day such hellish rites as these; -men and boys in all classes, scientists and underlings, "who have under their eyes year by year, the spectacle of unceasing, and wholly unpitied, animal agony." Then the human subjects in hospitals-but the pen cannot describe the horrors many of which are hidden away in secret places. "Would" says Ouida "the people could awake to the uses which they, and the beasts whom they pity not, are alike put by the men of

Yes we echo the wish, would that they would wake up, and act; would that women especially, would wake up and act. The terrible condition of things produced by the single rule of man increases. Whatever may be said of some women, in the mass women are not cruel.—Will woman allow man to spoil this world altogether, before she arise to the rescue of herself, of man, of beast; before she take her place in the senate, the Church, the halls of justice, of science, of learning, and institute all things new. Every person who can read ought to possess this little book and from it learn the infamous cruelties practised under a false idea or a pretence; and having learnt facts, learn that the next step ought to mean

pamphlet be undeniably true, then surely it behoves all persons, women and men, to rise up and demand that the hideous thing be no longer allowed to be. If there be those who declare that such statements are exaggerated or untrue, then it is at least the duty of each of us, women and men, to find out what of it is false and what true, and how vivisection can be prevented. This we must do speedily, remembering that while we lose time, while we pause and consider, the agony of these our fellow creatures goes on without ceasing. Men make the laws to suit men, this women must put an end to. One very simple thing could be done by all women—Ostracise from your society, from your sick room, every man who practises or encourages vivisection.

#### FURTHER QUOTATIONS FROM "THE KEY OF DAVID."

The writer of this book puts her thoughts before the world in the shape in which they come to her. Thoughts come to us all in diverse shapes—the guise through which they tell their truths to one, may not be that through which they are revealed to another, yet there is some truth to be learnt in all; and it becomes gropers, such as we dwellers on earth are, to sift carefully and reject no grain of gold.

"The Hebrew name for God has four letters, unpronounceable because they are all consonants. Christians worship a Trinity-Three in One. Sound, Form, and Colour represent the Three in One. But the creating power, or Spirit—Sound—is dual Music and Words. Here then is the Four in One, and it contains the Three in One also. The Hebrew word translated 'God" is a plural word. The seven colours are called the "Eyes of God" which search through all the world, they are-Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Amethyst or Light Purple, and Violet or Dark Purple. Their meanings-Wisdom, Understanding, Love, Power, Knowledge, Righteousness, and Divine Awe, or Humility. The "Stars" are the Sun, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. The notes and letters are A. B. C. D. E. F. G. White contains all the colours, and is not one of the seven, though it is of them. It is the Church State, or condition of perfect purity, the highest wisdom, and fullest spiritual knowledge, which is Intuition. The 'Star" of this Church is The Moon-Gabriel is the angel of the Moon and is called "Strength of God." There are three Primary Colours-Red, Yellow, and Blue. Three notes are required to form a complete chord-the Keynote, Third and Fifth There is a fourth note called the Leading but it is not considered of so great importance as the three forming the chord, because as vet, only Three of the Four Letters of God's Great Name have been revealed, indeed only Two Letters have been fully shown — those that express the Father and the Son. When the Third Letter is ended, the Fourth will stand revealed. It was on putting all these sevens

scale of the Great Week of the World that I found the key to the prophecy of the end. I have had to enter into the composition of the scale of music rather fully for the sake of those who have not given much thought to that subject; those who have can easily pass quickly over it. Aud I have had to repeat some things in order to express them more fully, and to impress them upon the memory. The fact that this is explainable only by means of a scale of music, and in a language that did not exist when the Bible was first written need not be a cause of objection. The Rev. Dr. Edersheim writes 'One of the old church-writers has noted that "the daughter of Pharaoh is the community of the Gentiles," thereby meaning to illustrate this great truth, which we trace throughout history, that somehow the salvation of Israel was always connected with the instrumentality of the Gentiles. It was so in the history of Joseph, and even before that; and it will continue so till the last, through their mercy Israel shall obtain mercy." So through the Christian shall the Jews be saved; through woman shall man be saved; through words shall music be explained; and through the English language shall the Hebrew Bible be

Under the heading of "The Scales of the Music of the World," the author devotes a chapter to an explanation of the connection between her subject and music. We select a short passage, after which it will be necessary only to give a quotation of suggestive import from other portions of the book. THE SCALES OF THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD

The scale of music, as it has come down to our time, is made up of seven notes named from the first seven letters of the Alphabet; the scale "built up" upon the first letter "A." It consists of five tones, or whole notes, and two semitones, or half notes, divided again into twelve semitones. There are four important notes in the scale, each separated by an interval of a third: they are the Keynote, Third, Fifth, and Seventh. The scales and intervals can be either Major, that is greater, or Minor -smaller. The distance of the Third from the Keynote decides the character of the scale, whether it shall be major or minor. The Keynote and Third, sounded together, make the first harmony; when the fifth is added, it makes the first chord. The Keynote is called the Root. The third is called the Mediant, because it is midway between the first and last notes of the chord. The fifth is called the Dominant, because it is the most prominent note of the scale. The Seventh is called the Leading note, because, when sounded, it leads the ear to hear the octave of the Keynote, and so leads to the completion of the circle, called, in music, the Octave, being composed of eight notes. The interval from A to C is a Minor Third, so the scale is called A Minor. It is called a "Natural" scale, because the notes are neither raised nor lowered—that is—made sharp or flat; and it is called Imperfect because the Third is Minor, and the Seventh not a true together that I saw the wondrous things in | Leading-note in its natural state. The only action. If what Ouida asserts in this little | God's law, and when forming them into the | note of the seven upon which a natural,

the bed in the big box which stands in

all kinds of odd visions flitting through the

mother goes to still him. The moon rises,

but in the kitchen it is almost dark. Sud-

denly a dog barks in the street. Mary-Anne

starts up. In some roundabout way she

associates the noise with her kitten.

"Dawgs!" she exclaims, clambers out of the

It is cool and fresh outside; beautiful as

fairy-land. The pure, soft light hallows

everything, tones down the sordid surround-

ings, and makes the distant house-tops lovely

and romantic. Mary-Anne goes straight to

the dust-heap, and takes the dead kitten in

her arms. It is safe now, no dog can touch

it. Then she sits down with a sigh of con-

tent. The night air is so soothing; the

peaceful stars quiet her restless little heart

and throbbing head. One in particular is

specially bright; she leans back on the

dust-heap and gazes at it. It grows

larger and larger, until it becomes a

large, strong eye so bright so tender, it

smiles so benignantly at her, it says un-

"Why yer winkin at me," she cries, "ver

laughin, whot yer sayin, Is't light and

snuggles down in the cinders and goes to

The moonlight falls very softly on the

little face making it look almost beautiful

with its borrowed charm, the fretful expres-

sion vanishes, giving place to a look of baby

content. The breath comes flutteringly, then

gasps, the little face sorrow marked so soon.

quivers and grows still, so white, but so free

from pain. For the spirit the small frame had

held imprisoned, had flown to,—from whence

it came:—its suffering tenement spoilt by

Heredity, Disease and Death, lay still and cold.

. . . . . . . .

Meary Anne, Meary Anne, called her

mother's voice full of anxiety. But Mary

Anne was to mind the babies no more, -no

reply came, no sound of little pattering feet,

wont so readily to answer the summons.

Good God exclaimed the mother almost

drawing back as she espied her child where

she lay, yet the next minute with the practi-

cal calmness of the poor stooping to lift her.

At this moment the Great Eye watching all

the time dropped a tear on the dead child's

"Its rainin she'll get wet" murmured the

woman and wiped away the tear with coarse

but tender hands, laying the corner of her

But the pity of it is, that it was the best

apron over the quiet face.

utterable things.

warm up there?

box, and pattering across the kitchen, goes

out at the open door, into the moonlight.

'Énery begins to cry upstairs; and the

baby brain.

perfect Major scale can be built is the third from A-C; so it has been taken out of A. and a scale built up on it, and called the scale of C Major. It is "Natural" because the notes are neither raised nor lowered; and "Perfect" because all the intervals are perfect. A Minor, the Natural Imperfect Scale! C Major the Natural Perfect Scale The only ones out of all the seven that are "Natural." These two scales form the music of Nature, of the World, and of all the creations of the World. A Minor, though originally called the root scale is now considered by some to be no real scale at all, in that the Seventh, being Natural, and so a whole note from the octave, is not a true Leading-note. Therefore for some years A Minor has been discarded as the root, and C Major generally adopted as the root scale—A being called its "Relative Minor." This has led someone to describe music as "made up of the first seven letters of the Alphabet arranged in a peculiar manner." It will be seen that A contains all C-vet, being Minor, is less than C; C is taken out of A, yet, being Major, is greater than A. A was first-but, being Imperfect, is now last. C was last-but, being Perfect, is now first. A Minor and C Major are the two natural scales of the world, but that neither is the real root is shown by the 4th Day of the Great Week being the day of Ruling, whereas the 5th of the scale is the Dominant. If D is the Dominant then G must be the Root. That G is the root of all is shown by the very name God-"G," "O," "D," the Triad or Common Chord of the scale of the Virgin-Mother. "G," the keynote; the third "B," the imperfect, divided circle of the natural world: the Fifth "D." But God being spirit the notes must be spiritual—that is—sharp— G# and D#, B# is really C Natural; C is two thirds of a circle, there is one third missing, the "third part" that were cast out of heaven. In Rev. v. 4 and 5 it is written, "And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon. And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." The 'Root of David" is "G" the Root of "D," the Mother, the Source and Beginning of all. Has not the Sphinx borne silent witness to this for centuries! The head and breasts of a Woman, a Mother, and the body of a lion-the "Lion of the tribe of Juda." The word Sphinx is said to be a pun upon a word meaning "He who knows the secret of the feet." The word "feet" means "roots." The "feet" of music reveal the mystery of the Sphinx. And reveal also the "mystery of God." When Moses desired to see the Glory of God, the Lord said, "thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen." Had Moses seen the Face—the mystery would have been revealed before the time.

That G is the real root, and woman the true source and beginning of all, and so the Creator, is shown also by the words-" And the evening and the morning were the first Violet, the colour of G, is called the evening colour—and the days were made to begin with the evening.

"THAT MRS. GRUNDY." By L. C. Skey, Author of "Waveley Abbey," etc. Price 1s. (London: The Arundel Publishing Co., Ltd.).

Under this significant title, Mrs. Skey has given us a very readable and interesting tory; with a moral. All tales worth anyhing have a moral, either on the surface or hidden away. The moral here is of the former type. Two sisters rather above the frivolous order, fond of dancing, fun, and harmless amusement, neither learned nor elever, yet sensible, conscientious and noble withal, pass and repass across the stage of the story; are in fact the central figures. One of them, Pamela, is married to a passable sort of man; good natured and attached to his wife, but under the rod of Mrs. Grundy; or The Grundy as we prefer to call the phenomena presented to us, in this stupid world, the shadow created by Society's shams, which dogs our footsteps wherever this tinsel deity-Society-may lead us, making us false and hollow, depressed and spiritless, or rampant in rebellion. John Greene has two elder sisters, upon whose shoulders he, manlike, lays the onus of the results of his own weakness, in which the author seems to join him, or we misjudge her. Are these ladies, into whose lives no opportunity of a larger and wider look-out has ever come, intended to be a type? If not, why have they been invented? They are mere bodies, the souls being either non-existent or buried too deep. Without perhaps intending it, they contrive to make mischief between their brother and his young wife, which might have been so easily prevented had he possessed an atom of strength; surely a man of thirty-five might have known better what was due to his wife, but he also bowed to "the Grundy." Many contretemps are brought about by the Grundy devotees, and when the final, unatonable effect of their supreme silliness has fallen, John Greene goes away and we hear no more of him: so best, he is not one to be desired. Let us hope his lesson was learnt.

Josh Billings says, "'Twas a snake, it is said, that deceived Eve; it couldn't have been done to the wimmin in these pairts without spilin the snake." If the women and men of society are such fools as to allow their life's happiness to be shaded, endangered, destroyed, by reports so silly, by 'they saying" about actions so ordinary, so, excusable, so even natural, as those here recorded which worked such mischief, is it not time they roused themselves to strength and went forth, to "spile the snake"? Pamela is a sweet and noble character, done to death by contemptible tricks. Clara, as sweet but not quite as strong, is none the worse for the lesson life has taught her.

There is more strength in the undercurrent of this tale, than appears on the surface. It aims at nothing less than the atter annihilation of "The Grundy fiend." It is a weak fiend, but weak things are oft more difficult to slay than powerful ones. It needs a strong sword, sharp and bright to slay this slayer; and that sword is woman's perfect emancipation which, when attained, will shrivel The Grundy up into an invisible vanishing point.

Mary-Anne. BY ETHEL WALKER.

MARY-ANNE was more fortunate than many other London children, in that she did at least possess a back-yard. To be sure it was but a sorry square, enclosed by high brick walls, shaded by lines of dripping garments, full of cinders, cockle-shells, and filth. Yet such as it was, it served her as playground, nay as Paradise; a little spot of retreat on washing-days, when the kitchen was full of smoke and the babies screaming, a haven of refuge where the teasing children of the street did not penetrate! That tiny bit of blue sky, had to stand for all her education in default of home; whilst awaiting the board-school. Not that Mary-Anne was without a home! Oh no! There was a man who appeared from time to time, generally drunk, who might have been her father. There was a woman, doubtless her mother, worn out mind and body, who took in washing—such washing! There were two younger babies, whom Mary-Anne, only a mite of three herself, had often to mind; and whom she might have loved, only they cried all day and worried her. The bit of blue sky had plenty to do!

If the Great Eye of a beneficent and allseeing God, ever looks down through the rows of damp garments into our London back-yards, it must witness many a singular side-drama of our boasted civilisation. Did it look into this particular yard one hot July day? Who knows. But if it did, this is what it saw.

The fierce sun pouring down on the head of a little child who was grubbing in the dust-heap. What, a child? This stunted, bandy-legged creature, with wizen spotted face, dirty yellow hair, and eyes watery and red with crying? Evidently, since it is arranging with a pleasure only known to children, an invaluable stock of broken bits of glass, stray jug handles, and here and there an unopened cockle-shell whose owner is rotting peacefully within. But all these lose their charm, when she suddenly comes upon a dead kitten, half crushed beneath a brick. Decidedly this is better than the headless doll indoors. She pounces upon it, and hugs it tightly; then with a sniff of disgust: "Yer stinks, yer do!" She puts it down for a moment, whilst she arranges against the wall a bed of cinders bordered with cockle-shells. Here she lays the kitten -a hideous object, draggled, stiff, and minus an eye. Then crouching over it, she sings as lullaby the first tune which comes into her head :-

"'Old the fort, for I'm a-comin', Jeshus shingles still."

It is a sorry sight, this strange little figure, crooning in a squeaky voice the half-intelligible words. Then from the open doorway comes a harsh, impatient: "Meary-Anne, Meary-Anne, come in direckly an' mind 'Enery." The child is back again in the work-a-day world.

In the kitchen it is close and steamy. Mary-Ann somehow cannot swallow her tea, her head is burning, she has strange shooting pains all over her. She cannot explain, but sits patiently, hopelessly, with her head The Tears of the Angels.

SHAFTS.

the far corner. Doubtless the child has got IN heaven the angels wept and on earth people said "it raineth." Human Beings the fever—it is raging all round them. To morrow she must go to the hospital. And shall not weep when they reach heaven the poor woman walks about as softly as because the days of mourning shall be ended. possible; the weary lines about her mouth But so long as this world lasts, so long must deepening visibly, as she glances at the flushed little face in the corner. It grows there be weeping even in Heaven for the sins of thought and word and deed comdark. Mary-Anne tosses restless, half awake, mitted by men here below. half asleep, muttering to herself, agitated,

Nina Long dwelt in the heart of a mighty city. She knelt as she had knelt every Sunday for many many years in a quiet corner of one of the city churches and prayed.

The coloured lights from the transept window touched her brown hair, already streaked with silver, and the sunbeams turned the silver into gold.

The words of her prayer fell slowly upon the air, and were recorded upon her guardian angel's tablets-" Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." But as she wrote the angel wept. With bowed head she carried the tablets to The Land of Rest, and laid them before the throne. Then spake the great Duality which sat thereon which we call God, and on the earth 'twas said "Behold it thunders!"

The words were in this wise: "Guardian Angel of Nina Long, thou seest what this woman has asked of us, to forgive even as she forgives. Has she then forgiven? The Angel sighed. The Voice spoke again. She has not forgiven. Years ago she suffered at the hands of another, and she has never forgiven, she will not try to forgive. Her prayer is granted. For years we have in love and mercy withheld the answer to her petition, but the time of our patience is ended. Even as she forgives have we forgiven. Take this gift of wrath and misery and carry it to the earth. Then to the Reassured by this heavenly watcher, she Angel was presented a bag of gold and the weight was almost more than she could hold.

Nina Long knew not what had befallen her. All pleasure, all joy seemed suddenly to have died out of life. The earth which had before seemed alive with messages from the Creator now seemed to her silent and dead. Friends were scattered, help there was none. The Services in the old church were devoid of all the old comfort. Riches ncreased for her. One after the other, dear ones died and left behind them the cold heritage of gold. She was alone in God's great world, and she bowed her head and wept as in all her life she had never wept before. But no voice came, there was none to answer.

Years have passed, an old woman with snow white hair kneels in the corner of the church in that great city. Her eyes are wild with pain, her face is drawn and haggard with a weary unsatisfied woe,—the broken voice can only cry "Why, oh why, my God, hast thou forsaken me?" The Angel carries once more the tablets, and lays them before the throne. And again upon earth it thunders, and only Nina's Guardian Angel understands, for the voice saith "She shall vet have one more chance. Hope, on bright Angel, hope, and pray.

That night on the earth in a lonely room thing which could have happened to her. | in that great city sat Nina Long. She was

clothed in satin, her fingers shone with diamonds, but her heart was heavy as lead.

The door opened to admit a woman, deathly pale holding by the hand a little

Nina Long fixed her eyes on her, and the

woman fell on her knees.

"Nina! Nina!" she cried, her voice a wail of agony, "forgive, forgive, I have wronged you, I have robbed you of all that made life beautiful, and now in my misery I have come to you, the friend of my girlhood to pray you to forgive. God help me-the man I robbed you of never loved me. He is dead, and I am dying. My children have one by one been taken from me only this one, the child of my old age remains. Must I then leave her, to the mercy of the cold, cold world?

Slowly and heavily fell the words, "Linda I cannot forgive."

Once more the tired voice rose in passionate pleading. "Nina they tell me you are rich, they tell me you are lovely, then for the sake of our girlhood's friendship, forgive me and save my child."

Again the words fell slowly, "I cannot

Once more almost fainting in her weakness Linda spoke. "Nina, I have a message to you from God, as you hope to be forgiven, forgive-for as you forgive so will God for-

Nina Long buried her face in her hands for some moments, she trembled from head to foot, then her arms were held out to the ittle child

The Angel smiled—and on the earth it was April weather, a carpet of glittering

Sunshine after rain had come into Nina's life, and coming it remained; for mother and child were with her, and their love crowned all her remaining years with gladness, and filled her home with light.

LINA F. T. H.

### HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Thou lov'st me not, my own, or it were sweet

To haste with willing step at my behest, To lean thy woman's weakness on my breast.

To own my right to guide thy falt'ring feet.' I love thee not? Is, then, a whole com-

When half in conscious weakness stands confest?

Be mine true toil, ere mine the well-earned Give body and soul their freedom-birthright

I love thee, love; but 'tis not wifehood's

due Abased to kneel. I at thy side would

stand, My strength to thine would join in wedlock

true-What chain is strong as Love's enduring

band? I have thy heart—thou mine—then who would crave

The power that links the master and the

MAUD VENABLES VERNON.

# Donald—An Episode from Life.

HE was brought to the Infirmary suffering with typhoid fever, such a little chap of about six years. Wet streets and mackintoshes were the order of the day-the Infirmary wards were filled with vatients suffering from the epidemic. The nurses were busy as busy could be, but none of them heard Donald utter a single word all through the many weeks he battled through the fever. and so it came to pass that the little laddie was spoke 1 of as deaf and dum's Only Nurse Nash did not believe he was dumb or deaf either, and so one day when he was getting better, as she knelt beside his bedside with basin, soap and towel washing one of his feet -the other covered warmly over with the bed clothes, she suddenly said, "Donald, have you ever heard about the monkeys?" but Donald answered never a word and simply stared. "Well Donald," she went on, "the monkeys can speak quite well, but long ago the chief monkey forbade all the other morkeys to speak: 'If you speak,' said he, 'men will make you work'; so the monkeys only jabber since that day. But you, Donald, are like the monkeys and can speak quite well." Donald attempted to keep up the inscrutable stare; but a smile gradually crept over his pale little face, and he disappeared decidedly and determinately under the bed-clothes. Nurse Nash covered over the foot she had just finished washing and left the ward for a few minutes. Coming back she knelt down again, and uncovering the foot she had already washed she commenced in the most aggravating way to ostentatiously prepare to wash it again. "Both feet must be washed, Donald," she remarked. "One foot dirty, one foot clean, is not at all nice." "Ye've washit that ain." came a small and resentful voice, and then voice, Donald, and all disappeared in an irreclaimable manner beneath the blankets, and utterly refused to come forth again. Nurse Nash laughed heartily. "Now I have caught you sir," she cried. "Didn't I tell you you belonged to the little monkeys that wouldn't speak," and tenderly washing the little foot -this time the "ither ain"—she kissed Donald's funny little toes and left him.

After that when no one was near enough to hear, Donald would whisper to Nurse Nash and put his little arms round her neck

Poor little laddie, what had made him fear his fellow-creatures at six years old?

One morning Nurse Nash came into the nurses' breakfast-room. It was her suppertime, as she had been up all night and was going to bed for the day directly she had had something to eat.

"He is certainly deaf and dumb," she heard one of the nurses say. "No one has ever heard him utter a word." "It is very strange," said the matron, "that nothing was said of it when he came."

"He is not dumb or deaf either," said Nurse Nash catching the drift of the conversation. "It is Donald is it not you mean? He often speaks to me." The matron looked unbelieving and one of the nurses remarked that "Nurse Nash would say anything."

"Anything that is the truth," returned Nurse Nash quietly.

Nothing further was said on the subject and the nurses soon dispersed to their duties.

A night or two after, the Matron was in the convalescent ward giving a few directions before she retired to rest. Nurse Nash was the night nurse and stood by little Donald's bed while the Matron gave her a few words of advice. Afterwards she turned to leave the ward and Donald whispered to nurse that he saw something had fallen under the bed.

"Who spoke," said the matron sharply and perceiving it was Donald, she looked what no doubt she felt, thoroughly astonished.

And now Donald was well enough to go home. A large hard featured woman came to fetch him; at sight of her he relapsed into the old unmeaning stare and even Nurse Nash got neither smile nor word as he was led away.

She thought much of the little lad, and wondered what sort of life he had gone back to; the painful, old-man look that had come over his face as he was taken away seemed to leave a weight at her heart, and one afternoon as she was sitting in the staffnurse's room looking sadly out of the windows thinking of the many sorrows that need not be sorrows if there were more love in the world, she saw right across the plot of green in front of the infirmary, and through the railings, Donald's little figure pressed close against them. Donald's little face gazing wistfully up at the infirmary windows. Poor lonely little boy, was he looking for his friend?

She pushed open the window. "Donald! Donald!" she cried, but the little figure turned and fled, and she never saw it again.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

## Lullabies.

CLEEP, my Baby, the daylight is dying,
The wind in the poplars is wearily sighing,
And little birds home to their mothers are flying;
My arms are around thee, so hush! no more
crying—

If when a tall man, thou, my childie, go straying,
The innocent gaze of thy blue eyes betraying—
Remember at home the old mother who's
praying,

And again on her shoulder thy curly head laying,

Then, "Peace, my big Baby," she'll sing midst her sighing; "The wind it is high and the daylight is

dying,
And little birds home to their mothers are

flying;
But our hands are clasp'd tightly, our tears are fast drying—

Peace!"

E WALKER

### Horses.

LECTURE full of force and power was delivered under the auspices of the Humanitarian League on Friday, Dec. 8th. The room was well filled, the audience, attentive and in earnest, consisting of many persons who evidently knew something of the horse and its capabilities; also of the way in which this faithful animal is too frequently abused, even when putting forth as it does, its utmost strength and intelligence, to perform the tasks demanded. The able lecturer, Col. Coulson, brought forward many telling points, from which the following are selected:—

(1) The great importance of the horse's services to commerce and civilisation-contrasted with the treatment he receives from man. (2) Working too early in life—before strength is attained. The cruelty of trainers. The "vice" of horses is usually the vice of the real brute "—the man. (3) London bus and cab traffic. Frequent unnecessary stoppages of 'busses; there should be fixed stations. (4) Over-riding and over-driving. The former common on hunting-field and race-course. The latter usually in the case of hired horses, in excursions, &c. (5) The bearing-reins, whip, and spur-all of these (if at times necessary) are frequently grossly abused. Tolstoi once remarked-"I talk to my horses—I do not beat them." (6) Docking and clipping. Docking should be done early, if at all—Clipping justifiable only when owners can afford to keep their horses warm. (7) Cruelties to horses and ponies in mines and tunnels. More thorough inspection necessary. (8) Overloading—much is to be noped from electricity as a friend to horses. (9) The "downward grade" leading to the end. Mistaken humanity which sells old horses instead of killing them—From hawker to huckster he goes, until he ends his miseries in the knacker's vard.

The lecture was highly interesting, and listened to throughout by those who evidently meant to do more than listen. The following persons joined in the after discussion which was eager, animated and full of sound common sense. The Chairman, the Rev. J. Stretton, Miss Annie Browne, Mr. de Rossi-Gallico, Mr. John Colam (Secretary R.S.P.C.A.), and others. The following motion was proposed by Colonel Coulson, seconded by Mr. Stretton, and carried nem

"That this meeting, in view of the many unnecessary sufferings to which horses are subjected, respectfully invites the attention of the Home Secretary, the London County Council, and a'l municipal authorities, to the need of improved methods of street paving,—a more stringent application of the laws that prohibit over-loading and working in an unfit condition,—and a more searching inspection of the treatment of horses in tunnels and mines."

It is certainly a most striking sign of the times that such subjects should be so openly discussed, and the use of blinkers, bearing-reins, spurs etc., so decidedly denounced. We are moving onward, but still much remains to be got rid of. When we thoroughly understand the rights of the living creature, not the privilege or treat-

ment we may accord it in our enlightened ideas, but the treatment and consideration it has a right to demand, we shall then and then only, know not alone what is meant by mercy, but what Justice claims.

December, 1893.

Believing as we do, that all life flows upwards through rocks vegetables and animals, to the higher animals, human beings, we cannot but feel that the horses and all other creatures have rights as individuals, beyond any which have as yet been accorded them. Those who have animals under their care, and who treat them up to the standard such a belief insists upon, must have perceived that they are capable of a high degree of civilisation.

Writing for a woman's paper we must protest against the statements made that women are more guilty than men in the matter of stopping the omnibuses at other than their stages. It must be remembered that men can jump out and in; where they cannot do so they stop the vehicle just as women do. Why don't women learn to jump? We have used these modes of conveyance for many years; observation has shown us that most frequently what consideration has been shown has come from women. There is one omnibus track in particular in this City where the horses have a long drag up a steep ascent. The coach is generally filled with men; frequently big, strong fellows well able to walk up the hill, perhaps more able than the horses are. We have frequently seen women get out and walk up, men we have never seen. Doubtless women are to blame in this matter as much, certainly not more; but men use powerful magnifiers when looking at the faults of women. Then the tone many adopt when alluding to women is objectionable, silly, and wanting in true respect. Women are sick of vapid compliments. What they desire is not to be spoken of as porcelain, or flowers, but as human beings. It is man and not woman who loses by this rhodomontade which true women despise.

With regard to the too frequent stoppages, this is surely a matter which must be arranged by the companies; it might be done by fixing certain points and stopping there alone.

"This is my seventeenth birthday, and the date of my martyrdom. Mother insists that at last I must have my hair 'done up woman fashion.' She says she can hardly forgive herself for letting me 'run wild' so long. We had a great time over it all, and here I sit, like another Samson, 'shorn of my strength.' That figure wont do, though, for the greatest trouble with me is that I shall never be shorn again! My 'back hair' is twisted up like a cork-screw; I carry eighteen hair pins; my head aches, my feet are entangled in the skirt of my new gown. I can never jump over a fence again so long as I live. As for chasing the sheep down in the shady pasture, it's out of the question, and to climb to my 'Eagle's Nest' seat in the big burr oak would ruin this new frock beyond repair. Altogether, I recognise the

fact that 'my occupation's gone.'"

FRANCES WILLARD ir "How to Win."

## RUTH'S STRUGGLE.

BY MARY LEIGH.

A T last, a few moments breathing space. Some good natured people, sorry for the girl's weary face, had undertaken the amusement of the forty and odd children assembled at Gardener Hall for the Christmas festivities, and so Ruth Cumming found that long weary day. With a sigh that was half a sob, she turned away from the laughing turbulant throng, and hurried to the silence and coolness of the Conservatory.

Her temples throbbed, her limbs ached, and her heart was very very full that Christmas night.

She was governess, help, and companion to Mrs. Gardener of Gardener Hall, and from early morning, long before the cold winter's dawn had crept into her little bedroom, long before the other members of the family dreamed of leaving their beds, she had been on her feet assisting the servants, superintending the arrangements for the children's ball in the evening, and in fact helping everywhere.

Now she felt it was impossible to go on longer without a break-down, and so she escaped gladly to the solitude of the Conservatory and throwing her tired limbs upon a garden seat, hid her face in her hands and moaned piteously.

"There is no God," she whispered, "there cannot be. What have I done to have to suffer like this day after day and no hope, no prospect, and Jackie, dear little Jackie, yoursister cannot help you. Will she ever be able to do so?"—She rocked herself to and fro in the pain of her aching heart, her deep sense of bitter injustice bringing tears, scalding tears to her eyes, while her quivering lips joined in the sad protest of grief.

"Let me die," she cried, "I can fight no longer. Oh! let me die." She was very tired, overwrought, and weak, her strength and patience being inert. She crouched in the kind gloom of the Conservatory, a slender quivering figure in her well-worn dress of black lace, her shapely head with its wealth of glorious brown hair, bowed in utter misery and hopelessness, her face convulsed with suffering.

"Ruth!"

A hand was laid upon her head, and then an arm crept round her shoulders.

She lifted her tear stained face sharply, and looked up into the disturbed countenance of the man who was bending over.

A brilliant crimson tide rushed to cheek and brow, she shook his arm away.
"Ruth!" he said, "child, what is the

matter?"

She steadied her voice with a mighty effort, for she was a proud and sensitive girl,

and replied quietly,
"Nothing, more than usual. I shall be
all right just now. I am run down that is

"All!' he echoed. "Oh! Ruth," he added passionately, "Why will you remain so obstinate? Why not throw up this beastly concern altogether and come to me? Why won't you Ruth?"

"Why!" She threw back her head and looked at him with wild beautiful eyes. "Why need you ask me? What is it you offer me?"

"Freedom from this harsh, uncongenial life, this unnatural tyranny and slavedom," he answered eagerly, adding with increasing passion, "What do I offer? Passionate love, and devotion, protection from the cruelty of the world; riches, love and unlimited sunshine and happiness."

He paused, but no reply came. Her head had sunk again upon her arms, but he knew that she was listening.

"Think, my darling," he went on softly, "no more spoilt unruly children to teach, no exacting, ignorant mistress to demand your strength, your patience, your life.

"Can you hesitate? For the sake of your little brother in the orphanage, listen to me. I will be friend him, he shall be taken away from there at once, and you shall choose his life your dear self."

He paused again, his heart throbbing madly, the blood in his veins leaping and tingling with the excitement of the conflict. Who would win? He knew that she was stirred, that the hidden face was white and agitated, the bruised heart hesitating, half persuaded. He saw one slender hand shut up suddenly with passionate force.

Both hearts were beating furiously. The man was saying to himself—"Will she?"
The girl was saying—"Shall I? for Jackie's

sake shall I?

The voices of the children, excited, laughing, and imperative reached her, and the sound of her own name called—Miss Cumming! Miss Cumming!—sent a cold chill to her heart, and she shuddered violently.

"Oh Jackie, Jackie," she whispered to her heart, "Jackie tell me what shall I do. Oh to see you free and glad and strong."

Watching her close, the man went on—
"I am leaving for Italy in a day or two. I
want to make studies for my new picture.
Come with me, my queen, let us leave cold,
uncharitable England, for beautiful, sunny

He longed to throw himself upon his knees before her, he yearned to take her in his arms and feel her cheek against his, but he was afraid. He could not quite keep the passion from his voice, but he controlled himself otherwise, for he feared to disturb the power he felt he had gained over her at last, after long and anxious waiting. Strange that man should wait so long and strive so determinedly to win what he so soon tires of, and what he knows will bring but remorse and ruin to the woman he professes to love. Poor Ruth, there seemed that night in all the wide world nothing for her but misery, poverty; not only for herself but for her tenderly loved brother. Where was her fortitude, her hope? Silent, dumb, no comfort came, no voice to deter.

"Shall I?" Ruth could hear the loud voice of her mistress in the distance, the children's laughter reached her. She saw her little orphan brother, friendless and alone, spending his Christmas in the Orphanage where he had been placed. Only that morning she had received a letter from him—

"Oh! Ruth, be quick and get the little home you were speaking of so that I can come and live with you," he had written piteously, and at the remembrance her heart hardened with a great and desperate

She lifted her heavy head and looked at him with a stony unflinching gaze. How could the craven soul of the man stand that

searching look.

"You offer me release from a life I loathe, and relief for the only being I love on earth, and the price is—my honour." The pause was slight, but the man winced beneath her voice and her unflinching eyes.

"I should have found release," she went on, "long ago without such help as you offer, but the thought of my little brother held me back. Listen, Gerald Thornbury, I do not love you, that is out of the question, so do not deceive yourself. For the sake of my brother, for my own sake, I will go with you."

She had risen to her feet tall and proud, her thin, mobile face quivering, her beautiful eyes hard and desperate. The man gazed upon her with all his artist's soul in his eyes. His animal passions were fully aroused, never before had she appeared so desirable to him.

"So that you give yourself to me I am content," he cried.

A few evenings later, Ruth closely veiled, alighted from a cab at Charing Cross station, tenderly assisted by her lover. Outwardly firm and hard, she was inwardly very wretched, disturbed and frightened. She had never before been so late at a large station, and the noise and bustle confused her, the glare of the light made her head

"Stand perfectly still where you are, darling, whilst I see to the luggage," whispered her lover, and then he hurried away leaving her standing alone amongst the crowd.

Though plainly dressed and closely veiled, her tall slender figure, in which there was always an unmistakeable air of distinction, very soon attracted attention.

To her dismay, men who nightly perambulate such places, passed and re-passed her, each time staring boldly into her frightened face, some of them even speaking

to her as they went by.

Where was Gerald Thornbury? Was he never coming back to her? She looked around despairingly but failed to see him. Then women and girls passed and re-passed her, women with loud laughs, painted faces and bold eyes, and each time they passed they peered into her face and made some laughing remark.

What did they mean? What did it all

Poor Ruth! her heart sickened, her whole being rose in revolt, and gradually the awakening came, and the enormity of the thing she was about to do appeared to her for the first time. Up to now she had only thought of the relief it would bring her and her brother, the blessed, blessed freedom and liberty. Her thoughts had been wholly selfish, but now as these men and women passed her with jeering laughs and words, her self-respect, her womanly pride and self-

esteem awoke and demanded sternly what the life was she was about to enter upon, what that she was throwing away?

"One of those?" she cried to herself, as a painted degraded creature passed. "No, no, never; better endless toil and my free pure self."

Again she looked round, this time for some means of escape, but the next instant her lover was at her side.

"Have I been long?" he inquired anxiously. "Forgive me, dearest, those confounded porters are so slow. Come, Ruth, our train is in"

He slipped his arm within hers, but she

"No," she said quietly, "I have changed my mind, I am not coming, no, no, a thousand times. I am awake, awake at last, thank God."

"Ruth!" he ejaculated blankly.

"You would make me like some man has made that poor creature," pointing to a woman who passed at that moment. "You would in time, bring me down to perambulating the stations and streets for my daily bread. No, no. I am still a woman, not a poor lost creature in the guise of a woman. I have still, thank heaven, what they have lost, my self-respect, my own esteem. I was asleep before, I am awake now, let me go."

now, let me go."

"Never," he answered between his teeth,
"you have pledged yourself to me, you shall
not cheat me."

Again he attempted to lead her forward but she held back steadily

but she held back steadily.

"Mr. Thornbury," she said, "I am ungrateful, perhaps, no doubt I do not appreciate the honour of becoming what you would make me, but I am resolute. You cannot tempt me now. I would advise you not to make a scene. Once and for all, I shall not come with you. Not, not, not ever; leave me, I can suffer, starve if need be. I cannot sin."

"Your poor little brother! you forget him

surely?" he cried eagerly.
"No," she replied steadily. "It was for his sake that I vielded blindly to the temp tation, but I am awake now and for his sake I refuse to keep my promise to you. I could not let him say that his sister was, oh horrible! no, no. I am content to leave both his life and mine in hands more mighty than yours. To work for him myself with clean hands. I was hard pressed and desperate, and men like you are ever on the watch for such poor crushed ones as I. I gave way to temptation without thinking of the after consequences. Thank heaven, my eyes have been opened in time. I would rather work and suffer all the days of my life than become one of those poor creatures.

"Ruth!" he cried desperately. "Ruth!" but she forced her way through the crowd and was gone. He rushed madly after, but the crowd of passengers for the just starting train impeded his steps. When he freed himself there was no trace of Ruth.

"Think," he went on, "only a few days ago I was at that dreadful place," he shuddered, "and thought I must always stay there until I was old enough to work. Then you came up in a cab, with that queer, solemn, joyous look in your face, and took me away saying I should never return. Oh! Ruthie darling, I never was so happy before, never." He kissed and caressed her with sparkling eyes, and she responded lovingly, a subdued light of triumphant gladness shining in her expressive eyes.

"New Year's Day, Jackie," she half whispered, "and a week ago I was so desperate, so hopeless. What a lot of happiness there is in this world after all, laddie, and how thankful you and I should be this

"And all through your cleverness, Ruth," the boy said gazing at his sister in awe and admiration." I never knew that you composed songs. How did you feel when you opened the letter from that nice gentleman?"

"When I—I got back that night," Ruth whispered half to herself, "I crept in unobserved, there was a big dinner party on, and the next morning I received the letter from Mr. Walton, the music publisher saying that he had bought my song and had enclosed cheque in payment. I—I felt dazed and could not make out his letter quite for a long time, but at last I understood that he had requested me to give him the first offer of my next song, and that he had predicted a glowing future for me.

"Oh! Jack, laddie, I thought of you, and of everything, and I knew I did not deserve this blessing from the hands of God. You do not know all, childie, some day when you are a man I will tell you."

"But you were glad?" he persisted, wondering at the sad face of his sister.

"Glad!" she echoed, "Oh! my little brother when I felt that cheque and read the publisher's kind encouraging letter and thought of you, I fell on my knees and thanked God as surely no human creature had ever done before.

I begged for forgiveness too, for want of faith and confidence in higher powers, and I trust my petition was heard.

"Jack, the clouds have parted at last for you and me, why did I ever doubt? I can see the sun shining already. I can see a busy, happy future before us."

Jack awed by his sister's passionate earnestness, grew silent but perfectly happy, and so cheek to cheek, hand in hand they sat that glad evening as the fire danced and leapt joyfully, and the glad New Year's bells rang in that night their new life of prosperity, usefulness and peace.

### WOMEN'S PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, January 10th, 1894, at 8 p.m., under the auspices of the above Society, Tableaux Vivants—"Monacella," by Agnes Stonehewer (Mrs. Morgan-Browne), and a dramatic performance—"The Princess," adapted from Tennyson—will be given (by kind permission) at the Drill Hall, Chenies Street, Tottenham Court Road: Tickets 1s., reserved seats 2s. 6d. and 5s., to be had at this office.

# The Cornish Union of Liberal Women.

December, 1893.]

MOST successful gathering of delegates from various branches of the Women's Liberal Federation in Cornwall was held at Truro last month. The quaint, old-fashioned streets beheld a stream of ladies, busily going and coming from the Public Rooms (an admirable building for a country town, consisting of library, concert-hall with organ, and large committee-rooms, etc.) to hotel or luncheon-table or other hostelrie; for more than one comfortable home was placed at the disposal of the visitors. Mrs. Wynford Philipps, Miss Conybeare, and Miss Latimer, from Plymouth, were prominent among the gathering, having taken active part the night before at the annual tea of the Falmouth branch. The day was a busy one. The morning was devoted to business, the drawing up of rules, etc., Mrs. Genn of

Falmouth presiding, while Mrs. Philipps gave some admirable advice interspersed with brief and energetic speeches. Mrs. D. Thomas, the wife of the member for Merthyr, Wales, was also present, and Mrs. Owen, the wife of the member for Launceston. In the afternoon the Conference was held, in which various resolutions were brought forward, and altered, amended discussed in an instructive way. Here also Mrs. Philipps gave valuable aid, as well as Miss Conybeare and Miss Latimer. Nor did the labours of the first-named lady end there, for she conducted a small meeting in which she gave the benefit of her advice to the committee while the public tea was being prepared, although she was announced to speak in the adjacent hall in the evening, which everybody who knows Mrs. Philipps will realise would be no lax effort. Her business capacities are as great as her natural eloquence, and both served us most usefully in our initial effort towards union, the union which is strength, for who believes in "One

and all "more than the Cornish folk?

The objects of the Cornish Union are as

First; To strengthen existing associations, to help to form new ones, and to distribute Liberal literature.

Second; To promote Liberal principles throughout the country, and to support Liberal candidates.

Third; To support all measures of just legislation for women, including their Parliamentary enfranchisement, and to work for the incorporation of this important measure of reform into the programme of the Liberal party.

A printed agenda paper was handed to the committee and others present, and the following resolutions were moved, seconded, and unanimously adopted:—

Mrs. Genn, Falmouth; "That this Conference heartily congratulates the Government on the introduction of the Local Government (England and Wales) Bill, generally known as the Parish Councils Bill, and wishes it every success in carrying this truly radical measure (which recognises the eligibility of women to participate in Local Government) through both Houses of Parliament."

Mrs. Wynford Philipps; "That in view of the terrible miseries brought about by drunkenness, this meeting declares itself strongly in favour of a measure of local option, and cordially supports the 'Liquor Traffic Local Control' Bill of the Government, and as representing the Cornish Union of Women's Liberal Associations, it resolves to do all in its power to help on Temperance Reform by rousing public opinion and by all other suitable means." fellow-workers, and other speakers, the resolutions being warmly applauded by a large audience. The names of many of the leading local workers at Truro, Falmouth, and elsewhere, may not interest your readers so much as this brief account of their work, and since it might be invidious to leave out any amid so many staunch and intelligent supporters of sound radical principles I forbear to enumerate them all. There was a general feeling that the day

Mrs. Dungey, of Redruth; "That with the experience of several years public service we find much of women's work rendered impotent through their non-enfranchisement; we therefore believe one of the chief aims of Women's Liberal Associations should be to secure Women's Suffrage."

be to secure Women's Suffrage."
Mrs. Iloyd, Camborne; "That in the opinion of this Meeting all disputes and misunderstandings between nations should be submitted to Courts of Arbitration, with the object, first, of avoiding wars, and secondly of promoting friendship and goodwill between all the nations of the earth."

Miss Gay, Falmouth; "That this Conference in view of the increase of brutal assaults on women and children, especially the latter, and taking into consideration the gross character of the same, and the inadequacy of ordinary punishments, endorses the recent appeals of juries at various courts of law, that the latter should be empowered to order the lash to be inflicted in addition to a term of imprisonment."

Some discussion took place with regard to the last resolution, Miss Conybeare observing that the use of the lash was usually harmful to the officials employed to execute such sentences, and finally an amendment was carried to the effect that for "the lash," etc., should be substituted Exemplary sentences." No doubt the result to the officials is a point which requires serious consideration, but if the lash is the sole deterrent in this most brutal class of crimes, I think the women and inoffensive and helpless children must be protected at all costs. Some present concurred in this view. I may add that some very heavy sentences of many years' penal servitude have recently been passed for violent assaults with robberv, accompanied by the lash, owing to these recommendations of juries, but I have so far seen no report of such sentences following the commission of the infinitely worse assault, in which the poor and helpless are invariably the victims, and in a very bad case of late in which an unfortunate gir had been struck with a poker and outraged by a near relative (readers experienced in these matters and Mr. Waugh's revelations will guess what), the magistrates sentenced the 'man' (?) to three months hard labour!

Music and recitations in the Concert Hall occupied the interval required for the preparation of tea, and after the tea, which was largely attended, the public meeting took place, in the course of which Mrs. Wynford Phillipps spoke with great effect and earnestness, and in her address advocated the claims of women to enfranchisement and just legislation, as she always does. In this she was supported by her

What has become of the wretched girl?

audience. The names of many of the leading local workers at Truro, Falmouth, and elsewhere, may not interest your readers so much as this brief account of their work, and since it might be invidious to leave out any amid so many staunch and intelligent supporters of sound radical principles I forbear to enumerate them all. There was a general feeling that the day had been most agreeably and usefully spent, that the desire for greater liberty for women was being appreciated both by themselves and by men, and that the work of the Union was valuable in every way--from an educational as well as a practical point of view. Those from a distance, who did not return to their homes the same night, pledged themselves to meet Mrs. Wynford Phillips on the following morning to discuss the best methods of future work, and although not able to be present on the occasion I understand we are once more indebted to one of the most indefatigable ladies on the Executive Committee of the W. L. F. for her clear advice and explanations. Unions of this kind would greatly strengthen the hands of women working for Liberal principles throughout the country.

# Mr. Jerome's New Paper.

IT seems a million pities that so few men understand for what duties in life they are most adapted by nature. We are all familiar with the "jack in office," the statesman who ought to have been a groom, the parson whose racing interests fit him for the position of referee, and finally the novelist whose appropriate place is certainly in the dissecting-room. We thought however that one man at least knew his place. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has charmed us with his "Idle Thoughts," and we have all had many a hearty laugh over the amusing adventures of "Three Men in a Boat." In the latter the fun, if not refined, is decidedly exhilarating and we rise from its perusal not better women and men perhaps, but certainly more cheerful than we were when we sat down. In "Novel Notes," the same author has given us some serious stories displaying great power, and even some genius. Most people perhaps would have been contented to shine in two branches of literature without seeking fresh laurels in untried paths. We have however seen that Mr. Jerome can write farcical plays with almost as much success as his books. and we were quite prepared to welcome a weekly paper produced under his editorship. To-day is not altogether a failure. Its serials are very promising, and several novel features offer hopes of success, which we shall watch with interest. It is in the editorial part of the paper that the great fault of To-day lies. While professing to review the events of the week from an independent standpoint, it displays bitter and occasionally even coarse partisanship, wherever the questions of Woman and Labour are concerned.

at all as to the merits of the case, and merely abused the men for what is now generall recognised as noble conduct on their part It accused them (without chapter and verse of course) of obtaining their Lock-Out funds by force—an absurd accusation when one considers that in London alone over £25,000 was raised amongst people who had (in most instances) never met a miner in their lives.

But the cream of editorial folly occurs in the issue of December 2nd. We may premise that To-day had quoted with approval, the letter of a London vicar (Rev. H. B. Chapman) to the Pall Mall Gazette sincerely deploring the abolition of the infamous C.D. Acts.

Whereupon, says Mr. Jerome, "I have " received a good many angry letters from "indignant females, criticising-to use a "mild term-my views on the social ques-"tion. I have perhaps an exaggerated "respect for woman, in her proper place "which I take to be the home circle; but I "have always felt that, as a class, she could "never be broad-minded enough to look at "questions of public policy from an imper-"sonal standpoint, and that, therefore, her "interference with them was necessarily

"harmful." Mr. Jerome's respect for woman is scarcely likely to be reciprocated, if this is a specimen of his respect. It is impossible to avoid the feeling that when a man writes thus about woman's proper place it is evident he has missed his vocation. As a slave owner deprecating the protests of his slaves against the infliction of fatal lashings and general brutal ill-treatment, Mr. Jerome would there have found full vent for his journalistic mission. But is it too late to suggest to him that the last decade of the 19th century is scarcely the period to welcome him as a heaven-born journalist? Women may or may not be capable of writing respectfully to the Editor of To-day, but the time has surely come when woman's opinion on the supreme question of woman's own person, is worth some little consideration. Not so, says Mr. Jerome, impersonal views of this question are the only variety demanded. Someone has even gone the length of asking Mr. Jerome if he would like to see his own sister, wife, or daughter in the position of the women prevented by the C. D. Acts from ever returning to the paths of virtue until death brings their emancipation. The "bachelor vicar" of the Pall Mall, and the Editor of To-day are not only hopelessly out of date, but they show an inability to understand the tendencies of the times. "It proves," to quote Mr. Jerome, "how very "silly it is for people who are unable to "understand a thing to insist upon dabbling "in it."

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

THE interest, not only of women but of men, and of human improvement in the widest sense, the emancipation of women, which the modern world often boasts of having effected, and for which credit is sometimes given to civilisation, and sometimes to Christianity, cannot stop where it is .-

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### Medical Experts as Ethical Guides.

Extracts from a Paper read by Mrs. Boole at Miss Frances Lord's Bond of Union Meeting, November 2nd, 1893.

IN a recent number of some magazine it is said that the inartistic condition of England now is shown, not by any lack of pains taken in decorating the streets, for which much care has been taken of late, but by the fact that public opinion tolerates decorated buildings being hidden from view by big flaring ugly advertisements and ounter - advertisements of individual

It would be absurd to blame the advertisers for this blot on our civilisation; the fault is our own, for whatever the public nsist on having, somebody is sure to supply. When we take the trouble to seek out and encourage modest tradesmen who spend their capital on honest material; when we make it clear that we value such workers the advertising nuisance will die out. But while we shrink from the trouble of

seeking out and encouraging unobtrusive merit, what right have we to complain if obtrusive demerit rules the roost? The public like to be cheated with false hopes of getting something without paying the full price of it, and advertisers give us the delusion for which we crave. There is no lack of Medical and Biologic Scienceethical beyond the dreams of any preacher n any religion; but public opinion allows this glorious wealth of Biologic Ethic to be hidden from view by any inventor of a quack doctrine who wishes to advertise himself, or out-advertise somebody else. No man invents a really vicious method while he is thinking of Truth as a Unity, and of himself as an anonymous servant of Truth. Bad methods crop up in proportion as men think of knowledge as a collection of isolated statements, each one of which is a convenient opportunity for exhibiting some individual's name, or for making somebody's fortune. For instance, Science, in the person of some humble practitioner, says to a sick man, "You are over-feeding, over-drinking, over-exciting yourself; lead a moderate, reasonable life." "Oh, dear no!" says an advertiser, "Take my pick-me-up and you will feel all right." Silly people take the patent pick-me-up, and do feel 'all right' for a time; but presently the digestion gives way. "If you will do wrong, you must pay

the penalty," says Science.

What biologic Science has to say on the Sex question is easy to find out, if the public really wished to know. Take, for instance, the little 3s. 6d. book on "Evolution of Sex "in the Contemporary Science Series. It starts from no specially spiritual stand-point, and treats the whole sex question in the ordinary materialistic way, as one of changes in Protoplasm. In all that relates to general direction and ultimate tendency, the teaching is as sternly moral as St. Augustine's; and I have heard one of its authors say that, in his opinion, the problem for Biology is to find out how to absorb and convertinto

spiritual and intellectual energy all the sex-force, over and above the amount necessary to continue the race. The subject is summed up by the statement that the remedy for sex-difficulties is to be found in 'a new Ethic of the Sexes, and in the increasing education and civism of Women." There is a wide gap between that sort of physical science and the arrangements we have heard of in Indian barracks!

A medical expert in Russia spoke of the Contagious Diseases Acts as "Those cursed decrees which are responsible for more contagion than all the vice in the country! Medical science is emphatic as to the kind of mental training which diminished sexpassion-viz., free individuation, variety of interests, the free direction of one's own life in all that does not interfere with one's neighbours, a total absence of all the habits which make men the mere passive slaves, and tools of a ruler. The kind of drill and exercise, and mode of thought, which would make citizens willing and capable defenders of their own country in case of attack from vithout, also keeps sex-passion at bay. Cromwell's army were eminently chaste; but they would have been of no use for purposes of mere military-ism; they could not have been ordered abroad at the bidding of any man who happened to be in command, to shoot down innocent strangers without

knowing why. Military tactics require a very different sort of men from Cromwell's chaste soldiers, men, in fact, who have been subject to a discipline the very reverse of what true medical science enjoins for cultivating the power of continence. Barrack monotony and slavery are necessary to forge the tools which the general, who wishes to get fame as a conqueror, must have at his disposal. So long as we allow ourselves to purchase at all costs the momentary luxury of false glory and false ease, we have no right to rail at those who provide such commodities by ways that are vicious and cruel. Of course, such quacks get honours and fortunes, which the Prince of the power of this world naturally gives to his own allies; but he cannot make us take such at their own valuation of themselves. An Eastern potentate fully thought that " Morrison of the Pills and Holloway of the Ointment" were the leading lights of British medical science; "because," said he, their names are heard of everywhere, and they have the personal approval of your Queen; for I saw her own patent stamp on their boxes!" We in England can see the causes of this Oriental's mistake,—ignorance of the true relations of things, and that degrading kind of toadyism which makes the ignorant mistake official recognition for a true stamp of merit, and noisy notoriety for true fame. The same causes make the so-called educated imagine that if a man has a great name in science, or is president of some association, he must therefore be a typical specimen of the advanced science of his time. This blunder is with some mere silly, vulgar flunkeyism, but with others something much worse, as it proves they are falling into that sin which used to be called by the significant name of "devil-worship," whose essence consists in giving power to

## Women and Local Government.

ing it and spreading exaggerated reports of its dominance, by ascribing to it that universality and dominion which belong of THE following Associations have passed Resolutions in favour of Amendments right to God alone; by ignoring the Good giving women equal privileges with men in parochial matters under the new Local and assisting evil to overshadow Good.

The public has as yet no idea of its duty towards true medical science. If it had this, the right kind of doctors would have more scope, more possibility of organising, according to their more enlightened and merciful ideas; while those to whom we object would lose the prestige which makes their example

what they believe to be evil, by magnify-

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A surgeon, when lately arguing to prove the necessity of vivisection, made this remarkable admission:—"If what the public wanted was an organic science of biology and hygiene, there would probably be no need for vivisection; but they wish to lead unhygienic lives, and then have a dcctor come in to avert some of the consequences; so in order to know how to do this we must vivisect!" In other words, vivisection is useful not in order that man may know how he was intended to live, but because the public claims at the hands of Science that temporary false peace which Science cannot give, but which quackery and cruelty can; and there are always persons willing to advertise themselves by giving it. But behind these, and hidden from view by them, there are plenty of "Medical Experts of a very different sort; a crowd of modest workers, whose lives we are wasting, whose faith we are weakening, and whom we are daily leading into temptation, by giving them no encouragement.

I lived for about 21 years in a School of Therapeutics whose first canon was that no experiments were to be tried upon any sentient creature, except such as were also tried upon the experimenters themselves and their families. This was understood to be the normal check on those delusions into which ambition and conceit betray the random experimenter. The methods were ethical in the highest degree; the subjects -children, cattle, and all, throve on the system of experiment. So far from any assistance being given by Government, every possible obstacle of a legal kind was placed in the way of the school getting pupils. I learn from doctors now, that this school enriched the pharmacopæia, and brought to light some valuable principles of therapeutics: one told me the other day she had been looking into some of its old forgotten records of experiment, and that the amount of suggestive information was actually thrilling." But the public knows or cares nothing about all this, and the school died

out for lack of encouragement!

ALL over Europe the Woman-Question has taken a foremost place among the problems which this century has seen propounded and which it must solve. The future happiness or misery of mankind may depend upon the solution which this fundamental problem will receive.-L. D.

DE PONTES.

(To be continued.)

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Government Bill:— Women's Liberal Associations. (E. Toxteth) (Waterloo) Aberystwith Ashton-under-Lyne Leeds, Leek Altrincham Allendale Longtown

Leghill (Northumber St. Asanh Boston and North Holland) Manchester (North) land (South) Bow and Bromley ,, Brighton, Bedford Merthyr and District Bingley, Bath Bristol (North) Newcastle (Central) Newtown, Norwood (South) (West) ,, Norwich, Nantwich Bridgwater Nottingham (South)

Barnsley, Burnley Cuckfield, etc. (East) 2.7 (West) North Lambeth Carnacvon Campden, Cardiff Chelmsford Oxford Portsmouth Plymouth, Pembroke Chelsea (Hospital and Paddington, Pilkingto Church Wards) Penge and Beckenham Rhyl, Romford Colchester Chiswick Redditch, Radcliffe Cambridge Rochester Camborne Devonport, Didsbury Durham (North West) Rochdale, Reigate Sittingbourne Dorset (South) Swansea Southport

Eastbourne Eurleston and District Sheffield (Eccleshall) ,, (Central) Sevenoaks Falmouth, Frome Guildford, Gateshead Grantham Salford North, Somerset (North) Com-Gosport Hastings, Heaton Hackney (North) mittee Street, Stonehurst Stowmarket Hammersmith Tavistock Tunbridge Wells Haydon Bridge Vale of Towy Wigan and District Hornsey, Hurst Ilkeston, Jarrow

Woodford Wimbledon and Merton Kensington (South) Woodburn (North) W. Marylebone Wellingborough Llanelly Liverpool (Walton)

Kennington

BRITISH WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS.

Nottingham (Basford) Chesterfield Penarth Rawtenstall N Finchley Liverpool (E. Toxteth) Weymouth The following bodies have also passed

resolutions to the same effect :-Lancashire and Cheshire Union of W.L.As. Metropolitan Union of W.L.As. (17.11.'93). North London Union of W. L. As. Cornish Conference of W.L.As. (Truro) Dec 5th and 6th '93.

Midland Union Conference (26.10, '93). London Reform Union (Executive). Paddington Radical Club. Eleusis Club, Chelsea. Plumstead Branch Committee of W.L.As. Liverpool Federal Committee of W.L.As. Devonport Working Men's Association. Plymouth Working Men's Association. Exmouth Joint Liberal Associations. Camberwell (North) Women's Liberal and

Radical Association.
Southport Association to Promote the Return of Women as Poor Law Guardians.
Westminster Association to Promote the Return of Women as Poor Law Guardians.

E. Islington Lib. and Radical Club. Kennington Lib. and Radical Club. Hampstead Lib. and Radical Club. Hampstead Lib. and Radical Club (Women's

### Who is Responsible?

READERS of Manchester and Liverpool papers must have been deeply shocked by the descriptions given after the late gale of the condition of the cattle-boats on arrival in port. Blood was pouring from their scuppers, and the holds were heaped with bodies, living and dead. There were, we are told, "broken limbs, broken backs, broken horns, bodies mangled in every conceivable manner." Nothing could be done for the living till the landing-stage was reached. There a steam-winch hauled them out, one by one—there were 400 in one boat alone and butchers on the quays put out of pain those that were unable to walk to the slaughter-houses. As the butchers were hard at work for hours, we must suppose that many wounded creatures were for hours waiting their turn in agony, either in the holds or on the quays, in the bitter November weather.

And the reason for all this suffering; what was it? Many reasons are given. The stormy winds are blamed; and, in some instances, the derangement of the steering gear; the putting to sea when a gale was blowing; the weakness of the timbers that formed the cattle-pens. It seems that the Irish cattle-steamers are built for fine weather only, and have not the strong, permanent fittings compulsory on the Atlantic boats. In time of storm the timbers dividing the pens are broken or are wrenched from the sockets of the iron stanchions by the weight of the cattle thrown against them.

What is the great first cause? Is it not the habit of flesh-eating, begun in the old savage days of the world when agriculture was not; and continued as a custom down to our own times of civilisation?

Those responsible are the consumers. They demand meat; and the cattle-breeder on the other side of the water, the cattledealer, the steamboat-owner, and the butcher, are all stirred into activity. Each aims at the largest possible profit for himself. Consideration for the feelings of the animals is absent from the mercantile mind. The faster the beasts can be hurried on to the corpse-stage—the stage which alone interests the consumer—the sooner will profits be realised. Therefore, make haste! never-mind, though winds blow, and pens and stanchions are sure to give way: Supply must have its wages, and Demand its daily helping of meat.

But here Law should step in. The horrors of sea-transport have been well-known for some time. People have written to newspapers about them, other people have read and forgotten, and nothing has been done. Government which can do so much could insist on the better building of cattle-boats, and could prohibit their sailing in stormy weather. It rests now with those who declare life to be impossible without meat though they know that ten ounces in every pound of flesh" consist of water and waste, and that there is always the possibility of suberculosis in the remaining six—to press the matter of merciful transit upon the Government. The responsibility is theirs: may we safely leave it in their hands?

ELIZABETH MARTYN.

## What Working Women and Men Think.

A LIVING WAGE.

OW that the Great Coal Lock-out has passed into history, and we are no longer confronted with the spectacle of nearly half a million of England's toilers reduced almost to starvation in a gallant struggle against an iniquitous attempt to reduce them to conditions of life, which would be a disgrace alike to our common humanity and our civilisation; we may consider calmly and dispassionately what are likely to be the issues of this, the greatest industrial war of modern

The formulation of the demand for a living wage will render the Coal Lock-out memorable as having, for the first time, introduced ethics into economics, and entered an effective protest against the most cherished axiom of a false "political economy"—that wages in following prices may be reduced to any level demanded by insatiable profit-mongers in the mad competition of the present day.

It is useless, of course, to talk of justice in connection with a system based so entirely upon its opposite as the individualistic commercialism under which we live; but the cynical and inhuman indifference to the workers' lives, which has made them the scape-goat in the race for profit, has thrown upon them all the loss on a falling market, while giving them no voice in the determination of prices, ought to give pause to those who measure England's wealth by the income-tax returns, and regard her commercial position as a ground for congratulation.

What does it mean this boasted law that "wages must follow prices"? In the case of the miners it meant that the coal and royaltyowners, the merchants and the middlemen. must each have their full share of profit out of the miner's work—never adequately paid —so long as the "market" was steady. If prices fell wages must be reduced to any level dictated by the "market," no limit being fixed. After the last penny had been screwed out of the miners the merchants' and middlemen's profits might be reduced, the royalties not at all. As to how far "political economy" is consistent in the application of this famous "iron law" we may judge if we ask whether wages have "followed prices" in their present inflation; whether the miners in districts outside the Federation have been receiving their due share of the enormous profits made during the Lockout? Ask Durham, Scotland, Belgium.

The fact is, this law of wages, like the rest of the stock-in-trade of our political economists, is a miserable fraud. A set of jingling phrases have been made to do duty for sound science and have been dinned into the ears of the workers so persistently and for so long that the generality of people have actually believed them; philanthropy has assisted capital by enabling it to pay less than a living wage and the Church has preached contentment on the ground that | in the interest of the community it is unthe sufferings of Labor are unavoidable— | desirable to leave the determination of the

happiness in the next world will compensate

Now "we have changed all that." Labor has come to the front with the demand that first and foremost; before all profits, before all royalties, must come the due satisfaction of the worker. The miner and the miner's wife have stood side by side through these many weeks of "clemming" to lay down the principle of a living wage. In many instances they have sacrificed life itself, mothers even, have placed this demand of awakening humanity before the claims of a dying child, in the conviction that they were passing through a momentous crisis and that failure meant a return to conditions of life which new hopes and higher standards have rendered unendurable.

Deeds of quiet, patient heroism, of selfsacrifice passing anything in the records of old-time chivalry, have characterised the war. The struggle has been singularly orderly and law-abiding and, but for officia blundering and callousness at Featherstone would hardly have included a single émeute.

And it may be well to remember that all he suffering has been on one side. The masters have lost money (though many individuals have realised increased profits) but the miners have wanted bread. If the masters have dropped cash, the workers have laid down their lives. In every struggle between Labor and Capital the fact must not be overlooked that while one side fights for life the other struggles merely for money and does not usually suffer to the extent of a cigar or a box-ticket the less. Labor is thus heavily handicapped.

There never was a juster demand than this for the living wage. It is the Magna Charta of Labor. If this demand cannot be emphasised and sustained the worker will be in a worse position than the slaves on a sugar plantation in pre-emancipation days; for the slave had many guarantees against oppression which our "free and independent" workers lack.

At a liberal estimate a ton of coal, at the present rate of wages, cost the mine owner about 6s. to put, ready for rail, at the pit's mouth. It is ridiculous to pretend that such an item cannot be once for all ruled off as a minimum and basic charge on coal. If, to compete with foreign sweated labor, it is necessary to reduce this basic charge, the worker, and the nation, will be better off without the foreign trade. For what is civilisation but the evolution of a higher standard of life; and if our workers are degraded to the level of an Indian ryot, is any other result than the decadence of the nation possible? Any argument derived from foreign competition does but strengthen the Socialist position, for it will be admitted to take the case of mines—that if the State were to take over the mines and the element of profit were thus eliminated, the demand for coal to supply English homes, factories and ships could be met at prices which would preclude any risk of foreign coal being imported in competition.

The important points to notice are :- That like earthquakes or typhoons—and that amount of wages to irresponsible competi- close before us

tion, and that any real difficulty in the way of a living wage can be met by collective ownership of the means of production.

There is no need, or indeed possibility, to fix the amount of the "living wage." It can never be a fixed quantity but must advance with the advancing standard of life. The essence of the demand is that there be a minimum and that the minimum shall be adequate to provide the workers with a sufficiency of food and clothing, with a healthy home and with leisure for the cultivation of the mind, for intellectual expansion and for moral growth. Can anyone call this demand inreasonable?

The matter may be briefly put in syllo-

- gistic form thus:—

  1. The safety of the State should be the State's first care.
  - 2. An inadequate wage constitutes a danger to the State.
  - 3. Therefore the State is justified in fixing a minimum wage.
    Sagittarius.

### AUSTRIAN WOMEN AND SOCIALISM,

On the 9th inst., in the Council Room of the Old Town Hall, Vienna, was held a large and enthusiastic meeting of The Austrian Women's Association, instituted about two years ago. Over 1,000 women from all classes of the people were present, met to pass a resolution in favour of universal suffrage, for women and men alike. This Association now numbers among its members several hundred of the ladies of the wealthier middle

The speech of the Vice President, Frauein Agusta Fickhert was received with loud applause, especially when she declared, that f the middle class ladies wished to obtain heir rights they must work hand in hand with the Socialist Labour Party.

This lady was followed by the well known

Socialist Leader, Fraulein Adelheid Dvorjak, who fervently expressed her thanks to the citizen lady members for their determined and courageous action. Her remarks upon the rights women must work for and obtain were greatly appreciated, and warmly cheered by the audience.

One Dr. Bondy afterwards warned the nembers of the Women's Association from making common cause with the Socialists; but no one would listen to him. Count Kannic, a young Czech member, also spoke on Universal Suffrage, and the meeting decided to petition Parliament in favour of it. ---

A meeting of women engaged in forming a branch of the W.L.A. in the North division of St. Pancras met at the house of Mrs. Stanbury early this month to hear an address from Major Sargeant, the candidate for the district representation. Major Sargeant appears to be well acquainted with the leading Labour questions and handled the "Land for the people" discussion admirably. He is also an earnest supporter of the claims of women and we wish him all success. Friends of women and of Labour are the persons who will assuredly go to the front now and in the future lying

## The Pioneer Club.

THIS club, numbering already 320 members, is making its way steadily and surely to the front. It is quite an ex-

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ceptional club, and in the full spirit of progress; progress that sweeps not away, nor destroys, save what is unworthy of and destructive to all healthy life. The influence of the members upon each other, from the able president-whose task so gracefully and pleasantly discharged is a labour of loveto the youngest and most recent addition to the rapidly increasing list, is an educative one, a strengthening, and refining one. The debates are well attended and entered into with zest and ardour; the afternoon meetings, the at-homes, are all full of happy intercourse and attrition of mind, which cannot fail to be powerful in its results. Money is being collected among the members in various sums from pence upwards, for The Club of the Future which if it approach one-tenth of what the Pioneers desire will be of colossal proportions. Colossal indeed it may well be, for colossal is the work the immediate future will demand from women. The debates at the Club of the present, have been, within the last four weeks, perhaps even more interest-ing than ever. At one, Miss Lillian Henderson read a paper on Ibsen, which was followed by a most animated discussion; in which that somewhat ambiguous author was dissected, and every possible line or word of educative force take out of him, "to point a moral, or adorn a lecture." Then came an earnest crowd to join in the discussion "Is Vivisection Justifiable?" Miss Frances Lord whose opinions on this point are well known presided, and an able address was followed by a discussion which soon left little doubt as to which side the Pioneers took.

A discussion upon the Food Question presided over by Mr. Josiah Oldfield proved a most interesting feature of the proceedings. The subject was ably opened, openly and fearlessly discussed, without prejudice though all sides were heard. Mr. Oldfield who so ably presided is a well known advocate of vegetarianism and many reforms besides. There were present also Mrs. Wallace, Editor of The Herald of Health, whose words were full of instruction, and a lady who spoke with great power and point upon the matter before the meeting, introducing into it, the emancipation of woman with wonderful effect.

In these debates, the women wise enough to belong to the Club,—and being there, to join in them-are learning to separate personal friendships from matters of principle; and so making great strides along the broad new pathway they are hewing for themselves out of the rocks of prejudice before and around them, the growths of past ages. These Pioneers have resolved to destroy the distinctions of sex and class; their club is unique in its force and strength; its friendly intercourse and enjoyment; and its home-like retirement and repose, so freely shared in by all.

nineteeth century woman, is not yet quite silenced, casts his javelins about, touching fiercely all places where women gather, all efforts they make; hurling his darts no doubt at this centre equally with others. But erect and unmoved stands the Pioneer her face like the sea foam, in its purity and strength her feet firm in the faith of those who gather round, undaunted amid the roar of tongues. So let truth betide her, for she is free, and so remaining and holding her undismayed front to the foe, "no weapon that is formed against her shall

## Theatres, Recitations, Etc.

THE COMEDY—Lessee and Manager Mr. Comyns Carr. "Sowing the Wind." By Sydney Grundy.

It is not often the public have a play put before them, so original, so alive with interest, and so powerfully moral in its tending. as this. There are few, if any faults; from beginning to end the characters being well sustained, not only as a whole, but in each individual part. So well sustained that the interest never flags, from the opening scene — where we begin by being disgusted with the two old gentlemen of a past school, and alas also much of a present, who seem to look so lightly upon sin under a male cloak, their own, so severely when under a female mantle—to the finale. The interest increases as the story unfolds itself each player seeming to perform the part allotted, with more and more power. But above and beyond all the others, though each is so good, ranks the acting of Miss Winifred Emery, as "Rosamund." Her selfcontrol, her pathos, her excellent judgment, as so quietly she reveals to us a past life of sorrow and pain, holds the audience dumb spell-bound. The shame that was not her own, from which she has come forth with robes so white and dainty, haunts her like a shadow; dispersed only by the true and devoted love, which at last crowns her life. Hers is without question the most splendidly enacted character among the dramatis per sonæ, where none are weak. Also the excellent histrionic art by which Mr. Brabazon, the penitent, the father, is evolved from what seemed but a mediocre hero at the best to a man, too easily led, yet noble in intent, to one to whom the school of life has taught much, is admirable indeed. A word must be said for the faithful "Tom"; for the capital rendering of a not very noble personage, given by Miss Rose Leclerq, as the Hon. Mrs. Fretwell, whose type is, we trust, becoming scarce; and last, of the very realistic representation of an execrable scoundrel in the person of Lord Petworth.

It is pleasant to approve; but no words can adequately praise Miss Winifred Emery's delineation: it is a masterpiece. The lesson taught by the play, is one which can not be too widely conned. We all, women especially, owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Sydney Grundy, the writer of the play, and to Mr. Comyns Carr, for the arrangements Slander, whose venomous tongue, though somewhat paralyzed by the attitude of the representations of life as this, the theatre J. Boyd Kinnear.

will become a great school; the drama, as it ought to be, one of our most effectual

#### WHAT GIRLS SUFFER, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Addressing a crowded audience at the Poplar Town Hall on Sunday last, on the question of "The Causation of Disease," Mr. Josiah Oldfield introduced the Rights of Women on a new basis. Proving in the first place that the health of the community depends greatly on the health of the mothers. he went on to show that the way in which girls have been treated is a serious cause in weakening the womanhood, and thus is a factor in the causation of disease.

If there are two rooms in a house, the one sunny and bright, the other dismal and dark, the boys are put in the former, while the girls are relegated to the latter; if there is but a crust in the cupboard the boy gets the biggest half, while the girl has to bear the scolding which goes hand in hand with an empty board. If there is only a hundred a year to spend the boy gets the public school education and his sister has to stay at home and mend her dresses and help in the house. Yet the woman in times of deepest distress will spend her last penny on food for her husband, and pretend, poor soul, with a meek and starving face that she had her dinner before he came home.

It is women who have set to the world the highest example of patience, endurance, and self-sacrifice; and yet this is how they have been treated in return! Nature, however, always penalises injustice in the end, and the penalty which humanity has incurred by its unjust treatment of girls has been the weakened and diseased offspring which have sprung from weakened mothers. Where higher motives fail sometimes, lower ones succeed, and when once the lesson is learnt. that for a healthy land and healthy men it is necessary to have healthy girls and healthy mothers, there will be some chance of equal treatment, equal training, and equal tenderness being extended to the girls of the next century. -= 6=

It is true woman does receive a certain sort of deference in social life; she is even termed its "idol." But what kind of idol? What is the worship paid her? She has room made for her in public places; men hold themselves bound to pay her "attention" at private parties, to talk to her, to assist her in trifles. She is petted at home, and placed in the midst of ceremony abroad.
All this, however, is but mockery—an attempt to cheat woman of her due by presenting her with shining beads; tithe paid her of "mint, anise, and cummin," the weightier matters of the law being forgotten. -Industrial and Social Position of

HAVING scarce any choice but marriage, marriage has come to be considered as the sole function to which it is right or decent women should look. This notion is heightened among, at least, the upper classes, by the ideas which the law of primogeniture fosters.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

# WHERE WILL MASCULINE ABSURDITY END?

DEAR SHAFTS,—Writing to the Echo recently, a gentleman made an extraordinary assertion. In describing Labour and Capital he uses the following most feeble, because false, simile. Intellect he states to be the real, though hidden, Father, producing Capital through Labour, whom he describes as "only the Mother who brings forth through much sweat and pain what the Father has created." The figure is not only false, it is vile; cruel, both in its primary and secondary meaning. Of what stuff is this man made? Surely of the material which makes vivisectors.

He goes on to assert that the Father is nearer to God, "Aye, and ever will be." He asserts the Father's "oneness with God." Oneness with God! With what God? Twere no homage to ascribe to a God of Justice and Truth the character it would be impossible to deny were this writer's statement a correct one. We grieve for him and for the many who cherish such delusions, because of what is before them; because of the disillusion which they must face ere

Here is another view of the case: The mother Force is the first Force, the Highest, the Creator; the Force that dwells with God, the great Mother-Father of us all, which is God Therefore, a man who thus spits upon this Force as represented here on earth blasphemeth; as they also blasphemed who spat upon the face of the Woman-Man, the Christ. It was the woman with and in Christ that was so hated and rejected of men. Had this Great Teacher been man only and led men forth to battle, men would have licked his feet. Being Woman-Man, they crucified the Reformer. Ross Trevor.

DEAR MADAM, -- I am so glad you have opened Shafts pages to discuss the cause of those who suffer.

A girl in a confectioner's shop in Cheapside told me a short while ago that she was earnestly looking for some sign that their long hours and many hardships were recognised. She said: "People think this is a nice light business, but it is not, and the hours we work are excessive. Yet no one thinks confectioner shop girls need an occasional half-holiday or otherwise want looking after."

There is another class of women whose lot is exceptionally hard. I mean the attendants in the waiting rooms on the underground railway. They are wretchedly paid, and their conditions of servitude such as no human creature should be subjected to. Even if they could get a little needlework with which to supplement their meagre pay, the light admitted into some of the rooms is insufficient save for the coarsest sewing. The ventilation, too, is so defective in these rooms that often the attendants lose their health, and then they have to go to make

room for one of the throng of applicants who are always waiting to take these appointments. I have talked to the women in several of these rooms over a long course of years, and have almost invariably found them to be more than half afraid of speaking of their hardships, because they feared dismissal. The women themselves are a worthy class, and deserve a better fate. My heart has ached for them often.

If, dear madam, you can see your way to open the pages of Shafts for the discussion of these grievances, it may result in at least ameliorating the condition of these classes of workers, Yours truly,

E. L. B.

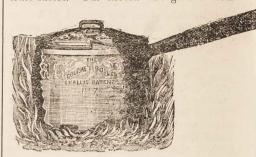
# MR. KEIR HARDIE ON THE UNEMPLOYED.

Speaking on November 15th at the Phrenological Institute, Brompton-road, on the subject of the Unemployed, Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., said that he had always considered that until the unemployed problem was settled it was no use running after a vote, or working for the disendowment of the Church or for the abolition of the House of Lords. All public energy and attention should be concentrated on this question, which was a standing menace to the country. He believed that no political reform would touch even the fringe of the problem. Charity would simply perpetuate the misery. The matter was one which misery. demanded attention on its own merits, and in such a way as would automatically absorb the unemployed. Shortening of the hours of labour might be one remedy, and another would doubtless be found in the extensive employment of men by local authorities upon the necessary and urgent work of clearing the slums. If these two remedies were at once brought into operation there would still be a residuum, and until they obtained a socialistic system of industry there was in his opinion only one way of arriving at a complete solution of the problem, and that was the extensive employment of the workless upon the unutilised and vacant land of the country.

### A CHEF DE CUISINE.

Our cooking appliances have recently received an important addition to their number. This came as a present from the manager of the Gourmet Boila Co., of 80 Farringdon-road, E.C., with the request "would we kindly place it before the notice of the readers of Shafts." Its appearance was so simple and unpretentious that we were at first hardly inclined to treat it seriously, and smiled at the many good qualities claimed for it in the accompanying prospectus, knowing well with how large a grain of salt we must look upon all such claims made by the enthusiastic inventor. A week's trial has, however, completely altered our attitude, we have become as enthusiastic in its praise as its patentor, and are most pleased to be able to recommend it to our readers con amore. The "Gourmet Boila" is a glazed stoneware vessel, furnished with a lid and metal handle, into which is placed whatever is desired to be cooked: the Boila is then put into an ordinary saucepan that has been half filled

with water; the saucepan is placed on the fire and left there until the food is cooked. A uniform simmering temperature is maintained however violently the water in the saucepan may boil: therefore no watching or stirring is required and burning is impossible. Only those who, in addition to the cooking, have other engrossing work to do will be able fully to appreciate the worry and load that is taken off the mind by the above simple statement in italics. We are also able thoroughly to endorse the statement that the Boila preserves the "nutritious juices and delicate flavours" possessed by whatever is cooked in it. Thus proving itself of great benefit to all vegetarion and fruit eaters. Our sketch will give a clear



idea of the modus operandi of this most indispensable article of an up-to-date batterie de cuisine. The cost of the Boila ranges, according to size from 9d. to 3s. each. The manager, at the address given above, will, I feel sure, be glad to answer any inquiries on the subject, if those desiring information will mention this paper in making their

We have also much pleasure in introducing another utensil manufactured by the same firm, called "The Gourmet Stewpan" for frying, browning, jam making, etc. This consists of a fireproof stoneware pan fixed



inside an iron stewpan, the space between the vessels being filled with material for distributing the heat uniformly.

The following testimony as to the bona fides of the "Gourmet Boila" comes from a vegetarian friend whose opinion we asked on the subject:—

"I have used the Boila for cooking, among other things, fruits, porridge, lentils, rice; for making blancmanges, custards, and for boiling milk. Its advantages are that it preserves the flavour of fruit, etc., admirably, by cooking it in its own steam. It requires little attention, and nothing can burn in it. It is very easily cleaned, and there is nothing unwholesome about it. If fruit is to be stewed, it is placed in the Boila with a little sugar and water. Then the Boila is closed tightly with the earthenware cover, and put in a saucepan of water which is kept boiling till the fruit is done. It is already used in many households known to me, and well deserves to be more widely known.'