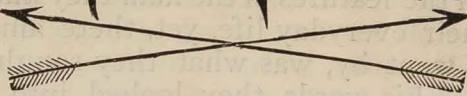


"SHAFTS"



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

Shoot thine own arrow right through the earthly tissue
Bravely; and leave the Gods to find the issue."—GOETHE.

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 3.

What the Editor Means

"Oh! it's naught but the lilt o' an auld sang,
As auld as the hills may be;
But there's mickle sooth in an auld sang,
And the hills they daurna lee."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE has left us for our learning a beautiful little allegory; simple, yet of great power, holding a wondrous truth; a truth so simple, that we are too apt to lose sight of it. The story of "The Great Stone Face" is familiar to most; the truth it holds must also have been noted by many. The "Face" stood out from the mountain side, majestic, noble, full of strength, patience and sweetness. A legend dwelt among the people, that in the fullness of time, one should come whose features should resemble those of this grand face:—one whose life should express its nobility. For this, the simple people waited and watched as the generations came and passed away; waited and watched while in the lifetime of one of them, there returned to the valley in which they had been born, one after another of those who had left it to seek in the great world beyond, whatever their souls desired. Into the faces of these the people gazed, expecting to find what they sought—a likeness to "The Great Stone Face." Millionnaire, warrior, statesman, philosopher, poet, each in turn brought disappointment, though they held the hearts of the inhabitants for a time, and were believed in, and revered, until discovery of the truth was forced upon one and all. The poet came last, but even he was not the expected one.

Among these people in the quiet valley one had grown up since he was a lad, and had learned to love "The Face" even at his mother's knee; had longed more than they all for the great one to come. He had no acres, possessed no wealth, was neither scholar, statesman, nor poet. He had simply lived his beautiful life, among his poor, hard-working fellows, helpful to all, loving all, teaching all by his daily acts, his pure and gentle words.

His face, as he grew from boyhood to manhood, resembled more and more the great face on the mountain side, but none, not even his mother, had noticed it; his life carried into practice the virtues such

a face suggested, but no one had seen it. Not one had ever thought of looking for the face in the features of the man they knew so well, and who was so familiar to their everyday life, yet, there amongst them, all the years, each day as it went by, was what they sought—unknown, unrecognised. They heard his words, they looked into his face, they knew him not:—they received kindness from his hands, help, spiritual and temporal, and saw no glory because he was *too near*:—they wanted something far away. Even when the truth was pointed out to them by the poet, it is doubtful if many understood.

So we of the present day in our search after spiritual truths stretch afar for teaching that is close to us. Above us, around us, and under our feet, are revealings which will unfold all things.

There is no mystery, no need for learned words, no *hidden* wisdom, *really hidden*. It is hidden only, because we will not see. Nature's revealings, the revealings of human lives, the great unfolding through the history of nations, through all the changes and conditions of time and space are unheeded. We seek something afar, beyond.

Afar and beyond we shall certainly pass, but our teaching lies around and within us. Alas for us that we are so blind! alas for us that we are so deaf! while the magical beauty and wonder are revealed to us so clearly; the correspondences between the spiritual, mental and physical life, so perfect; the lessons to be learnt therefrom, so true. For each plane repeats in a scale of gradations, ever increasing in light and glory, what has been revealed in life and action, in desire and perception, on the plane just below it. No mystery; we have it all in our grasp. Only to overcome self, to throw aside unworthy aims, to dwell under the shining wings of our own spirit, to seek only its leading, to follow only what is worthy, this will take the mist from our eyes, the shadow from our hearts; then comes the great revealing which will triumph over all that destroys, over all doubt, over that awful monster in the way—FEAR.

“HE possessed the great secret of a beautiful life, he was absolutely genuine, and he meant nothing but good to all with whom he came in contact, so he had a heart that was ageless, a belief in the final triumph and glory of joy, and good, which nothing could ever conquer.”

From “*Flames*,” by ROBERT HITCHES.

A House miraculous of Breath,
The Royal Soul inhabiteth.
Alone therein for evermore
It seeks in vain to pass the door,
But through the window of the eyne,
Signalles to its kin Divine.

R. BUCHANAN.

From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things,
and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all.—
EMERSON.

The Curses of London Civilisation.

THE number of persons in London who are enduring the curse of *poverty* outrageously exceeds the number of those who are enjoying the blessing of competence, not to speak of affluence.

Leaving out the criminal and vicious class, Mr. Charles Booth reckons the very poor of London, in a state of chronic want, at a little over 7 per cent. of the population; the London poor, ill-paid and irregular in work, with wages from 18s. to a £1 weekly, at very nearly a million, or about 22 per cent.; the bulk of the tolerably comfortable London working class, at a little over two millions, or 51 per cent.; leaving only 17 per cent. who can really be said to have the full benefits of civilisation, namely, ample provision for sickness and old age; a first class education and good posts for their children; foreign travel, intellectual friendships—friends are much more expensive than relations, but generally more congenial; leisure to enjoy the above, a seat in the hierarchy of esteemed scientific, political, social, literary or artistic persons.

83 per cent. have to look on and see others with these advantages, themselves being deprived of them.

Now this 83 per cent. could distinctly coerce or even abolish the 17 per cent., if they were intelligent enough to combine.

We must not count on their forbearance for ever. Directly people are educated enough to find out the exact causes of their troubles, sooner or later they will put an end to them. The doom of the 17 per cent. is sealed.

In the meanwhile the 17 per cent. suffer also from two cruel giants, whose names are *Plethora* and *Parasite*.

We are often called on to sympathise with the pangs of hunger, but the penalties of over-eating are also very severe.

A room where the furniture is gone to the pawn-shop looks miserable enough, but the over-ornamented drawing-room of the “affectionate money grubber,” which is so loaded with all kinds of valuable and fragile objects that we have to steer carefully, so as not to knock them over, this over-ornamented room is not satisfactory either.

That there is something very wrong with it, is shown by neither poetry nor pigment being able to grapple successfully with its delineation. Only the novelist can depict our terrible civilisation, and contrast the primitive and elemental Tess with the rich and despicable Dodo.

The 17 per cent. suffer from having numerous people coming after them whom they do not care for, who bore them frightfully, and waste their time unmercifully, and the rich, though they have been able to secure themselves a great deal more *space* than they can use, have not been able to master *Time*, in spite of having the command of the dentist and the optician, and the hair-dresser.

The 17 per cent. suffer from the deceitful fog of flattery, through which they see themselves a great deal too large.

The 17 per cent. often only exist, they do not live. For what is it to live? Tolstoi says it is “to give more than you receive.”

Balzac says that we are more susceptible to a discord in a state of happiness than we are to a pleasure in the state of unhappiness.

This accounts for the excessive pain felt by the luxuriously brought up, when the caprice of fate deprives them of their superfluities. There is a good deal of truth in the fable of the princess who could not sleep for the pea under her mattress.

Our civilisation increases inequalities of all kinds, and always gives to him or her that hath, thus falling far behind numerous barbaric societies, which have considerably more solidarity between their members than we have.

In the Marquesas Islands, when a native set out on a journey, he carried no provisions. If he was hungry, he went into some hut, and dipped his hand into a tub of bread-fruit paste. When he had had enough, he departed without thanks, for he had only exercised a right.

In ancient Peru, no one was ever out of work, or short of food or clothing.

The Eskimo do not mind a man having two Kajaks or canoes, but if he has three, he must lend the third to the community, for wealth with them must not accumulate.

When the Greenlanders capture a bear or a walrus, it belongs to the clan as a whole.

The Pueblo Indians, Iroquois and Hurons of N. America had formerly hardly any private property, consequently no poor, for all food was in common and everyone was housed. Those "icy words," *mine* and *thine*, as St. Chrysostom calls them, were not yet known.

There is not the slightest doubt that the instinct of private property has become very over-pampered by civilisation, and especially so in England.

What civilised nations are now suffering from severely, is the extreme difficulty which they find in putting some restraint on this instinct.

After poverty, the most conspicuous curse of our civilisation is *cant*, a vice quite unknown in the ancient world, and even now among the very poor.

It is peculiarly rampant in the statements of well-berthed professional men, which they make concerning women.

For instance a preacher gets up and says, "he is glad that the Church had the common sense and the grace to find out how much love and blessedness there is in the ministry of women. If the poor were never to be cared for," he went on, "or their social wants never ministered to, perhaps it *was* possible to get on without women," etc., etc., very excellent sentiments no doubt, but how is it that the Church's grace and common sense does not allow a single woman to preach or to baptise, and does not give any woman a vicarage, a deanery or a canonry?

Again the professional politician is overpoweringly full of cant when he talks in Parliament of the sweet purity of woman, and how sorry he would be to see that delicate bloom rubbed off by her having the parliamentary vote, which would "unsex" her, etc., etc. But the mysterious process of "unsexing" does not take place when the said woman does his canvassing for the political candidate, and other arduous work on his behalf.

If the poor are canting, it is generally because the rich help to make them so. But being primitive, they are mostly honest, as the old Irishwoman, who was induced to become a Protestant by the vicar's offer of a leg of mutton and a blanket.

On meeting a friend who upbraided her with, "To think, Biddy, of your having bartered your immortal soul for a leg of mutton!" she replied, "Oh, no, your honour! For a leg of mutton and a blanket."

A third curse of civilisation which makes life far less poetical than

formerly, is the *decay of the Mytho-poetic faculty* among the unlearned masses of the people.

One of its great advantages is, that it mitigates the violence of sex-bias.

There are all sorts of traces of a former much greater equality between men and women to be found in folk-lore and fairy stories.

It was written 1,500 years B.C. in Egypt, of the Supreme Power, "*He is the Mother-Father (mut-atef) of every created thing.*"

The Emperor of China is still called the "Father-Mother (Fou-mou) of his people." Conceive the present Emperor of Germany taking a pride in such a title!

The "Kalevala," or national epic of Finland, 3,000 years old, describes a state of society where men and women are on a complete equality:—

"Quick the maidens twirl the spindles,
Spin the flaxen threads for weaving,
In a single night in summer.
Quick the sisters wind and reel it,
Make it ready for the needle.
Brothers weave it into fish-nets,
And the fathers twist the cordage,
While the mothers knit the meshes,
Rapidly the mesh-stick circles;
Soon the fish-net is completed."

There is not the slightest idea that the mothers and sisters should only clean and wash up, cook and mind the children.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on the horrors of *sweating*; of *bubble companies* which swindle legally; of *betting*; of the *over-worship of athletics*; the objectionable *tightness* of women's dress (in a city too, which contains the Elgin marbles); of the *materiality* of fashionable women's papers; of the *jerry-built houses* dotting the country like "toad-stools"; of the curious result, which has been pointed out, of our much-vaunted *hygiene*, that, as all the easier and more comfortable diseases have been more or less conquered, we have a vastly-increased chance of dying of the *very worst*, because they are not yet grappled with; of the *disfiguration* of London, (one of the most ancient cities existing, built long before Rome), by the *system of advertising* everywhere, on walls, book-covers, tram-tickets, stations and omnibuses, and the sky is made hideous after dark, with red and white light of "Pears' Soap," or "Taylor, Brothers," "Mellin's Food," or "Bovril."

These and many other curses may reasonably make thoughtful people long for the old days, which were so much less mammon-worshipping, less pushing and canting, less commercial and adulterating, than ours.

ALICE GRENFELL.

—X—

Throw away idle hopes; come to thine own aid, if thou carest at all for thyself, while it is in thy power.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

—

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.—GOETHE.

—

Each year one vicious habit rooted out, in time ought to make the worst man good.—FRANKLIN.

The Women's Battle March.

By JESSIE MACKAY.

(Read before the National Council of the Women of New Zealand at its First Meeting in 1896.)

SOMBRELY, sombrely rolling through slimy and turgid morasses,
Through the long waste of unease where the snow-bird alone over-passes,
Down to the sea-growing lichen that fringes the Borean borders,
Lies the long river of tears of the women—the woe-stricken forders.
Started that sorrowful river in the night and the wormwood of ages;
Sullen, perverted, it ran alike through the themes of the sages,
The sneer and the smirk of the fool, the blows of the boor and the master:
Fast were the bolt and the chain; the toils of tradition were faster.
Measuredly mincing and pacing, unmeasuredly loving and toiling,
Meekly the daughters of Eve took on them their age-long assoiling;
Wore the sad nilica* blossom by right as a crown of adorning;
Took as a portion ordained the love with its leaven of scorning,
That lasted for days of the Lord—the days that are ages and aeons;
And men by the slave mother nurtured, grew fitly to Tyranny's scions.
But behold in the ocean of thought to-day is the heave of the Kraken,
The sperme and the dash of the brine on cliffs that are crumbled and shaken,
The salt savage joy of the water set free in a wild cataclysm
From a lake that is calm, lily-bordered, flung out to the ocean's abysm.
Ye are out, my beloved, my own, from the lake-bed that fed but on fountains,
The murmuring strand that is tideless, the iron embrace of the mountains,
The lake was your Egypt, the surges your troublous marching in Edom,
And scarce are ye free, but ye hold the keys of upheaval and freedom.
Women beloved, my own, whose minds are the masterless waters,
Sweeping from Pole to the Pole—the Age's all glorious Daughters!
Sweep on, my beloved, my own, where the mew and the petrel are leading;
Nor the days are for honey-sweet words, nor the times are for softness and pleading.
Ye are out with the fetterless foam where Capricorn calleth to Cancer.
In the long sobbing trail of the twilight the Pole to the Pole hath made answer.
And ye are the Queens of the Air, that palpitates now with the swarming
Of thoughts that have left the dark hive and sprung to the light and to arming—
Sprung to the Spirits' Megiddo where the Dawn and the Darkness upgather
This day of the wars of the Lord—ere yet the world knoweth her Father.
But, crowns of the seventh-time wave, and queens of the winds of heaven,
Be lowly and fervent in prayer for fear of the Lucifer-haven;
Lest, hidden in earth-rolling vapour, your Polaris vanish from vision,
And ye follow a red rebel comet that lures in the tempest transition.
Is it love, is it war, my beloved, that drew you away from the tender
Soul-satisfied watch of the dove that knows not of joy or of splendour
But low in the peace of her nest? It is Love, that all-powerful, the purest,
Love of the woman for woman; the sorrowful bond is the surest.
They who but feasted together forget when a new day is risen,
But for ever their souls inter-knit who wept with each other in prison.
Lowly on knee ye have taken the vow of your sister's keeper.
"What has thou done with our sister?" ye cry ever louder and deeper,
The thunder rolls on at Megiddo; the sable infernal battalion
Takes phantom array for the battle, and vexed is the brood of Apollyon.
For red in the east is the dawn that the demons have dreaded, foreknowing
The visible day of Messiah whose light is their last over-throwing—
When the jewel of womanhood glitters, the age long assailing now ended,
When to be born but a woman is heritage noble and splendid,
When the mothers are sworn unto peace and the children hate naught that is human,
When the Pole to the Pole shall be knitted by love of the woman for woman!

* Nilica, an Oriental flower, emblematic of sorrow, mentioned in *Lalla Rookh*.

The Late Frances E. Willard.

THE death of Miss Willard removes from our midst one whom Mr. Stead well named the Uncrowned Queen of the United States.

Her story is as fascinating as ever human story was, and fortunately she has herself told it in *My Happy Half Century*, which friends of the temperance cause persuaded her to publish in 1894. Miss Willard traced her descent from the Kentish yeomanry, and it is not too much to say that it needed the best blood of both the Old World and the New to produce a woman so unique. There was in her a happy mixture of dogged Saxon determination and genuine personal worth, animated by American resourcefulness, readiness, and a bright bubbling sense of humour, not common in the English woman, at least when trained in the somewhat repressive English fashion. The most prominent feature in her character was her loveliness, her power of winning outsiders for the cause, and retaining them as her life-long friends. This quality made her manner simply invincible, it could not be withstood.

I first met Miss Willard in the offices of the paper founded by Miss Henrietta Müller, *The Woman's Herald*, with which both my friend, the Editor of SHAFTS, and myself were associated. I was not at all prepared to bow down and worship, having indeed a general idea that people much made of must be spoiled, and that an American accent moreover is far from beautiful. Miss Willard had only been ten minutes in my society when I was completely won over; moreover, I gave the accent in too. Why should everyone speak alike? Soon it appeared characteristic, distinctive, musical, charming.

I was so captivated that I placed the editorial sanctum at Miss Willard's disposal for that morning and went to correct proofs in the general office. For this small service, she was absurdly grateful. Miss Willard spent a long time in England after her arrival in the autumn of 1892; returning every summer until 1896. She was always the guest of Lady Henry Somerset, either at the Priory, or the Cottage, a charming little home in the grounds. Lady Henry insisted on her guest resting. She would not be denied, and there is no doubt that her wise insistence prolonged Miss Willard's life for a few years. On the occasion of her last visit to England, the latter part of her stay was made at Lower Sheringham, near Cromer, whither Lady Henry carried her off, to rest and cycle.

To my mind there are few things more real and more beautiful than the friendships of women. On the stage we often see small parodies of feminine friendships in the form of effusive greetings of gushing ladies. But behind these small strokes of satire there lies for me the fact of women's friendship for women.

I have only heard of two couples of men bearing each other great friendship, viz., David and Jonathan, Orestes and Pylades. The whole quartette, even supposing that the friendship was not so mythical as some are inclined to think, were very young, so that Time, the great searcher of hearts and trier of reins and friendships, never set his seal on them. But already I have seen many great and deep friendships of women, lasting twenty and thirty years, standing the test of living in the same house, sharing the same joys and sorrows. Although the friendship between Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset only dated from 1891, it promised to be a very real and lasting one. I have heard Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, the well-known writer and Quaker

preacher, describe the meeting between the two future friends. Each led the temperance movement in her own country and Mrs. Smith, intending they should be friends, began by discreetly praising the fine qualities of each to the other. Lady Henry rather chillingly observed that much praised people were usually disappointing, and Mrs. Smith felt that her well-meant plan had failed. The two ladies met in the States when Lady Henry went on her triumphal procession there. "They had not been together five minutes," said Mrs. Smith to me afterwards, "before I saw they were *made* for each other; both were delighted, and so was I." This with a beaming smile, which assisted one to realise the triple blessing. Miss Willard had been President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union ever since 1878; Lady Henry was a more recent recruit, becoming President of the B.W.T.A. after the death of Margaret Bright Lucas in 1890. Moreover, Miss Willard founded a federation of Women's Temperance Associations all over the world, beginning the work about 1883. Organisers were sent out to Australia, India, China, Madeira, Madagascar, Siam, Straits Settlements, Corea, Japan, either to preach the gospel of temperance or to federate the existing organisations. This federation has the somewhat unfortunate name of World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, abbreviated by the initiated to W.W.C.T.U. Miss Willard was its President from 1887 up to her death; and Lady Henry, who has been Vice-President for some years, then assumed the Presidentship. Not very long ago Miss Willard proposed in Committee, that Lady Henry should then assume the Presidentship. The members listened in great surprise: "Why, Frances Willard!" at length said Mrs. Whitall Smith, "thee might as well propose to take a woman's baby and give it to another woman. It's quite ridiculous; thee must remain President." And that ended the matter, for Miss Willard at the very last meetings at Toronto and Buffalo, presided, and spent a fortnight in the general and executive meetings. It was jokingly observed that Lady Henry and Miss Willard made a very presidential party; Miss Willard was two Presidents and one Vice-President, and Lady Henry one President and two Vice-Presidents, with Anna Gordon and Mrs. Ward Poole as General Secretaries and holders of a few more posts. The atmosphere at the Cottage, Reigate, where I saw Miss Willard several times, was very delightful, home-like, and not the least bit presidential. It was an unwritten canon that she must be looked after. Uttering some quaint conceit or recalling an amusing anecdote or illustration, of which she had vast stores, Miss Willard would in absence of mind lay down implements on an unfinished plate. But Lady Henry, or Anna Gordon, or someone, would gently recall her to the path of duty, perhaps by a mere gesture, and Miss Willard would obediently resume her labours. Indeed she was capital company; her tendencies were distinctly gregarious, and her happy smile, her determination to amuse and be amused, not the least lovable part of her strong character.

Miss Willard was devoted heart and soul to woman suffrage. She early realised, that for women to toil in the cause of temperance, using the weapon of influence alone, is not good enough business. Nothing is so hopelessly condemnatory of feminine intelligence as to see good women in England labouring to get up temperance meetings and lectures to convert the people, imagining it to be unfeminine to ask for the suffrage, and leaving alone the magistrates in Brewster Sessions to grant fresh licences which more than undo their work. Miss Willard's

intelligence was of too high an order to miss an obvious cause and effect. Her conversion was complete, and she brought over to her side the entire organisation of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Indeed as the years rolled on Miss Willard became more and more enthusiastic on behalf of equal rights for the sexes. I remember her quoting, amongst various other mottoes: "No sex in citizenship," with high approval. She added on that occasion that, as things now stand, "Courage for women, chastity for men," expressed her views on some social difficulties. "I firmly believe that woman will bless and brighten every place she enters and that she will enter every place," she observed to me on one occasion. Once or twice doubt assailed her, but she clung to this view with a good deal of tenacity.

On the last occasion on which I saw Miss Willard, in 1896, her health was a good deal broken. She suffered from painful inflammation of the tongue, but in spite of this we had a long talk about the "new woman," whom Mr. Max O'Rell had just been attacking with more vigour than discretion.

I cannot forbear quoting what she then said. She was not at all angry, but perfectly certain of the faith that was in her. "New women have existed since ever history has preserved records for us, and no doubt long before. We need new women, because we keep having relays of new men. It is quite vain, ignorant persons trying to make a sex question out of what is really a matter of temperament, intelligence, the need for companionship amongst those whose aims and tastes are similar. There will always be plenty of fractious, aimless, uninspired drudges for dull, unsocial men, sunk in their own petty interests. There will be a large number of first-class funerals before the stage is cleared for the new drama of life. The development of science, the extension of educational advantages, are the seed; the crop will be new men and new women. The demand for new women is a demand by men who want women with sunny spirits, a friendly outlook on life, with scientific knowledge of how health should be preserved, perhaps gained by means of athletics; women whose lives are enriched by literature, art, the drama; women who are an active, industrial, and educational factor in the world's work."

Wise, witty and tender, the pity is one cannot reproduce the way in which Miss Willard said this.

As Mr. Robert Pearsall Smith, an old and true friend of hers, remarked—one never heard her say a word against men, for she realised that the interests of men and women are essentially one, never adopting Adam's very ancient plan of blaming the other sex. Indeed one of the great secrets of her career was that she knew how to make men her faithful knights and friends, as well as to gain the allegiance of her own sex.

An old and faithful colleague of Miss Willard's, a woman long and deeply attached to her, observed to me a few days after her death, with fine Quaker-like simplicity: "Frances always seemed to me not only the woman of the century, but of all time. God hasn't time to make such women nowadays." And thinking of the excellent people with grit and character who lay in the generations behind her, of that wonderful old Mother who bid her thank God that she had been a welcome child, one can hardly help seeing that great and silent forces went to the making of Frances Willard, and many deep influences to her moulding. The world is a heavy loser since she has "fallen on sleep."

C. S. BREMNER.

Club Records.

THE PIONEER CLUB.

5, GRAFTON STREET, PICCADILLY, W.

THE great strength of the Pioneer Club lies in its debates. They are always interesting, well chosen, well organised. Their strength and power dwell in the fact that each member is free to speak in discussion, free to suggest debates and to suggest openers, themselves or others. While this continues the source of strength is within the Club itself; and this, with other excellent features, is fast making this Club a very powerful one.

SUMMER SESSION, 1898.

Thursday Evening Lectures, Debates, Discussions, etc., 8.15 p.m.

April 28th.—"That Militarism and Imperialism are bringing the British Commonwealth to shame and ruin." Debate opened by G. HERBERT PERRIS, Esq. Opposer, H. F. WYATT, Esq., B.A., Member of the Navy League. Mrs. ARTHUR FRANCIS in the chair.

May 5th.—"Some Living Poets." Lecture by WILLIAM ARCHER, Esq., followed by discussion. Mrs. STANTON BLATCH in the chair.

May 12th.—"That Shakespeare's Women are Ideals." Debate opened by Miss LAURA STUBBS. Mrs. HOLROYD CHAPLIN in the chair.

May 19th.—"Some So-called Savages." Lecture by EVERARD IM THUEN, Esq., M.A., C.M.G., followed by discussion. Mrs. ATHERTON in the chair.

May 26th.—"That Fictional Literature now offers a fine Profession for Women." Debate opened by Mrs. DE COURCY LAFFAN (Mrs. LEITH ADAMS). Miss HELEN WEBB, M.B., in the chair.

June 2nd.—"Is reviewing useless?" Debate opened by PERCY WHITE, Esq. Miss ROWLAND BROWN in the chair.

June 9th.—"That at the present stage of human development Convention is a public benefit." Debate opened by Miss NORTHCROFT (engagements permitting). Mrs. FRANKLIN in the chair.

June 16th.—"That it is possible and advantageous to train our nerves." Debate opened by Mrs. WILLIAM ARCHER. Mrs. DOWSON, L.R.C.P.S.I., in the chair.

June 23rd.—"Women's work in the Australian Gold-fields." Lecture by Mrs. BARNSTON PARNELL, followed by discussion. Mrs. SAMUEL GARRETT in the chair.

June 30th.—"Mind as Disease Producer." Debate opened by HERBERT CORYN, Esq., M.R.C.S. The Hon. Mrs. ARTHUR PELHAM in the chair.

July 7th.—"That it is a question whether our Government is morally bound to combat the plague in India against native convictions, religious and social." Debate opened by Mrs. FLORA A. STEEL. Miss WHITEHEAD in the chair.

July 14th.—"Should Women Work in the Co-operative Movement?" Debate opened by Mrs. DEANS. Miss EDITH BRADLEY in the chair.

FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS.

May 6th.—Lecture by Miss NORTHCROFT. "Women in Professions." Chair to be taken at 5 p.m., by Miss SARA BURSTALL, M.A., and at 8.30 p.m. by HENRY HOLIDAY, Esq. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 1s., can be obtained from Mrs. Gordon, Miss Griève, and Miss Imray, Pioneer Club.

"At Homes," every Tuesday, 4.30 p.m.

Musical "At Home," the first Tuesday in every month.

Practice Debate, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in the month, 8 p.m.

Dramatic Society, 2nd and 4th Fridays in the month, 8 p.m.

Miss ELEANORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING will give a lecture on "The Irish Chopin and the Romantic Movement in Music." The chair will be taken by The Most Rev. N. Donnelly, D.D., Assistant Bishop of Dublin. In illustration of the lecture Miss D'Esterre-Keeling will play Pianoforte Soli by Field, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Schumann. Mr. George Thorp has kindly promised to sing songs by Schubert and Schumann. Tickets, 2s. 6d. each, may be obtained from Miss Gleeson, 143, High Street, Kensington; Miss Griève, Tudor Mansions; Miss D'Esterre-Keeling, 41, Holland Road, Kensington; and Mr. George Thorp, 10, Princes Street, Hanover Square. The entire proceeds will be given to the Dublin Mansion House Fund, for the Relief of the Distress in Ireland.

GROSVENOR CRESCENT CLUB.

SUMMER PROGRAMME, 1898.

Debates are held on the second Tuesday in each month at 8.15 p.m.

May 10th.—"That Fiction is the Highest Form of Truth." Moved by Mr. T. ZANGWILL. Chairman—

June 14th.—"That women should cease to be exempt from the processes of the Law for enforcing the fulfilment of their liabilities and debts, and that legislative advantages in favour of women be suspended until this be established." Moved by Mr. E. J. STANNARD, LL.B. Chairman—Mr. E. P. COUNSEL, LL.D.

July 12th.—"That in the interests of trade in the East, the Suez Canal ought always to be in the hands of the British people." Moved by Mr. MACLEAN, M.P. Chairman—

At Homes. Afternoon Receptions are held on the third Thursday in each month.

May 19th.—4-6, Music. *June 16th.*—4-6, Music. *July 21st.*—4-6, Music.

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

SUMMER PROGRAMME, 1898.

Lectures are given on the fourth Tuesday in each month, at 8.15 p.m., to which members are entitled to bring one guest.

April 26th.—"Shakespeare's Women." By Dr. STANTON COIT. Chairman—Dr. GARNETT (*British Museum*).

May 24th.—"Secondary Education for Women." (To be published as one of the Transactions of the Women's Institute). By Mrs. SOPHIE BRYANT, D.Sc. Chairman—Miss MAITLAND (*Somerville College*).

June 28th.—"The Young Person." By Miss ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

Re-Union of Members.

Wednesday afternoons.—Members of the Executive Committee will attend from 3 until 6 o'clock in the Reading Room, to meet members and answer inquiries.

Wednesday evenings.—The Institute is open until 10 p.m., and meetings are held of the Practice Debating and Reading Societies; also of the Chess, Whist, and other Clubs. A Sketching Club will shortly be formed.

Practice Debating Society.

April 27th, 8 p.m.—"How far should Teetotalism be carried?" Moved by Mrs. P. HERON-MAXWELL.

May 11th, 8 p.m.—"That Civilization has had a deteriorating influence on Humanity." Moved by Miss LOWE.

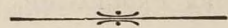
May 25th, 8 p.m.—"That the decline of Patriotism is prejudicial to Imperial Interests." Moved by Miss SHURMER.

June 8th, 8 p.m.—Sharp Practice Debate.

June 22nd, 8 p.m.—"That State-aided Pensions should be available for Working Women." Moved by Miss SOMERVILLE.

THE SOMERVILLE CLUB.

I HAD the great pleasure of being present lately at a social afternoon given by the members of this Club. The glimpse given of the Club and its workings was encouraging in the extreme, and the works of artists, members of the Club, which were hung on the walls for this occasion showed, in many instances, special talent. I was rejoiced to see that this Club, which was, I believe, the first women's club established in London, still holds so well its place, growing as the years pass. We want many women's clubs, and from them we may hope in some future time, to form a Senate house of women.



Bond of Union among Workers for the Common Good.

A MEETING for women only to be held at Westminster Town Hall, Caxton Street, on Tuesday, May 3rd, at 3 p.m., to hear addresses by Mrs. Wheler Andrew and Dr. Kate Bushnell, on "The Duty of Women at the present Moral Crisis in respect to State Regulation of Vice." The President of the Bond of Union in the chair. Tea at 5 p.m.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT STATE REGULATION OF VICE.

The Contagious Diseases Acts in England were suspended in 1883, repealed in 1886—in India 1888—but the practices were continued under the authority of "Cantonments Acts." To prove this by careful investigation, Mrs. Andrew and Dr. K. Bushnell were sent to India by the British Committee for Repeal in India and the British Dominions; and these ladies, during 1893, reported on the above, in England, at public meetings, besides giving evidence before a Departmental Committee. In July, 1897, the system was restored in India, and seventy-nine women doctors have just memorialised Lord George Hamilton against it.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell writes:—"The Fundamental Error of the C.D. Acts is the attempt to meet Moral Evil by physical remedy."

Even general medical opinion is much divided as to the hygienic results claimed by the advocates of State Regulated Vice, while public feeling is increasingly in revolt against the uselessness, cruelty, and danger, to human society involved by the whole system.

As the total abolition of State Regulated Vice throughout the world is a matter which concerns the honour and safety of our common womanhood, and even of human life, and as there are comparatively few opportunities for women to express their views and thus to strengthen the hands of their friends in Parliament, it is earnestly hoped that all will attend this meeting who can possibly do so.

On sale in the Room: Dr. E. Blackwell's *Responsibility of Women Physicians*; and *The Queen's Daughters in India*, by Mrs. Andrew and Dr. K. Bushnell.



About Books.

"THE EMANCIPATION OF THE FAMILY."

AS I stated in my last issue, "The Emancipation of the Family" is the title of the first essay according to order of arrangement in the collection under heading *The Morality of Marriage*, by Mona Caird.

This clever and logical writer has certainly a special aptitude for the discussion of these important matters. A clear, unclouded look-out, a mind free, from the prejudices of the past and present; freed, I should say, for the freeing of the judgment from an atmosphere jaundiced by prejudice is, and must always be, a personal effort. It is seldom indeed that readers of any class, eager and intelligent, or indifferent, have the advantage of perusing so complete and striking a picture of the past and present, in their social and legislative aspects, in relation to women, as "Mona Caird" here places before them. She has given it also in the fulness of time, when the air is full of such questions as are treated of here, and when sex matters are in danger of being disastrously degraded; unless those, who, like Mrs. Caird, discuss them from great moral heights, come to the assistance of those who grovel and sink, under the endeavour, sincere or false, which professes to make the body an object of worship, and gives to transitory bodily functions a place which can be held only by the undying powers of the Spirit. The firm stand taken by Mrs. Caird is of inestimable importance; and her writings will become sooner or later a great standard of moral truth and purity. The more they are studied the sooner they will be understood; and the sooner understood, the better for the age in which we dwell.

Mrs. Caird has taken great pains to do her work well, and to bring it to the level of the average understanding. The result of her labours has, we hope, rewarded her with her own approval, as well as the chorus of praise which it deserves from the multitude of those who read. Such works lift the world many steps forward, and place open gates along the great highway of life in all its divisions, social, political or educational.

So important is the reading of such books, so vast the issues which must flow therefrom, that I feel I can never say enough to awaken a desire in the minds of all to read for themselves, and to rouse up souls that sleep. I must not, however, take up much time with the utterance of my own convictions in regard to Mrs. Caird's pen productions, which, proceeding from unfettered thoughts, are so full of blessing, but must endeavour to give my readers, by a few well-selected quotations, some idea of the aspect she, through the medium of her clear fearless thought, gives to the position of woman, past and present; to the relationship of the sexes; the rightful ownership of children; the conditions and possibilities of family life; the degradation of woman under the rule of the masculine; motherhood and its dependent conditions; marriage under its present conditions; marriage as it might be; the future of the home, of children, of woman, and of the world. The book is entrancing in its human interest, it holds the reader, and sends its truths straight to the heart and brain.

I noticed in last issue the excellent *Introduction*, which is a book in itself, and worth earnest study. "The Emancipation of the Family" treats of, in Part I.:

"Fear as the ruling motive of primitive worship—Society in a state of perpetual motion—Progress not inevitable—Crystallising of national forces under influence of fixed ideas. Pursuit of wealth produces certain kind of social crystallisation . . . Original organisation of family through the mother . . . Instances from Sir John Lubbock and Nachtigall—Survival of custom of capturing wives . . . Gradual degradation

of women under father-rule—System of Woman-purchase grew out of capture system—Rights of Father derived through purchase of Mother—Exogamy and Endogamy—Establishment of patriarchal rule due to capture of women and to their temporary weakness during childbirth—Ideas of the becoming—Primitive notions of religion—Instruments of Human Progress.

PART II.—*Patria Potestas.*

Position of women under Roman law—The *Patria Potestas*—Liberal measures of Justinian . . . Christian opposition to divorce. Roman and barbarian usages—Traces of matriarchal customs in German Codes—Woman under common law—Children of a woman who had been carried off held as belonging to her husband. In all cases, children belong either to mother or owner of mother—Possession of rights over children prove legal ownership of mother. Origin of present lop-sided social development.

PART III.—*End of the Patriarchal System.*

The Individual as unit of Modern Society—Woman not yet accepted as free individual—Woman under competitive system—Woman's "sphere"—Woman under tutelage, yet held responsible—Illogical position—Artificial disabilities—Far-reaching effects of subjection of women—Real brunt of present marriage bond borne by Women. Position of Mother before 1886. Her present Position—Maternal duties enforced with great rigour—Domestic institutions a barbarous survival—Satires of men against women—The Family to be brought into line with general progress—Close of Patriarchal system.

In this section Mrs. Caird says :

"There is nothing which appears to be more trying to the "natural man" than to be asked to dethrone, for the moment, from his mind the idols of that particular phase of Society in which he lives, and to turn his eyes towards the great company of forgotten gods. It is so hard to realise that these grotesque images were at one time worshipped in fear and trembling, just as we now worship whatever image the power of the Age may have set up for our adoration. With our untutored ancestors, as with us, fear was the ruling motive of the worship; with them, as with us, sacrifice, human and animal, was the method of propitiation."

In these few sentences is contained matter for deepest thought, which, if carefully utilised, has illuminating power sufficient to guide sincere seekers to the light. From the works of other thinkers, from the customs of all times and countries, from the strugglings of the nearer approaches to truth, and from the suppression of thought and enquiry, Mrs. Caird culls matter for her work and help in her efforts to show forth what would be the results, upon human society and institutions, of a truer, higher, and clearer understanding of basic principles; as opposed to selfish ends. But, above all things, she is herself a powerful, unprejudiced thinker, and sees clearly the light that shines beyond the darkness of the outposts.

"Progress," she says, "is not an automatic force which goes on working of its own initiative, in spite of all opposition and without individual effort. There is a disposition to look upon it in that light, and to see for ourselves no danger of crystallising, as other nations have crystallised before us, under the influence of fixed creeds. Confucius has spoken the word of enchantment which holds the Chinese millions under an unbroken spell; in this country and among English-speaking people, the thirst for material prosperity is making a determined attempt to pronounce a similar incantation."

A suggestion somewhat appalling, owing to its possibility, is thrown out in the concluding sentence of this page, "It is, at least, not inconceivable that these mighty forces should prevail," but those who read the book throughout will understand all that it implies. The differing conditions of wifelyhood and motherhood during the matriarchal age, as compared with the patriarchal, and the corresponding degradation of Woman, *as woman*, under the latter, is very powerfully shown.

This essay closes with the closing of the patriarchal system, to the departing phantom of which Mrs. Caird gently utters :

"May we speed the parting guest."

In referring to this time the end of which in all its survivals will prove so abundant a blessing to the human race, Mrs. Caird says :

"Without irreverence for the past we must see that the time has fully come to throw off the tyranny of surviving superstitions which are holding us back, and causing a dislocated social condition, because in public matters, and for one sex, we are working on the principle of individual freedom and the right of private contract; while in all the relations of the family, and for the other sex, we are still moulding our life on the worst side of the old patriarchal idea, and denying the principle of private contract. When domestic life has been wrought into harmony with civilisation, we shall have passed through a bloodless revolution. Equal rights for the two sexes; the economic independence of women, the establishment, rapid or gradual, of real freedom in the home—this at last would bring us to the end of the Patriarchal system."

In treating "Marriage," Part I., "the Pioneer of civilisation," Mrs. Caird goes still deeper into the heart of her subject. The initiatory remarks are to the point, and refer to a special characteristic of male reason or unreason recognised now by most women who take the trouble to think coherently.

"There is no social philosophy, however logical and far-seeing on other points, which does not lapse into incoherence as soon as it touches the subject of woman. The thinker abandons the laws of reasoning which he has obeyed until that fatal moment; he forgets every principle of science previously present to his mind, and suddenly descends to a lower intellectual plane, making statements that any schoolboy might scorn. Our Philosopher—once so strict in logical inference—takes the same view of women as certain Indian theologians took of the staple food of their country, 'The great Spirit' they said, 'made all things except the wild rice, but the wild rice came by chance.'"

Women are treated as if they alone were exempt from the influences of natural selection, of the well known effects upon organs and aptitudes of continued use or disuse—effects which everyone has exemplified in his own life, which every profession proves, and which is freely acknowledged in the discussion of all questions, except those in which woman forms an important element.

Speaking of the restrictive measures employed to hinder and bind women, Mrs. Caird instances the deterioration of dogs being chained up, and shows the distortions produced by the overworking of some instincts and the suppression of others.

"The dog has no revenge in his power; he must live and die, and no one knows his wretchedness. But the woman takes her unconscious vengeance, for she enters into the inmost life of society, and can pay back the injury with interest, item by item. Through her (distortion) marriage becomes what Milton calls 'a drooping and disconsolate household captivity,' and through her influence over children, she is able to keep going physical weakness and disease, which might, with a little knowledge, be so easily stamped out; she is able to oppose new ideas by the early implanting of prejudice; to hold back the wheels of progress, and send into the world human beings likely to wreck every attempt at social re-organisation, whether made by men or gods."

"In Egypt, Spain, Germany, at different epochs, we have records which amply prove Dr. Richardson's contention that physical strength, in either sex, depends on the method of training in early life, and that there is nothing to prevent women, in the course of a few generations, from recovering the physical power which their mode of existence, and the ill-usage suffered during the long patriarchal ages, have combined to destroy."

The extraordinary incapacity of the male to understand the greatness of the female, owing to the stigma he himself has cast upon her, and which he is unable of himself to remove, is instanced by Mrs. Caird, from Gibbon, who felt in himself, a sovereign, and frequently

expressed contempt for women. As historian he was compelled to give testimony to the striking fact, that in almost every case when the affairs of State were guided by a woman, the empire entered upon a period of comparative prosperity, and its downward impetus was for the time perceptibly slackened. Yet Gibbon, stupid and bigoted in his self-created contempt for women, first describes the—

“Admirable and vigorous administration of the great Queen Zenobia, who raised Palmyra almost to the position of a rival of Rome; shows, moreover, that this had been accomplished at a time when the neighbouring states of Asia were sunk, one and all, in febleness and corruption.” Gibbon then adds: “Her sex alone rendered her an object of contempt.”

Incomprehensible hatred, astonishing contempt! Contempt? impossible to understand until the clue is obtained—that clue is easily discoverable by those who seek, and clearly seen by this writer.

I must ask Mrs. Caird's pardon for so many quotations, but my sincere desire is, that all who can read and think, should have the great advantage of studying this book. If my words move many to do so, I trust that will excuse the frequent quotations, for they are so excellent and convincing as to be irresistible.

“It was impossible that the demand of women for freedom should become a feature of modern life, without the marriage relation, as at present understood, being called in question. Their claim for freedom included—whether all who made it, so intended or not—a claim for a modified marriage.

“No one who has convinced himself of facts will be able to believe in the finality of any particular form. He will be forced to recognise that the relationship between the sexes holds intimate connection with other social conditions. He will see that the subjugation of a sex, which may be maintained while that sex is economically dependent, can never be permanently established after that disadvantage is removed; . . . that our present ideas regarding marriage are founded on the fact of the pecuniary dependence of women—a dependence which has been the result rather of human injustice than of any natural disabilities of woman.”

“Even in one generation improved conditions and training can work miracles. The pressure under which women have lived, throughout these centuries of bondage, has been inconceivably great; indeed, until the burden is lifted, few will understand how crushing was its weight. So consistent and all-pervading has been the impact on body, mind and character, that a uniform pressure has ever been mistaken by many of the sufferers for no pressure at all, or rather for the inevitable misery entailed, as they believe, by existence itself. The absence of complaint among many women, of which we hear so much, often springs from sheer lack of experience of that sense of fresh, unrestricted, unfatigued power with which every human creature ought to start on the journey of life. *To stand thus erect*, with only the natural resistance of atmosphere and gravitation to offer a fulcrum for the living forces of the body and brain—this is what the women of civilised Christendom cannot hope to understand until they have learnt to realise that the unnecessary burden is not laid upon them by ‘nature,’ but by their fellows.”

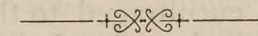
“And thus, while women were being ignored in the obvious course of human affairs, and history soared above their bowed heads, the material of that very history was forming under their hands. In those shrouded homes, where the minds of children received their life-long stamp from the mothers of the race, all the determining elements of human sentiment were initiated and fashioned, in that mysterious process of spiritual crystallisation, which it is our habit to call Fate.”

“Without sharing in any of the excitement, the glory, or the rewards of war, women have always had to accept its worst risks, and to endure its most terrible insults.”

If clear seeing makes a seer, if deep and unselfish thought given to any subject may entitle a thinker to teach, unfold, or expound truth, if power to do, and courage to dare, may constitute a claim to be heard, if these can earn for any soul the crown of work well done, then Mrs. Caird has earned a well-deserved crowning, yea, even to receive from her own hands that crown of crowns, the approving pronouncement of the percipient SELF, when with deep humility and surging joy it passes

judgment upon its own work, while the rays of light, which the soul has sent forth to pierce the darkness of ignorance and prejudice, flash back into its own atmospheres and fill them with radiance.

So far as I have quoted, will give my readers an idea of the exceeding excellence of this book; it is but as one drop from the fullness of the ocean of thought the book contains. At a time like this, when so many are seeking to understand matters pertaining to the relations of the sexes, when so many dare to utter by word and pen, for the teaching of the multitudes, thought from lower planes, it is an inestimable privilege to hear a trumpet call from the heights, to look into eyes that pierce the dark clouds of misconception and tyranny, and see the blue smiling heavens beyond;—to take into our souls' depths, teachings that are for the healing of the nations. Mrs. Caird leaves no point untouched, no evil resultings unrevealed. She exposes fearlessly the terrible conditions of life and their causes, yet, with clear pointing finger, shows the way leading infallibly to peak after peak of the higher, happier life before us, upward! onward! needing strenuous climbing and the slaying of many monsters—but Attainable. May all who read it take the path—the prospect, when seen stretched before us, will be found worth any cost of striving or climbing.



Books for the Young Children.

BUT a few years have passed since the world of folks in authority—educationally—was held in durance, by that maddest of popular delusions, the idea of girls' books and boys' books. I do not know that we are quite free from this influence yet, may the spirit of the age soon deliver us, for it is the very Gog and Magog of blind mistakes.

“As a girl,” said a well-known clever woman, now wearing her crown of silvery hair, “I was bewitched to read books of adventure by sea and land, books of war and wild achievement, such books as my brothers read freely, without hindrance. My mother, a mild sweet woman whom I dearly loved, and my teachers, took such books from me, and they were as carefully as possible kept out of my reach. Assisted by the experience of later years, I now know that underneath my mother's quiet, subdued exterior, I often detected a spark of the fire that smouldered beneath, shut away long years before, from the free air that would have kindled it to flame by the *process of education*. So she taught me as her sense of duty dictated, as she had been taught; crushed me, as she had been crushed; crushed! by gentle love, kindness, and care, into a worn-out semblance of what might have been. I remember how I was deluged by Ruskin's sayings and many others, all to the tune of ‘Be good, dear maid, and let who will be clever.’ Now I do not say that, as the world stands, all this was useless. While our social arrangements are as they are, there are some things necessary perhaps, to a girl's education, such as domestic duties; just as others, such as business matters, perhaps, are necessary to a boy's. But that *these* matters are to be the *ultima thule* of a girl's existence, or *those* of a boy's, I do deny, nor do I see that more than a small part of a girl's or boy's life need be taken up with them. What makes the household creature, or the business creature, is more or less of a passing nature. What makes the human being is eternal, and both girl and boy are in the latter, travelling on the same path. However, under the influence of this

system and espionage I grew to my sixteenth year, and was gradually toned down into expressionless incapacity. I was fast developing a taste for finery, for the making of pies, puddings, etc., and for flirtation. I lived in an atmosphere of manufactured thoughts; among girls who had all been trained to expect to be married, supported, admired, loved (?) and I was falling into my groove, where I should have been moulded like the others, when suddenly a great sorrow came upon me, which was to me a sore grief, but at the same time an opening into a new life. My mother suddenly sank into a condition of great weakness and passed from us. My father, a man as devoted to business as my mother had been to domestic affairs, had theories of his own, and after my mother's death sent my brothers here and there to be swallowed up in the commercial sea; and myself to be taken care of by an aunt. This lady was the very antithesis of my mother in her opinions; she taught me, made me read, took me to places where women were beginning to gather to discuss many reforms, in short laid the foundations, re-awakened all my old desires, and made me what I have been since. Out of the former training I should have grown probably to be a woman, according to the then stereotyped idea, but what I should have been as a human being, with my part of the world's responsibility upon me, my bounden duty to share in all its public as well as private life, I do not care now to think of. By my aunt I was taught to think, encouraged to think freely, uncontrolled. My daughters now receive the benefit of this generous woman's fearlessness. Books of adventure, even of the wildest type," she added, laughing, "have not been excluded from their list. Books of the deepest thought, more especially; free thought, free discussion, a high standard always held to their view. If we wish our children to grow to their mental and spiritual fulness, as well as to their physical, we must give to the mind what we, if we are wise, give to the body, plenty of fresh air, and freedom of motion. I wish often, I could see a child grow up as free as a flower, left more to feed its own mentality, and see what would come of it. We fuss too much about the *young person*, always of the feminine gender, the less likely of the two to be harmed by what she reads; we leave her brother less harassed. Boys, who are always granted by the average parent much freedom, are much more likely to receive harmful impressions. If we teach our children to consult us, they will do so—I have found it so—too much control either stimulates to morbid eagerness and disobedience, causing deceit, or it destroys the growth of the mind."

A careful *selection* is all that is necessary in regard to the reading of children, a wise selection that is no bar to freedom, especially as they grow older, but not too much palpable control. Books suitable to the child's age also should be chosen. If interesting books are in the house children will read them; and when possible the nursery library should be well supplied. Even very young children enjoy reading, and enjoy being read to when they cannot read for themselves. A child's mind is inquisitive, it wants to know; it must not be taxed to learn *lessons* too soon; let the mother or guardian tell it the meaning of things, it will not forget.

Home lessons are a serious mistake for children, that is, home tasks to be learnt for school, after school hours. The habit destroys all love of reading; quenches all thirst for knowledge in the average child, it gives us machines instead of children, and we lose the individual development of character, which otherwise we should rejoice in, and which, becoming general, would make life so full of interest. Alas, we spoil everything for want of thought—

"We over-rule and over-teach,
We curb, and we confine;
And put the heart to school too soon
To learn our narrow line."

I would here especially draw attention to the good that might be done by giving to young children attractive books on the subject of animals. If children are taught to know animals and their ways, they will soon learn to love them, to be kind to them. An adroit word, a skilfully drawn picture, a simple and sympathetically told story, will implant in a child's heart such a love for, and tender care of, animals as shall never in the future years be forgotten.

We owe much to many friends of animals and of children for the happily thought of, and prettily told tales they write. Among these, I may mention Miss Edith Carrington, who writes much that is just what is wanted. Readers of SHAFTS will confer a favour upon me and help much, by sending in, names of tales, books, etc., suitable for this purpose. Miss Carrington has, in the *Animal's Friend*, given a pretty little tale of a Hedge Sparrow and a Mouse, both little mothers, which is suitable to the youngest children. Some simple tales have the great characteristic of all well-told children's tales, that they can be read by older people with pleasure and profit. Our grey-haired ones, alas! have to be taught kindness to animals, often, even more than our little ones. Juliana Horatio Ewing is almost unequalled in the field of children's literature; her books are a treasure worth paying for; indeed, all these writers may well wake up many minds to the sense of how kind we *might be*, and how cruel we *are*.

Any one who has observed the interest excited in little minds, the sympathy awakened in little hearts, the tears, that fill dear little eyes, by tales of animals, will understand how inestimably precious are these early days in which to make humane women and men of our children, whom no after years can ever quite harden.

BLACK BEAUTY is one of the best books I have ever read, in the kind thoughts it inspires towards horses. It is the autobiography of a horse, and gives the history of this horse from "the first place I can well remember" to

"My troubles are all over, and I am at home, and often before I am awake, I fancy I am still in the orchard at Birtwick, standing with my old friends under the apple trees."

The book shows unmistakably how happy a horse's life might be were it treated with gentle care and consideration; while at the same time the work its owners required from it would be done, and done better in every way. It shows how short-sighted is the policy of cruelty, and how a want of consideration for these creatures brings disaster upon ourselves and those we love.

Very easy indeed would be the task of banishing all cruelty from the earth, if every individual mother would resolve to train up her children, boys as well as girls, to be kind and considerate to all living things. First and foremost, children must be taught to RESPECT animals and all living creatures. To help them to feel this respect they must be taught that beasts, birds, insects, all things that be, are our kith and kin, not only in the flesh, but in the spirit; that they are, in fact, *ourselves*, that where they now are in the scale of being we once were; that the help and aid we hope to receive, and do receive, from spirits on a higher plane, who were once as we are, we must accord, measure for measure, to the animal world. Such teachings may be

begun when the child is twelve months old, perhaps sooner—a word, a look, a pat of tenderness given to a creature, will begin it; the tendencies to receive such teaching, so that it may become a very part of the child's life, may be given by the mother before the child is born. When we understand how spirit speaketh to spirit, and how this goes on so fully in the case of mother and child—when we have learnt the power of the mother-spirit to impress upon the brain of her child, the very highest impulses and tendencies, we shall have learnt how to cure a great many disastrous mistakes, besides the awful mistake of cruelty. These mother-created impulses and tendencies, when nurtured by the mother into practice as her child comes into fuller life, lives and grows beside her into mature years, will become PRINCIPLES, the principles of a child grown through such culture to be a self-guided, self-poised human being. Principles so assimilated will take many more temptations, many more devils than have ever been imagined by human fancies gone astray, to overcome, they will be invulnerable.

All the wrong-doing, the tyranny and cruelty of the world, is the result of insufficient knowledge. That knowledge can be imparted in its fulness only by the mother, for the brain must be impressed before birth, and no one but the mother, the life-giver, can do that. Hence the great, the unspeakable importance of educating girls in all that is required to make a noble, ever-growing human being;—after which we may safely leave all the rest to the result of such wisdom.

Books such as *Black Beauty* help wonderfully to bring the truths of the need, and duty, of kindness towards animals into the thoughts of the young. A few quotations will show the quality of the 238 pages which contain its teachings.

"Darkie," the *raconteur*, was a colt just old enough to eat grass when the story commences, and lived in a large, pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it, with shady trees leaning over it, at the top a fir plantation, at the bottom a running brook, overhung by a steep bank. Imagine how delightful for a lot of horses and colts. Ideal! does some one say? Well, why should ideals not be realised, both for animals and human beings? What hinders happiness and peace?—only ourselves.

"Darkie's" mother, "Duchess" or "Pet," as she was often called by her master, was a wise, gentle creature, and "loved her master much," we are told. Of that master our *raconteur* says:—

"He was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him. When my mother saw him at the gate she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, 'Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?' Then he would give me a piece of bread, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother."

Dick, a rough boy, who used to throw stones at the colts to make them gallop, was found out, and dismissed.

"Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was as gentle as our master, so we were well off."

An account is given of "The Hunt," where many dogs and a number of men on horseback were seen by the colts, galloping and tearing like mad after one poor little hare, wild with terror. She tried to get through the fence—

"Too late, the dogs were upon her . . . one shriek!! and that was the end of her. One of the huntsmen rode up—held her up by the leg, torn and bleeding, and all the gentlemen seemed well pleased. . . . When I looked again, two fine horses were down, one was struggling in the stream and the other groaning on the

grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water covered with mud, the other lay quite still. 'His neck is broken,' said my mother."

Such scenes read and re-read in early childhood could not fail to produce a profound impression, and might eventually, and that ere long, put an end to the cruel game—the silly game—men dare to call sport. A time is before us when those who do such deeds will not be received into the society of the highest of the land, and we shall have another standard by which to adjudge our highest. This time comes certainly, let us hasten its advent.

It is good reading how the colts were *broken in*, good to know that everything can be done by kindness and without suffering.

Chapter III. recounts "My Breaking-in." I wish I could give it as it stands, but space forbids. It is a capital lesson of how a horse can be brought to get accustomed to the "great piece of cold, hard steel" known as "the bit," of which Darkie says:

"Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels."

The whole process is described, "but it was a nasty thing." After a long hard time, being gently dealt with:

"what with the nice pats, my master's pats, kind words and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle."

Ginger's story gives another account. John the groom's cure for a vicious horse was what he called the Birtwick balls, balls made up of patience and gentleness, firmness and petting; one pound of each, to be mixed up with half-a-pint of common-sense, and given every day. Sir Oliver's description of how he lost his tail is forcible; he calls it a cruel, shameful, cold-blooded act.

"When I was young," he says, "I was taken to a place where these cruel things were done, I was tied up, and made fast, so that I could not stir, and then they came and cut off my long, beautiful tail, through the flesh, and through the bone, and took it away."

He describes the pain, the indignity—I guess a horse does feel this—the awful torment of not being able to whisk off the flies; the torture of the bearing rein—the cruelty he witnessed practised upon some little terriers, cutting of tails, shearing of ears.

The BEARING REIN, that inhuman instrument of torture which even *women* (?) will permit to be used, gets the truth told about it here, and Darkie's master's words are worth remembering.

"I like," he said, "to see my horses hold up their heads, but I shall never permit them to be held up, that takes all the shine out of it."

Pictures are given of the horses' head with bearing rein and without it: convincing enough surely. Why do we want so much convincing before we cease to be cruel. Before me, as I write, comes a picture of the cruelty of the world, so awful, so agonising, it paralyses my heart and hand; I dare not think of it all at once, and all this would cease in a wonderfully short time if mothers would WAKE UP. Mothers might easily prevent the next generation from practising cruelty, and make a glad place of this world for man and beast. "*Cruelty*," said Mr. Bushby, "is the devil's trade mark." God's mark is "LOVE."

"Only ignorance," says John, "*only ignorance!* how can you talk so. Don't you know ignorance is the next worst thing in the world, next to wickedness? and which does the most mischief heaven only knows."

Darkie goes through many experiences and reverses, during which most of the ignorant, wicked, idiotic practices in the treatment of horses are brought to light. I trust the reading of them will make many people wise. The book is enthralling in its interest,

Reviews.

The Adult. A journal under this name has now been appearing for several successive months; I can only give it my unqualified condemnation. The solution of the questions it discusses is not to be arrived at in the spirit which the journal seems to cherish. The pure in intent will seek ever to practise all conditions, to use all powers under the law of purity, which ever seeks a higher way, and so they will slough off old conditions of existence as they travel on. Thus all developments from the lower to the higher come.

Those who write in *The Adult* seem to desire to take us back to the animal plane, without the animal's unconsciousness of higher things, which render its actions instinctive, without consideration. What is simply natural on the animal plane is changed into conscious sensualism, or at least intent, on the human plane in a condition of barbarism, that is, in the first evolving of the animal on to the human plane.

There are great diversities on the animal plane, as on the human. Some animals have reached a higher stage of development than others. Upon the human plane we become conscious of many things, and we must lift up our eyes to the high places from whence cometh help and aid. Upon the human plane we must learn sooner or later that reproduction, not gratification, must be the rule of sex association. Great moderation will be the result of such self-guidance. Self-control is the lesson we have to learn. We are now as human beings evolving on to the mental plane, and by wise self-control in all things, we shall have more power to pass from the physical to the mental, or soul plane; led always by the spirit.

Thus we hasten our evolution instead of retarding it. When we live on the mental, and have left the physical behind us, creative power will gradually change its nature; it will grow higher and higher, as we, after many untold years, ascend to the spiritual plane. While we live under present conditions, our work is to lift these conditions higher, to make out of all things a sacred purpose, leading to power; to practise the holiness of self-control in all things. So we make all conditions pure, not only by recognising that, out of all present passing phases of existence we rise to higher, as surely as the years pass, but by *desiring* to rise, with all our spirit's strength. To consider sex on any lower ground produces always, sooner or later, the curse of the world, IMMORALITY. Woman, as she rises out of sleep, will hasten to the help of right in this matter, but this wrong thing is the root and cause of all other evils in the world. This serpent of immorality has well-nigh stung woman to the death; when she arises in her strength to set her heel on the monster's head, she will slay it indeed. I can only condemn this journal, *The Adult*,—I wish it had not been given to the public. In regard to the latest number (April), I would suggest that the type be destroyed and every existing issue burnt. I regret that, complying with a repeated request for a review, this is all that I can say. Many of those engaged in its production might do good would they but train public thought on to higher lines. The paper contains some articles worthy of consideration, but for *The Adult* as a Journal, and what seems to be its policy, I have only unqualified condemnation.

The House is a Magazine of Domestic Art for Women and Men of Taste. Price 6d. It introduces "An ideal amateur work for gentlefolk" called "Tarsia," the new *Art Inlay*. It states that since its first introduction in December, 1897, "hundreds of persons have taken to it as an amateur hobby." Its charm is said to be in its simplicity. The most beautiful effects are said to be produced by the combination of various natural woods. The March number of *The House* contains coloured plate, and prize competition, are announced from time to time.

The offices of *The House* are—*The Queen*, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings Chancery Lane, E.C.

Editorial and Advertisement Offices—11, Finsbury Square, E.C.

I feel very lenient towards what are, artistically speaking, inferior works of fiction, if the authors have only a glimmer of truth in their notions of the social problem. Grant Allen's *Philistia*, and Walter Besant's *Children of Gibeon* and *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* are worthier on account of their subject than more artistic books that ignore the slavery and misery of nine-tenths of us as completely as if such things never existed. Even in a humanist like George Meredith there is (with the exception of *The Tragic Comedians*) hardly a comment or criticism that shows condemnation of our bad social system. In fact, George Meredith, great as he is, is purely a middle class novelist, creating middle class people.

The Education of Women and Girls in Spain.

IDEALLY, education in Spain as regards the masses of the people, is very good, and since the year 1838, compulsory; but practically it is very poor and leaves untouched an enormous proportion of the people. Of course, female education is the weakest. In 1861, out of a population of nearly eight million women, nearly seven millions could not read, and even now when things educational have brightened up very much, there are six millions of women out of eight and a half who have had either no education or scarcely any. It is little wonder that the country which before the expulsion of the Moors by Isabella the Catholic and her husband Ferdinand, stood first in Europe for its liberal wisdom and its learning, has sunk into stagnation. The deadly Inquisition repressed all that was noblest and best, and the great universities to which the youth of Europe had for long wended their steps ceased to attract. Before those days women were highly educated, and what is still the new woman to us was then the ordinary woman. Lady doctors were the rule for lady patients. But, as is always the case when religious bigotry gains high ground, the hand of the national clock was put back for centuries and is only now beginning to show signs of moving forward to anything approaching general European time.

Of late years political troubles also have had a retarding influence on the increase of schools of all kinds, especially during the decade which ended with the year 1880. In those years three important wars, the Carlist, the Republican, and the Cuban distracted the land, and till the pacification was secured the enlightened measures of several admirable statesmen were either at a dead-lock or only slowly moving onward. It is remarkable with such internal troubles that, recently, philosophic care should have been given to education.

At the present time there are open to the girls of Spain (in common with the boys) *national* schools, *normal* schools, *public* schools, and *universities* and *private* schools, and associations. Home tuition is so rare in any class, that it scarcely counts in the number of agencies. The national schools are supported by town councils, and are divided into infant, elementary and high schools, at which a progressive education is given according to age. Lately the system of Fröbel has been introduced into some of the infants' schools, but in most of them, as formerly, reading, writing, counting, catechism and religion are the only subjects. More will be done later on, doubtless, but they have only been organised fully since 1882, when the then Minister of Education was farseeing enough to place them under the entire management of women. At the same time a special class was established for the training of teachers and put under the control of a Board. In the older schools the post of teacher is filled by nomination of this body, but in the newer by competition. The mode of examination is curious, something like the ballot box being used in it. The utmost care is taken to prevent favouritism or influence playing a part, and the successful examinees are allowed to choose their posts in order of their merit. It is satisfactory to note that pedagogy, both practical and theoretical, is much valued, and the former is more likely to gain success than the latter. But it must be very discouraging for the young women who work so hard at these several examinations to receive in return payment not only inadequate, but often very irregularly made. In 1880 there were 187 women teachers working at an annual salary of £10, whilst 26 were receiving only £5 per year. And as recently as May, 1896, there was owing to teachers, male and female, £204,000.

Although the Church has no legal power over national education, it has still great indirect influence. The present writer, visiting several Spanish towns a few months ago, took care to note, when opportunity offered, the lesson books which were in use in the primary schools and found in each case that such books were said to be approved by a great ecclesiastical functionary. *Good Manners* is a set subject of instruction, but neither it nor religion seems to have had any influence in softening the heart towards dumb animals, and hence a visit to many Spanish towns is a nightmare to those who feel deeply for suffering in any sentient creature. But women are more and more coming forward in the work of training the young, and with the memory of the Inquisition torture receding daily, we may hope Young Spain will soon be more humane than Old Spain has been.

In 1881 a great impetus was given to female learning by the management of normal schools for women, being given to women; and also by the adding of Fine Arts, Natural Science, Law and Literature to the curriculum. These, with Domestic Economy and Hygiene, must tell at once on a wide area, and if only the nominal compulsory attendance could be made real *The Peninsula* might once again hold up its bowed head among the nations. In the normal schools of Madrid, Segovia, and Toledo, and other towns, quite a goodly number of students are matriculating.

The man, to whom the great honour of making this possible is due deserves to have his name fully given in a paper like *SHAFTS*. He was, and one regrets to write of him as departed, Señor Don Francisco Ruiz Zorella, the first Minister of National Education. In 1868 his decree threw open the Institutes and Universities to women. Very few took advantage for several years, but at the present time one may at certain seasons of the year meet young, dark-eyed Spanish girls in the railway trains, travelling with an older lady to one of the great centres of learning from their provincial homes in order to take their degrees. And some of these will talk to you in English with such ease that you cannot help believing them to be of partly British origin till they assure you they are Spaniards through and through.

There are also what are called "Private Associations," devoted to the tuition and general welfare of women, of which the chief are in Madrid and Barcelona. The object of the one in the capital is to do whatever is possible to improve the education of women in every grade of life, and to help those who require it to earn their living as teachers. Persons of either sex may belong to it by paying a *peseta* ($9\frac{1}{2}d.$) a month and have a right to propose reforms at the general meetings.

Medicine, in Spain, is now being taken up very enthusiastically as a profession, by women. The course requires six years, followed by an examination which secures the title of Licentiate of Medicine. If the M.D. is desired an extra year has to be given.

The school for governesses, under the care of the Madrid Association and from which the whole Association sprang, was founded in 1869 by Señor Don Fernando de Castro, a man who must earn the respect of all women workers for his devotion, both of time and fortune, to the cause of the neglected women of his country. So great was his unselfishness that he resigned his post as Confessor to the Queen rather than sacrifice his views to his position where they were not favoured, and betook himself to giving university lectures. There dismissal frequently faced him although he had gained his post by open competition. But he remained firm, and was deprived of his chair and lost in

a short time all but the respect of the people. After the Revolution, however, he was placed at the head of his University, and the best talent of Spain crowded to his "Sunday Lectures." He died, after seeing success crown his efforts, in 1874.

In addition to the ordinary subjects of women's education there are a few departures made which are in advance of our own, for instance, in 1894 a class was formed for librarians and archivists, whose professors are two officials of the National Body of Librarians and Archivists. Also in 1878 a commercial class was established for the purpose of fitting women for commercial life and for ordinary domestic duties; this in 1893 was converted into a special commercial class. Persons interested in the details of these may find them in a special report issued by our Education Department. The outcome of investigation in the matter of the educational condition of Spanish women is to make one feel how little in comparison we have been doing in England. For more than two centuries ours has been a land of peace, but we are on many points not two centuries ahead of the stricken land which is the subject of these remarks. Let us be up and doing, and hand in hand with the women of Spain make up rapidly for lost time.

J. M. D.

The Rational Dress League.

THE inaugural meeting of the Rational Dress League was held recently in the St. Martin's Town Hall (the Lower Hall), which was packed with a sympathetic audience of both sexes.

Viscountess Harberton, who presided, urged the importance of dress reform from a common-sense point of view, and in a powerful speech pointed out the advantages of the divided garment, and the absurdity of the present restrictions. She wondered at the stupidity of mankind, who could not, or would not, look at the question from a commonsense standpoint. All they wanted was a sensible garment which would give free play to the lower limbs. In time this could be made as pretty and artistic as desired. But the truth was that the tribal influence still prevailed, and men looked upon women as creatures whose place was by the fireside, and whose duty it was to wait upon them. For this life of inactivity their present dress was certainly suitable, and it was therefore, in the eyes of men, the one and only possible feminine dress. But the change was bound to come, and to speed its coming the League had been formed.

The formation of the League was then formally proposed, and Dr. Alice Vickery proposed the aims and objects, which ran as follows:

"The name of the Association shall be 'The Rational Dress League,' and the objects of the Association shall be to foster and encourage reform in the dress of both sexes, but more particularly to promote the wearing by women of some form of bifurcated garment; especially for such active recreations as cycling, tennis, golf, and other athletic exercises, walking tours, house-work and business purposes.

"The wearing of rational dress will be encouraged by organising cycle rides, tennis clubs and matches, walking tours, boating trips, etc., evening parties and meetings for the purpose of educating public opinion by the reading of papers, and discussion of all public matters of interest, especially of those questions affecting the status of women.

"At such evening gatherings and meetings opportunity will be given for the exhibition and discussion of new inventions and forms of rational clothing.

"On all these occasions every effort will be made to induce players, riders and others to adopt some form of 'rational' dress. Ordinary dress wearers will in no

way be excluded from the meetings, it being recognised that such exclusion prevents the gradual education of the public and consequent rationalism desired.

"A further method will be to consider the present relations between rational dress wearers (particularly cyclists) and those members of the public who now insult them and deny them their rights as citizens, and to take such action as the Committee may decide by means of police court and other legal procedure. Also against drivers, who by carelessness or wilfulness endanger the lives of cycle riders and others, or who use foul and disgusting language directed against wearers of rational costumes.

"To encourage inventors, makers and manufacturers of improvements in dress and dress materials, and to provide, by exhibitions and other means, a channel of communication between the said makers and rational dress wearers.

"To systematise the collection and distribution to the press and public of interesting information on the subject of dress reform.

"The annual subscription to the League shall be 2s. 6d. Clubs and societies wishing to affiliate will receive special terms on application to the Hon. Secretary.

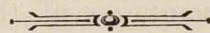
"Membership shall be open to all persons who approve the above recited statement of objects and methods.

"Members of the League will receive notices of all meetings, and also copies of any literature issued by the League."

This lady spoke strongly in favour of a divided garment, and thought rational dress would aid women in their physical development, and so benefit the race. The resolution was seconded by Mr. C. W. Hartung, who chiefly advocated the divided skirt for cycling, and it was carried unanimously.

Dr. T. R. Allinson, in the course of an effective and humorous speech, enquired what right had men to interfere with women? If women wished to wear a particular dress by all means let them do it!

Over 100 members were enrolled, and sympathisers are earnestly requested to communicate with the organisers at 64, Patshull Road, N.W., who will send notices of future meetings.



Choice Bits from Choice Pens.

AN EARLIER PHILOSOPHY.

LIFE is perhaps eternal, work in consequence eternal. If so, let us finish our march bravely. If otherwise, if the individual perish utterly, let us have the honour of having done our task. That is duty—for our only obvious duties are to ourselves and our fellow creatures. Our abasement abases them; our falls drag them down; we owe to them to stand fast, to save them from falling.

* * * *

I do not say that humanity is on the road to the heights; I believe it in spite of all, but I do not argue about it, which is useless, for everyone judges according to his own eyesight, and the general outlook at the present moment is ugly and poor. Besides, I do not need to be assured of the salvation of our planet and its inhabitants in order to believe in the necessity of the good and the beautiful; if our planet departs from this law it will perish, if its inhabitants discard it they will be destroyed.—*Extracts from George Sand's Letters.*

It requires a sterner virtue than good nature to hold fast the truth that it is nobler to be shabby and honest than to do things handsomely in debt.—JULIANA H. EWING.

"SOME day, a mother's affection will show itself, not in industrious self-sacrifice, which reduces her to a nonentity, feeble in mind and body, and generally ends in bringing her child to a similar condition; but in a resolve to take the full advantage of all that science is busily providing for those who will accept her bounties. The mother will recognise, at the same time, that self-immolation is obsolete, even among Indian widows, and that, as a civilised human being, she is acting immorally when she voluntarily permits herself—a unit of society—to degenerate in mind or body. Thus the aspect of a woman's duty changes, as she learns at last to understand the prophetic saying of Emerson—'We shall one day learn to supersede politics by Education.'"

"Let any reasonable woman expend the force that, under the old order, would have been given to the production of, say, the third, fourth, or fifth child, upon work of another kind, and let her also take the rest and enjoyment, whatever her work, that every human being needs. It is certain that the one or two children, which such a woman might elect to bear, would have cause to be thankful that their mother threw over 'the holiest traditions of her sex,' and left insane ideas of woman's duties and functions to her grandmothers."

But there are many modern women who, in their own way, are quite as foolish as those grandmothers, for they are guilty of the madness of trying to live the old domestic life without modification, while entering at the same time upon a larger field of interests, working simultaneously body and brain under conditions of excitement and worry. This insanity, which one might indeed call by a harsher name, will be punished, as all overstrain is punished. But the cure for these evils is not to immerse women more completely in the cares of domestic life, but to simplify its methods by the aid of a little intelligence and by other means. The present waste of energy in our homes is simply appalling.

MONA CAIRD.

"The human face is the organic seat of beauty. In it is expressed in larger measure than in any other part of the organisation, the individuality to which the life has attained. It is the brilliant focus where the rays from within are centred, where those from without are reflected. It is the register of value in development, a record of experience, whose legitimate office is to perfect the life, a legible language, to those who will study it, of the majestic queen, the soul—a mirror where she is pictured for the world's beholding—a volume which nature opens for the help and consolation of those who, while they read, would run."

M. FARNHAM.

The true way to be humble is not to stoop till you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the soul of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Theatrical Notes.

"The Gondoliers."—With the rise of the curtain at the SAVOY, Mr. W. S. Gilbert whisks his audience away into the realm of his bright fancy, and as the last fringe of curtain disappears we discover ourselves transported to the Venice of 1750, with the Ducal Palace on our right hand, the bright sunlight streaming down upon the Piazzetta, the blue sky above, and four-and-twenty Venetian flower-girls, each gay with ribbons and bright hues, binding up bouquets of roses, as they sing:

"List and learn, ye dainty roses,
Roses white and roses red,
Why we bind you into posies,
Ere your morning bloom has fled."

We learn this secret, perhaps, sooner than the roses; when, from gondolas which have run alongside, four-and-twenty merry gondoliers spring upon the Piazzetta, and Antonio on behalf of all sings:

"For the merriest fellows are we, tra la,
That ply on the emerald sea, tra la;
With loving and laughing,
And quipping and quaffing,
We're happy as happy can be, tra la—
As happy as happy can be!"

From this bright and pleasant opening, we are conducted amidst singing and quick-footed tripping dances through a fairyland of brightness, music and colour, and learn the whole history of the kidnapping by the Grand Inquisitor of the infant heir to the kingdom of Baratania, his marriage in babyhood to the daughter of the Spanish house of Plaza-Toro, his supposed education and upbringing as a gondolier, and his final restoration to happiness and power. The *repartee* throughout is full of witty sallies and quaintly sparkling humour, while the fantastic drolleries of the Grand Inquisitor, and the urbanely dignified pomposity of the Castilian hidalgo of "ninety-five quarterings," who rejoices in the descriptive title of "Duke of Plaza-Toro," fill the cup of our entertainment to the brim. Before the true heir to the kingdom of Baratania is discovered and reinstated in the possession of his dominions, the two leading gondoliers, with a strong *penchant* for republicanism, are elevated to reign jointly as King of Baratania—it being supposed that one of them is the real heir, but which, no one knows. This amiable monarch—plural in personality, but single in official standing—endeavours to establish a social order where

"The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who cleans the boots,
The Lord High Bishop orthodox,
The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks,
The Chancellor in his peruke,
The Earl, the Marquis and the Dook,
The Groom, the Butler and the Cook,
They all shall equal be."

In short—

"A despotism strict, combined
With absolute equality!"

A visit to this Venice of days long past, and a careful attention given to the remarks of the highly sapient Grand Inquisitor on the above course of public polity, will be found most useful to all who are deeply interested in questions regarding the government of states, and most delightfully entertaining to all those who are not.

Two Women's Papers.

IN a recent issue of the *Daily Chronicle* the following letter appeared:—

THE "WOMAN'S SIGNAL."

To the Editor of *The Daily Chronicle*.

SIR,—I am surprised at the absurdity of your contributor who asserts that "Mrs. Fenwick Miller has made a slip" in stating that Lady Henry Somerset founded the *Woman's Signal*. This paper was founded by Lady Henry Somerset in January, 1894. I contributed to the first number, dear Miss Willard having called on me in my Reigate home some weeks before to tell me all about her friend's project, and to ask my aid. In September, 1895, I became, as I now am, sole proprietor, as well as editor. Of course, I am aware that Lady Henry bought up Miss Müller's little venture, the *Woman's Herald*, in order that there should be no rival in the field in the shape of any other journal standing for women's interests and progress in the wide world. But Lady Henry's paper was a new one in every sense of the word. The *Woman's Herald* was never named in it. The first issue of the *Signal* was No. 1 of Vol. I.; and it was different in scope, and in every detail, from the little sheet that it superseded—not succeeded.

Yours truly,

FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

For Mrs. Fenwick Miller I have personally a great respect; I hold the paper she so ably edits in high esteem; I sympathise with, and recognise fully, the work done by Mrs. Fenwick Miller in her paper, and elsewhere, on behalf of women and human progress generally, even before the *Woman's Signal* made its appearance; I also acquiesce in the truth of her statement, that the *Woman's Signal* was founded by Lady Henry Somerset; because it is not possible for any paper to pass into the hands of another editor, and remain quite what it was, when that paper has been written for a special purpose and is of a nature so unique, and of a character so high and decided, as the journal here described by Mrs. Fenwick Miller as "Miss Müller's little venture." Such a change would mean assuredly a conformation more or less to the standard of the new editor—were that higher, lower, or simply different.

No one would be likely to have confounded the *Woman's Signal*, as established by Lady Henry Somerset, with the *Woman's Herald* started by Miss Müller. Therefore the *Woman's Signal* was in my opinion "a new paper," as its present Editor declares, though not "in every sense of the word." Solomon, or someone else, has said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and Lady Henry's paper certainly followed in some respects on the same lines as Miss Müller's. It is probable that Lady Henry may have learnt much from Miss Müller's *venture*. I take her to be a woman with that greatness of soul to which always belongs a capability of learning from all around: it is also possible that she had entertained within herself, essentially the same high aims and convictions for which Miss Müller's paper was so remarkable. This, however, is not an important point here, except as the illustration of a truth. Papers and books resemble human beings; and as no one human being is absolutely a new creature, so no literary document in this world of constant and gradual change, ever presents to us quite new features. Every movement forward in thought or action is the outcome of a movement of the past; and partakes of its character.

We all take up and continue the work of those who have preceded us, bringing only into such work some new element, some, perchance, broader or higher views, the results of having been benefited by the experience of our precursors, developed ever, through ages of human

thought, to longer and broader lines, and converging ever nearer and nearer to truth.

That the *Woman's Signal* was founded by Lady Henry Somerset, few will care to dispute; I do not in any way deny it. But when Mrs. Fenwick Miller says that, "Lady Henry Somerset bought up *Miss Müller's little venture* [italics mine] in order that there might be no rivals in the field in the shape of any other journal standing for women's interest and progress in the wide world," I, in the name of the honour of all women, must make my reply. It would have been a transaction unworthy on the part of Miss Müller, and one of which she was not capable, to have allowed her paper to have been "bought up," *under any circumstances*, considering the attitude she took in starting it. It cannot, by any sound judgment, be accounted creditable to Lady Henry Somerset, to have acted in this matter, urged by a motive, to say the least of it, so narrow, so short-sighted and unwise. Do women then desire that in all the field of journalism of this character, there should be but *one* woman, but *one* paper. Heaven forbid! the more papers we have working for women the better. I earnestly hope that Mrs. Fenwick Miller is mistaken in the motives she believes to have animated Lady Henry Somerset.

The *Woman's Herald*, Mrs. Fenwick Miller asserts, "was never named" in the *Woman's Signal*. No?—then surely so much the worse for the *Signal* and for its founder, if this were really so, and intentionally so. This might wake us all up to think, for alas! we mention each other and each other's works too seldom, and few are free from this fault, ungenerous. When we have learnt to speak of each other's work often, with interest, sympathy, admiration, and love that knows no seeming, but springs perpetually from deep wells within us, then we shall have gone miles towards preparing ourselves for the high place awaiting all women, and shall make swifter progress than we do to-day. I had quite recently the great pleasure of hearing Mrs. Fenwick Miller, —speaking at the *Women's Institute*—say, that all women ought to "crack each other up," recognising how all they did and said was, and had been, ignored by the world. This was, to me, a truer revelation of this able woman than the letter I have quoted, a letter I was grieved to see, and felt bound in honour to answer, because of all to which I have here referred, and will refer; a letter which must, I think, have been written in defence of one woman's paper without the writer's realising, for the moment, that it decried another woman's paper. Women must ever be true to all women, perceiving a sister in blood and spirit in each. From Mrs. Fenwick Miller's own words I believe she holds this creed.

Briefly, the story of the *Woman's Herald* is this. It was started and carried on by Miss Müller, under the *nom de plume* of "Henrietta B. Temple," assisted by an efficient staff. It began as an eight-page paper, but soon increased in size. It began as the *Woman's Penny Paper*, which name was changed eventually, as the journal increased in size and in its circulation, to *Woman's Herald*. Miss Müller's health, and that alone, caused her to decide to give up her paper, of which she was sole proprietor and editor. It was then carried on by Miss Müller's sister, Mrs. Eva McLaren. But the *Woman's Herald*, as Miss Müller had founded and edited it, ceased when Miss Müller gave it up. Against its subsequent excellence and usefulness I have nothing to say, and that excellence I do not question. But it then became a Liberal organ, and so ceased to be absolutely a woman's paper. My experience has taught

me that when politics and party appear on the horizon, woman is forgotten, except as she can be useful to man; I should therefore never look for woman's interests as a ruling feature, hardly even as a partial feature, of a political or party organ, consequently I buried all the high hopes I had entertained of the *Woman's Herald* when Miss Müller resigned it; I have never ceased to regret that she did so, for it was beyond dispute the best paper that had appeared—I am inclined to think the best that has yet appeared. It certainly cannot ever be described as a "little sheet"! it was full of power and grand outreaching; it was edited and superintended by a woman of unique force of character; it never aimed at anything short of the emancipation of woman, socially, industrially, educationally, and politically, it therefore took no party side. I can only deduce from Mrs. Fenwick Miller's words in describing it, that she has not seen, or at least, has not known, the *Woman's Herald* as it deserved to be known, and that she may be biassed, as unfortunately we human creatures are only too often, by our regard for, and interest in, some special personality. Such interest denotes kindness and warm-heartedness, but sometimes is apt to obscure our judgment.

All women owe a deep debt of gratitude to the *Woman's Herald*. It was a pioneer, it *led the way*, and it left the world of women's hopes and struggles toward freedom, many paces ahead of the point it had reached when the journal was started. It has not been "superseded," nor, do I think, surpassed, though in the coming time we hope it, and all our present papers, will be surpassed, else where would be our progress? So far from casting even the semblance of a stone at such a paper, or at any previous effort, we, who, as journalists, work to bring about women's freedom, may well be proud of all who have preceded us, and if, in following on, we evolve into clearer, broader thinkers and writers, let us remember that such results are native to, and the outcome of, all true progress. The time comes surely, when all of us busy at work in any way for human good, glad, and justly so, perchance, because of our own personal efforts, shall rejoice with unfeigned, great joy, to see that those who have followed us have, taking their cue from us, as we from those before us, carried their work beyond what we are able to do in this our day. So it has been, and will be over and over again, not only through the generations as they come and go, but in the lifetime of individuals of one generation; we do to-morrow what we cannot accomplish to-day, and none need be ashamed to learn of another. I close my reply, with an apology to Mrs. Fenwick Miller, in that I have felt bound to answer her letter, a special apology if I have misunderstood her, and an assurance of my sympathy and esteem, also with the expression of my admiration, esteem and unalterable appreciation of the *Woman's Herald*, the Pioneer in England of all journals advocating Woman's Freedom. It lives in the results of its labours.

EDITOR OF "SHAFTS."

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DAILY PAPER.

AN attempt is being made to organise a scheme for the establishment of a woman's daily paper. To do this successfully, it will be necessary to obtain the co-operation either of a few women with money, or, better still, of a large number of women with interest enough to try, and determination enough to carry such a scheme into execution, when the preliminaries shall have been settled. Meantime, any communications on the subject will be gladly received and disseminated by SHAFTS, from which paper further information can be obtained.

A Prophetic Proposal.

The following letter has been forwarded to me, evidently with the desire that it should be re-published in these pages. It is a good letter and I am glad to give it to my readers. It is taken from *The Isle of Ely and Wisbech Advertiser*, Wednesday, March 30th, 1898.

WOMEN AND WAR.

A HOUSE OF LADIES v. THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I thank you for your notice of my Lecture at the Working Men's Institute Hall, on the 21st inst., but there is one point that I should very much like to correct, if you will kindly allow me to do so. You say I humorously suggested that "if the House of Lords should be superseded, it should be by a House of Ladies." The only objection I take is to the word "humorously," for I made the suggestion in all seriousness. When the "ending" of the House of Lords has been proposed, the question has as often been put "but what would you put in its place?" For my part, I have always replied: "A House of elected women."

And why not? If a woman can successfully wield the sceptre of a monarch, why cannot women be entrusted with an equal share with men in the responsibility of the government of the Nation? As for woman's ability, in thousands upon thousands of cases of man and wife, the woman is by far the "better man" of the two; while thousands upon thousands of businesses have been, and are being made more successful by the wife's interest in and devotion to her husband's efforts. To find such cases one need not go out of Wisbech.

I do not think my House of Ladies would have much to fear, as regards intellect or intelligent action, in a comparison with our present House of Lords! And in one way, at least, the country would benefit from the existence of such a legislative chamber as I propose. The question of whether the Nation should go to war should surely be left to the people to decide—as surely it must be left soon. Well now, who can picture a House of Women representatives acquiescing in our rushing into such wars as the last dozen or two that we have indulged in? Women, by their very nature, are utterly opposed to war. Their finer sensibilities give them a horror of it. Since 1800, more than 5,000 millions pounds of good, hard earned money has been spent by this country in settlement of its successive "butcher's bills," which sum is at the rate, including interest on the National Debt (which is a war debt), of about £6,000 per hour! Can anyone suppose that, had the Women's Senate I suggest been in existence, we should have had so much blood-tax as this to pay?

The Peace Societies and all lovers of peace, I further suggested, should work towards securing to women the electoral privileges that are at present only enjoyed by men. By doing so, such peace-lovers would do more to hasten the dawning of the day of universal peace than they could do by any other method I know of, for they would place at the back of the Peace Movement an influence that would make that movement irresistible.

That I was quite in earnest at the Institute you will, sir, now see. And may not my suggestion be one day carried out? The coming age, as I showed by my diagrams, will be an intellectual one. Now woman's intellect is finer, keener, and more in tune with this coming age than man's, and she will continue to do what she has already begun to do, *viz.*, in intellectual matters assert her superiority, so that a Women's House of Representatives may be only the key-stone to the arch of her triumph.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, JOHN T. DALES.

Question and Reply.

Do my feet tread the right path, or wrong?

I pray thee instruct me, my brother,

That aspirings aloft fill my song?

Or desires on the downward grade smother?

None guideth his fellow aright,

Or can be to another *all* leading,

Tho' above, around and under is light,

Man journeys in darkness unheeding.

The knowledge thou seekest, my friend,

Is thine, as thy questions convey;

Travel on, well assured, to the end,

Thy light will not lead thee astray,