

SHAFTS

A PAPER FOR WOMEN

THE WORKING CLASSES

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WISDOM
 JUSTICE
 TRUTH

LIGHT COMES TO THOSE WHO DARE TO THINK



OH, SWIFTLY SPEED, YE SHAFTS OF LIGHT,
 WHILE HOSTS OF DARKNESS FLY
 FAIR BREAKS THE DAWN: FAST ROLLS THE NIGHT
 FROM WOMAN'S DARKENED SKY.

THE EVIL RESULTS OF SOME GOOD INTENTIONS

WE have been asked to write a few words, to mothers chiefly, in connection with vaccination legislation, and cognate matters. As the social and political influence of women now tends to increase, it is desirable that they should make themselves acquainted with the origin and working of those laws which more particularly affect them as wives and mothers. It is no less strange than true that in the past some of the most horrible deeds committed under legal sanction have been perpetrated by very well-intentioned persons who thought that they were serving God in so acting, and that the individual misery and ruin they wrought were far more than compensated for by the (imaginary) advantages gained. So, no doubt, our remote descendants will equally look with pitying wonder upon some of our actions done in the name of law. One of the gravest evils resulting from the establishment of a mischievous and oppressive law lies in the fact that at times its administration calls into existence a class of officials to whom it means profit, if not actual subsistence. Hence there is leagued against an unorganised and ill-informed public an organised class or caste, which has the ear of every successive Government, and is skilled in the art of making the worse appear the better cause. The vaccination laws and such legislation as the Compulsory Notification of Infectious Diseases Act illustrate this tendency. Although the very foundations on which the Compulsory Vaccination Acts were passed have been irretrievably overthrown, yet these laws still encumber and pollute the Statute Books by their presence, and parents are still judicially branded as criminals and sent to herd with felons because of their intelligent conscientiousness in this matter. It may be said that Parliament has endowed the vaccination interest in Great Britain and Ireland with a poll tax (inclusively speaking) of about 4s. 6d. on each child born within the four seas. What profession would not find plenty of champions to find or invent excuses for such legislation? Hence comes the fact that the outcome of such legislation, when its evils are popularly realised, is more or less organised opposition, and weary contests to obtain repeal. In the case of the infamous C.D. Acts the triumph of Mrs. Josephine Butler and her allies was speedier than anticipated. But then the evil was limited in extent, while the vaccination laws touch every home. Of course the term "compulsory vaccination" is a misnomer. The only compulsion which can legally be used is to fine or imprison the recalcitrant parent. Hence the rich can pay repeated fines and avoid vaccination. But obviously with the poor it is different. For them, in default of payment of this exemption money, "distress," or the gaol. In this state of things it is not wonderful that pretty nearly a hundred anti-compulsory societies and leagues have been formed up and down the land for mutual support and defence. The London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination, whose secretary is Mrs. J. Young, and whose office is 99, St. James's-road, Brixton, S.W., may be taken as typical of those leagues. For a payment of 5s. per year, or 1s. 6d. per quarter, a parent can become a member, and after a few months' membership have the fines paid. And parents also are spared the trouble and indignity of appearing in court, as the society will appear for the accused. Besides these direct benefits of association, there is the indirect result in affording opportunities for organised action at local and Parliamentary elections; and thus of rendering such societies superfluous by the abolition of the law. Just as the authors of these laws, in their ignorance and inexperience, or professional greed, fastened upon this country the vaccination legislation, so other short-sighted lawgivers, in their zeal for short cuts and royal roads to an end excellent in itself—namely, the prompt extinction of infectious diseases—have lately passed some questionable legislation, which will probably evoke strong opposition. In a sentence, this legislation makes sickness, under certain circumstances, a crime. On the ipse dixit of a parish doctor, who may be, and at times is, mistaken in his diagnosis, parent or child may be virtually arrested and conveyed into what is termed an infectious hospital, but which is really a prison, and there kept just as long as the authorities deem fit. The doctor's opinion that the patient has not proper accommodation is final, and the penalty for obstructing the removal of a patient is £10. Not very long ago Dr. Biddle, a medical statistician, of Kingston-on-Thames, made some exhaustive comparisons between a number of towns, notifiable and non-notifiable, and he failed to find any gain to the notifiable towns. The poor having the same affections as the rich, it must be expected that a poor mother especially will delay or avoid seeking medical help when the result may be that her sick child may be taken from her and conveyed to a more or less distant hospital. Hence we must expect the disadvantages of such legislation to counteract the expected benefits. Here, too, the pecuniary interests of the medical profession are guarded. Half-a-crown a case is allowed them for notifying; thus a family of six children down with scarlet fever, &c., yields at once 15s. in fees, the parent having to send in a similar notice, but, of course, without fee. In the case of the well-to-do

the doctor duly collects his bill for attendance, &c., but the majority of the poor cannot pay doctors' bills. Hence the loss to him in fees for attendance must be comparatively very small. The notifying fees are paid by a local authority. Had the Legislature provided for compulsory notification and made removal optional, opposition would have been disarmed. The local health authorities would have appeared to the poor as friendly advisers, not as tyrants, and in nineteen cases out of twenty, or ninety-nine in one hundred, their representations and advice would have been well received, and the final result as shown in the mortality returns more satisfactory. With the advance of society and the increase of population arises cause for increased care and precautions in these matters of health, but it is vicious to act on the "dragoning" principle. It is not difficult to see that should a few successive cases occur, such as that at Fulham some time ago, in which one man figured so disadvantageously, public opinion would make short work of the law in practice, and speedily delete it bodily from the Statute Book. Thus, for the sake of some evil would be lost corresponding good. It is to be hoped that with their growing responsibilities women generally may be led to take a keener and more intelligent interest in such subjects. By so doing they might, by timely representation to their Parliamentary representatives and others, often prevent the passing of legislation which, when passed, takes decades or generations to abolish.

J. H.

WORKING, NOT WEEPING.

"For men must work and women must weep"—
Thus the poet wrote one day—
Is it only thus we keep
Love so fresh and green for aye?
Is it piteous rain of tears,
Patient looks, or deep-drawn sighs,
That alone can truly love,
Mourn, resign, or sympathise?
Is it false to woman's nature
To be silent, cheerful, brave?
Are we really better—higher—
Weeping o'er some hidden grave?
Though our cherished hopes lie buried
Deep within our swelling hearts,
Is it well—or wise—to let them
Mar the acting of our parts?
In the strife of life's arena,
In the footlight's cruel glare,
We have each our pains to smother,
Hopes to crush and deeds to dare.
Can we then, with hands enfolded,
Ever weep in narrow range,
While "the great world spins for ever"
Down the ringing grooves of change?
Then indeed he wrote too truly
Wrote—in bitter rage and pain—
"Nature made them blinder motions
Bounded in a shallower brain."
No—'tis truer—nobler—better,
Silently to work and wait,
Bravely in the world to labour,
Asking none to mourn our fate.
Look we, then, on other footprints
Left upon the sands of time,
By a host of noble women—
They who died and made no sign.
All around us, too, brave women,
Strong and patient, deeply tried,
Ever to the world are smiling,
Spartan-like, a fox they hide.
Careless eyes would ne'er discover,
Hearts indifferent never feel
That perchance the hasty manner
Bitterest woes may but conceal.
Brave and bleeding hearts are round us
Sisters! help to ease their fate,
While they learn, thro' tribulation,
How "to labour and to wait."

EDITH WARD.

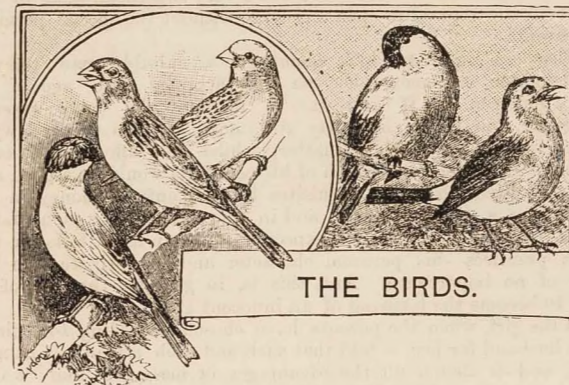
"No duty can be more imperative than that which is laid upon the 'advanced' journal to fit the democracy for their coming empire."—Daily Chronicle.

The French press is a personal press. The English is impersonal. You know who it is that is thinking and speaking when you take up a Paris paper. . . . But with an English newspaper in his hand a reader is in the position of Isaac with Jacob. . . . The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

AUTHOR OF "AUTHORS AT WORK."

LIVES THAT BLESS.

OUR PETS, OUR VICTIMS, OUR TORTURED KIN—



"BIRDS, joyous birds, of the wandering wing,
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of Spring?"

"Bird of the Wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless,
Light be thy Matin o'er moorland and lea;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee."

"Hail beauteous messenger of Spring!"

"A bird yet an invisible thing,
A voice a mystery."

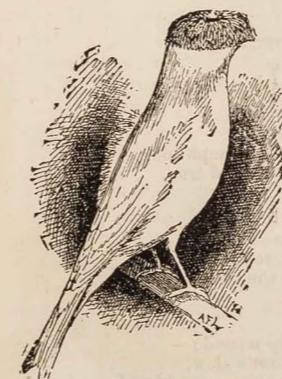
"Oh blessed bird the earth we pace,
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place,
That is fit home for thee."

Time was when I was free as air.

I perched at will on every spray

My strains for ever new.

OF all living creatures which are, or ought to be, the objects of our care and kindness, birds seem to occupy a special place of their own. From the saucy little Wren, the busy Tom Tit, up to the great Cormorant and Eagle they are objects of almost universal interest, so much of their lives is quite beyond our view. What do they see and what do they think, away up in the blue vault, where we cannot follow them, where our utmost conjecture may fall far short of the truth? We follow every living creature to its haunts, we spy and pry into their secret lives, but

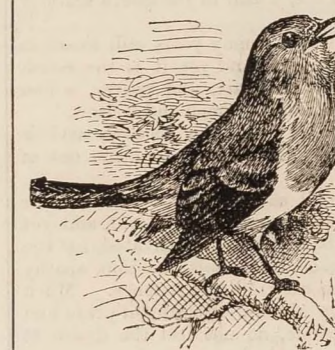


to a great extent the birds defy us; they soar often where even our guns, so skilfully prepared for slaughter, cannot follow them. In winter, when snow and frost deprive them of their natural subsistence, close up to our doors, into our very homes, come the pert scarlet-breasted little Robins, looking at us with their bright black eyes that still hold the merriment of a summer past—the glad anticipation of a summer to come. At least, so it seems to us as we watch this bright little creature hopping about on our kitchen floor, on table and dresser, picking her fill. Her keen, watchful eye does not lose sight of the open door, though she is accustomed to us, and often pays us a visit. Upstairs are our canaries, which, being captured in other countries, we cannot let loose in this. How they sing! They know our footstep as soon as we enter the doorway, and hop to the door of their cages for the tit-bit we never fail to bring.

Never let us neglect them; never forget the little petting and acts of kindness they have learnt to look for. We have deprived them of their

liberty; let us see to it that we supply them with what, if free in their own sunny land, they would obtain for themselves.

In the trees near our homes come the Blackbirds, Thrushes, &c., in the severe cold weather, instinctively seeking help where help could so easily be given—seeking food and water. How they shrink from us, too, these feathered beauties; they will not come to eat or drink until we are fairly out of sight. They do not trust us entirely—why? Perhaps from their point of vantage on poised wing those bright eyes have seen the pigeon shooting at Hurlingham, the partridge and pheasant shooting. Perhaps they have watched while strong men, full of life and the love of it, and liberty, for themselves, have snared away liberty and shot away life from these, their bright-hued, timid, home-and-liberty-loving fellow-creatures. Perhaps they have seen the sneaking spreader of nets; or sticky perches laid by human creatures in whom the soul has not developed. There are, alas, many such.



They have perchance seen their struggling comrades seized and captured, as, full of compassionate wonder, they flew down to see, perhaps to assist, some already prisoned winged thing beating itself to pieces against the horrible wires.

Have they seen also these human things, with undeveloped souls that sleep, as they tore off the feathers of other winged creatures while they still lived, so that human palates and human gluttony might be gratified? Have they heard their cries of agony then, or when cooped up in quantities in wicker coops, cramped, wearied, agonised with thirst they sent forth cries of pain that were screams of anguish untold?

Have they seen all or any of this, think ye? Yes; oh, no wonder they shrink from anything in human form.

If all or even a part of some of the revelations coming upon humanity be true, it will be an experience for some of us, when we are able to look back upon our lives as birds. How can we tell what they see and know? blind, besotted, wrapped up in self as so many of us are. What do they observe perched aloft on resting wing, or from heights above us? What do they think or know of this great ball and its load of frivolity? What is their verdict on what they see—condemnation?

"Thrice happy bird, I, too, have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em."

(Birds will be continued later on.)

WHY DID YE SO?

THESE found a voice who never spake before,
In Shadowland these witness evermore:

"I was the moth, flower-like upon the wind
Your wrinkled *savant* in his charnel pinned.
Why did ye so?"

"I was the fledgeling that of mine own will
Did keep fast closed my soft and tender bill,
To food your cruel kindness did prepare;
Famished I died—for mother love and care.
Why did ye so?"

"I was Llewellyn's dog that anger smote,
When my rash master saw on breast and throat
The lean wolf's blood, the while in safety slept
The cradle child my faithful love had kept.
Why did ye so?"

"I was the snow-white ranger of the snow—
The Arctic traveller met me. Blow for blow
I fought; my cub upon my back fought too,
Till crimson all the snow around us grew.
Why did ye so?"

"I was Harpado from Xarama's bank,
My life the sands in gay Gradada drank.
And I the steed Harpado's horn did gore."
In Shadowland these witness evermore—
Why did ye so?"

EDITH M. THOMAS, Boston.

WOMAN IN ITALY.

(Continued.)

NOW that I have seen and studied all that has been done by English people to improve the intellectual and moral condition of their nation, to soften and brighten the lot of the poorer classes, to introduce a higher, more refined artistic taste, so as to make national and home life, good, beautiful, and happy as it should be, so as not to have lived in vain, more than ever have I felt the necessity of obtaining reform of education in Italy.

Fortunately foreigners generally visit the most civilised parts of the country and are not aware of the worst state of things; nor have they often occasion to study family and social life, which in the South scarcely exists, except in a primitive stage.

The Southern and Roman provinces require many years still to attain even to the standard of the other provinces, and yet it is the South which produces the most talented men in science, art, and poetry, whilst from the North generally spring the greatest statesmen and writers.

Southerners, as a general rule, are born with the poetical, artistic temperament, and with proper culture anything might be made out of them.

They are exquisitely sensitive, as are all races naturally gifted, their language, their passions, express all the deep poetry of their soul, and yet it is the South which needs the most to be refined and cultivated, for the very gifts of nature she possesses encourage dreaminess, inaction, apathy and often anything but a high toned or moral kind of existence. Much of all this may be due to a most strange absence of national pride and love amongst Italians, who, taken as a whole, do not feel the desire to raise the condition of their country.

Individually the greatest efforts are made, but until the majority of the people belonging to the different social classes awake to a strong and deep feeling of national pride and love it seems to be almost useless to hope for a good radical reform in culture and manners.

I fully believe that as long as Italians do not awake to such feelings, which should be quite as natural to them, as those of devoted children to their parents, Italy cannot rise to the height she has a right to attain to.

And I cannot help regarding such a sorrowful state of things as due to the ignorance of the greater part of the women. They very seldom think or care at all about their country. I have known mothers who, to prevent their sons being taken for soldiers, have starved them and given them vinegar to drink so as to have them rejected as unfit to serve their country!

I have heard of women who have entreated their brothers, husbands, lovers, sons, rather to be deserters than to belong to the army!

But then I can give full praise to the few high-minded, noble Italian women who have been proud and happy to give their sons and to encourage their male relatives and friends to be trained for military life.

But the unselfish, self-sacrificing, passionate national feeling is still one of the rarest qualities among Italian women, and therefore not so general as it ought to be, either among the men.

We may explain this state of things by the oppression and bondage suffered, especially towards the south, through the tyrannical and ignorant Sovereigns who ruled over the united kingdom of the Two Sicilies, one of whom said that the only things required by the people were:—

"Bread, Festivities, and Gallows"
(Farina, Feste e Forche)*

Ignorance was encouraged so as to keep bound in their moral fetters their subjects who were regarded not as human beings, but as miserable slaves!

Bread was cheap, festivities so frequent that few were the days in the week in which work was possible, and if any dared to make any observations, to rebel, or to assert individual liberty, loss of life or exile was their reward.

Many women of that time are still alive, and in Calabria I have met several, among the upper classes, who cannot write even their own name, nor read anything but their Prayer-book, which they were taught to read in a mechanical way, without even understanding it!

It was generally believed and said, that should a woman be able to write, she would employ her talents in writing love letters, and Love was considered a sin!

Not being considered as a human being, but as the property of her family, woman is still in many parts of Italy forbidden and prevented to dispose of her own feelings—of her own person.

It is considered the parents' business to choose a husband for her, and till they do so she is expected to be absolutely submissive to them in all and for all, not with the intelligent, free, affectionate subjection of a grateful child to her parents, but with that kind of servile subjection

* Ferdinand the second of Bourbon in Naples used to repeat this.

which seems always to be a sort of renunciation of all individual self-respect.

It is also generally considered proper to keep girls ignorant of all the realities of life—the higher her social condition is, the more she is kept unconscious of all that concerns life.

Even if cultivated she is allowed but a very superficial taste of knowledge, nor is she allowed to open any book without the special permission of her parents.

Southerners begin to look about for a suitable man to marry their daughter as soon as she has attained the age of thirteen or fourteen. If she has a fortune she may expect to marry easily, and if she is pretty still more so; the family lawyer is consulted about the worldly matter, whilst the affectionate mother consults her confessor as to which of his penitents would be a good match for her daughter, the chief requisites being plenty of money, a good social position, a title if possible; and in the case of very pious families the man, whether young or old, expected to be an exact follower of all religious practices—his personal character and his private life being matters of no importance. And this is, in general, the sort of man allowed to become the husband of an innocent girl!

And the girl, when the parents have chosen, according to their own views, a husband for her, is told that such and such a man is a fit match for her, and is shown all the advantages of marrying him: worldly, frivolous advantages, but which make her generally accept marriage as her only chance in life!

Of her rights as a human being, of her duties—the grave, sacred duties of married life, not a word is said!

The young or old man is allowed to come once or twice a week, very seldom more frequently, and then he may see his future bride, but never without the presence of one of the members of her own family—and for one or two hours at the most. This is called making love—*fare all'amore*, when no opportunity whatever is given to the two who are going to engage themselves for life to know anything about each other!

The man to whom parents will trust their own daughter for life is not trusted to behave honourably towards the young creature he is expected to respect since he offers her his name!

Such inconsistency does not fail to produce its worse effects.

Untrained, unconscious, ignorant, the young girl kept so jealously in darkness and constraint is without any transition put in the power of a man the moment every legal and religious formality is performed, and is then expected to feel the happiest of mortals!

If the man, as is fortunately sometimes the case, is a gentleman, who has considered all the responsibilities he undertakes in marrying such a child, he forms of her a woman, and tries to conquer her esteem and affection before expecting her to give him her love.

But, as very sadly often happens, the man is coarse and unrefined notwithstanding his social position, and looks upon the girl he has married as his inferior, born and bred to obey him and to belong to him, as a toy for his selfish gratification, the young creature in that case is indeed very much to be pitied!

If she has brains and love of culture she may find comfort in the great intellectual enjoyments of art, science, or letters which offer to those who can feel the blessing of forgetting themselves in some great ideal.

But as such is rarely the case in Italy, two ways are alone open to her in the future.

Weak morally, and often physically, she submits to her fate and becomes a martyr for life—a noble martyr often without the palm of martyrdom.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORY.

In Memory
Of all the noble deeds we meant to do,
While our young life throbb'd like a triumph song;
When in that long lost childhood pure and true,
We knew no wrong!

In Memory
Of sweet pale buds that never came to flower;
Of wild flowers trodden down by careless feet;
Of starry blooms that withered ere the shower
Fell cool and sweet.

In Memory
Of all things beautiful our eyes have missed;
Moonlight on summer seas, the sunset's glow,
The first pink flush when Dawn the mountains kissed
And gilt the snow.

In Memory
Of love that left an ever-present pain,
Of dear dead folded hands, and sweet closed eyes—
Remembering Love will give them back again
In Paradise!

WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

Here and there the souls that strive have gathered, listening; dimly guessing that the girl has also thought; the air has been filled with their questioning. What have her thoughts been? What must they have been? Has all this moaning and crying that has filled the echoes of the ages with tears and sobs been because of the girl's silence in regard to her thoughts? Why has she been silent—has she been gagged? Has no one chronicled her thoughts—is there no record? Yea, one there is who knows well what the girl has thought; and will tell it, from its vaguest murmurs to its fullest tones—It is the girl herself.

The Girl says she has observed in many newspapers a page called "The Ladies' Column," which is filled chiefly with descriptions of dresses. One newspaper has a column it calls "The World of Women," from one number of which the girl has made a list of paragraph headings:—

"The Chignon."
"Squandered Girlhood."
"Cheese Eclairs."
"The Crinoline."
"Hats and Bonnets."
"The Market Basket."
"Seasonable Recipes."
"A Cute Little Dress," &c.

The Girl says she makes no comments, as she knows no sane human being can really believe that this is the world of women; but she thinks it an insult to all women to give such a column such a title.

The Girl rejoices to see the way women everywhere are coming to a sense of what they can do, combined with a determination to do it.

The Girl says there is much talk about the evils which will result from women coming in numbers into the labour market; but at its worst it will only give men to understand and to feel the same difficulties women have long felt and suffered from.

The Girl says: Do people forget that, even if men should receive a lesser wage—which is not at all certain, as the one change will bring many—still they will not have so much to do with it, for mothers, daughters, and sisters will be supporting themselves, which is certainly happier and better?

The Girl says the change in the position of women, her mother tells her, is the beginning of a wonderful revolution, the greatest the world has ever known. It will come slowly, but SURELY; it will change everything.

The Girl asks, are women to keep back and still continue to efface themselves, so that men may have all that can be got?

The Girl thinks it is too late to stem the tide of women's progress. There is enough for all in the world if properly regulated.

The Girl loves to read what is written in SHAFTS. It makes her very firm in her resolve as to what shall be her life's work. She reads with great pleasure what is sent by G. Bedford and "Sagittarius" in the Working page; it is so good.

The Girl wonders why some persons do not answer these writers, and help forward their discussions. Surely some of those who read must have something to say.

The Girl says a lady told her the other day how glad she was that the Editor of SHAFTS put all sorts of subjects into her paper, and let everybody be heard.

The Girl thinks this is the proper way, and really good. A gentleman she knows likes SHAFTS, because it works against cruelty. He thinks SHAFTS a brave paper, because it will write against vivisection, and he says: "Bravo! it is right to let all opinions be heard." But when SHAFTS lets Theosophists be heard, he says, "Tut, tut," and shakes his head, declaring he will not read the paper again.

The Girl says a lady she knows thinks SHAFTS brave to write about "Theosophy," and says, "How good to be bold and take all sides." But when SHAFTS lets a Spiritualist write, this lady said, "Oh, let us have no Spiritualism!"

The Girl says Socialists like the paper, and applaud its broad views, when it writes in favour of anything Socialistic; but when it writes in favour of the rich, they call it by some other name. So the Girl thinks everybody thinks the airing of their own pet views noble and broad; but when it is the airing of other people's views, it is quite another thing.

The Girl says, cannot people see that to be what SHAFTS tries to be, free from all party, creed, or class prejudice, SHAFTS must give room in its pages to what anyone may have to say on any subject?

The Girl thinks, from hearing all that people think, we may learn a great deal, and shall advance with great strides.

The Girl's little sister comes up to her side, and asks: "What are 'oo liteing 'bout? Are 'oo telling zem zat I've broke my treem jug?" "No, Pollie," the Girl replies. "Zen," says Pollie, "wot nonsens 'oo must be liteing."

The Girl thinks Pollie is just the same as her elders, so she resolves she will teach Pollie, and make her wiser.

THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

Under this heading will appear short notices of whatever women in any part of the world, or in any class of life, have done or are doing in the cause of progress; also selected bits from the writings of women. Women and men are invited to contribute to this column.

Women are gathering together their armies for another battle; for strife of another nature—the war of Women against injustice, impurity, tyranny, cruelty and falsehood. Against these, Women have ranged their "Steadfast Blue Line," which grows stronger with every hour. Their weapon is the "Sword of the Spirit," sharp and keen, and it will never be sheathed till the "winter of their discontent" has passed away for ever, and the time of the singing of freedom's jubilant song of victory has come.

ROLL CALL.

S. S. HENNELL.	MISS GAY (LIBRA).
AMELIA CHARLES.	ELLEN CHAPMAN.
EFFIE JOHNSTON.	MARY COZENS.
HILDA MORGAN BROWNE.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS—PROMOTED.
JANE WELSH CARLYLE—PROMOTED.	EUGENIE PALMER.
MISS MAJENDIE.	MARY WOLSTONECRAFT—PROMOTED.
MARGARET WATSON.	ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWN—PROMOTED.
MRS. HEADLAM.	MARY DE RHEIMS.
ELEANOR M. BEEBY.	CONSTANCE NADEN—PROMOTED.
FLORENCE STACKPOOLE.	PHILIPPA GARRETT FAWCETT.
EDITH WARD.	

In an account of "Women as Soldiers" one young girl is referred to as having served in seven different regiments, participated in several engagements, being twice severely wounded. She was discovered and mustered out of service eight times, but each time re-enlisted, being determined to fight for the American Union, although a Canadian by birth.

Hundreds of women marched steadily up to the cannon's mouth pouring out fire and smoke, shot and shell, mowing down the advancing hosts like grass: men, horses, and colours going down in confusion, disappearing in clouds of smoke; the only sound, the screaming of shells, the crackling of musketry, the thunder of artillery; through all this women were sustained by the enthusiasm born of love of country and liberty.

— "WOMEN AS SOLDIERS," in *Women's Suffrage Record*.

It had rained the night before, but the morning was glorious summer, the air was pure and exhilarating, the birds produced as much music as ever I heard them in the East, Karim's sullen face seemed to be wreathed in something like a smile, and Sukhrum's cunning one wore an expression that looked like childlike simplicity. Or was it simply my mood that invested them with angelic qualities? The scientist would point to a happy concurrence of circumstances by which the joyful mood is evolved; sufficient fatigue to exercise the body without taxing its powers, food exactly suited in quantity and kind to the digestive organs, and well, perhaps quickly assimilated by means of gastric, pancreatic, and other juices, sleep of the right and restful kind. Oh for the discoverer yet to come who will tell humanity what to eat and drink, and when, so that bright and joyous moods may be elicited almost at will, or perhaps sustained with breaks of sadness as brief as such happy moments now are amongst the worn children of civilisation! Heir of all the ages, but most of all to its sorrows, is it that he has wandered too far from the breast of Nature, his old though not indulgent mother, and that the further he wanders from her in his great cities, factories, workshops, senates, and mighty halls of learning, the more he will be burdened by dark and moody questionings, the less will he know of life's joy and gaiety? Fantastic entertainments, whose arrangement is the labour of men distinguished by genius, are necessary to call a brief smile to lips that seem to have forgotten the art, and often for result they evoke mere criticism. The young ones begin to need artificial amusement almost in their cradle and are blasé in their youth, telling their elders they "look on all the joys of time with undesiring eyes." And worst of all, dark visaged prophets arise, and sternly ask the Heir: "Happy! what right hast thou to be happy? It is not of the slightest consequence. But a little time since, and thou hadst no right even to be." And he stands silent, ashamed to press his claim, acknowledging a shade of truth in the great seer's words, but knowing full well that without happiness 'twere better never to have been at all.

— CHRISTINA S. BREMNER in *A Month in a Dandi*.

PRINCESS SUPREME.

By O. ESLIE-NELHAM.

Author of *A Search for a Soul; or, Sapphire Lights.*

CHAPTER IX.

Isolde was a perpetual wonder to Jerome. After the first awe of her was over he had grown to imagine her an exquisite Undine, and acted towards her as though she were some beautiful soulless thing.

Suddenly, one day, he caught a glimpse of something unexpected. She had been stirred by certain words he had spoken, and could not answer in her usual airy way. Her true self appeared; he listened in surprise. He had fancied that she lacked a soul, and he discovered that she was endowed with one much greater than his own.

"She feels impersonal wrongs like that!" he said to himself; "if personal distress touched her how would she bear it?" A curious dull pain held his heart at thought of grief to her. He viewed her with a new kind of veneration since he had noted how she felt for others. Heine's touching lines occurred to him:—

"Like some bright, dainty flower, so fair and pure thou art;
I gaze on thee and sadness steals down into my heart;
I long to lay my hands upon the sunshines of thy hair,
Praying that God might keep thee still so sweet, so pure, and fair."

"Keep thee happy," he voicelessly amended.

"Are you sad?" asked Isolde, wistfully, observing his expression.

"A little," he admitted gently, hastening to add: "Not for myself—I was thinking of someone else. It would be strange if I felt anything but gladness here, with all the gracious kindness you and Madame de Barompres have shown me."

Jerome's couch had been drawn out into a sheltered spot under one of the many verandahs, the ladies had brought their work beside him, and they were all revelling in the balmy freshness of the autumn air. Madame de Barompres roamed away occasionally after a manner she had, and the other two being able to express their thoughts to each other without a listener grew to know each other well, to respect and to have confidence in one another.

"You are sad for some one else," she echoed, thoughtfully. "That is the kind of sadness that is hardest to endure. Can you do nothing for your friend; could anyone else do anything for you? Could I?" she inquired, with modest diffidence, adding, "You are my care just now—my guest. I cannot let you be sad if anything can be done to prevent it."

"It was nothing," he answered, evasively, and then, feeling an uncontrollable longing to give expression to something of what he felt, he stammered: "If truth must be told, I was—I was thinking about you, finding it hard to think that you might know sorrow. It was foolish of me—why should trouble await you?"

"Why, because I am a human being," she replied, with mournful pathos. "Happiness to a certain extent may, perhaps, be expected, but whatever personal joy may come it would never compensate for all the misery. I mean the knowledge of the infinite woe of others would cast its blighting shadow upon our hearts' rapture. I think *rapture* is the proper word, because there is not much solid, lasting happiness in this world; there are gleams of rapture, I believe (although I have never felt them); there are paroxysms of delight, but they are all passing. I think that our own bodies are too uncomfortably constituted for us ever to have any lasting comfort—life is such an effort."

"Will you excuse me for saying something about yourself? I am so astonished. I thought you took such a bright view of life and that you were happy."

"Can you still trust appearances?" she asked with a plaintive smile. "No, I think life exceedingly sad, even troublesome; but just because it is so, I think it is our duty to do what we can to make it less uncomfortable for others. It seems to me a great mistake to lead people to expect happiness. If I were a governess I would not allure my charges to expect, as their natural right in life, something that they would probably never find. We ought certainly to be cheerful. It is bad for us to be gloomy. I think we owe to others that we should be as sunny-tempered as possible."

Jerome was ashamed that he had considered her so slight a thing because of her seeming gaiety.

Sometimes when Isolde spoke, Jerome did not take in the entire sense of her words, but lost himself in gazing at the picture before him—there was such artistic grouping of tints about her. Something about her just then suggested a coral-reef glimmering athwart blue waters. Bands of rosy lace twinkled out here and there from the trailing folds of her blue-green skirts; a garland of pink blossoms twined round the brim of her hat as she lay back in her wicker chair, smiling sunnily as though she had never known a moment's care.

"You thought me happy," she repeated. "I daresay that the only way to be tolerably satisfied is not to expect personal happiness. Humanity, I think, is my idol, and if I could do anything for it I should be as happy as it is possible for me to be. Humanity is not the exact word. I mean the religion of humanity, as it is generally understood, with the brute creation included, that is my religion. The doing of anything that furthers the well-being of all sentient creatures. We might be happy if we remembered that we are not here to be happy but to be useful."

"The religion of humanity!" cried Jerome, with arched interest; "that is my religion, too, but I have been doubtful of myself, doubtful if my idea be genuine altruism, or a sort of resentful bitterness against the cruelty of life arising out of my own unfortunate circumstances."

"I think you need not have feared so long as your resentment did not incite you to injure or envy those who were more fortunate than yourself. As that was not the case, I think your humanity is genuine, and would have risen in your heart even if you had been fortunately circumstanced. I do not know what the unhappy thing in your life is, but —"

"You do not know?" faltered Jerome. He had dared to hope that she knew everything and had not turned from him in shuddering abhorrence.

"Then I must tell you," he breathlessly decided, and looking straight at her said, with slow directness: "My father was—a murderer," and then put his hand nervously to his eyes that he might not see her shrink. He lost her look of startled dismay. She was startled, and she did shrink back one moment, but the next she quietly drew away the hand that veiled the look of unmerited shame, whispering with infinite compassion:

"Poor friend," the tears gathered in her eyes and fell slowly down as she looked at him, saying:

"How you must have suffered."

He had always hated pity, he had marched proudly through life shutting himself up in an armour of cold reserve. Now that compassion came, and such compassion, it did not hurt him, it helped. "If you have known a grief like that, and have not been made bitter, you have stuff in you that should lead you to great things. I am glad to have met you; it raises manhood in my eyes to know a man who has risen superior to so cruel an inheritance."

Jerome felt he had not risen superior; but, at her words, he felt it suddenly within him so to rise, and answered, with the solemnity of one who makes a vow:

"I cannot say that I have taken it in the right spirit hitherto, but I shall be worthy of your confidence in future. Some day I shall deserve your trust."

"Was Sir Claude Vykyng young?" asked Isolde, giving the criminal his title, and leading Jerome on to talk of his father, feeling that it would be a relief to him to unburden himself. Probably only Jerome himself knew how great a relief it was. With a deep sigh he replied—

"Yes; only twenty-six. I was born the day he died."

"Poor little innocent child, poor little thing," she murmured, giving to the thought of baby Jerome all that she could not say to the Jerome before her.

"I daresay it hurts you very sharply to think that you cannot have respect for him, and yet he may have been worthy in many ways, although he forgot himself once. We all forget ourselves sometimes, only our acts or words of temper do not always lead us to extremities. I am sure that many criminals are quite as much surprised at themselves as you or I should be if we did something of the kind," she observed, with delicate perception, including him. "I have no doubt that when they think it over in cold blood they abhor themselves."

"You make me pity my father," said Jerome, in a low voice. "I have always been inclined to think angrily of him, as we generally do about those who seem to have injured us, however, involuntarily. Poor father, poor father," he commented, in a softened voice, "perhaps there is more excuse for him than I have thought: perhaps that expression, 'cold-blood,' explains a great deal." "It has often struck me," said Isolde, "that we judge ourselves and our fellows so differently, because we find fault with them reasonably in cold-blood, knowing nothing of their temptation, whilst we make allowance for ourselves with due regard to every temptation, every hot impulse. We forget they were carried away by the force of passion, as we are liable to be carried away. We consider the faults of others in cold blood, and commit our own in the rush of passion. When we pass judgment on ourselves we remember pityingly the force that impelled us."

"Yes, I think that a great truth," reflected Jerome; and he looked at the Dryad-like philosopher who had uttered it, scorning himself for his own superficiality in despising her for her brave cheerfulness. He had stood alone all his life, and had taken counsel with none; but all at once a longing to learn from Isolde, to be guided by her, assailed him, and, relying on her judgment, he asked:

"Don't you think that I have good reason to be sombre and to resent my fate?"

"Yes, I think you have; but—I can only remind you," she answered, with an earnest, rousing look, "that the greater the odds you have to fight against the better worth gaining is your victory."

Then feeling that they had been grave enough for the time being, she took up a book of bright extracts and began to read aloud.

As the days went by Jerome grew slowly better; they took him for short drives in the little park carriage, and he felt—as he lay back amidst his cushions, looking at Isolde's dear, beautiful face—as though he were in the garden of Paradise.

It was all so sweet and joyous and peaceful—Isolde's gracious influence making everything in life seem holier. He had drifted into an exquisite dream-land, forgetting realities. Isolde always gave her sympathy without stint. She saw Jerome looking wistfully about him at the wonders of the wood through which he drove, so she brought him handfuls of sun-kissed leaves and scented cones, and made up quaint little stories about them; telling him fantastic tales of their uses to the forest sprites till the lines of his thin, worn face dimpled into laughing curves.

She made up sylvan baskets of chestnuts in their prickly burrs, with acorns standing up, and fragrant pine branches drooping over, and put them near him when he was not able to go out, until he felt as if he were lying in the depths of some forest glade with the great trees swinging above him.

It came to Jerome with a shock, suddenly, however, that he was almost well, the thought of his convalescence distressing him, as the time had come when he must go away.

But when Isolde brought her invigorating presence into his room he was conscious of some inward urging to be up and doing.

"I think I have behaved in a very craven manner all these years," he said one day. "I have encouraged my own sorrow, and have only tried to distract myself instead of seeing what I could do for all those wretched creatures who have poverty as well as shame to bear. I might have done so much for them with the money I have squandered on myself."

"You have the present with you—and the future; the past has prepared you for the present," she said. "We must nearly all be dissatisfied with our past, it takes us so long to learn a little wisdom."

The inspiring tone and words touched Jerome keenly. "I question if I

should have regretted my past if I had never met you," he thought; but he felt as though it would be a sort of desecration to praise her openly, and said only:

"It is something to have lost the confidence and insolence of youth," and he looked away from her with a sick heart as he spoke, feeling that he might well devote himself to others since any possibility of personal happiness would never be his. He loved her with an unalterable love, and his passion was as hopeless as it was intense.

He could not offer his blemished name to any woman, least of all to this peerless creature. His adoration made him willing to serve her without reward—he would be her devout knight, her vassal for ever, giving her his soul's worship, a selfless service for all time. If he might have won her for his wife. His wife! his eyes grew deep and soft at the glad thought.

(To be continued.)

ENFORCED MATERNITY.

"Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."—GENESIS iii. 16.

IN all communities where the doctrine of the Fall of Man is held to be the key that explains the problems of sin and pain, the enforcement of the function of child-bearing is recognised as a kind of religious duty. To sincere believers in the innate depravity of human nature, as set forth in the theory termed by Mr. George Meredith "the Great Shaddock Dogma," the agonies of parturition and the risk to the mother's life are deemed "part of the curse." When it was proposed to employ anaesthetics in childbirth, bigoted theologians described the endeavour to mitigate the suffering of the mother as "an impious attempt to escape from the curse denounced against all women in Genesis iii. 16." It is still argued by such persons that because Eve incurred the wrath of a Creator, it is just and right that all women should share the sorrow of a divinely ordained and humanly enforced motherhood. Happily for humanity, there are now, and always have been, philosophers and scientists who refuse to survey life with the theological bias. It is to these women must look for redemption.

The morality of constrained procreation is tacitly impugned by every wife. A few sociologists of both sexes have openly exposed the infamy; but hundreds who could and should speak are mute for dread of vulgar odium and ignorant misrepresentation. When the clergy join a pair in marriage they enjoin them to increase and multiply. No priest has ever solemnly counselled a bridegroom to restrict the number of the family in accord with his bride's wish. This, it will be said, is not the concern of the priest, whose office is to "sanctify" a union. Whose concern is it? The husband is told to replenish the earth; the wife is taught to submit herself to the husband. Both put themselves under the guidance of the Church upon entering a state of life fraught with the gravest moral, mental, and physical consequences to themselves and posterity, and the Church blesses them with a formula in return for a fee. If the spiritual fathers have no regard for the material well-being of those they unite, what of the fleshly parents of the bridal pair? Does the father of the bridegroom say to him, "Let your wife elect the number of children she shall bear"? Does the bride's mother say to her daughter, "Exercise the right of an individual in the matter of reproduction"? We know it is not so. And why? Because ninety-nine out of a hundred of us are such wretched dastards that we even fear to "broach physiological questions" to our children. That is the reason, and to that poltroonery is due an amount of misery that baffles estimation. Shall we look to our philosophers and our social reformers? They, for the greater part, are prone to suppress certain truths which an uncultured society will not accept before it has derided, denied, or obstinately misapprehended them, and the utterers of them. Always reserve! When that noble man and brave speaker of hard facts, Charles Bradlaugh, died, a leader-writer observed that it was to be regretted that Mr. Bradlaugh had not exercised more "reserve" in discussing sexual matters. Yet every advanced moralist and thinker admits that it is this very reserve in that, above almost any other question, that is so culpable, so cowardly, and so ineffably puritanical. Even the timid bourgeois British papa is wont to write grateful epistles to those who warn his boys and girls by pamphlets. But the general policy is that discreet personal silence which is easy and fatal.

In "Emancipation: Black and White," Professor Huxley says: "We are, indeed, fully prepared to believe that the bearing of children may, and ought to become, as free from danger and long disability to the civilised woman as it is to the savage; nor is it improbable that, as society advances towards its right organisation, motherhood will occupy a less space of woman's life than it has hitherto done." In contrast to the ecclesiastic view of the case, this prophetic deliverance of a man of thought is hopeful. But we shall be a long time attaining this much desired "right organisation" if plain practical teaching is withheld by our publicists. The average individual will not exert the mind to lay hold of new theories and rules of life, unless they are set down in readily

comprehensible phraseology. In many of the affairs of life we are more non-moral than voluntarily immoral. The sexual relationship is one instance. Lovers submit to a religious or civil form of marriage to appease common custom. They take to themselves the credit of being respectable by this conformity, and upon cohabitation, the majority desire to act justly one by the other. The man has been taught that he is the "head;" the woman has imbibed the teaching of submission. The outcome is obvious. Protected by the law of the land, the drunken, diseased, brutal, or semi-mad husband can enforce what is euphemistically called "rights." In plain terms, a wife is bound to permit intercourse whether she chooses or not. It is beside the question to say that it is a reciprocal obligation. It is also fatuous to deny that women are passionless. The gross injustice is that a wife cannot legally inhibit the exercise of the marital function when a husband is mentally or physically unfitted for the responsibilities of fatherhood. And the gravest evil of our present code of nuptial ethics is, that women are forced to bear as many children as husbands elect that they shall bear.

There are stringent laws to protect single women against violation; there are no Acts to preserve wives from rape and constrained pregnancy. Thousands of women who would have borne two or four children without complaint have been forced to bear a family of eight or ten. Society abhors with cases of over-production. Half, at least, of the members of large families would not have been born if the mothers had been permitted to exercise choice. What are the fruits of this enforced motherhood? For the woman who bears eight children, it involves about sixteen years of mental anxiety, acute suffering, risk to life, and complete absorption of time and energy. In many instances, the tax of quickly recurrent gestation ruins the mother's health, and at the menopause, she is aged, chronically ill, or rendered normally valetudinarian for the rest of her existence. The unwelcome children are often weakly in mind or body, and are a perpetual source of care to both parents. "We may, many of us, wish," says Dr. Furneaux Jordan, "that the world of life had been other than it is; assuredly it might have been much better. For female animals it is, and was, millions of years before the human female appeared, a painful, and often destructive world." "Man," says a writer in *The Hospital*, of October, 15th, 1892, "knows no agony that can be compared with that which woman endures in giving birth to her children. This circumstance, though physiological and natural, is, as all medical men know, attended by numerous possible dangers of the most fatal kind. Women themselves, who have borne many children, are unceasingly haunted by the presence in their minds of these dangers. To such women the period of every additional pregnancy is like 'the valley of the shadow of death.' Indeed, if we will but consider it, the coming forth of every mother from her chamber of travail is like the miracle of the resurrection of the dead."

Granting the incontrovertible scientific truth of these assertions, is it moral that women should be coerced to endure these perils and agonies? In every species of animals, including *homo*, solicitation to the sexual union is chiefly on the side of the male. But man alone forces the female to produce offspring against her inclinations. We speak with disdain of the morality of the lower animals; but no male dog ever outrages an unwilling female of his kind. The power and the strength may be his; but he does not exercise them when the object of his passion is reluctant. Man has his pleas for this infamous treatment of women. Chief of all is the theological plea that woman is cursed and must submit. However lax men may be in their observance of religious injunctions, they are mainly orthodox in the assertion of their headship over the woman.

But light is dawning. "In every direction physiological morality has gone beyond the theological," remarks Dr. Jordan. We have trusted too long in the spurious; we begin to grasp the true moral idea of marriage. Restraint of the family within the limits of adequate comforts, and subject to the wishes of the wife, will be the rule as we advance in knowledge and virtue. The remedy is already in the hands of women. It is useless to state that the increase of the number of marriages, and the decrease of the birth-rate, has no significance. Conjugal prudence is spreading, and with the restriction of the family to reasonable limits will come health, leisure, and higher happiness for women. Someone must risk the odium that attaches to an advocacy of the use of scientific checks to undue and immoral reproduction. It is not enough for our sociologists to vaguely hint at a better state of society, without practical suggestion as to the means of effecting that state. Half words and veiled phraseology do not avail in a promulgation of new theories among the masses. We must combat the cowardice in which we have been reared: we must use plain speech for plain people.

GEOFFREY MORTIMER.

The great uncertainties of the future of the civilised world seem to be increasing rather than diminishing. The next hundred years may see more gigantic changes, affecting the life of the leading races, than any other century, perhaps since that which witnessed the fall of the Roman Empire of the West.

"GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE," 1874.

Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.
A Paper for Women and the Working Classes.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14th, 1893.

WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

Mere DEMOCRACY cannot solve the social question. An element of ARISTOCRACY must be introduced into our life. Of course I do not mean the aristocracy of birth, or of the purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That only can free us.

From two groups will this aristocracy I hope for come to our people: from our WOMEN and our WORKMEN. The revolution in the social condition now preparing in Europe is chiefly concerned with the future of the WORKERS and the WOMEN. In this I place all my hopes and expectations, for this I will work all my life and with all my strength.—INSEX.

THE question of the remuneration of women's work requires some serious thought in the process of its adjustment, because of its complications. It has been the custom, and the cowardly custom, to pay women less than men for work equally well done; nay, even for work excelling. What a woman justly earned has been grudgingly paid, if paid at all; and her well-earned honours have been withheld from her. Such a condition of things in the present is the inevitable outcome of what has been in the past: of a past which has ignored women in every noble end or aim which brought as a return honour or wealth. Women have themselves broken away from this; they have burst their bonds, they are free. But they have practically come into the world of business—a world from which they have been so long shut out that to a great extent it knows them not. That is to say, women in the aggregate, for women as individuals have earned for themselves well known names in all the different worlds which go to make up the world of work, thought, and skill—so women have now perforce to make a place for themselves in this their new estate, which they are doing fast and well. No one can have two opinions as to whether remuneration for work done is a natural following; whatever work an individual is engaged to do, that work should be paid; and good work should receive good pay, whether it be the labour of brain or hand, tongue or pen. In the Labour market, as it at present exists, women are placed under a peculiar disadvantage, which they, and they alone, can work to destroy. It would seem, therefore, wise that they should help each other. When a woman is engaged in a work which in its ultimate results is to benefit her sex, it is surely a wiser policy that she should be helped by her fellow women, and helped freely, than that she should be hindered. Self-sacrifice, if carried to an excess, is productive of evil, but the temporary sacrifice of self-interests for an ultimate good, is good in itself, and likely to be productive of good. Women cannot proceed upon the uphill course which must be theirs ere they attain the goal they seek, without help from each other, which help may come in the form of work done or in the form of money.

Very few women possess money, many possess brains; but it not infrequently happens that brains and money are not united in the same person, from which arises the necessity that these two important factors should be brought to work together. Women require, and will require for some time, much more help from each other than is required in the case of men with their fellows. This will continue to be the case until women have made for themselves the status in social life towards which they are striving. It seems, therefore, justifiable that until women are able to offer remuneration they should receive from other women the labour of pen, hand, or tongue, when such labour is willingly given, to help forward in a work which is taking women along the line of progression. It is reasonable enough that women with money should not stand in the way of those who have to work by doing for nothing what their poorer sisters might live by. Help such as this, however, is much more frequently given by the poor than by the rich.

Things right themselves as we go on, and all labour, if rightly undertaken, and justly carried out in a progressive direction, makes for the goal on which we set our longing eyes; but we must be sure that a love of equality and freedom does not degenerate into a hatred of class. Let us disapprove of class distinction certainly, and class privileges; let us work towards the establishment of all things on a true basis; but in doing so let us not establish on its site a tyranny worse than any other autocracy—a tyranny that recognises not the rights of the individual. For all true Socialism is founded upon truly thinking and justly acting individual units; and a Socialism, the grandest consummation of which has not its germ in each unit, is not the Socialism we need; it is not, indeed, the ideal Socialism which each of us have in our thoughts as we work and hope towards it.

THE TONGUE.

It has been said that man alone in all creation is left defenceless, that in his natural condition he is exposed to the scathing fury of the elements, the physical supremacy of the brutes, and that amongst his fellows, he is, like Wolsey—

“Naked to his enemies.”

It is urged that he has conquered the winds and the waves by robbing them to a great extent of their power to harm him, that he has forced the tongues of fire from heaven to be his messengers, that he has wrested from the earth the secrets of her laws with so much skill that humanity in delighted self-assertion cries out, behold we are gods!

Without depreciating this power, let us award just and conscious recognition to the cause. The chief and natural power of humanity lies in the tongue. Language is the greatest glory of the race.

To that natural power is added the later evolved subtle power, which carries language unspoken, unheard—without an effort—unerringly, like the swiftest arrow, through the great pulsating heart of humanity, and that power is the pen.

Greater than tools of peace, than tools of war; greater than all the discoveries, the inventions, the arts, the sciences; parent of every power in this grand world stands out in majesty and dignity before us—the spoken and written word!

That speech is the founder of nations, the impulse to individual supremacy, the link, which, welded, binds us together; and which, severed, parts us from each other, even as a sword at the gates of Eden is forcibly brought before us in the relation of the dispersion after the building of the Tower of Babel.

If we accept the story in an orthodox manner, diversity of speech brought about this genesis in the history of nations.

If we take the Greeks and Romans as typical instances of the progression of the race, we must be convinced that the root of power lay in the use of the tongue. Freedom of discussion was the lever of civilisation, of which the Greeks laid hold at a very early stage. Their quick intellect knew that talk—debating talk—is the quickening power of change, and change means progress, which is what we desire with an intensity commensurate with the strength of the flame of noble thought kindled within us. What would Athens have been without the popular Assembly? What governed there? The tongue. The whole nation were speakers, and oratory was a power. It is true that the military tongue, the sword, was an instrument on which they depended, and that Miltiades, Aristides, Themistocles must receive their due meed of homage during the early period of the Greek ascendancy; but as they gain in strength, the strength which has nourished the powers of their intellect all through succeeding generations, note how the military sword-bearer declines, and the tongue holds undivided sway; for, taking Pericles as the central figure of Greek history, we pass to Demosthenes and Æschines, who were orators only. That Athens was finally ruined by her orators is beside our present discussion; we cite the power of speech, which is as powerful for evil as for good, for who does not know that eloquence is almost a certain passport to political power, and it is so deservedly.

Good debaters hardly ever fail to make their mark, for it means the possession of a great many valuable qualities. They must be intelligent beyond their peers, independent, but not arrogant in thought, versatile in resource, have finesse without cunning, self-control without coldness, incisiveness without hostility, and satire without revenge. They must be tolerant, yet unwavering, patient yet resistless. They must appeal to every sense and feeling by the possession of all these qualities, and over and above all must shine conspicuous, in bearing and in words, that large-minded noble love of fair play to foe and friend, which compels the justice from others which they so readily extend. Human beings armed thus, who shall withstand their power? Not this age or any other.

The tongues of such giants compel the people. Discussions carried on in such a spirit must be heard; the masses are very attentive to hear them, and a high standard of political experience, skill, and interest in dealing with all questions which concern us as human beings on this planet must be the result of the best use of the tongue. Those who can talk thus are not likely to descend to wild and foolish ravings. The talkers during the French Revolution are pointed to as proof of the impotent Government by speech, and we are reminded how the aid of the sword had speedily to be used to help to reduce to order a nation which had been so ruthlessly torn to shreds.

Again we are reminded that we are more inconsistent in our words than in our acts, that what is said varies with the wind of feeling; whereas what is written and what is done remains stable and assured. In European politics of late years we are told of two eminent Statesmen—one, Bismarck, who disapproves of discussion, and the other our great Ambassador in the East, the third Channing, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who could not talk, but better, acted.

We are taunted that we in England are governed by the tongue, and

the superiority of respectable Americans is set before us in glowing terms, for they, disgusted with the talk which rules their Congress, hold themselves aloof.

We admit it all. What power has not its weakness? What virtue is without its kinship to vice? What gain has not its chance of loss? But despite all that may be urged, against possible evils arising from it, it is useless to be blind to the fact that good debaters hold their own.

Is it not Macaulay who says that not only knowledge, but the faculty of speech is power, and what was it which made Pitt the ruler of Europe but the eloquent use of his tongue?

The tongue now-a-days has a keen rival in the pen, a rivalry which could not exist in former times. People then had to be heard to gain an influence, but when printing spread before our eyes the written thoughts of others, a combatant appeared, to grow more and more formidable to the influence of eloquence until it finally emerged as an ally of spoken and written words.

Such the Press of to-day may be fitly called. The pamphlets of literary lions, which from Milton down ran the power of oratory in close race, were as nothing compared with the tremendous sway wielded to-day by our newspaper Press.

Swift did good work for the Tories, and Addison helped the Whigs and himself to a post of eminence in the State, both by the aid of their pen, but their power was very inferior to the far-reaching influence of those who talk now. If they have but ready tongues, long tongues, loud tongues, be they persuasive, be they venomous, whatever they be, with reporters at their heels and the Press behind their backs, they are heard, they are seen by tens of thousands.

Laura E. Morgan-Browne.

THE CYNIC.

WE are all more or less cynical—even the most amiable of us—but, like every other trait of character, it is more prominent in some than in others. A man, however kindly disposed he may be towards his fellow-creatures, often makes use of expressions which, were they uttered by an avowed cynic, would justly be looked upon as rank scepticism. The difference lies, however, in the fact that the amiable man's friends, not expecting cynical remarks from him, mark them not when they are made. Still, the fact remains—the remark was of a cynical nature, albeit, perhaps, not altogether meaningfully so, but merely tinged, as it were, with a momentary bitterness on the part of the speaker, or a passing feeling of worry or annoyance; forgot as soon as uttered, or, if remembered, remembered only with displeasure and regret.

How different, however, are the utterances of the man who not only gives way to sceptical views and opinions, but seems to revel in bringing them forth on every conceivable opportunity, irrespective of time, place or subject. He looks on the dark side of everything, and glories in trying to make his companions—friends he has none—follow his example; he pretends to find life a weary hateful shan—women and men but mere puppets, ruled and governed by passion and self-interest; yet he is ever willing and ready to enjoy and prolong the one and teach the other to become what he tries to prove they are. He is nothing if not inconsistent; yet he hugs himself in the idea that he is consistency personified, simply because he fancies he is proof against the human weakness of “speaking for favour.” He insinuates in his every sentence that he is beyond the petty jealousies of everyday life; that he has studied the good opinion of men and found it a blank, a mere conventional lie; yet he is ever striving to build up a reputation as a cynic, and often writhes in silent agony at the success of a more brilliant or bitter rival at the very moment he is holding forth as to the emptiness of anyone's opinion—good, bad, or indifferent, and the stupidity of anyone trying to earn either the one or the other. He derides love and affection because he has failed to be the object of either; he smiles with inward jealousy at the recital of any noble deed, and tries to sneer away its true nobility because he himself has never been guilty of any such heroism; while he casts a slur on any charitable act by associating it with greed or hypocrisy, simply to cover his own selfishness and hard-heartedness.

He declares there is no such thing as self-respect or honesty of purpose, yet in the same breath he sneers at women and men for their weakness in showing the one and trying their hardest in performing the other. If a man is good, in the accepted term of the word, he declares him to be a humbug; if he is bad, a fool; if he is neither, a poor weakling, unworthy the name of man. Judging everybody with feelings sieved through a remembrance of his own failures in life, his own weaknesses and moral blunders, he thinks every man is like himself—inwardly if not outwardly—a social sinner and a moral coward. Like the fox and the grapes, the sweets he has hungered for but has failed to grasp, he pretends are valueless and not worth the plucking, and does his best to make people believe that, and that alone, has been the reason he has passed them by.

He does this, yet in his innermost heart, when alone and unobserved, where the cloak of hypocrisy and cant is cast aside, when he stands, as it were, stripped of all but his own self—with his past staring him in the face, bald and unvarnished by worldly scepticism, with its trials and failures, its struggles and defeats, and its hideous catalogue of opportunities thrown away, kind deeds undone, soft words unspoken, and good intentions unfulfilled—he bows his head, he knows that, sour as he pretends them to be, he hungers for life's successes—hungers for them with a weary, despairing longing, with a bitterness that leaves him a weak, erring mortal, crushed, defeated, and hopeless. He hungers for the love he has failed to win; the world's good opinion denied him; and the fame or wealth he has seen snatched from his reach by more gifted or more industrious competitors in life's stern, oft cruelly stern, battle; he cries aloud in his mental agony as he thinks of what he is and what, in all probability, he should have been; of the long years—a long, weary lifetime—thrown away; of his boyhood dreams of greatness and renown, of his father's hopes, his mother's pride, and his own more matured hopes and desires, his resolves, his castles in the air—hopes never to be realised, resolves never to be carried out, castles in the air to remain ever so—mere creations of fancy and imagination.

No longer a cynic—only himself with his past before him—he stands condemned by his own follies and failures. He may try, he is ever trying, to deceive others into the belief that he cares not for the things he derides; but he never tries, never for a moment, to make himself believe this; he knows how fruitless it would be, how utterly impossible. He knows that he is—a failure; nothing, nothing whatever can blind him to that fact. He has proved a laggard in life's race; and when age is creeping on, when the blood no longer courses through his veins with its wonted vigour, when the hand is none too steady, the memory none too accurate, he knows that to regain lost ground is past thinking of—that he has been left behind and—forgotten.

The bitterness of this thought crows and crushes him in private; in public it makes him gather around him, as it were, the cloak of hypocrisy and try to hide his true individuality, his real self, behind its many folds. Too weak, too cowardly to throw this aside once and for all and stand before the world as a man and be judged upon his redeeming merits, he proves himself to be a coward to the last, and foolishly blind to the fact that ever and anon the world gets a peep beneath his disguise, only to be disgusted at his folly in trying to blind them to the weaknesses they there discover.

As a cynic he pretends the world is blind; as a poor, weak mortal he trusts their blindness; the result is he deceives no one. Amusing to some, cynicism saves him from utter oblivion, socially speaking, and he clings to it as a drowning man clings to a straw, and in so doing proves the falsity of his pretended dislike to the world's opinion, good, bad, or indifferent, and proves him to be what he really is, a pure egotist and an utter sham.

FRED. MANNING.

A SOUL AWAKENED FROM THE SLEEP OF LIFE.

I was oppressed with sleep, encompassed by the drowse of flesh;
Was bound by needs, by speech, by time, in one great woven mesh;
It was a living heaviness to cling about my rise,
A troubled dream, a shifting smoke bewildering to the eyes.

So I have made one sleep—but one—this time in my soul's course
Through bright eternity; and barely slept for vague remorse
That I should so half lose existence, trammelled by strange strands,
Shut up by forces strong, and blinded with consuming brands.

But now I start awake; free in eternity to breathe
One long unbroken breath; life-sleep doth such great calm bequeath,
All heaviness forgetting in a beautiful delight;
All that is finite merged in full profoundest Infinite.

E. G. C.

ARROWS.

Cultivate simple wants, then you will not worship wealth—that meanest of all worships. It can give you no more than enough.

There is no vulgarity but pretence.

Why put an unpleasant defect round the corner before you attempt to look at it?

Acts of Parliament cannot make people moral, but Acts of Parliament produce moral actions in that large class of people whose God is Law and Custom.

There are two ways of looking at prison walls—from the outside and from the inside.—E. WARDLAW BEST.

WHAT WORKING WOMEN AND MEN THINK.

WOMEN'S WORK IN ITS RELATION TO THE LABOUR QUESTION.

WITH so complex a mechanism as that of English industry, it is inevitable that the enormous influx of female labour, consequent upon the new position which women are taking up, should be fraught with far-reaching consequences, consequences which we can trace to some small extent at present, the final outcome of which it is impossible to foresee, but which are likely to add one more element of difficulty in the settlement of the great Labour problem looming ahead.

Let us, at the outset, make our own position quite clear. The day of woman's *subjection* is, happily, except as to the final expression of equality in the vote, well-nigh past. The old idea that any inherent deficiency in her intellectual equipment disqualified woman for anything but domestic or purely mechanical work is as dead as Queen Anne. We have been taught by the undeniable logic of fact that Nature has not so bungled her work that intellectual power is unequally distributed. Women, as the result of their partial emancipation, have shown their ability to share in the "sturm and drag" of the world's work, have shown that they are not mere housekeepers and ornaments, fitted only for the drawing-room or the esplanade.

Women have shown us, in short, that the human intellect—female as well as male—is capable of just what it determines to accomplish.

On the question of justice, too, there can be no argument. Woman has come into the Labour market—has come to stay—and there can be no question of her right to do the one or her ability to do the other. The day is past for sex exclusion.

But in this column we look at the question of women's work, not from woman's, but from the Labour standpoint. We know nothing of sex; we recognise only two classes, the *workers* and the *shirkers*, the bees and the drones; and we may fittingly ask what will be the probable economic results of this new factor in industrial life.

It is manifest that the income of a new element to a Labour market already overstocked and surrounded by a permanent fringe of unemployed must produce some displacement, some disorganisation in the ranks of Labour generally.

Even though we could guarantee that women should be justly treated in the matter of remuneration, that the wages hitherto paid to men for certain work should be paid to the woman who does that work equally well—only one phase of the difficulty would be removed, for wages are not a fixed quantity, they bear no relation directly to the work performed, being regulated by the amount of competition there may be for the work, and that, of course, by the pressure of the unemployed margin.

The influx of more competitors, therefore, even though paid at equal rates, must inevitably increase the pressure and thereby decrease the rate of wages all round. This tendency has already operated in the case of many business houses who employ girls in their offices.

But when, as is unfortunately the case, this new element is employed at rates of wages varying from less than one-half to two-thirds of those which men have been receiving for similar work, when, after fair test the new element proves its efficiency, employers will not be slow to avail themselves of the good thing which fortune puts in their way.

A girl living at home, with no expenses beyond her season-ticket and her dress, with a contribution to the household requirements, is passing rich on 21s. to 25s. a week; while she may be sitting next to a man, doing the same work, who has a struggle to support his home and young family on 50s. The Post Office could produce many such instances.

The girl's father, pleased, of course, that she is able to increase the family income instead of being merely a charge upon it, as in the "bad old days," when daughters were regarded as costly encumbrances, to be "worked off" on the first eligible *parti* who presented himself—forgot, good, easy man, that the margin of comfort or luxury obtained by such additions will surely be swept away ere long by the reduction of his own or his son's salary under the new adjustment of Labour conditions.

It must be borne in mind that we are at present in a transition state. The legal and real responsibility for the support of the family rests just now upon men, except in a very small minority of cases; and when the girl marries—and a good many do, and probably will continue to—her salary stops, and the new home has to be supported by the earnings of her husband, reduced by competition to the level which she has accepted in the past.

The important question for us is: How are the dangers to which we have alluded to be obviated or mitigated? We must confess that we can see no adequate solution of the problem until a saner *collectivism* replaces the present industrial anarchy, until State production leads to some more humane criterion for the rate of wages than the number of starving applicants for every vacancy.

But the evil may be, to a considerable extent, mitigated in two ways—

by organisation and co-operation. The duty of organising themselves into trade unions in every branch of their work should be recognised by all women workers. The old stupid reluctance to admit women to the existing organisations is fast breaking down, and women's unions could federate with the older societies to their mutual advantage. The *solidarity* of Labour must be recognised before any real advance can be made. This is not a sex question. In the struggle of the labourer for the product of a life's toil, now wrested from its rightful owner, every division in the ranks of the workers does but play the masters' game, and woman must face the problems presented by her wider activity.

Co-operation of the *true sort* might accomplish much. Take, for instance, the Aërated Bread Company, with its record of exploited girl labour. Very little capital would enable similar depôts to be opened for the benefit of the *girls themselves*. With very little training they would be qualified to elect their own officers and "run" the whole thing; the capital advanced could be repaid by setting aside a fixed proportion of the profits, and when the repayment concluded, fresh depôts could be opened as funds permitted. It being, of course, a *sine quâ non* that all workers took an equal share in profit and control through elected committees.

Such a plan needs only two or three energetic and practical men and women—with the support of such friends of justice as will provide the small sum needed for its inception—to give it a fair start. It could be applied to many other branches of trade, and would furnish an object lesson of enormous value to the world of Labour.

Many persons would be glad to hear what the readers of SHAFTS think of the matter, and also as to the general subjects here treated. "In the multitude of councillors there is safety," said the old seer. Will some of the readers of this paper evolve that element of safety by the number of their suggestions or comments?

If a better plan than that briefly sketched is forthcoming, none will support it more eagerly than

SAGITTARIUS.

ART AND COMMERCIALISM.

One of the most significant signs of social progress in recent years has been the revolt against commercialism for art's sake. John Ruskin and William Morris are examples of a large class of those whose love of all things beautiful has led them to curse the system from which spring foul ugliness and a thousand forms of squalor and misery.

The chief enemies of the modern social revolution are the political placemen; the professor of science, falsely so-called, whose lack of imagination bids him despair of millennial blessedness; and the philanthropist, whose life's attention to symptomatic pains has left him no time to study their causes. But the lover of art has devoted himself to the mission of leading mankind away from the vision of ugliness which besets his path daily towards the dream of beauty which has been to him "the inspiration and the poet's dream."

Who can exaggerate the discord produced in the artistic mind by the sight of the wretched terraces of commonplace, jerry-built houses in the streets of our towns? With the exception of a few notable mansions, the homes of modern England, rich and poor alike, are unredeemed by the least architectural beauty. Readers of Tennyson will remember how the poet describes his friend's residence in the lines—

"Dark house by which once more I stand,
Here in the long, unlovely street."

Even in the midst of sorrow the poet was struck with the horror of the "bald street," with its always uninviting aspect. In London we are at least blest with glimpses of some fine churches and half-a-dozen worthily-designed public buildings; but what a contrast it is to turn every evening to our suburbs, to traverse long dreary streets of utterly uninteresting houses, until we reach our own home, distinguishable only by its endearing associations, and otherwise no different from a million! Unfortunately, there are innumerable towns where the visitor turns in vain to find a single building on which the eyes might feast. Sordid ugliness reigns supreme. The man who builds enters not into the house which he has built, and the modest limit of the inhabitant's purse is not the only factor in the case. Even our public buildings are generally only a shade less unsightly than the houses of the poor. Ruskin has shown us the subtle connection between the thoughts of a nation and its buildings. The Bank of England is a fitting monument of the utter blindness to artistic merit of those who built it and the people who allowed its hideous form to disfigure the centre of their greatest city.

Another of the evils to be attributed by the artist to the commercial age is the erection of statues in our public places to men whose looks neither adorn these places nor inspire any of our children to noble deeds. How many statues are to be seen of real benefactors to their race? Under any circumstances, the statue of a man in trousers will never look anything but ridiculous, but if this form of monument is to be perpetuated, let us at least have always before us the features of good and clever women

WOMAN'S PLACE IN EDUCATION.

and men. There are too few statues of women altogether, and yet the silent appeal of such a statue as that of Sister Dora in the Market-place at Walsall is worth all the influence of thousands of dukes, lords, and wealthy manufacturers whose figures stand throughout the land. If we ceased to erect so many of these faultworthy works we should certainly have better opportunity for executing designs in which imagination and art might assert themselves. All that has been said of statues might with equal force be said of pictures. England possesses the best portrait painters in the world, but visitors to the Royal Academy and other exhibitions know how this great talent is prostituted by its expenditure on unworthy ends. Think of all that is involved in the fact that one of our greatest painters spends several weeks in transferring to canvas the features of some rich brewer, or in painting the portrait of some retired linendraper, knowing that future generations will look in vain for the likeness of the best women and men of our day.

It is unnecessary to tell of the tall chimneys which rob the nation of its landscapes, of the once lovely streams polluted by the refuse of manufacturing, and of the mountains once overlooking pleasant woods and meadows which now look down upon smoke and dirt. If the day of true art come not soon, there will be years of uprooting before we can settle ourselves down to live a natural life. Commercialism is the enemy.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

LABOUR NOTES AND NEWS.

One of the worst results of the recent severe weather was the opportunity furnished to metropolitan coal merchants to gratify their profit-seeking greed by advancing the price of fuel. Of course, practically the whole burden of increased prices at this season falls upon the poor, for everyone who can set aside the necessary pound or two fills the cellar before the winter comes on. To the very poor, who buy their coal by the "half-hundred," or even 28lb. or less, the advanced price simply means less fire, and with the severe frosts we have experienced recently the fact needs merely stating to prove the hardship inflicted. It is intolerable that this strengthening of the strong at the cost of the weak should be characteristic of a *Christian* country. Truly, "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

An interesting experiment illustrating the value of spade husbandry once more has been carried out in Dorsetshire. Large tracts of barren heath have been brought under cultivation, divided into small farms, and have yielded splendid results.

Dr. A. J. H. Crespy, of Wimborne, in an article published in *Hygiene* says of these farms: "They now present a beautiful picture; parts of them are covered with splendid field cabbages weighing 26lb., 32lb., and even 37lb. apiece. The patient, self-sacrificing energy of hundreds of Dorset labourers would in a few years transform thousands of acres of worthless heath into a garden. It could not be done by the landlords or the farmers—not, at any rate, profitably—but the labourer would do it, and glory in it."

We are pleased to see that the United Radical Club have arranged to give 1,000 children a free dinner daily, commencing January 5th. Anyone desiring to assist may forward their contributions to Mr. E. Dorrell, Kay-street, Hackney-road.

The outlook for skilled labour in 1893 is very unfavourable. Already in the shipbuilding, engineering, and related trades the number of unemployed ranges from 3 to 10 per cent. In 1891 and 1892 the highest average reached in the skilled trades was 4.45 per cent.

Holland is contributing its quota to Labour troubles. Serious riots have occurred at Zwartsluis, in Overijssel, carbines restoring the public peace. Also in Friesland, at Pekela, and at Sappeineer, in Groningen, where stones were thrown at the police, who opened fire on the crowd, wounding five seriously, two fatally.

The Lancashire lock-out continues. In Burnley there are 30,000 spindles and 20,000 looms working short time. The severe weather has greatly aggravated the distress experienced by the operatives. The Amalgamated Association of Cotton Spinners will certainly throw no obstacle in the way of an honourable settlement, and opinion is strongly expressed that the time has arrived for bringing this prolonged dispute to a close. A very pathetic letter from a Mossley operative to Mr. Mawdsley, the secretary of the association, has been published. The writer says:—"If you can settle this job in an honourable way I pray you do so. I am tired of seeing my wife and children clemming and no fire nor meat in the house. I feel mad enough to kill either the master or anyone else for not making an end of this affair. I do not get any money, and am in no club; and work in the packing-room and warehouse, and want to go on working. I hope the dispute will soon be over, and many more wish the same. Do settle it!"

UP to the present time woman has not taken her due place in the work of education, notwithstanding the fact that her special fitness for it is one of the few questions regarding her which is beyond discussion. No one seems willing to deny that her training for such work began with the first mother, whose pre-eminent natural advantages developed in her a power that is, not only not secondary to man's, but very much superior. The reason is not far to seek. By natural necessity, pre-historical woman ceased to be a nomad long before man became domesticated, and, in consequence, around her gathered the first home-life of humanity. In that home-life she learned by degrees to watch the unfolding of the infant mind, and crude as primitive life must have been, that watching became a help to her civilisation unknown to the man, who was co-incidentally occupied in the slaying of the brutes around him for the sustenance of himself and his dependents, and therefore not rising by equal steps with the woman to a higher life. Love, gentleness, patience, care for the weak, watching and waiting, tending the sick, and sorrowing over the dead—all these things came first to the mother. And not only did bodily and mental growth attract her attention, but moral growth came before her notice. Hence she became the guide of the soul as well as of the mind; indeed, a threefold protector of her children, caring in time equally for their bodies, minds, and spirits. The qualities to which this care gave birth, developing and strengthening in herself, were passed on to posterity, and hence her daughters have become instinctively the best guides and fittest trainers of the young.

This being so, why has so much inherited wealth found so little actual expression in educational life? Surely it must be due to the repressed condition under which women have for ages lived. If so, how desirable is it that we at once remedy the wrong, and make up as speedily as possible the great loss we have suffered. Whatever woman loses is, perhaps, less an injury to herself than to the community, and more for the general good than for her personal reparation do we wish to see her in her right place.

It is greatly to be desired that, from the highest educational councils to the lowest, women should be proportionately represented. One-half of all the children of the country are girls, and about two-thirds of all children attending school are girls and infants, and as regards elementary schools about two-thirds of the teachers are women. Who can be so fit as a woman to have a potent part in the direction of the lives, studies, and duties of all these classes of persons? If more ladies would take seats on School Boards, and on all school committees, much might be done for the general weal that is now overlooked by busy men.

We need, also, women to come out as expositors of educational methods: of men theorists in this direction we have abundance, it is quite time we had a feminine philosopher. And practical women educationists would do immense good if they would tell us what is the best thing to do for the children, and the best way to do it. Perhaps some of them would say that all children in primary schools would be benefited by being under the exclusive control of women, from the first day of their school life till their last. Others, whilst holding that girls under no circumstances should be under a male teacher, may think that elder boys should be entrusted to one. There can be little doubt that were young boys under entire female management in all schools our social improvement would go on apace. The horrors of fagging so painfully illustrated in the boyhoods of Lord Shaftesbury, of Southey, and of Cowper, and still, if report be true, degrading our great public schools in lesser measure, would soon be at end, with their dreadful consequences in the shape of acquired habits of lying and deception, or of injured nervous systems for life. The loss from this state of things has perhaps never been calculated, although it must have greatly tended to the impoverishment of character. Were boys of, say, twelve years of age or over to meet with boys of similar age in school, they would meet on equal terms, and the tyranny of a big boy over a little one could not exist, to the detriment of the character of each. Another class would greatly benefit by contact with women educators—the boys of the slums, who see wife-beating as one of the ordinary domesticities of life. What could be better for such youngsters than to be under a woman's control when in school; how easily they would learn through her to reverence and respect all women? It would be almost impossible for them to follow a bad father's bad example when they become men. It is easy to believe that under such a régime wife-beating, and, perhaps, cruelty to animals, would in time die a natural death. On all sides it is admitted that the moral improvement of the people is of primary importance, and yet the means most likely to bring it rapidly to pass are not sufficiently used.

So many occupations lie open to men, and so few to women, that should be in the fullest possession possible of that field where they are acknowledged on all sides to be queens in their own right.

ESPÉRANCE.

RECEPTION OF MISS FRANCES WILLARD BY THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES OF ENGLAND.

A CROWDED and enthusiastic gathering assembled in Exeter Hall on Monday evening to express to Miss Frances Willard the hearty and cordial welcome with which all interested in the Temperance cause greeted her arrival in England. Quite 1,000 people were unable to obtain an entrance; however, they were accommodated in one of the smaller halls, where the speakers addressed them, after having exhausted the five minutes allotted to each on the larger platform.

On the platform, among others, were Canon Wilberforce, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Miss Soonderbai Powar, Mr. R. F. Horton, Mrs. Amie Hicks, Mr. John G. Woolley. Father Nugent, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth were both unfortunately detained elsewhere. The platform was tastefully hung with treads of white ribbon, the symbol of a blameless life. "Welcome," in white chrysanthemums on a red ground, hung beneath the organ, and facing it, in bold capitals, was the message which Miss Willard has delivered to numberless gatherings, "We wage our Peaceful War for God and Home and Every Land."

In opening the meeting, Lady Henry Somerset said: "Wherever woman, with the sunlight of the glad new day upon her face, spreads forth her hands to God, there the name of Frances Willard will be honoured as that of an earnest worker in the right, as it has been given her by God to see the right. She moves onward along the path she has set herself to tread, with malice towards none, but charity towards all; and in reviewing her life that impartial jury, the circle outside reform, will be forced to give the verdict 'She made the world wider for women, and purer for humanity.' To her mother, who was born and bred in the great Free States of the North, and who was endowed with an indomitable energy, so much so that she received from the White Ribbon women the title of 'Saint Courageous,' Miss Willard owes much of her firmness and that great enthusiasm for humanity which has helped her to do so much. Away on a Wisconsin farm, amid the sweet spreading trees and the waving Indian corn fields, she got the inspiration of her life from that mother who imparted the love and greatness of her own nature to her children. Sacrifice is the foundation of all success in the work of reform, and Frances Willard gave up a brilliant career as Dean of the first woman's college in an American University to go forth penniless, preaching the gospel that was in her, which would not be kept under; but she has been amply rewarded by that divine consciousness it has brought to her, which holds the world as its home and bids her take to her heart the whole of humanity. To greet her this evening we have assembled our flowers of rhetoric and our choicest bird of song to lay before her as a tribute our admiration and our love."

Canon Wilberforce, after commenting upon the impossibility of his task, viz., to express in five minutes his feelings of most cordial welcome and hearty appreciation of the work of Miss Willard, said, in alluding to the earnest battle she had fought so long, he could not do better than quote the words which Whittier placed on her statue in Chicago—

She saw the power of banded ill,
But felt that love is stronger still,
And organised for doing good
The World's united Womanhood.

Had they not observed, in these great reforms that from time to time arose to purify the world, that it was almost invariably a woman who took the lead? When we had a representative character given to us, it was not only that we might admire it, but also that we might imitate it, and if we all earnestly endeavoured to imitate Miss Willard in the matter of temperance reform, no one could deny the world would soon be the better for it. The mainspring of all Miss Willard's life work has been her unquenchable hope in the future of humanity, which to her appears full of great latent possibilities, only requiring that we should take the helm firmly in our hands and steer our course aright.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, representing the Methodist churches, said that in this great temperance reform we should know nothing of sectarianism or denominationalism; still, he could not quite conceal a little pride in thinking that they not only welcomed the great American leader of temperance reform, but also a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The churches were just waking up to the fact, thank God—the drum of the Salvation Army had helped to wake them up—and the sisterhood of the West London Mission had helped too—that if the Heavenly Father had given to woman the gift of opening her mouth in public, they had no business to tell her to shut it up. (Cheers.) Surely if there was ever a woman's movement this was it, for when a man was ruined by drink it was the wife and mother who suffered most, and when a woman was the victim, she was the most unhelped and most unhelped of all human creatures, and he firmly believed that if a voice and vote were given to women the liquor traffic would soon receive its death blow.

Mr. J. G. Woolley, in a speech full of American humour, said that to

praise Miss Willard's work was superfluous, as the mere mention of her name broke the bank of eulogy. In speaking of the work of women, many belated, obsolete, superfluous men still wag what they call their heads, and say, "Women, only women." But woman's day has dawned; she has entered into public affairs, and has taken her own position in the field of our national life, and holds it by her own power, bearing upon her snowy shield: "For God, Home, and Every Land."

Mrs. Ormiston Chant welcomed Miss Willard in the name of the Suffrage Movement, and of the Peace Society, laying special stress on the fact that those who desire to make the land brighter and purer should at least possess a voice in the making of the laws by which it is governed.

Mr. R. F. Horton, representing the Congregational Churches, said he believed that in this woman's movement they were watching a great reform which would not only teach temperance, but purity and peace. (Cheers.) They had to touch the heart of man, and it was woman who spoke from the heart to the heart. There were women leading them in the temperance question who would stir up the heart of the man and make him realise the sorrow, the shame, and the degradation of intemperance.

Mr. W. T. Stead said he regarded Miss Willard as one of those living shuttles in the roaring loom of time which were weaving into one web the English-speaking races of the world. He welcomed her as a great leader of temperance reform; though as an Englishman he was ashamed to see her there because she had fought and triumphed in a cause which still had to win its victory in this country.

Mrs. Amie Hicks gave a short, though vivid, description of the terrible influence of the public-houses among the workers, who have so much squalor and misery to contend with, and strongly urged the necessity of establishing brighter and better resorts as substitutes for them.

Mr. Raper next greeted Miss Willard as an old friend, having known her since she was a mere baby in the work.

A tastefully decorated banner from 300 branches of the B.W.T.A. was then, amid much applause, presented to Miss Willard. Also addresses from the Independent Order of the Rechabites and the Vegetarian Society.

Miss Willard, on rising to speak, met with a most enthusiastic reception. The whole audience stood up, and amid a great waving of hats and handkerchiefs three cheers were given for the President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. On silence being restored, Miss Willard, who speaks in a style almost conversational, and without the least approach to oratory, said that she was very happy to see so many friends. She had in her mind a picture of three children in a lonesome row; on her right hand was her brother, and on her left her sister Mary. Presently she said, in a peevish voice, "Do you think we shall ever go anywhere, or see anybody, or be anything?" and my tender-hearted brother replied, "You just behave yourself, Frank, and I shouldn't wonder but that you will come to something." As her dear friends around her had been talking and saying such kind things about her she had said to herself for the first time in her life: "I am very glad I couldn't vote within the last two years, for I should, perhaps, have voted for the McKinley Bill, and how sheepish I should feel now." (Laughter.) She remembered what Benjamin Franklin had said on a certain occasion: "I tell you, my friends, we have all to hang together or we shall all hang separate." (Laughter.) After all, they were chips of the same old block, and she took great pride in knowing that if she went back in her ancestry nine generations she came to an honest yeoman of Kent. (Cheers.)

She did not know whether, as Mr. Raper stated, Prohibition would take root in Old England, but she believed it would; she did not know whether the strong hand of Labour would ever grasp the helm of the ship of State, but she believed it would; she did not know whether the old bad standard in the habits of life would be exchanged for a white life, but she believed it would; she did not know whether women would brighten every place they entered, and enter every place, but she believed they would. (Cheers.) Shortly after her brother attained his majority, Miss Willard remembers standing at the window of the farm and watching him donning his great Sunday coat and going off with her father in the old farm waggon to vote, and she felt as she watched them disappear something hurt her in her throat, and turning to her sister, she said, "Don't you think we should go with them. Don't you think it would be better for the country?" I thought it would be a great good thing to help the country, for women to have a vote; but I never said it in public—didn't have the courage—but when it came to this great question of drink, then I had the courage to speak out. What we most want is combination. Every time that we set on one side our slight differences, and join together to promote some common good, then we rise higher in the scale. And, in order soon to gain the end we see before us, we must not stop at anything, but boldly and firmly follow up the Do Everything policy. Then we need have no fear as to the result. (Cheers.)

Votes of thanks were accorded to Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard, and the meeting terminated with the singing of the Temperance Doxology.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

HOSPITAL NURSING.

From Paris we learn that the Town Council there resolved at Saturday's sitting to give a grand reception in honour of the hospital nurses and matrons who were on duty during the last cholera epidemic. Nurses of patients in wards devoted to small-pox, typhoid fever, and other maladies might claim a right to be brought into the apotheosis. Cholera, however, being less well known than the other diseases, and more sudden in its advent and rapid in its fatal action, is a cause of greater terror, needing more courage to face it than some other maladies. The nurses are to be headed at the grand reception by Madame Brochard, matron at the Tenon Hospital, who has just been awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honour for her services while the cholera patients were there.

UNIVERSITY HALL.

The lectures at University Hall, Gordon-square, for the Lent term, 1893, will include a course by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke on the works of Blake and the poetry of Scott, to be delivered on Friday afternoons in March; a course on modern political writers, to be delivered on Thursday evenings throughout the term, by Mr. J. B. Muirhead; and courses by the Warden (the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed), on Dante's Paradiso, Monday afternoons and evenings; on the religious literature of Israel, Sunday afternoons; and on the Gospel of Mark, the Friday evenings of January and February. The special purpose for the last-named course will be to give a popular and constructive presentation of the main results of modern criticism as affecting the life and work of Jesus.

CHAPERONS.

Friends of the movement for the higher education of women at our Universities have many reasons to be satisfied with the progress that is being made; but a serious drawback is reported from Oxford. The cost of "chaperonage" has risen. In other words, the female bodyguard, who is assumed to be indispensable each time that the young lady student proceeds to examination in the Honour Schools, or desires to attend the lectures of the colleges or the University professors, demands and gets higher pay than she has been wont to get for her services, and sometimes more than her young charge can afford. What is the proper remedy for this evil? The law of supply and demand must, no doubt, operate in the chaperon market as elsewhere; but a daring reformer has ventured to ask why chaperons may not be dispensed with. Are lady students in other Universities supposed to need chaperons? If not, what is there in the manners of Oxford which renders it impossible for a lady student in that ancient and studious city to walk about in broad daylight without a special bodyguard? Clearly it concerns Oxford to answer these questions without delay.—*Daily News*.

This extract opens up a question women ought to settle. Surely the old idea of chaperonage has become effete.

PANAMA CANAL.

The *Daily News* says:—In confirmation of the private account of the deserted Panama Canal works, published by us the other day, a different correspondent sends us this extract from another private letter: "While in Colon last voyage I made a careful tour of the Panama bogie, and the stores, engine sheds, rolling and floating stock. Words cannot paint my astonishment at the sight. I never saw anything so sinful in my life as to see all that stuff going to rack and ruin. I went through one 'stores'—of these there are six in all, at different places—bigger than any shipyard on Clyde could boast; all the things just as they came from the makers. Files never unpacked; every engineer's tool you can think of—English, French, American, were there; Whitworth stocks, dies and taps, about twenty cases complete, good as when they left the shop. I walked for a mile over the only roadway passable along the canal side—viz., the top of a train of eight wheel bogie freight waggons, all sinking in, the wheels disappeared in tropical undergrowth. All around is swampy ground; and all these waggons rotting beneath that blazing sun. Engine steam-sheds full of fine powerful engines, the sheds overrun and inhabited now by snakes and their prey, the lizard; while the six-foot is full of land crab holes. I saw eight fine large marine boilers, just as they had been discharged from the R.M. cargo-boat that brought them over, and the complete parts of a set of a big compo marine engine about 1,000 horse-power lying on the shore; never been used; never fitted in. I saw dry docks splendidly built and equipped with fine expensive pumping plant."

From the private letters of a lady correspondent the *Daily News* takes the following description of the Panama Canal works as they now are:—"We went on shore at Colon and for a long drive. We saw evidences of the greatest disgrace of the century in the engineering line

Miles of trucks falling to pieces—flowers and ferns all growing over them. Then we walked to the engine-sheds, where there were about fifty engines eaten up with rust. I picked up some ferns which had flourished on one of them. They are of historical interest, so I will enclose them. In the canal there are about fifty dredgers and steamers, besides launches and boats, all going to rack and ruin. Half the town uninhabited, as three-fourths of the town consisted of engineers' houses. M. Lesseps ran out a strip of land into the sea in order to build his house on it. This alone cost a large fortune. It now looks wretched, as does that of his son (who never came to Colon), which is in the same condition. Both are approached by an avenue of palms. The whole place is the most miserable, God-forsaken hole you can imagine. That one drive round the place was quite sufficient."

HOUSES OF THE POOR.

The monthly meeting was held yesterday of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor, and it was able to show substantial progress. The Council is inquiring into the general condition of sanitation in all the poorer neighbourhoods. It is doing much in Deptford and in Battersea, and its "equal eye" is not indifferent to the neighbourhood of Whitechapel and Mile End. But though much is doing, much remains to be done. The sanitary inspector of Ongar has reported a shocking state of things in the dwellings of the gipsies. Gipsy tents in the country, it seems, can be quite as overcrowded as garrets and cellars in town. At the "colony" at Lambourne, whole families herd together under canvas, and in one tent a girl-mother of 17 had nothing but a thin litter of hay between her and the bare earth. Surely these wanderers might receive some impetus towards civilised life, though it is not to be wondered at that they prefer canvas to most of the dwellings of the poor.

NEW RAILWAYS IN PALESTINE.

It is stated that the northern portions of Palestine, near the district in which the new railway from Haifa to Damascus is being constructed, contain immense areas of rich and fertile soil. The farming implements in use are crude and primitive, and fertilisers are unknown. Nevertheless, grain is produced of such a high quality as to be in great demand at good prices in all the European markets to which it finds its way. The difficulty is the cost of transport from the inland districts to the sea coast. Camel trains have had to be invariably employed, and in this way the journey to the coast has often swallowed up as much as two-thirds of the value of the transported grain. This makes the commencement of the railway a matter of rejoicing. Fifteen thousand persons were present at the inauguration ceremony.

ANCIENT LIGHTS.

The ancient "hostelrie" familiar to readers of Dickens as the "Black Jack," in Portsmouth-street, Clare Market, has finally closed its doors, and the entire block of buildings surrounding it will be demolished. The "Black Jack" is the house to which Sam Weller escorted his master when in search of Lowton, Mr. Perker's clerk. On this occasion Mr. Pickwick heard the story of the "Queer Client," related by the mysterious lawyer's clerk. The "Black Jack" has for many years been a veritable Mecca to the medical students who have successfully braved the terrors of the examination-room. They used to adjourn to its hospitable bar and duly inscribe the names of the fortunate medicos in a register kept in the house for that purpose. Here are to be seen the signatures of James Paget and Andrew Clarke; also many others who have since attained celebrity. The death of the "Black Jack" adds one more to the ghostly taverns which have abounded in the immediate vicinity. The "Spotted Dog," the "White Lion," of Jack Sheppard notoriety, the "Bull's Head," where Hogarth met his brother artists, and the "Spiller's Head," the Savage Club of those days, all stood within a few yards; while the "Angel," another house, claims immortality as being the place whence in 1554 Bishop Hooper was taken to meet his death at Gloucester. At this inn, so late as 1769, a negro girl was sold. The *Public Advertiser* of March 28th in that year had the following advertisement:—"To be sold, a black girl, eleven years of age. Extremely hardy. Works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English well." Persons were directed to inquire at the Angel Inn.

More pathetic than the unemployed male worker and industrial nomad is the workless woman or girl in search of work in a city of great distances. Trudging from shop to factory, with thin boots and thinner clothes, with little food, without the support that trades unionism gives to men, lacking the stimulant of association . . . often the victim of bogus registry-offices, friendless, and alone, she searches for work that comes slowly. Before her, the workhouse or the street, she bravely suffers in silence, and has no alternative to starvation but the eating of the crumb of charity or the loaf of lust.—JOHN BURNS, M.P., in the *Nineteenth Century*, December.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S PAY.

DEAR MADAM.—Some years ago, women writers were unpopular, to say the least of it, and by many were even thought improper. Knowing this, they either had to accept pay that a man would have refused in scorn, or were forced to publish their own works under a man's name, carefully concealing their own identity. That day has passed away so completely that fickle fashion now declares it to be "quite the thing" for women to compete with men in the literary arena. And some of the largest sums ever paid for works of fiction have been earned by women. And, so far from its being thought improper, other women are glad that it should be so, and everywhere the society of the literary woman is eagerly sought and made welcome. With the present-day enormous demand for newspapers, society papers, and periodicals, there is a very wide field open to women who wish to earn a living either by journalism or magazine articles.

But they will never be fairly and honestly paid for their work, until those who make writing a profession can manage to combine against those who write for nothing. If work is of any value at all it is worth being paid for. Let the best work receive the best pay, no matter whose work it is, and then no just woman will be jealous of another woman's work.

But it is a burning injustice that women who have already good incomes should be allowed to take the bread out of their sisters' mouths simply because writing is "the fashion." Let them start and circulate amateur magazines among their friends, but do not let them offer their society journalism in the shape of "London Letters," or their magazine articles to editors free of charge for the sake of getting into print; for what an editor can get for nothing is hardly likely to be paid for.

LILLIAN HENDERSON.

A WINTER'S PLEA.

MADAM.—If not systematically fed, the wild birds will again be found as they were two years ago, dying, in some districts, by thousands. Dr. Jessopp, in his powerful article in the *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1891, described "the poor little corpses being picked up as mere ragged tufts of tumbled feathers, with the breast-bone sharp as a knife and the crop utterly empty."

Seven dead robins were found "all of a heap like" at the foot of a wheat stack.

Throughout the summer they have been hard at work, gobbling up the grubs, keeping down the blight, and burrowing for the wire-worms. In winter, when the ground is frozen and their industrious little beaks can find no work to do, shall we let them starve under our very windows?

Besides, we owe them food in return for the tons of berries we have taken from them in their hungry season for the decoration of our churches and houses.

Let householders make amends by saving the refuse food that would otherwise be emptied into the sewers, and setting it out at intervals, especially providing one meal for the thrushes and blackbirds after the starlings and sparrows have gone to bed.

Soft and hard billed birds require different foods, but all need water. Crumbs of bread and waste seed from cages are always good; but kitchen scraps of every kind—bacon, cheese, and boiled *potato parings*—are also acceptable, not to speak of pieces of coarse fat, or an occasional big bone hung on the trees or somewhere out of the reach of a dog or cat. Cocoanuts in halves suspended by strings through holes drilled into the tops are sure to attract those born acrobats, the tits. Barley meal and "sharps," softened with boiling water, made into balls and strewn over with hempseed, is a favourite dish. Those who care enough for birds to feed them regularly in their time of need will surely take some pains to enforce the Wild Birds Protection Act, and shield them from the net and snares, the cruel traps and decoys of the unlicensed bird-catcher. Such humane persons will leave larks, goldfinches, and other beautiful and melodious birds, here and in other lands, to gladden the earth with their brightness, and will not incite their destruction for the sake of a morsel of dainty food or a bonnet trimming.

Yours faithfully,

E. PHILLIPS.

Vice-President Society for the Protection of Birds.

OFFICIAL REGULATIONS.

All copy sent to this Office must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only, and must arrive at the Office on Monday morning, or by twelve mid-day, at the latest, if intended for insertion in the current issue. Persons desirous of remuneration for MSS. must make previous arrangement in writing to that effect. Such arrangement cannot be made after the article is in print.

Short tales and articles, if accepted, will be paid for according to merit. No articles must exceed a column in length for current issue; if beyond that they must be arranged in two or three parts, as may be. No copy will be returned to senders unless stamped cover be enclosed for the purpose.

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

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

GIRLS' CLUBS.

DEAR MADAM.—May I ask, through the medium of your paper, whether the correspondent signing herself "G. H. Johnston" (*SHAFTS*, December 24th, 1892), could give me any information of a society or club for the development of thought among middle-class girls; and if she could direct me to anyone willing to enter upon a private correspondence on that subject?

Yours very sincerely,

L. BURSHAM.

OPINIONS.

DEAR MADAM.—I, as a woman, read your paper with great interest. I am ordering the first number, as it has not yet come to hand. I shall be much pleased to contribute a sketch of Mrs. Browning to "Influential Lives." She was the first woman poet who took up an entirely different standpoint from any of her predecessors in poetry as regards woman—her influence, rights, &c. Your articles on "Immortality" I shall look forward to, as I feel very strongly on the subject. As for marriage and children, it is a pity the latter are so unevenly balanced, for the rich usually have very few, while the struggling workers have a dozen. I told an aunt of mine I thought it positively wicked for persons with a small income and some position to keep up year after year burdening the world with superfluous offspring. They can scarcely be called God-given in one sense of the word. I wonder if you agree.

Yours truly,

C. C. B.

[Will this lady kindly send me privately her address?—Ed.]

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.

DEAR MADAM.—While thanking Mr. Dunn for his sympathetic letter in your last issue, I should perhaps explain that when I wrote my brief comment on his communication to the *Daily Chronicle*, I had especially in view a Bill which I understand will probably be introduced next Session by Mr. Dodd, member for Malden. If this Bill becomes law, the restriction now in force as to appointments to the magistracy in the counties will be swept away; that restriction being, that no one (or, rather, no man) whose house is assessed for house-duty at less than a hundred pounds a year, is eligible for appointment to the magisterial bench. I am, therefore, distinctly contending for a legislative, not an administrative reform; though at the same time I cannot by any means agree with Mr. Dunn in his apparent assumption that women should not come within the limit of reform in "departmental administration" as much as working men. I doubt very much whether, even under the existing magisterial Act, women are expressly excluded—but only, as so often happens, ignored; therefore it is surely as reasonable to demand that administrative reform should include women magistrates as that it should include women factory inspectors. I therefore appeal to all women, and also to all men-sympathisers, not to let any opportunity pass for pressing forward our claims in the most emphatic manner, for if we fail to do so, and allow any and every injustice to be removed, while our own is disregarded, we shall be really placed in a worse position than before, by the very fact that another sex-distinction will have been expressly emphasised to our disadvantage.

Yours very truly,

HELEN NEW.

"AT THE LAST."

'Tis not what we have done that shall atone,
When at the last our best will look so mean,
But what our wish has willed, our aim has known,
What hope was ours, and what our love has been.
No deeds shall weigh, however full the score;
They have no wings whereby our souls may rise.
Striving and pain keep watch at Heaven's door,
Struggles and tears lie closest to the skies;
Faith that untired survived the shattered heart,
Love that essayed to hallow all it gave:—
These shall atone, shall testify what part
High purpose made it possible to crave.
These, when they reach the threshold of God's day,
Perfect and pure shall stand without dismay.

A.

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