

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 Christmas-tide, 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 thee." 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 com-

fort. 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 unswerving 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-better-things, 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 undergoing their trial, others suggesting themselves to many minds. How rapid also

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 commencement 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 might 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 undertaken.

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 Addiscombe, and a learned teacher of Hindustani, whose seat at Langley Priory is still in the

possession of the family, which, it is said, can 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. Joseph Edwards says, "I formed in those days a close friendship with Alfred Richard

Lennon, to whose thought and influence I owe much of what has come to fruition in 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 imbuing 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 followed 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 is preached from the pulpits, and we cannot but 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 Tillet; 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 him to sympathise deeply with the action of

the casual dockers in daring to demand their "tanner." He says: "The pathetic appeal contained in the dedication of this 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 work:—

"That which slumbered in the plant and fitfully stirred in the mind awakes in the man. The eyes of the mind are opened and he longs 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 it 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 can know.

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 yet—the passion of passions, the hope of hopes—the desire that he, even he, may somehow aid in making life better and brighter, in destroying want and sin, sorrow and shame. He masters and curbs the animal; he turns his back 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, writing for the poor in the workhouse, assist-

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

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 period:—

"A public library, with its reading room 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 unrelenting, 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 Londonderry 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 another 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 results:—

"The people's conscience is dawning to its duties as largely responsible for the well-being, 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 poor, 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 uncomfited, with an awful sense of the responsibility 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 up their task and to carry it on. Many perish with-

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 instinct; and the assured objections of healthy

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. Boulton 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 you 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 of 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 conviction—of 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. 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 trembling.”

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 out-of-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.

I 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 bride.
Truth’s heel hath crushed the serpent’s head for ever,
And “woman free” honours man purified.
I see the crooked paths of life made even.
And man no longer preying upon man,
But each soul striving towards this grand ideal,
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 me;
Let me behold thy glorious face unveiled,
That I may know, and conquer, and be free.

ELTON BLIGH.

REVIEWS.

“THE NEW PRIESTHOOD.” By Ouida.
(London: E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria-lane. 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 Death.

“Even in mere demonstration, that daily practice considered necessary to teach manual dexterity to the physiological pupil, and to students of the medical and 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 quotatory statement:—

“64 operations being performed on the same horse; the eyes 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 science.”

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 action. If what Ouida asserts in this little

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.*

M. S. S.

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 yet, 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 seven together that I saw the wondrous things in God’s law, and when forming them into the

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. And 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. Eidersheim 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 explained.”

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 Leading-note in its natural state. The only note of the seven upon which a natural,

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 long.

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 these who suffer.

A girl in a confectioner’s shop in Cheap-side 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.

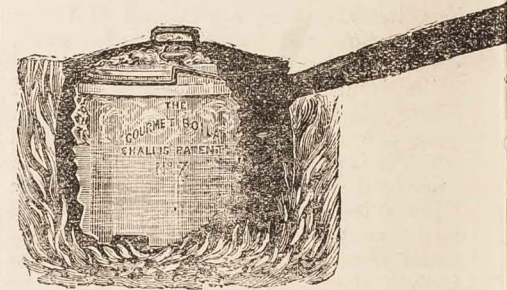
MR. KEIR HARDIE ON THE UNEMPLOYED.

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 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.

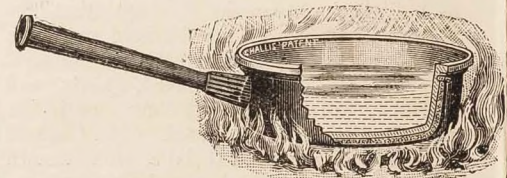
Our cooking appliances have recently received an important addition to their number. This came as a present from the manager of the Gourmet Boila Co., of 80 Farringdon-road, E.C., with the request “would we kindly place it before the notice of the readers of *Shafts*.” Its appearance was so simple and 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 patentee, 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 vegetarian 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 inquiry.

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 blanchmanges, 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.”