SHAFTS:

A Magazine for Women and Workers.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

No. 8. VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1893. PRICE 3D.

What the Editor Means.

Let us "act that each to-morrow,
Find us further than to-day."

SHAFTS has again this month received some kind help which is most encouraging. Much more must come if the paper is to go on, however. The prospect is hopeful, each week increases the circulation, giving solid ground for the hope that though SHAFTS as yet only crawls, it is a mighty crawl and takes hold firmly, promising ere long to become a stride of Progress.

There is much to be done, much that only a strong, earnest paper can do. We must therefore keep SHAFTS alive, though it be necessary to lessen it for a time by yet another sheet. I hope my readers will help me by letting me feel their sympathy, by continuing to take the paper for the next two years, when I expect it to be on its feet; by each endeavouring to obtain two or three new subscribers, by trying to understand fully the aims of SHAFTS, its why and wherefore.

SHAFTS is published for the purpose of enabling women freely to express their opinions on any subject, political, social, educational, and personal, that is, personal to women as women; the result of unjust laws, mistaken ideas and distorted inferences. Also for the purpose of discussing in its columns any matter which brings, or professes to bring relief from the many disadvantages which women suffer, under any or all of these headings; to print for them, and put before the public thoughts and opinions which though good and educative are unsaleable, through the difficulty women find in getting them printed elsewhere. Many matters must be brought to the light of day, and earnestly inquired into, ere we can make any headway in the tremendous task before us. Nothing will be refused discussion unless of an immoral tendency. All discussion must be entered upon with modesty, and moderation; in a spirit of earnest desire to know and practice, *the right thing*. No hostile attack must be made, save upon what is wholly evil; that is, not with malice or anger. Whatever seeks after truth must receive the respect it merits, though its manifestations be entirely adverse to those of the writer of any article or letter.

Believing that open and earnest discussion will purge society from much, eventually from *all* evil, SHAFTS strives to encourage it to the utmost, within the lines laid down. The paper has not been started on commercial lines, or with the purpose of making money, but, entirely in the interests of women, in all grades of society, and of women and men, belonging to what are called the working classes. From these latter SHAFTS will be glad to hear more frequently than is the case at present. Among them are many women; and women who suffer severely from evils, under any and every name, especially perhaps, from those coming under the list of evils produced by sex bias, sex domination; what is *supposed* to be the law of sex, in a married or single condition of life.

To help the serious mischief produced in our midst by the awful mistakes prevalent in our practices and ideas, where sex is concerned, many theories have been, and are promulgated. It is for women carefully, with earnest seriousness to examine and discuss these matters; to reject without flinching, what is evil or tends to evil; to proceed to establish what seems good or tending goodward; without hesitation or dismay. Many remedies will be tried and proved wanting, ere we find what the world—this half blind, half mad world—is groping in search of; but it will be found at last. Light is ahead of us.

SHAFTS earnestly begs its readers to take up the discussion invited and to do it without delay, opportunities are not always ours, do not let them pass by. I want to know that my readers are working with me, that women feel that it is specially a woman's paper; one which they can aid in many ways, as well as by helping the finances when they can. I want men to understand the aims of the paper, good men and true, who I hope will also give me aid and encouragement in many ways. I had hoped, I still hope that women will support SHAFTS, and be proud to do so.

I have a great faith in pennies, marvellous things have been done with pennies. Pennies can be spared when pounds cannot, and frequent pennies make pounds. Many have written to ask how they can help. Donations come in from 1s. upwards; every penny helps. One lady proposes that subscribers should pay 6d. each month for SHAFTS instead of 3d. Lady Florence Dixie promises £5 each year for three years, and sends kindly wishes that many may do the same.

Perhaps I am an audacious beggar. It is because I feel the *need* of SHAFTS; because I *can* beg for SHAFTS; because for SHAFTS I am inspired to beg. Who will respond to my appeal, in numbers sufficient to make further appeal unnecessary; to enable this true woman's paper to cross the Rubicon.

PIONEER CLUB,

This club has commenced its autumn session. Programmes of great interest and of educative power have been arranged. The Women's Progressive Union (hon. secretary, Mrs. Grenfel) held here its monthly social gathering towards the close of September, and mustered its members and friends in hearty goodwill and earnestness, which promises well for that hard-working society.

The Bond of Union, presided over by Miss Frances Lord, met here on the 2nd inst., and was even more than usually pleasing to all members assembled. The subject discussed was the matter contained in Mr. Stead's "Borderland," which reviews "what is stated in current literature about psychic phenomena." The Bond of Union is increasing in the number of its members and its outreaching influence.

The Pioneer Club under the leadership of Mrs. Massingberd, its founder, is doing work the results of which cannot now be estimated. We all gather there as friends, unfeignedly glad to meet each other, rejoicing in our reunions. Already, though established but 18 months, the club is fast destroying in its members that insular coldness, shyness, *mauvaise honté* so characteristic of our English gatherings, and producing a friendship, which precludes aught that might revive it.

Both serious enjoyment and amusement are catered for, but enjoyment is a factor in every meeting held at the club. Much of the great benefit received, by each and all, is due to the kind cordiality and impartially just superintendence of the president.

AUTUMM SESSION, 1893.

Thursday Evening Lectures, Debates, Discussions, etc., 8 p.m. To be opened by paper or otherwise.

ONLY PIONEERS MAY VOTE.

Oct.	19th.	"Mistakes." Play by Mrs. DENNING.
,,	26th.	"Russia, her Patriots, Prisons, Peasants." Lecture by Mrs. CHARLES MALLET.
Nov.	2nd.	
,,	9th.	Concert.
,,	16th.	Discussion on Ibsen's "Master Builder." Opened by Paper by Mrs. MORGAN-BROWNE.
,,	23rd.	Lecture on "South Africa." By Miss CONYBEARE.
,,	30th.	"That Vivisection is Unjustifiable." Debate opened by Mrs. RHODES.
Dec.	7th.	"Food." Discussion opened by Dr. HELEN DENSMORE.
,,	14th.	Shakespearean Reading, "King Lear." Arranged by Mr. W. POEL.

News From France.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP: I cannot tell you how much I value and appreciate SHAFTS. Your paper is pre-eminently a *woman's* paper. There breathes throughout its columns such a strong feeling of sympathy with all women; with our struggles and our sorrows, with our disappointments, our deceptions, and our failures; and at the same time it contains so much good advice to help us on in the rude path of life, that I am sure all must feel, like myself, comforted and strengthened by its perusal.

I belong myself to the army militant, those who are battling daily for justice and right, and my field of action is in Paris. Some years ago the work of editor of a woman's paper in Paris—the only one then existing—was, so to say, forced upon me, and I accepted it as a duty I was most inexperienced, and really unfit to undertake such a task, but goodwill and firm principles helped me on, and I have been able to carry it on till now. My paper, formerly the *Citoyenne*, is now entitled the *Journal des Femmes*. Forgive me for writing so much about myself, but a little introduction seemed necessary for you to know me and my work.

I have been thinking for some time that I ought to send you a short account of what we women are doing in Paris, and what we hope to do. I fancy your readers would like to know something more than can be gleaned from the few articles that appear on the subject in the French daily papers; the more so as even when such articles are read in England, which is not often, they are liable to give a very erroneous idea—a *masculine* idea—of the progress of the woman's question in France.

The most important thing that has taken place lately are the elections for the *Chambre des Dép utés*. Three or four women entered the lists as candidates. The two best known are Madame Potonié-Pierre and Madame Paule Mink.

Madame Potonié-Pierre is one of the leaders of the feminine party in France. She has been all her life an earnest advocate of woman's rights, and has contributed largely by her pen and her indefatigable activity to the measure of success we have been able to obtain during the last ten years. About two years ago we founded together a Society called "La Solidarité des Femmes," of which she was named secretary, and which has prospered under her wise guidance to such an extent that we have been able to exchange the temporary hospitality kindly afforded us by our treasurer, Madame Vidal, in her own house, for a large and convenient room in the Mairie of the 6th Arrondissement of Paris, placed at our disposition by "Monsieur le Maire" herself.

The "Solidarité" has done much good and practical work since its formation. Among other things, it has supported the just demands of the female telegraphists and the women employed in the postal service The letters written by our secretary to the different ministers on that and other subjects have always received attention, and have in general obtained favourable answers. This good result is owing, no doubt, to the moderation and order with which the society is conducted. When the period of the elections drew near, the Solidarité decided unanimously to present as candidates Madame Potonié-Pierre and Madame Paule Mink. I need not say that to accept such a candidature is to perform a most ungrateful task, to head a forlorn hope, to lead on to an assault without any chance, any hope, of victory. Whether such sacrifice is useful or advisable is a question on which opinions differ. Believing in the perfect equality, political as well as social, of women and men, Madame Potonié thought it her duty to accept and to put into practice the theories of her life. She wrote to the Préfet de la Seine to declare her intention of presenting herself as candidate, She received the following answer:—

Madame:

I have the honour of returning you the letter by which you inform me of your intention of presenting your candidature at the elections on August 20th, 1893.

It is impossible for me to accede to your demand, as you have not the rights of a citizen required by the Article 2 of the law of July 17th, 1889.

On the receipt of this letter the following protest was voted unanimously by the "Solidarité":—

Monsieur le Préfet:

The society, "La Solidarité des Femmes," whose candidate I was until your refusal of authorisation, request the permission of protesting against your refusal to recognise as a citizen a woman who demands her electoral rights.

When it is a question of taxation, the word *citizen* includes men and women. All women, heads of families or single women, are bound to pay their rates and taxes.

If we are not citizens, what are we? And by what right are we taxed?

I have the honour, Monsieur le Préfet, in addressing you this letter, of fulfilling the mission confided to me by my society.

EUGENIE POTONIÉ-PIERRE,
Secretary of La Solidarité.

These letters were inserted by almost all the daily papers, and our object was thus obtained, which was not, as you may imagine, to gain some few votes—votes not even valid—but to call public attention to the injustice of the exclusion of women *as women*, and to defend ourselves from the accusation so often made against our sex of being indifferent to our political rights, and unwilling to make an effort to obtain them.

Madame Paule Mink was candidate under rather different circumstances. She presented herself rather as a Socialist than as a woman, and her principal aim was to see how far the Socialist party would be true to their programme of equal rights for both sexes.

"I have waited till the last moment," she says in her address, "to see if one or other of the Socialist groups would present a woman at the forthcoming elections. I had thought some amongst them would consider it an honour to put into execution the decisions of our Congress. But since none has the courage or consistency to be true to their principles, I have accepted the candidature which is offered me by an independent group of Socialists. I think it necessary to accustom citizens to vote for whom they please, woman or man, capable of defending their interests, and of demanding their rights, in order to reach that social transformation and freedom of humanity 'without distinction of sex, race, or nationality,' which was voted by our Congress."

Of course, the immediate result for Madame Paule Mink is the same as for Madame Potonié Pierre. Perhaps the Socialist party grudge the votes which would, in their opinion, be uselessly thrown away upon a woman. But would they be useless? How many people vote conscientiously for a candidate who has no hope of success! All great struggles have thus begun; all that were just have ended by success.

Such, dear Mrs. Sibthorp, is just a slight outline of *one side only* of our work. I do not know if it will interest the readers of SHAFTS. If you think so, I will tell you more another time.

One thing I do believe in, and that is the sympathy of women for each other through all climes and all lands. The better the woman is the more tender and true will that sympathy be. When women really form a living chain round the whole world, then and not till then, shall we have "Peace upon earth and goodwill towards men."

You and those who are working with you are doing your best to hasten on the dawn. You know how truly I wish you success.

Yours very truly,
MARIA MARTIN.

ARROWS.

"The injurer," it is said, "never forgives," but he has often the impudence to offer to do so.

The purity of the impure is always up in arms; a standing suit of mail guarding nothing.

A sensual nature is a matter of individual temperament, not of sex.

The subtle see subtlety in the simplest dealings.

The child's duty to the parent follows the parent's duty to the child.

There is within us all a hidden self; hidden even from our own consciousness. It arises at times and affrights us; at times fills us with a sudden ecstasy of hope and joy. It is the shadow of the depths to which we may fall, a gleaming ray from the heights to which we may rise.

The depth and baseness of cruelty is measured by the helplessness of the life despitefully used.

A knowledge of good and evil is necessary to "a just judgment in all things."

E. WARDLAW BEST.

THE TOWING PATH.

SERIAL TALE, BY R. O. D.

CHAPTER VI.

A PICTURE FROM THE PAST.

JANET ANSTRUTHER'S TIT-BIT.

If there's wind in thy garden outside,
And troubled darkness dear,
What carest thou, an elected bride,
And the bridal hour so near!

ONCE upon a time, as the story-books say, there dwelt in a well-to-do village in bonnie Scotland a young woman, a "fine bonnie lass," as the people called her, high of purpose, strong of will, active, energetic, a thinker—when thinkers were not as plentiful as they are now. Janet Anstruther ought to have developed some strong points, if "blood tells," as the saying goes, for she had "blood," and in Scotland, that land of pedigrees, this was appreciated, though the possessor of this claim was but a teacher in a village school.

With all her strength and her developing thought, Janet had a weakness, a want of judgment where men were concerned, especially when the men were good-looking, physically stalwart, and full of dash and swagger; which she, like many another foolish woman, mistook for courage and power, mental and physical. Such women as she, proceed to endow their men with all they wish them to possess. So from her own stores Janet had created quite an assortment of the highest qualities ready for the work of endowment, as soon as her hero should appear; but she was quite unconscious of this; we see our own faults plainly only when they are in the possession of others.

The "blood" in Janet Anstruther's veins came from a long line of honest, hard-working women and men, people who had dwelt on the land they owned for centuries, who made it productive, farmers in fact, who had begun to amass wealth, and were well known in the country, till two generations of spendthrift sires mortgaged the lands and lost all their ancestors had so hardly won. But the women remained steadfast, and though they could not win back the lands, they kept the high spirit and sterling good sense of the mothers and grandmothers who had gone before them, of whom Janet was a worthy representative.

In Scotland twenty-five years ago, if a girl remained single after she had numbered her first score of years, she was judged to be "on the shelf" whatever that may really signify, and Janet had her share of teasing from the people among whom she earned her daily bread.

"Miss Anstruther's waitin' for her Tit-Bit, there's nae body here guid enough for her," they would laughingly say, and it was well known that a young farmer in the neighbourhood would have gladly won a smile from her. But she accepted none, she refused gently but firmly all advances. The small world of Killerton, who could not understand that any woman could be sufficient to herself, wondered much and watched for the expected "Tit-Bit." So that Janet's "Tit-Bit" who was to come became one of the village jokes, and was remembered years after.

But Janet herself went on her quiet, resolute way, heeding nothing of all this, laughing good naturedly at the fun constantly poked at her, and keeping ever before her the ideal at which she aimed—to live a life that should raise somewhat the general tone of thought, and to teach so far as she could the girls under her charge to respect themselves, and, by putting a true value on themselves, to win respect from others.

"I shall never marry" she frequently said. "Marriage means nothing but the subjection of woman to the passions and caprices of man. It takes from her all mental power, all opportunity of doing the world's work: of helping to undo some of the awful evil, man's single rule has brought into the world. I shall devote my life to this work. There are no such men as one feels a man should be."

So she vowed—"Imogen" would have remained true to her vows, and so kept the skeleton out of her life—had not the "Baron all covered with jewels and gold" arrived at her door. Janet would not have departed from her high ideals, had not her temptation appeared in the very shape she could not resist, coupled with—what appealed to her special weakness still more—the fact that this handsome man who sought her love was in difficulties. He came, and after a few short years of hope, kept alive by her delusions, of constant disappointments, of a growing sense of her husband's incapability, with a suspicion of graver faults—from which she turned aside with shuddering horror—Janet's place in the village was left vacant, and she, with her husband and four children, went to live on a small farm given to Janet by one of her kindred.

CHAPTER VII.

A PICTURE FROM THE PRESENT.

"The spirit of *girlhood* hath faded,
And never again can be,
And the singing seemeth degraded,
Since the glory hath gone from me,—
Though the glory around me and under,
And the earth and the air and the sea,
And the manifold music and wonder,
Are grand as they used to be!"

—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Oh voice! if thou in years ago
Had whispered with thy "Be it so";
Amen:— but——
Now I choose, whate'er befal,
The battle and the tears.

—*Gentleman's Magazine*

By the bright fireside in her mother's kitchen, Isabel Morrison sat, musing, letting her usually busy fingers rest quietly on her lap, her sweet, patient eyes the while searching the glowing coals, as if the haunting, unexplained mystery of existence was there laid bare to her kenning. On the hob the kettle sang cheerily, while inside her comfortable, wheeled chair, snugly ensconced at her feet, puss purred a monotone to the music. The kettle's song grew louder, the lid began to show signs of inspiration, contributing its little dance to the entertainment, announcing as plainly as kettle might that presently it would boil over, not sparing even Janet's polished fender and white hearthstone. Diana, curled up on the rug, shook her beautiful, but resentful, ear vigorously every now and then as the irrepressible kettle sparkled a drop of hot spray on that organ. Diana wondered much, and manifested her disapproval of the proceedings in a succession of short, sharp barks; not moving, however, from her snug rest. Being of a sage turn of mind, and accustomed to reflect, she apparently concluded that, discomfort of some sort being inseparable from life, 'twere well to endeavour to alter matters where she was, rather than by mere change of place to encounter, perchance, other, if not worse, difficulties. A philosophy which some creatures claiming a higher sense might imitate to advantage. After casting many curious glances towards the immovable figure of her mistress outside the open door, and finding them non-resultant, she uttered a louder bark than usual, directed unmistakably towards Isabel, with an exceedingly imperative and importunate "why" in it. The girl, roused from her reverie, laughed, and patted the glossy, discontented head.

"Poor Di; it is too much for your doggy patience, is it not? Stupid human creatures! speculating on shapes and faces in the fire, while you are being scalded. Mother, dear, the kettle boils."

Janet Anstruther, or Morrison, entered at once; made tea, then drawing nearer the fire the neat little table with its white cloth and pretty, delicate tea service, laid for two—herself and her crippled daughter, perhaps the most dearly loved of all her children. Isabel had been born a cripple, the result, as Janet well knew, of her father's brutality. She moved about with difficulty on crutches, seldom able to leave her chair, which, however, by long practice she had learned to wheel about the house so dexterously that little Jessie would say—

"Is'bel is quicker wis no legs than us is wis legs."

She contrived to make herself of great use to her mother, besides teaching her young sisters and brothers, whom she held in the obedience of love.

But this was her happiest hour, when she and her mother in a pause of the afternoon's work drank tea together, and talked of many things. Most enjoyable of all was what she called their fortnightly off-day. Then they had two hours of leisure later in the evening, when the little ones were "a'cuddled doon." Then Isabel would read aloud to her mother from some of the few precious books they were able to obtain, which was a keen enjoyment to both, and, as Janet said, "kept the rust away."

The mother stood for a moment looking down upon her child, her strong earnest face quivering with tenderness:

"What a blessing, what a comfort you are to me, dear," she said, quietly stroking the soft, fair head, and stooping to kiss the delicate sensitive face that looked up so lovingly into hers.

"Darling mother, I want to be a comfort to you, a great comfort," Isabel replied

caressing the beloved hands that lay on her head.

Janet wheeled her daughter close up to the table; and sitting down herself, poured out tea, while Isabel helped both plates to hot toast and griddle cakes.

They talked pleasantly together, this mother and daughter, while the fire glowed and roared in the wide chimney, sending its ruddy light all over the large kitchen, making still brighter the polished tins ranged along the wall, where miniature pictures of the interior were produced and reproduced; shining down upon them as though, by thus multiplying the home scene, they would reassure, and convey a sense of security to Janet's so often anxious heart. As they talked, there mingled with the music of their voices the soft lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, the tinkle, tinkle of the sheep bells, the rippling murmur of the brook running close by the door, the sudden gusts of wind that swept round the house, bringing down the withered leaves in showers from the trees and sending them past the windows, whirling and girating as if they too enjoyed their life, and above all these, the shouts of the little ones at play two fields off.

It was seldom now that Angus Morrison—Janet's "Tit-Bit"—bestowed an hour of his company upon his wife and children: when he did his presence was a sore trial, and banished all their innocent mirth. His violent temper was a terror to the little ones, even to Janet herself. She had not been married many months ere grave doubts entered her mind, and as the years went by, she discovered the mistake she had made and blamed herself severely for the cherished weakness she was so slow to overcome. But her patience continued, her efforts to win her husband to a more worthy life never ceased. After a time, however, she awoke to a full sense of her duty to her children, the vague dreams of the past gave place to the necessity for action in the present, the long-dormant forces of her soul gathered themselves together for the work she now plainly perceived lay before her. She resolved that her children should be saved from the evil effects their father's conduct might otherwise have brought upon them. The unrestrained passions of his life—gambling and drinking—had wrought sad havoc in their home, and Janet's face looked old and careworn, the once brown hair lying in silver bands on her brow, 'neath which still lay the strength and purpose of her youth that for the last few years had been recalled into active working. She had been too weak in the earlier years to refuse anything to the man she loved, but as time after time sums were spent on his reckless pursuits which ought to have been laid out on the farm, she became alarmed for her children's sake, and this gradually brought resolve. Her husband would do nothing save by fits and starts, often absenting himself for months, returning shoeless, coatless, a wreck; slinking unseen in the darkness of the evening into the home where he might have been so welcome. Again and again Janet had taken him in, nursed him back to health, hoping and believing, to be again, and again disappointed. Now all these dreams had died their death in her tortured heart, she felt that she owed to her children a still stronger duty, which must be performed, and that without further delay. Though her children had never been neglected, she seemed to take up her life from this point anew. The wise friend who gave the farm with its well-appointed homestead had tied it down so tightly to Janet that Angus Morrison possessed no power over it. And Janet, who had supplied her husband too freely in former days, now gave him only a regular sum. All was wasted as before, and her hopes revived not.

The tea hour was associated in Janet's mind with some of her happiest memories; she had striven ever to banish care at least for that hour. Nothing that could be prevented was permitted to mar its peace. But this evening she brooded over the fire when tea was over, hardly heeding her daughter, who, after giving Diana her usual saucer of warm milk and and bread, cleared all away; and, having drawn the deal table to a convenient distance proceeded to prepare the children's supper.

Janet was indeed sorely troubled, for she had that morning discovered that a large sum of money was missing from her cash-box upstairs. She had hidden it away, securely as she had deemed, and was much perplexed, as her husband was not at home.

"Another day and it would have been banked," she was saying to herself. "Can Angus have stolen in through the night, or—or—or——? No, there can be no one else."

"Mother, you are surely deep in thought, or are you tired? You have not heard me speak."

Janet, turning with a smile, put her anxieties aside. She would not let this sacred hour be spoilt. What courage, what strength and light they gained from their cosy chats together and their more serious talk. The problem must be solved later.

"No, dear, not tired; quite ready for our usual evening."

"Well, make yourself snug in that chair, we have only forty minutes and I have a lot of questions to ask you before the children's tea. Just listen, mother, how they shout and laugh. The wind blows this way; how plainly we can hear them."

Janet leaned back and smiled at her daughter. "Well, let us have the questions," she said.

"Do you think it right, mother, that everyone should marry, and that women should always lead a home life, as Mr. King preaches?"

"Mr. King is a good man, dear, but I do not quite agree with many things he preaches; certainly not with that. I think marriage ought to be a very happy state if properly entered into, remembering that it will not be a paradise, and that trials must come there as elsewhere. But I do not approve of women marrying for a home. Nor do I think the work of the world will ever be well done by one sex alone. It must be done by both together."

"If a woman marries, I suppose she must look after her children and her home?" said Isabel.

"Situated as we are at present, yes. Nor do I yet see that anyone can supersede the mother as supreme director and teacher of her children. But the work of home need not, ought not, to take up her whole life. Nor should it prevent her taking her part in the world, where she is sorely needed."

"But suppose her husband objected, as Mrs. Moon's husband does; then, as the husband has generally all the money, what could be done?" Just fancy, mother, how it would have been with us if the money had all been father's."

Janet shivered and drew nearer the fire.

"Are you cold, mother?"

"A little, dear, some thoughts make one feel cold. But, to answer your question, women must be made independent of men financially. No change worth speaking of can be made until that is done. Indeed, I think we tend, eventually, towards the independence of the individual."

"But while men make the laws, mother, women will not obtain equal liberties with them, if they can help it; how can that be managed?"

"Women must be determined, and stand by each other. All unjust opposition goes down at last before a determined front. Also, many men are helping, and all good men will flock to the standard soon. You see, dear, they have been brought up and tutored into thinking themselves of the first importance."

"I never can understand how they could have done it, taking the first and best of everything, and from their mothers, too."

"Selfishness, dear, explains most human problems. It is a very general fault."

"You don't feel mad about these things, mother, as I do."

"Not now; I used to feel mad and bitter enough. Now I see the end of it all which once I could not see. But if I keep calm now I am none the less determined that what is shall cease to be, and that I shall work for full and entire freedom for women while I live."

"Oh, I wish I could help you, mother! But what can I do with these crippled limbs?" said Isabel, suddenly losing her self-restraint, and bursting into passionate sobbing.

For a few minutes her mother let her weep. Then she said softly, taking the trembling hands in her own, "Don't give way, dear; do not despair. You have talents which many with perfect physical health do not possess. I could not desire a better helper. The cause of women needs no better."

Isabel smiled, and wiped her eyes, scolding herself vigorously.

Just then the door was softly pushed open. A little rosy face appeared belonging to a chubby little form, which, poising itself on one fat little leg, asked in a penetrating whisper, with a long drawl:

"Is Fawser in?"

This was little Jessie, who of all the children most feared her father, and made a point of making this most important inquiry before she would ever enter inside. Twenty times in the course of the day this question was hissed through the keyhole or the little figure leaned through the doorway, one fat little leg sticking out behind as if to emphasise "Is Fawser in?" Laughter and fun were such factors in the make-up of this little person, that, though she was in serious earnest, the small, pearly teeth gleamed and the brown eyes were full of merriment.

"Is *Fawser* in?" she repeated a little louder, as her mother and sister had not answered, and were both laughing at and with her.

"No, you little rogue, Father is not at home," said her mother, holding out a hand.

Jessie stepped on tiptoe across the kitchen, laid one tiny, plump hand on her mother's knee, and, looking with wide, serious eyes into her face, said in the same whisper,

"I saw'd him last night."

Janet started. "You saw him, pet, where?"

"When I goed to bed, when I stood up to see ze moon peeping, I saw'd Fawser coming in at the gate and he went and hided back of ze trees."

Janet's face paled;—ah! that was it then; he had come, robbed her, and gone.

"Jessie must have her bread and milk," she said, rising quickly, "and go to bed. Come, let us ring for Sissie and brothers."

When the young limbs were all at rest, Isabel and Janet composed themselves for the evening; but it was not to be as it had been, Janet was restless and, with all her self-command, could not listen. She rose and looked out into the moonlit night. Something stirred Diana too, who had joined her at the door. The dog uttered a long, plaintive howl, then ran across the yard, sniffing and tearing about. Janet followed, calling one of the men servants, though why, she did not realise. Before them, as they entered the field, with his head in the ditch, lay Angus Morrison, breathing heavily, staring wildly, in a horrible fit. He was brought in and the doctor sent for. Janet was very tender with him, but she felt that it would soon be over. That night he died. So closed the career for one life at least of Janet's "Tit-Bit." Further we cannot follow him.

Though her love had died, her tenderness had not; and Janet grieved sorely. But as the months passed on new light and gladness came into her life. When Muriel Heatherstone took possession of her country home, which lay close to Janet's farm, the day brightened for both mother and daughter, bringing new hopes, new aims, and greater possibilities.

(To be continued.)

In view of the unexpected development of the evidence now being taken by the Opium Commission, it is noteworthy that Miss Eleanor Stredder has received from the Chinese Ambassador a memorandum stating that he is instructed to thank her, on behalf of the minister he represents, for her accurate description of the effects of opium in China, contained in "Aluteh: A Story of the Chinese Hills," published by George Stoneman.

The Esther of the Bible.

In a magazine for young women, edited by a man, because a man knows exactly what is good for women, I find an article, by another man, on the character and life of Esther.

"Esther, with her simple, unsophisticated, dovelike nature, is not the type of woman the nineteenth century is doing all it can to rear. That is rather the bold, the self-reliant, and, if need be, the self-assertive—man's equal rather than man's slave." How terrible—from man's point of view!

Then the nineteenth-century feeling touches him a little, and he observes:

"There is need for cultivation along this line; woman has been looked upon all too much and all too long as little more than a glorified servant to man." Mr. Howatt would, apparently, try to find her a position somewhere between the "equal" and the "slave." He goes on: "But yet!—but yet!—must I whisper it?—a very great mistake may be made as to the character of the equality which is longed for. A man does not want to marry a man!" There it is. Women are not equals; are not even individuals with lives, aims, interests of their own—they are simply creatures to be married.

"He wants," says this good man, "to marry a woman. He wants to be made complete." Does she never want "to be made complete?" Is she always to be the passive complement that is added to the man?

"He (the man) has one class of virtues to bring to the bargain—strength, courage, skill, and such like." Has he? Always? And even if he has (for there are instances on record of the courage, strength, and skill of man), has he a monopoly of these? A weak and cowardly woman is quite as contemptible as a weak and cowardly man. Virtue has no sex. But this worthy writer thinks it has.

What, then, does the man want to "complete" his courage, strength, and skill? "Gentleness, grace, tact, patience, and the healing heart." Good! But he does not propose to grow these for himself. That, it would seem, is difficult, perhaps impossible; though there are instances on record of the grace, tact, gentleness, and patience of man. No, the woman must have all that he wants, not for herself so much as for him. She must marry him, sink herself in him, and let her virtues set him up "in the business of life." Never mind how weak she is: she has tact. What matter that she is a coward of cowards? she is graceful and gracious. Never mind her want of skill, *i.e.*, her clumsiness and incapacity for work: she is gentle and patient. Her husband will manage both business and household; he has skill for all this and strength besides, and it pleases him to see this "gentle, domestic brute," as Mary Wollstonecraft calls her, about his house, living her "life of continuous, quiet, unobtrusive self-effacement for the sake of others."

But here, again, the writer has a qualm. Conscience, or the nineteenth century, or some glimmer of light stirs him, and after gazing with admiration at the way in which the mother will sacrifice herself for "her sickly child, the battered wife for her brutal husband, the devoted daughter for her bed-ridden sire," and declaring that "the steadiest sacrifices, the sacrifices of a life-time, are made by women," he fervently exclaims:

"May God make the need for them grow less and less by opening men's eyes to the fact more and more!" It is, however, not the will of God that men's eyes should be shut: every man may open his eyes any fine morning he chooses, and see what is to be seen.

"Where women go wrong," to hark back to the complimentary virtues, "is in seeking to be men."

Here is an indictment, indeed! Would it not be well if each reader of this paper were to count up the women of her acquaintance who wish to be men, and to let Mr. Howatt know the result? I think I may say deliberately that the women who are called "advanced," the reforming women, the women who are striving to raise themselves and their sisters, are the ones who are, above all, thankful and proud to be women.

"A mannish woman, and a womanish man are curious but rather poor freaks of nature." Why blame the woman or the man, if it be nature's fault? They have not "gone wrong," then, but nature has been in one of her freakish moods, and has turned out articles that are inferior.

From what has gone before about the complimentary virtues and the poor marrying man who has only "one class of virtues to bring to the bargain" and "wants to be made complete," it would seem that a brave, strong, skilful woman must be "mannish," and "a rather poor freak of nature," and that a gentle, graceful, patient man who has tact besides and "a healing heart" (whatever that may mean) must be "womanish" and another "rather poor freak of nature." If Mr. Howatt does not mean this, what does he mean?

But about Esther. Before examining her story let us look at Mr. Howatt's commendations of her, and his reasons for the same. "It is the woman in Esther that shines out." She is not of the "mannish" ones: perhaps they were not invented then. "She shows through all" a "clinging, dependent, nature." No "equal," she; she has been better brought up than that. "There was not much initiative about her." Girls, we may say to the readers of the *Young Person*, whatever you do, don't think for yourselves, don't initiate anything, don't be original, but simply do as you are told, simply cling! And if you look graceful in your clinging and are patient about it, you shall be married like Esther, and come to glory and honour.

"Brought up to depend implicitly on" Mordecai, "she could take no step till she had consulted him," and, naturally, this was most gratifying to Mordecai's feelings. Here, again, the mysterious something which makes Mr. Howatt conscious, every now and then, that something is wrong, pulls him up; and he muses in the following way:

"In these days this would be reckoned a

somewhat dubious feature of her disposition, for a husband is not inclined to think the better of his wife for always taking her instructions from his father-in-law. He has *a natural wish to be master in his own house"* (the italics are mine), "or, at all events, to seem so!" No gleam of an idea visits our writer that a woman is a free and independent being, she must always take "instructions" from some man, either the man who has brought her up or the man who has made her his wife.

Esther is not only "clinging" and "dependent," unable to take a step without consulting somebody; not only "simple, unsophisticated, and dovelike," but she is physically beautiful, "and yet—*if we can believe such a thing of a woman"* (the italics again are mine), "she seems to have had a child-like unconsciousness of the fact until it was forced upon her by the king's choice." Now, I am not concerned with the question as to whether Esther knew or knew not that she was beautiful: she probably believed that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most" when she refrained from asking for extra finery. Anyone who knows what beauty is can recognise it in a mirror as well as in a picture, and it is no more sinful in one case than in another. From Narcissus downwards good-looking men have known that they were good-looking, and have not been sneered at. But the mere fact of womanhood is sufficient to throw the code of morals and the laws of logic into disorder that is appalling and absurd. Women have been most carefully taught throughout the ages that they must render themselves attractive to men. When they do as they are told, they are despised if they know that they have done it. It is one of the duties of Woman (the woman with a capital W) to be pleasing in person, but woe betide her if she knows that she is pleasing. Moral for the readers of the *Young Person*: Be beautiful if you can, but never let any man know that you know it. Privately, I may tell you that, as you are a woman, you cannot help knowing it. A handsome man would never know that he was handsome, would never wish to be admired; but you are different. Therefore, cultivate "a child-like unconsciousness" and so will you come to glory and honour.

Esther was a beautiful creature, who always did as she was told. One cannot but feel that if she had been in Vashti's place she would not have dared to disobey: she would have come, trembling and reluctant, probably, but still she would have come, to unveil herself before the crowd of drunken dignitaries who had been feasting for a week. Mr. Howatt, curiously enough, gives hearty praise to Vashti for her "proper, noble, becoming self-respect," and calls her "noblest of the noble." Tennyson has called her "noble Vashti," but one would not have expected it of Mr. Howatt. For where is the "clinging dependence" beloved by him? Does not Vashti show the "courage" which is so "mannish," "the bold, the self-reliant, and, if need be, self-assertive" character of 'man's equal," known only to this degenerate nineteenth century? And what about the "natural wish" of a man to be "master in his own house"? How is it that Vashti can be praised for refusing to take "instructions"? I am in such a fog that I do not know how to go on. Mr. Howatt little knows how difficult he makes the path of Woman. I thought I had a pretty clear idea of what was required; but the praise of Vashti has thrown me out. If she had but used a little "tact", would not all have been well? should she not have brought her "healing heart" to cure the king's disorders? would not gentleness have been the thing at such a crisis? "Patient sacrifice" would, most certainly, have saved her from downfall. Why was she not content to play the part of "battered wife" to "brutal husband"? She threw, instead, all the "feminine" virtues to the winds, and had the courage to assert her rights, and to stand alone against a tyrant; and yet Mr. Howatt not only does not curse but blesses her with emphasis.

Now to the story. "The king soon cast about for a successor to his dethroned queen. His choice fell upon Esther." In this way does Mr. Howatt tell the story for the *Young Person*. It sounds as if the king looked about for a wife in a respectable manner, heard of or saw the virtuous Esther somewhere, and married her. The facts are not so pleasant. The officers of Ahasuerus scoured the country, nay, all the provinces of the vast empire, for "fair virgins," from whom his glorious majesty might make selection. They were brought to the palace and given over to the care of "the keeper of the women," whose business it was to make them presentable. The king was so excessively refined and fastidious that a whole year had to be spent by a candidate in preparation for the privilege of an interview. For six months she was "purified" with "oil of myrrh," and for the next six months with "sweet odours and other things" not specified; and we may suppose that there were innumerable bathings, dressings of hair, instructions in the art of graceful posturing, and so on. Lessons in court etiquette would not be neglected; but the chief thing, evidently, was the culture of the physical to its highest pitch. When twelve months had gone by, the victim was sent to Ahasuerus. For once in her life, poor thing, she might have whatever she liked: nothing was grudged her in the way of adornment. Then the chronicler significantly says, "In the evening she went, and on the morrow she returned" She came back now, not to Hegai, "the keeper" of the candidates, but to the "custody" of him who "kept the concubines." She was henceforth a prisoner, a member of the harem, who might or might not be sent for by the King, according as to whether he "delighted in her" or not, or happened to remember her among the crowd. In either case she had to live a degraded and worthless life, among captives like herself, and cut off for ever from her own family and friends.

It is not certain whether Mordecai deliberately sent Esther into such a life, or whether she was carried off by the government officials, but the former appears the more likely from the way in which the story is told. Mordecai, whom Mr. Howatt calls "God-fearing," though there is not a hint of God or faith or religion in the whole book, appears all through to have used Esther as a pawn in a game. She, on her part, was passive as a pawn should be, and, apparently, cheerful and content, as a human pawn should be. In modern days she would allow herself to be sold and bought in the marriage-market, with sweet docility and without the faintest suspicion that she was either a victim or a tool. During the year in which she was under Hegai's care, she preserved the secret of her Jewish birth, because her foster-father so commanded; and, when the crown was set upon her head, she "did the commandment of Mordecai like as when she was brought up with him," and hid her nationality from her new master. Dangerous doctrine this, Mr. Howatt! Is it prudent to let the Young Person know that she may keep a secret from her husband, and yet be commended as simple and unsophisticated?

If Esther's race had to be concealed her religion must also have been concealed, and she must have acted as a heathen and idolator. This seems to have gone for nothing with Mordecai. Or, perhaps, what would have been impossible to him did not matter in the case of a mere woman.

Mordecai seems to have fought all the way through for the advancement of his people and himself. He had a passionate and determined belief in his nation, a genius for laying plans, a love of power, and an immense capacity for biding his time. He was careful to let the queen know of the plot against Ahasuerus. That might have brought him a step upwards; but, for the time, nothing came of it.

There seems to have been no special reason why Mordecai should not have performed the customary obeisance to the new Grand Vizier. He could not take his stand on Haman's worthless character, for he salaamed the king who was equally worthless. It reminds one somewhat of a modern Labour representative, who thinks it grand to walk into the House of Commons with his hat on, or to puff smoke close to the Speaker's tea-table on the terrace.

When the massacre of the Jews was determined, a calamity brought on by Mordecai himself, he sent his commands to Esther. Esther did not express grief or dismay at the terrible news, but simply reminded him that she was helpless before court etiquette, and that, if she should intrude upon her husband's privacy, the penalty might be death. Then Mordecai threatened her. Why say that she should not escape in the general destruction, when neither Ahasuerus nor Haman nor anyone in palace or harem knew that she was a Jewess? Only Mordecai had the secret: Mordecai intended her to feel that he would "tell" The nation first; family relations second!

Esther was, probably, by force of long habit, more afraid of her foster-father than of the king. It might be death either way, death at once at the hand of her husband, or death on the thirteenth of the month Adar at the hands of her compatriots, who would not scruple to take revenge for her inaction. Still, it must have been a very real danger that Esther faced now, for it required three days and nights of fasting and preparation. Here, unexpectedly, she breaks out into courage. What, courage? A "mannish" virtue, surely, Mr. Howatt! "Bold," too: have you not condemned boldness? "Self-reliant," yea, and "self-assertive" also, for she is going to disobey her husband and break the law of the land. We must, however, remember that Mordecai is behind her, and then much of the boldness and bravery which ought to shock us may be excused.

It is not quite clear why Esther went about her work in so roundabout a fashion; why, when offered "the half of the kingdom," she did not at once tell her story straightforwardly and have the work of deliverance begun, why there had to be two banquets, or even one, nor how she could invite Haman as a friend and yet be planning his destruction all the time. Perhaps, as she had not seen the king for thirty days, her influence happened to be not quite so great as usual, and she may have felt it necessary to employ a little "grace" and "tact" before running any further risk. Or, she may have taken fright at the last moment, for a person brought up in subjection has little moral courage: a slave schemes and cajoles. The destruction of Haman was part of the plan. It was not only safety for his people that Mordecai desired, but revenge upon the man who stood in his way; and Esther, naturally, saw with Mordecai's eyes.

At the last, Esther seems to feel intensely the danger that threatens her people. She pleads at the second banquet, and again after Haman's death, with earnestness and pathos. I grant all this. But why was she not content with the thirteenth of Adar? Orders had been given for only one day's massacre; the counter-massacre had been successful; in Shushan alone Mordecai and his brethren had slain five hundred men, besides the ten sons of Haman. The king himself brought the news to his "simple, unsophisticated, dovelike, clinging, dependent" wife, and asked her what should be done next. And what was her reply? Shuddering horror at what had been necessary but awful? Entreaty that bloodshed should have an end? Relief and thankfulness that the work was at last done? No. What she wanted, and what she had, was this: a second day of slaughter, and the hanging on the gallows of the dead bodies of Haman's sons. It is possible that Mordecai prompted these requests; and then the moral is that much evil may be wrought by people who have been trained to submit to authority, and to guide their lives by that rather than by what is right. Or, it may have been the slave-nature in Esther coming to the top, the desire to pay off old scores, the conscious delight in the momentary possession of power.

Henceforth Mordecai and Esther were at the head of affairs. The king still imagined himself supreme, but Mordecai, as cleverest of the three, was really master, and Esther managed the king for him.

After going carefully through the story, I am still at a loss to know why Esther's character is supposed to be a model for the young woman of the nineteenth or any other century.

ELIZABETH MARTYN.

The Queen's Scholar.

IN an article on the "Queen's Scholar" published in the *Daily Chronicle* (October 7th) we find the following statistics of salaries:

Voluntary Schools, average Head Masters' (361) salaries, £153 14s. 2d. (probably apartments free); average Head Mistresses' (789), £90 12s. 11d.

London Board Schools, Average Headmasters' (392) salaries, £285 12s. 1d.; average Head Mistresses' (780) £201 14s. 3d. Assistant Masters, 3,600 received less than £100, 5,000 between £100 and £150, 1,950 from £150 to £200, 1,269 between £200 and £300, a year. Assistant Mistresses, 9,000 received from £40 to £75, 4,000 £75 to £100, 2,500 £100 to £150, and only 52 from £150, a year.

The article says: "Now, while it cannot be urged that the salaries of the masters are high enough considering their arduous profession, there can be no doubt that the prospects afforded by the teaching profession to women are very good indeed." Why should these salaries be insufficient for men, and yet the inferior salaries be considered a very good prospect for women? The article further says—"A young unmarried woman living in apartments rent free can often support herself and a widowed mother or a younger sister in decent circumstances on a salary of £75 to £100 a year." The majority of men and of thoughtless people never seem to consider that if it be possible for a woman to support her mother on £75 or £100 it is quite possible for a man to do the same, or to support a wife. Why should a man receive more for the same work simply because he is a man? Of course, if he did the work better, or if it were true that men needed beer and tobacco extra, or if a chop cost 1s. for a man and 6d. for a woman, or if railway and omnibus companies charged women half fares, there would be nothing to grumble at; but since men seem to be utterly incapable of undertaking the most difficult of all teaching, *i.e.*, infant teaching, and as the expenses of both sexes are equal, where do the splendid prospects come in?

The Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, quoting the article "What vast numbers of women there are, cultured and well-educated, who are glad to go out as daily governesses for £20 to £30 a year," says, "Will you let me say that the minimum salary for a trained student when she leaves college is £60 a year and furnished lodgings or equivalent." Does this not sound as if a woman should be deeply grateful for this noble remuneration? Because anybody should dare to offer a woman such a disgraceful sum as £20, is that any reason why women should be contented with a much less sum than a man gets for the same or, indeed, less work, for what man turns down and tacks underclothing for his class all the evening?

Some people seem to think that all women teach as a sort of intermezzo between leaving school and being married. Is it utterly impossible to succeed in making these believe that there are women (as well as men) who look upon their profession in the highest possible light, and who have consecrated their lives to it, never wishing to abandon it to marry? Why, then, should men have enough to put away in their old age, while their sisters have no prospect but the workhouse, while pension schemes are in the too distant future?

L. C. T.

Immorality in Schools.

QUOTED FROM A DAILY PAPER.

SIR,—Your correspondent "An Educator" seems to have reached the root of this matter when he alluded to Dr. Welldon's admission that grave faults are inevitable with boys who are living apart from female influence. If this separation be really the germ of the disease, why continue it longer? It surely must be possible to find an alternative plan which would secure what all agree to be the prime end of education—the production of a highly moral human being.

In the opinion of some, the better plan would be the employment of women teachers in place of men for the younger boys, women as heads of schools, with women subordinates, who could scarcely fail to impart their own high tone to their charges. When a keen observer of human nature comes to the opinion that a youth can have no better friend in the world than a good woman, older than himself, we can only deeply regret that boys should lose the advantage of female teaching. The benefit would be two-fold. A reverence for women would be implanted, which might be strong enough to be a very considerable safeguard during the perilous days of youth. The boys would not go to masters till they were old enough to hold their own, and the "slavish" state in which, from fear, they do whatever they are told, would not trouble the careful teacher, as the master of Harrow tells us is now the case.

Incidentally, also, another difficulty would be solved—finding employment for educated women. Eve's daughters are by nature and heredity pre-eminently fitted for training the young, and the vast majority of them infinitely prefer teaching to entering into rivalry with men in really masculine work. Newnham, Girton, and other colleges can supply women perfectly equipped for such a task, and their employment would soon be felt in the higher *morale* of the rising generation. Of their own superiority in that direction we may perhaps judge by comparison. No official list is kept of the shortcomings of the higher school teachers, we believe, but the Education Department annually publishes a list of the delinquents among the elementary teachers of the country. Of these teachers (of whom only about one-third are men) there are ten in this year's black list. Nine of these are men for serious faults; one of them only is a woman, and she is there for nothing more than faults of registration. And this is but a sample of the usual annual statement. Amongst other things, this strengthens the belief which many people hold that the hope of the world lies with woman, and that hope will be the most fully realised by her taking the fullest possible share in the education and training of the young.—Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER EDUCATOR.

What Working Women and Men Think.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON SOCIALISM.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN is a man with exceptional opportunities for good or for evil. His illustrious predecessor, Manning, whose name will not be forgotten so long as the world loves to recall its noblest friends, undoubtedly cast over his position the glamour of a great personality; and revealed the marvellous possibilities possessed by the leader of the Catholic Church, in a Protestant country. Apart from Manning's subtle gifts of genius and charms of oratory, he commanded the interest of all who love mankind by his marvellous sympathy with the poor, and his helpful teaching as to the social needs of our time. Part of the prestige of his fame must needs rest upon the Church which he adorned, and this prestige can scarcely be begrudged, even if it exists mainly as a reproach to other Bishops and divines who with equal, and in some cases superior, opportunities, were too deeply immersed in what George Eliot styled "other-worldliness," to care for the cry of "the armies of the hopeless and unfed."

Cardinal Vaughan succeeded to a rich heritage. His earliest acts were "to pull down" his predecessor's "barns and build greater," to abolish the plain living and high thinking of Manning; and to substitute ecclesiastical magnificence for the Christ-like simplicity, and gilded pomp without for the golden worth within, of the man whom the poor revered and trusted. It is not, however, of Cardinal Vaughan's church work, nor of the splendid palace where he lives, with which this article is concerned. Respecting these, presumably only his co-religionists have right of criticism, except in so far as they explain his public social policy. When, however, as on September 25th, at Portsmouth, the Cardinal brings charges of falsehood, deception, and sedition against men who hold the identical social views of Manning, the time for silence has passed.

The occasion of Cardinal Vaughan's speech, was the Conference of the Catholic Truth Society, and its subject was "The Key to the Social Problem." The bulk of the speech was devoted to abuse of Socialists, their methods, and their aims. "Bad hands, and evil heads," was his description of these people, whose societies he said were very much on the increase, particularly in London. One Socialist society, which was described as holding 140 meetings in London every week, has had the honour of the Cardinal's own presence on several occasions, when he has heard "addresses delivered to the very worst passions of humanity, for they were seditious, inflammatory, and revolutionary; and many of the methods of these demagogues were wicked and delusive." It would be interesting to know which, in Cardinal Vaughan's opinion, are the very worst passions of humanity. Surely wilful perversion of the truth is not one of the best passions, and it is difficult to believe that anyone who has attended "many" of the meetings of any Socialist organisation in London, could possibly believe that this description accurately describes the addresses made on such occasions. If this is a wickedly baseless charge, the next accusation at least borders sufficiently on the ridiculous to be recognised as palpably inaccurate. "There was a cheap literature, which was communistic, atheistic, and anarchical, and it was spread more or less widely among the working classes in the great centres of industry in England, and the common doctrines proclaimed by the speakers of these societies were such as these—that religion had no claim whatever upon mankind, that God was an invention of man and had no existence, that landlords, capitalists, and machinery ought to be swept away; and many of these men pledged themselves and endeavoured to pledge their hearers, to utterly destroy the present state of society." Is there any widely-spread literature in creation, answering to this description? There certainly may be vile literature of an obscene nature circulating in some limited degree amongst the rich, idle classes, but in no class of society whatever is there a Socialistic literature of the kind described here The very terms "communistic and anarchical" are mutually destructive and irreconcilable, and the man who would confuse landlords, capitalists, and *machinery* as representing similar terms, would be qualified for some far different position than that of a Socialist lecturer. Is it necessary to inform Cardinal Vaughan, that to abolish machinery which the worker has made, is the last thing the worker would propose to do, and that to "sweep away machinery," is as practicable and sensible as to sweep away the land? "To utterly destroy the present state of society" is the Cardinal's way of saying that the Socialists are endeavouring to convert mankind to their views, and as the Catholic prelate is presumably devoting his own life to a similar purpose, this accusation falls harmlessly to the ground. The attempt to introduce theological bigotry, by implying that socialistic literature is necessarily atheistic, comes with poor grace from Manning's successor. Cardinal Manning was scarcely an atheist, but few Socialists have penned such revolutionary sentiments as his well-known dictum that "the man who as eating his dinner to-day has either earned it, or stolen it," or his famous phrase "a starving man is justified in stealing a loaf of bread."

But are the present day Socialists essentially atheists. There are Christian Socialists, followers of Kingsley and Maurice, men like Mann and Tillett, are notedly religious men; and in the North of England the Labour Church places God at the head of all its aspirations. Keir Hardie is the preacher; and Bradlaugh, the atheist, was the greatest modern opponent of socialism. The fact of the matter is that socialism is like the science of arithmetic—its study involves no religious decision, and in its pursuit Christian meets atheist on a common platform, neither needing to forsake his convictions on religion, and certainly neither using its platform to denounce the other.

Cardinal Vaughan's only solutions for the great and pressing problem of the day, are apparently the preaching of Christianity, as he understands it, and by the rich, "the wealthy, educated, upper classes" giving some of their spare "thought, care, and heart" to the poor. It is the old, old suggestion which has been made whenever a people struggled to be free. Women are told to wait contentedly while men devote to them their spare sympathy. "*Work out your own salvation*" is the only true philosophy.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

Terse Sayings.

The majority look at truth through the mist of creeds.

Those who live in a transition age must expect to hear conflicting calls.

There is no book which dives so deeply into the human heart as the Bible. It has something to say touching every feeling and experience in life.

We often take a microscope to our troubles, while we give but a glance with the naked eye at our blessings.

The most hopeful soul is not the one which has never known despair, but the one, which, feeling its cold touch, rises with desperate energy and clings to the rock of Everlasting Love.

"Let there be light!" said the Creator. These words have been sounding through the ages. Light out of darkness! until all is Light! It is the Divine Consummation; for light brings more abundant life!

Most theories have sober foundations, but many become intoxicants in the working out. Good ideas should not be thrashed out of all recognition.

The precise line where virtue becomes vice and pleasure pain has never been fixed. Hence, the wisdom in leaving a wide margin.

It is by force of contrast that excellence is seen;
And, only by the beggar, does the queen become a queen.

ELIZABETH A. HAYES.

IS "SHAFTS" TO DIE?

TO THE READERS OF "SHAFTS."

After the earnest appeal for help to support SHAFTS, I have been astonished that some of its readers have not been able to suggest some scheme by which every reader could help and hereby relieve the anxiety of the brave lady who has struggled far too long against such fearful odds. Could we not pay 6d. each for SHAFTS instead of 3d. How many useless monthly papers charge 6d.? "Why not SHAFTS?" I, for one, would willingly pay the extra 3d. in support of such a great woman's advocate.

Yours truly,

C. C. GREEN.

MILLIE WILMOTT.

Written by a Working Woman.

(*Continued.*)

THE summer came, and with the hot days of July came a terrible fever to the pretty but badly-drained village of Newthorp. One of its first victims was Mr. Wilmott.

The day before the funeral, Millie and her mother sat in the kitchen talking with hushed voices, as if their usual tones might arouse the sleeper upstairs.

"He wasn't always so," Mrs. Wilmott was saying, "you should a' seen him when we were married. It was the drink that did it. It's been very hard on you, Millie, being the first, and a girl; but you shan't be a drudge any longer. You shall go out like other girls; and dress like them. I've often wished I could put a bit of brightness into your life; I shall be able to do it now, thank God. And we'll get some new things for the house, and make it look a bit more homelike for the little ones, they hevn't had much pleasure o' their lives up to now bless 'em. We'll get the barn thatched, and'—oh Millie! it is cruel on me talking like this, an' him lying dead upstairs, and waiting his berryin'," wailed Mrs. Wilmott.

"You ar'n't doing him no harm; he'd be dead and waiting his berryin' all the same if you wasn't talking like this," Millie replied.

It wasn't Millie's way to affect anything. She had never known her father anything but a drunken, maudlin fool; cruel to them at home and a shame to them in the village. She showed no sorrow at his death, she felt none. She couldn't understand her mother; she couldn't understand the kind of woman that could kiss the hand that struck her.

* * * *

"There's the agent, mother," Millie said one morning, a few months after her father's death. "He's coming here."

Mrs. Wilmott gave her visitor a startled look as he entered.

"Straightening things a bit, I see, Mrs. Wilmott," he remarked, seating himself.

"Yes, sir," Mrs. Wilmott replied, nervously. "Please God I'll have things a bit more tidy soon; I've been ashamed to see them. I'll get the gate put up, and the fence mended, and——"

"You'd better let his lordship repair his own property," the agent said, sharply.

"Would he do it, do you think, sir?" Mrs. Wilmott asked, anxiously.

"He will do all that is necessary for the new tenant," was the cold reply. "Of course you know the lease is nearly expired. You know also that his lordship will have no women farmers on his estate. Indeed, you might as well know the farm is let, and the sooner you get out the better, the new tenant being very anxious to take possession."

"Oh don't turn us out; don't! What shall we do? Where can we go?"

"You talk like a foolish woman. Is it my estate? Am I not bound to obey orders? Do you suppose for one moment I can do as I like? Certainly not. "But why," he went on sternly, "do you expect to be treated better than the others. Hadn't Mrs. Nott and Mrs. Watson both to leave their farms when their husbands died?"

"Yes", Mrs. Wilmott answered faintly, "but they didn't manage their farms. I don't want to say a word against my dead husband, but for ten years he didn't do much, me and Millie's had it to do, and you've never had to wait a day for the rent; I've always had it ready for you. Couldn't you tell his lordship? He wouldn't surely turn me out then."

"'T would make no difference; nothing I could say would alter his lordship's decision. I am very sorry for you, but I have no power except to offer you a little money."

"Don't accept it, mother," Millie said in a low, suppressed voice, "money won't make amends for turning us out of our home. It's an insult to offer it. We are not paupers, sir," turning to the agent, "it's justice we want; money won't make up for our loss of home. You can bring nothing against us, only we're women."

"Take my advice," the agent said, "and go at once into that place of Hill's. His Lordship will think all the better of you if you go away without making any fuss."

"His Lordship's good opinion is worth very little to us," Millie replied haughtily; "an' if we leave before the lease is out it will be to suit ourselves, not him."

"Hill's is such a poor place, we couldn't all live there," Mrs. Wilmott answered, mournfully.

The agent was not a hard man; it grieved him very much to cause them such cruel sorrow; he felt it was an injustice done to those two women. As for Jack, he had often expressed a wish to "lick that young cub into shape." He pitied Millie most; there was something so pathetic in her ungirlish life, it seemed so different to the lives of other girls. Never had he seen her at a village merry-making, and he had an idea that such things were necessary to a girl's existence. He admired the indomitable courage with which she faced their difficulties; and he had caught rare glances of intelligence from her blue eyes, though he seldom spoke to her except on business; there was always such a mind-your-own-business look about her. Once he had seen that sober, freckled face light up till it looked almost beautiful. It was at the village prize-giving, when one of her little sisters received a prize for regularity and good conduct at school. He knew when he was giving the little one her book it was to Millie's firmness she owed it; the mother said, "Go to school," 'twas Millie saw they did go. He would have liked to have told Millie that the prize belonged to her; but Millie appeared quite satisfied.

"O, Millie, Millie, I feel as if I couldn't bear it," sobbed Mrs. Wilmott.

"Yes, you can, mother. There's no choice; that's always a help. It's easier to do anything when you know you're forced, than if you'd got to decide."

"I don't believe you care; there never was such a queer girl as you; you don't understand what turning out means to us."

"Yes, mother, I do; it means separation." And Millie's voice grew husky. "But we've got to bear it, and we must think what's best to be done. Perhaps," she went on slowly, "I don't feel quite so bad as you do. I never did feel quite sure, it seemed too good; but I've had the pleasure of thinking about it. 'Tisn't often I've had a pleasure o' that sort. I guess thinking about nice things will be as near as I shall ever come to them, somehow," she added sadly. "I don't seem to come in the way o' Providence."

"It is cruel, it is cruel o' the master oppressing us. I wonder he isn't afraid o' the Lord's judgment falling on him."

"He's nothing to be afraid on. The Lord's judgment won't fall on him, things happen natural. It's perhaps according to his bringing up; maybe his mother was one o' them women that wasn't worth a decent berryin'. And men judges women by their mothers. I tell you, mother, lads arn't brought up right; mothers don't tell 'em the Lord Almighty made women as well as men; and they'll never know till they are told. It isn't what they'd find out themselves. Women sets too little a price on theirselves, and men's mean an' takes advantage. When women respects theirselves more men'll respect 'em, and not till then. The women ties the chains on theirselves, then calls on the Lord to come and untie 'em; and the Lord don't; it isn't His way. He does His part, and leaves other folks to do theirs; and if they don't do it they must take the consequences. Mother, I want you to promise me faithful that Lucy and Anne shall go to school regular, and learn to read and write."

"Yes, Millie, I promise."

"Faithful, mother?"

"Yes, Millie, faithful. O Millie, Millie! I have been cruel to you; I see it now; I never thought o' you going out service, and now you're going perhaps hundreds of miles away, and I shall never hear how you're going on. The Lord forgive me, the Lord forgive me!"

"Now don't you take on so, mother; there's nothing particular to forgive. You've done nothing against the Lord, and I forgive you. Don't fret, mother," Millie went on, the tears falling down her own cheeks; "it won't be for long, maybe; perhaps something will happen to bring us together again soon. Jack's seventeen; he'll be able to take a farm before long, and he may get our own back again, who knows? They'll let him one," she said bitterly; "he'll be a man."

"I've lost all heart, Millie, I'm dazed; I can't see how I'm to get along without you. It is hard."

How Millie had envied the village girls their going out to service. Their lives, compared with her own, seemed like perfect freedom. Now, the thought of going out herself, leaving her mother, her sisters and brothers, the house that had sheltered her every night since she was born, to go among strangers—how far away she dare not think; without any means of communication except through strangers, gave her terrible pain. If she could only read and write!

"It's only me that will be away," she whispered softly to herself, "the little ones will be all right with mother, and Jack will be close by."

(To be concluded.)

"Suggestions for Work Among Women in the Villages."

By Mary Fordham.

PART I.

WOMEN in our big towns have long ago awakened to the fact that their poorer sisters need their sympathy, influence, and care, to help them to live bright, happy, and useful lives. But in the villages the women have, as a rule, been allowed to drag on a weary existence, unheeded, for the most part, by their more fortunate neighbours; lives which might with outside influence and light be brighter and better, are filled with monotony. No change from day to day but an occasional concert, and a walk to the nearest village or town. Ever with them the struggle to eke out an insufficient weekly wage, to meet the necessities of a growing family.

Very little is done for the men, and still less for the women.

A few years ago I left a large manufacturing town and came to live in a quiet country place two miles from any village but within a walk of 30 cottages. I was greatly impressed by the dull apathy of the people, which struck me forcibly after working in the town. The poverty and dreary life of the cottagers is, in many cases, treated as a matter of course. "They are poor, we are rich," say those who could help them if they cared to. "They work on my land, I am made rich by their toil; they can barely live comfortably, and often end their days in the workhouse, while I grow richer, but I can't help it." No wonder the people, and especially the women, are apathetic under such treatment. "They are well enough off, if they like to be; it's all a matter of management" I have been told when regretting the low wages of the rural labourers in some of the worst paid counties.

I wish that those who can spare the time to go among the women, would believe how much can be done by a weekly visit, a little sympathy, influence and help. It has been said that women have so much sympathy and influence; can we use it better than by helping those who need it? We all of us—even the happiest and most fortunate—have our little worries and rough places in life; but how much harder is the life of the very poor, who in their daily round have so much to put up with! The sympathy of one who comes to us when we are in need, lifts half the burden from our shoulders, and helps us to be cheerful and happy again. Influence, sympathy, kindly feeling are sorely needed by the people in our villages. Women have frequently told me of their troubles, big and little, and their faces have brightened and their hearts grown lighter thereby. The mere fact that someone knows, that someone is sorry and can say a kind word to help them to bear it, makes the trouble half what it was. They badly need systematic visiting, then their apathy disappears, and they learn to take an interest in what is going on outside their own home and village, and their life becomes a wider and a better one.

A woman in a small village with a large family of children, must of necessity lead a dreary, narrow life. Often for months she is unable to go farther than the village shops; and wherever she is, night and day, the children are with her. Day by day she does the same work, and, unless her husband thinks well to tell her, hears no news—nothing of what goes on in the outside world.

For four years I have regularly visited all the women within two miles of my home, on a certain day every week. At first I had a difficulty in getting them to understand that I simply came to see them and make a friendly call. But now, I am glad to say all welcome me. I find the visit of great use to them and to me. I think I am able to help and to influence them, since they have learnt to know me, and understand why I come. In connection with my weekly call, I have started a "*Provident Association*," collecting the money on the day I make my visit. From the 30 cottages I have over 60 members—men, women, and children, putting from 1d. to 1s. a week into the Association. It was originally started for the women, but they were so anxious to have their husbands and children in as well that I made it open to all. They are very poor, but they make every effort to pay regularly, and the "*Provident Association*" is a great success, and a real help to them. Some keep their money in for a year, a good many for six months. They are only allowed to *draw* it quarterly. I find many of them are beginning to save naturally, where at first they spent all they had. No wonder! for wages are low, and it is hard to save. Their only hope in many cases, of a home of their own in their old age, is to learn early habits of thrift and self-help.

In connection with my "*Provident Association*" I get for my members large quantities of flannel, calico, shirtings, blankets, sheets etc., every Spring and Autumn. The goods are better and cheaper than can be bought at the village shop. The women choose what they want from pattern books which I take round when I call on them. Those who cannot afford to pay the money down on receipt of their goods, pay through their Provident books, but most of them try not to touch their savings. I strongly advise others to start "*Provident Associations*"; mine has been so successful.

HEALTH IN OUR VILLAGES; by Hilda K. Morgan-Browne, Lecturer on Hygiene; Price One Penny.

In this pamphlet the writer gives very concisely and clearly the teaching that is urgently needed by the country people, who, many of them, because they live where air is plentiful and pure are careless in their surroundings, often in their personal cleanliness. Miss Morgan Browne takes the reader carefully through the subject of open windows; of the air consumed by candles and lamps, pointing out the absolute necessity for a constant current of fresh air passing inwards, and foul air outwards, in order to create and preserve good health. She dwells specially upon what is so often forgotten, that the chimneys must not be stopped up.

A Reply.

MR. CAMERON, whose letter appears in the *Times* of September 30th, has taken the trouble to write from Egypt to demonstrate that woman suffrage means the ruin of the Empire. His argument is one widely used: "This particular lady speaker advocates a policy which I disapprove; give her a vote, and she would use it for the strengthening of that policy: *ergo*, deny women the vote." The counter-argument has been supplied long ago, by Mrs. Fawcett. At present none but the agitators, and the wise or unwise holders of strong views, have any means of expressing those views; the timid and retiring are doomed to silence. Women, in a man-ruled State, are in the position of children who, though they may be told as a matter of form that they will get what they ask for prettily and not what they cry for, yet find that practically, what they say quietly passes unheeded in the buzz of grown-up talking, while a cry is attended to, though with execrations! So both friends and foes agree that the women who have not flinched from being called "shriekers," have, in many cases, obtained what they "shriek" for: and though quiet old ladies may shake their heads and whisper that they disapprove these measures, or that they disapprove women's taking part in them, their disapproval remains unmanifested, and therefore fruitless. "Innocent gentlewomen," says Mr. Cameron, will, in the bad time coming, "suffer for the sins of their advanced sisters." Well, if so, it will be the innocent gentlewomen's own fault. Let them outvote them. Are the most advanced the majority of women? Not surely, in the eyes of an anti-woman-suffragist; his great argument is that the mass of women do not wish for emancipation. Well, give the non-emancipationists the power to be, like the House of Lords, a drag on the advanced party. A few, doubtless, would be so far consistent as to abstain from voting, but probably, very few—I judge the most part would be like some old ladies of my acquaintance, who have protested to me that they did not approve of the municipal vote for women, but just this time the candidate on the one side was *such* a good man, and the cause was *so* important, etc., etc. With the colourless, who would be led by agitators, it is for Mr. Cameron and his party to anticipate those agitators. As a matter of fact, many women now remain passive, because, like Edna Lyall, they are sure there is nothing unwomanly in voting, but they are not so sure about public speaking and canvassing for votes; and were these passive ones granted a legitimate means of becoming active, the result might astonish some of the speakers and the canvassers. Perhaps there is a surprise, and even a disappointment, in store for the Temperance advocates, when the first Suffrage Bill leaves in *status quo* such of them as are wives, or single in their fathers' households, and enfranchises Mrs. Quickly and mine hostess of the Blue Bell.

Touching Continental military fervour and non-women's-rightism, I might cite, on the one hand, the sack of Rome, the "Spanish Fury," the storming of Heidelberg, and other horrors which form a test alike for the Peace Party and for the advocates of National Defence. I might point out, on the other hand, that it is on the Continent that women have emulated men in military prowess—Jeanne Hachette, Kennau Hasselauer, and the Maid of Zaragoza; and that the drawing off of men for military service has had its effect in leaving a greater number of professions open to women. I have been wont to consider France as in some respects a more advanced country than England, because of the shrimper girls, in their severely rational costume, and the signal-women, with their shiny hats, and their little flags to wave at the railway crossings. Mr. Cameron complains that the army is not a popular profession among men; and the complaint of the anti-woman party generally is that women are driving men out of the more peaceful professions. Perhaps here we have the disease and its remedy.

Finally, we recommend Mr. Cameron, and all alarmed or alarmists, to look back to the books of sixty or seventy years ago, and to see that, in Catholic Emancipation days, good Protestants predicted a re-lighting of the fires of Smithfield; in Jewish Disabilities Removal days, good Christians predicted an enforcement of Hebrew rites on the community. But both scares have proved groundless. Opis.

The October number of the *Modern Review* (to be published on the 15th, and monthly in future) will contain articles from the men's as well as from the women's point of view. The programme includes an authorised statement *apropos* of a millionaire's offer of £150,000 to Lady Florence Dixie for the purpose of founding a halfpenny morning paper for women; "The Scented Garden," by the talented authoress of "Woman Free," who makes an earnest appeal to Lady Burton to give or bequeath to the British Museum or the Bodleian Library the originals (if they be still extant) of the manuscripts which, "purely out of love for her husband," she destroyed; an up-to-date essay, bearing the title, "That Realism is Good," by Miss Edith Escombe; and a descriptive sketch of that renowned woman-scientist, Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore, with a glance at her forthcoming new scientific work, "The Keely Mystery," a subject in which Professor Dewar and other savants take so much interest. Lady Florence Dixie, partially recovered in health, contributes an interesting description of "A Girls' Seaside Camp"; an elaborate sketch entitled "Court and Cabinet: the True Story," is likely to attract much attention, as the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Marquis of Queensberry have have all taken part in the correspondence relating to the affair; and there are many other attractive articles, poems, and notes, together with the usual features of the magazine.

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

Mrs. Mallet will lecture on "Dangerous Trades for Women," at 32, Sackville-street, W. Friday, October 20th, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

On the Forward Track.

Facts relating to Women, also Thoughts and Theories, original and culled.

IN a criticism of the speeches given at the recent debates in the Ontario Legislature, on the enfranchisement of women, a gentleman who writes to the *Toronto Globe* puts the matter very tersely. He says:—"If a woman of high intelligence and noble character tells me she wishes to express her consent to the government of her country by a ballot, what shall I answer her? Shall I tell her that she is 'owned' by some living man, or is some dead man's 'relict,' as the old phrase was? Shall I tell her that she ought to be ashamed of herself for wishing to be unsexed; that God has given her the nursery, the ballroom, the opera; and that, if these fail, God has graciously provided the kitchen, the washtub and the needle? Or shall I tell her she is a lute, a moonbeam, a rosebud, and touch my guitar, and weave flowers in her hair and sing?" These are the answers which have in effect for many years been given, and to Englishwomen.

Amongst employments for women which might be profitably taken up, we notice two—the first of which is distinctly original.

Two Russian Poles were summoned to an English Police Court, and a witness for the defendants appeared who knew no word of English, and the Court interpreters were quite unable to render assistance. At length an English girl of fourteen was found who spoke her own tongue and Polish equally well, who translated the needful evidence.

Why should not women with linguistic abilities act as interpreters in the Courts of Justice?

The second opening is that of shopping agent, for those women who dwell in the country, or are too busy in other directions to be able to spare the time to do so for themselves. These include mothers of families who dwell far from the region of shops and cannot spare the time or money for the journey, but who would be glad to pay a fixed commission to a capable shopper who knew where and how to purchase what they needed.

This plan is largely adopted in America.

There are a large number of girls and women of skilled fingers and artistic taste who are employed on the gold and silver embroidery largely used by our Army and Navy. This work is contracted out by Government, and at one time those employed upon it could obtain a living, but for some time past the prices paid have become smaller by degrees, and have now arrived at the point where it is impossible for the workers to subsist upon their earnings. Why do not the girls and women form themselves into a trade union? It only wants a leader to give a start.

At the Belfast Trades Congress four delegates, representing 40,000 women Trade Unionists, were present. A large meeting was held at Ulster Hall to promote the organisation of those engaged in the linen industry. One speaker stated that Lancashire girls earn from 22s. to 25s. a week, whilst the women weavers of Belfast are paid 15s. a fortnight!

The pleasant and cosy Somerville Club, in Oxford-street, where titled dames and humble sempstresses alike find a common meeting-place, extended its hospitality to the women attending the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists.

The New Zealand Legislature has passed the Bill granting the Suffrage to women by the somewhat unimpressive majority of *two*. Nevertheless, it is a sufficient majority for all practical purposes, and we women in England can now more hopefully look ahead to the time when we, in common with our brother taxpayers, shall have a voice in the framing of the laws of the country.

When the history of the "Woman's Movement" comes to be written in the ages yet ahead of us, the Salvation Army will undoubtedly be given a place by the historian, inasmuch as they were the first-organised community to practically enforce the equality of women and men. It will be known to most of our readers that General Booth has chosen as his successor, not one of his sons, but his eldest daughter—La Maréchale Booth-Clibborn, as she is familiarly known.

The newly-published volume of the Census returns for 1891, makes us acquainted with the curious fact that, apart from widows and widowers, there are 65,101 more wives than husbands. Here are the figures:—"4,916,649 married females; 4,851,548 married males." It is often said that "there is nothing so fallacious as facts except figures," there surely is a fallacy here.

Our readers will sympathise with Mrs. Crawford, the brilliant "Paris correspondent" of the *Daily News*, in the crushing blow she has sustained by the death of her clever, bright young daughter. Mrs. Crawford is the doyen of women journalists, and is a standing example of what may be done in face of great difficulties—educational and otherwise—by a woman possessing real grit and perseverance. She is the daughter of an Irishman, who, through his open-handed generosity, left his family in the straitest circumstances. Mrs. Crawford witnessed the exciting scenes which were enacted in Paris on the fall of the Second Empire. She also visited the hospitals during a cholera epidemic in search of "copy."

ERRATA.

We are asked to make the following corrections to the letter, "The Dreadest Scourge of All," printed on page 138 of the September number:—

For (Ualicsmini), foot of second column, read (Italics mine.)

For Mr. Joseph Burt, third column, read Mr. Joseph Arch; for Dr. Herbert Boins read Dr. Hubert Boëns; and for Dr. G F. Robb read Pofessor G. F. Kolb.

"The Cry of the Children."

By Mary Leigh.

THERE was an air of unusual excitement about the village school. The children, with neatly brushed heads and clean pinafores, stood, arms folded, anxiously expectant, their eyes often wandering to the open door.

Up and down the lines of girls and boys paced their teacher and friend, Elizabeth Dearham, a shadow of anxiety in her clear eyes, and the lines about her lips and forehead graver, deeper, than usual. It was almost as anxious and important an occasion as the annual visit of Her Majesty's Government Inspector, for they were about to see their new Rector, the Rev. William Haskell, for the first time. The school mistress had heard much about him, and there were grave doubts in her mind as to whether they would be able to work smoothly together as the school teacher and clergyman of a parish should. This was his first country living; hitherto his work had lain amongst the slums of the metropolis, and Elizabeth Dearham knew only too well how great was the difference between a country and a town living. She had heard him spoken of as an energetic, reso'ute man, full of High Church ideas and modern educational notions, and she was glad, glad for her children's sake and the sake of the parish. Still the fear remained that her methods of working might differ greatly from his, that he might consider her lines too daring, too advanced; she was a woman, he a man, and there lay the fear.

During the four years she had held the position of schoolmistress in the parish of Linton-Solforth, she had done her best to educate the girls and boys entrusted to her care up to her own standard of excellence. She had come to the school, a young, energetic woman, fresh from college; her busy intelligent brain teeming with schemes for the welfare of the young population and for the community at large, and with a resolute hand had swept away all old-fashioned prejudices and educational ideas, and despite persistent rebuffs, had in a comparatively short time firmly established a school after her own heart and life-long desire.

She not only kept strictly within the code, but she did her best to instil into the young minds the grave responsibilities of the life that lay before them. She taught them to regard themselves as the bulwarks of their country, the props and mainstays of the land in which they lived. She had educated her girls to look upon themselves as the possible mothers of the nation, and to respect themselves accordingly. She at first found it uphill work; everyone's hand was against her, but she had come prepared for this, and was, therefore, neither disappointed nor discouraged. It was a long while before she received any help in her work. The inhabitants were shy of receiving theories so widely different and antagonistic to those they had been brought up to believe in; they objected to the upsetting of the teachings of generations, and for a long time insisted upon regarding Elizabeth in the light of a rabid Socialistic Reformer. Her steady perseverance and sweet personality, however, soon won the hearts of the working classes, though the upper orders still regarded her as a dangerous fanatic, and treated her with distinct coldness and neglect.

In addition to her day school, she had established evening classes for young women and men, mothers and fathers, and with the help of a few devoted followers did her best to elevate and refine the working community of the large parish. She lectured to them upon over population, an evil from which that portion of the country greatly suffered, and pointed out to them in her clear, concise way the wrong they were doing in bringing children into the world when they were morally and physically incapable of decently bringing them up.

Fortunately for her the late Rector was an aged man of 80, and a gentleman of the old school. He did not agree with the reformation his school-mistress was bringing about in his parish, or the ruthless manner in which she was sweeping away old-fashioned ideas of right and wrong. He would have preferred that it should remain wrapped up in sleepy Conservatism, as it had been all the years he had lived in it and generations before; but he recognised Elizabeth's superior mental powers and logic, and acknowledged the purity and justice of her reasonings, even if he failed to see their practicability and necessity. He admired her beauty and courage, and though he moved not a finger to help her in her work; he allowed her the free run of the schoolroom wherein to hold her classes and lectures, and refused to listen to the grumblings of the surrounding gentry.

And so with very little help she worked hard for four years in the cause of the children and working-classes, and then the old Rector died, and a new one was appointed in his place. No wonder Elizabeth was troubled; good work had been done, but there still remained much to do. The parish was constantly growing, and her work of charity with it. The question that troubled her was—would the new Rector allow the freedom the old one had? Would he put a stop to the classes and lectures held in the school? and, moreover, would he object to his school-mistress taking an active part in anything not directly connected with his national school? Would she have to go? She had grown deeply attached to her children, the people, and the village. Her whole heart was in her work.

There was a stir amongst the children, and a whisper went down the ranks, "Here he is!" Their teacher held up a warning hand, and then turned to meet the two gentlemen as they entered. The one, a farmer, a manager of the school, advanced, saying:—

"Our new Rector, Miss Dearham"; and she found herself shaking hands with a tall, clerical-coated man, the strength of whose face and alertness and blueness of whose eyes struck her above everything.

The farmer, after a few words, made an excuse and departed, leaving the schoolmistress and rector together.

The clergyman then addressed the children in a few kind words and told them to go to their places; then he turned his attention to their teacher, questioning her as to the state of the school, the number on books, the usual attendance, and other items peculiar to school matters. Elizabeth answered in her clear, intelligent manner, producing her log book, registers, and time-tables for his inspection. When this business had been gone through to his satisfaction, the Rev. Haskell remarked with startling abruptness:—

"I hear that you hold night classes here for the young women and men and elder inhabitants. When is your next gathering? I must attend it."

Elizabeth's lips went white, but she met his searching gaze bravely and openly as she replied:—"To-night I lecture to young women and men upon the folly and danger of *Early Marriages*, its grievous sin and terrible consequences."

"And to-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night I lecture to the mothers and fathers of my children here upon the *sin* and *wrong* of large families and the absolute necessity for self-restraint."

The Rector regarded her curiously—the pale, pure face and proudly compressed lips, and he guessed something of the effort it had caused her to speak thus plainly to him.

"Do you not find that these classes and lectures interfere greatly with your day duties?"

"Certainly not," she replied quietly, "they are part of each other. It is for my children's sake that I am struggling with their parents; their cry has too long been unheard." I have taught the people to *think*, and the results have already begun to show themselves."

"Yours is a strange work, Miss Dearham," he said, "scarcely a suitable hobby for a lady, and a young and, pardon me, a beautiful one into the bargain."

"Nay, sir; you are wrong, if I may tell you so," she answered earnestly. "It is a delicate work, and requires delicate handling. We women possess finer and subtler tact than you men; therefore, I maintain, it is essentially a woman's work."

"You are, no doubt, right," he said thoughtfully, "but still methinks a lady of your attractions should be shining in society or making happy with your bright presence some lonely man's home rather than devoting your life to a cause that can never repay you for what you have already done."

"Women in my station of life rarely have the opportunity of 'shining in society,' sir," replied Elizabeth, quietly smiling, "and I have no wish to marry; I am perfectly happy as I am. Believe me, every gleam of success that meets my efforts repays me a thousand fold."

She turned then, and gave some instructions to a young pupil teacher, and the Rector sauntered to the door. When she was again at liberty, he called to her:—

"Miss Dearham, is this the school-house?" pointing to a bare white-washed building standing opposite to the school.

"Yes," replied the schoolmistress dryly.

"Do you *live* in it?"

Elizabeth again assented, and the Rector shrugged his shoulders in disgust, saying—

"If it is as ugly and bare inside as it is out, I do not envy you your home."

"Let me show it to you," she said, quietly, and led him into the house.

It was a two-storied building, bare and ugly as a barrack, with two rooms up and two down, no entrance of any description, and possessing neither a scullery or pantry in which to store provisions or keep pots and pans.

"It was once the school before the present one was built," explained Elizabeth, "and since then it has been considered good enough for the schoolmaster or mistress to reside in. It does for me, but, if I were going to resign to-morrow I would expose it. It would be the meanest treachery on my part to allow a family to come here in ignorance of the state of the house they were to make their home."

There was a sparkle of indignant resolve in her eyes, and the Rector looked sympathetic.

"It is a barn, and a disgrace to the parish," he said. "I must speak to the managers about it, and get it altered. I always had an idea that country school-houses were models of architecture and convenience."

"I do not know where you will find them, sir; not in this county, I am sure," she replied dryly. "Her Majesty's Inspectors order improvements in the schools, but they do not think of the comfort of the hard-working teachers—anything will do for them."

"It is unjust, and wants investigating," cried the Rector. "Why do your profession submit to such treatment; why not strike against it?"

"Why? Because some have large families to think of and cannot afford to show any independence, others have grown callous, and, as long as they can keep in favour with the Rector and the managers, will put up with anything," bitterly.

"You and I must fight; let us be friends and co-workers," the Rector said, and impulsively put forth his hand.

"Thank you, sir, I shall only be too glad," answered Elizabeth, gratefully.

. . . . .

A year later Elizabeth Dearham and the Rev. Haskell once more stood together in the school-room of Linton-Solforth.

There was a look of bitter humiliation upon the clergyman's face, while the school-mistress looked pale and agitated, though resolute.

"You have refused me, Elizabeth, but every man has a right to demand an explanation. *Why* will you not marry me?"

He gazed at her expectantly, and she looked out through the open door, the scent of the mignonette reaching them borne on the summer wind.

"I cannot desert my work," she answered, slowly; "I have put my hand to the plough, and there is no turning back now. I cannot serve two masters; it is not in my nature."

"Have you not worked enough?" he pleaded. "Is it not time now for rest? You have started the good work; let others take it up and finish it."

But she shook her head resolutely.

"There is no end to a work of this description," she said; "as long as I live there will be something for me to do, and as long as I live I shall do it. If I married you," she went on, regarding him with earnest eyes, "you would wish me to resign my post as mistress here, and give up my evening classes and lectures; in fact, you would *expect* me to merge my life into yours, bend my will to your will, and give up my individuality. Am I not right?"

"In a measure. I certainly could not allow my wife to work as she had done before marriage. I should wish her to take her place in my home and society, as my wife."

"If I married you," she went on, steadily, "I should have new ties, new duties, and the old ones would get neglected. Maybe I should have children, for it seems the common lot of women to bring into the world innumerable children whether they want them or not, and in my fresh responsibilities I could not attend to my school children."

"Others could," he persisted softly, "and you could superintend."

She moved impatiently, and there was a ring of passion in her voice.

"Listen; If I ever do marry it will be on the conditions that I have *complete* control over my person and actions. I should not be unreasonable; I am always willing to listen to common sense, and I *know* that human nature at its best is but frail. I would make all allowances for that, as every true woman would. I should practice in my own life what I have worked so hard in this parish to teach, viz., the limit of families, the absolute justice and right that a woman should have complete control over her own person, and the power to refuse when her whole being revolts. I shall never marry, however, because I do not suppose there is a man in the world so just and self denying as to consent to these conditions. That is my reason for rejecting your proposal."

Again she looked forth through the open door, and again the scent of the mignonette reached them both.

"And do you not bring *love* into your conditions?" he said gently; "or is it impossible for such women as you to stoop to so commonplace a sentiment as *love*?"

"I would prefer a man's pure, disinterested friendship," she replied, "that is worth having. What they call love I call *passion*."

"That is a sweeping assertion, and I think you are wrong. Elizabeth," he said earnestly, "my love for you is the purest, noblest sentiment I have ever experienced."

Elizabeth's womanly heart reproached her as she looked into his agitated face and remembered all that he had done for her and 'the cause.'"

"I do believe you," she said, "and look upon your proposal as the greatest honour I have ever had paid me, Let us be friends, do not desert me now, we need the support of such good, true men as you."

"If nothing more, I must always be your friend," he answered. "As for the cause for which you have so long and nobly worked, I look upon it as mine also, and wherever I am, shall work for and promote its interests in every way."

"Thank you," she said softly, you are a true, good friend."

"You break up to-morrow, so I suppose I must say good-bye for a few weeks," he said.

"Yes, I am going for a short holiday into Wales. I believe in the old saying you know—'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'—I feel in want of a rest and change."

There was silence for a few seconds, and again the summer breeze wafted the fragrance of the mignonette toward them.

"Elizabeth," he cried, with sudden passion, "is there no hope for me? Will you not reconsider my proposal?"

"You have had my answer, and my conditions," she quietly answered.

. . . . .

Six weeks later, Linton-Solforth school was reopened and work was again in full swing. The mistress, browner, more resolute perhaps than usual, was busy at her desk making up the registers when the Rector entered. The colour deepened in her dusky cheek, and an eloquent welcome shone in her beautiful eyes.

"You look better," he said, holding her hand closely;

"And so do you," she answered, laughingly, gazing into the good strong face that seemed to have gathered new strength and nobility in those six weeks.

"Yes," he replied, I have fought a good fight during your absence and have won it. Elizabeth, do you remember your answer to my proposal six weeks ago? Dearest, my better self has conquered. I cannot lose you; let us work together side by side as man and wife?"

He laid his hand upon hers lying idly upon the desk, and his fingers clasped it unreproved.

"My conditions are the same. I cannot give up my work," she said, looking at him with clear honest eyes.

"As my dear wife, you shall be as free and unrestrained as if you were single. All I want is your love and help."

"Those you have," she whispered, and the fragrance of the mignonette came to them as they clasped hands.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Writers are themselves responsible for what their letters may coniain*]

WOMAN AS VIEWED BY THE PRIEST.

Dear Madam,—Your correspondent "A Priest" is by no means singular in his ideas of what should be the education and position of women. I have before me at this moment a small volume entitled "Woman's Place Today," wherein is quoted similar notions delivered by the Rev. Knox Little to an audience of ladies in Philadelphia. In the course of his remarks the rev. gentleman said:—"Loving submission is one attribute of woman; men are logical, but women lacking this quality have an intricacy of thought. There are those who think women can be taught logic. This is a mistake. They can never by any power of education arrive at the same mental status as that enjoyed by men; but they have a quickness of apprehension which is usually called leaping at conclusions, that is truly astonishing. Here, then, we have the distinctive traits of a woman, namely, endurance, loving submission, and quickness of apprehension. Wifehood is the crowning glory of a woman. In it she is bound for all time; to her husband she owes the duty of unqualified obedience. There is no crime which a man can commit which justifies his wife in leaving him or applying for that monstrous thing divorce. It is her duty to subject herself to him always, and no crime that he can commit can justify her lack of obedience. If he be a bad or wicked man she may gently remonstrate with him, but refuse him—never."

This is the measure of liberty the priest would give to women. A husband may drag his wife, wholly against her will, into the slough of degradation and keep her there, and she, poor victim, is still to bow down to him and refuse him never! If this be man's logic, the less women illuminate their minds with it the better; leaping at conclusions may fail as a moralising process, but as a process of natural intuition it is at least a method from which, nine times out of ten, cogency is educible and sound judgment verifiable.

The doctrine that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man, is one that seems to have a special attraction for the clerical mind; it would therefore have been strange if "A Priest" had not produced it as a final and clinching argument to prove his case. But why, in considering this doctrine, has not our good and, no doubt, well-meaning Priest moralised over it, and thus fortified it with a little of man's irresistible logic? Surely he does not, like the women, lack this quality? He surely has not been driven to imitate the so-called foolish imbecility of leaping at conclusions? Nay, we will dismiss such an idea from our heads, and endeavour to supply the absent logical examination of the Scriptural passage which is so widely believed to conclusively prove woman's subordinate relation to man. To clearly understand the sense of what is intended to be conveyed in the words, "the head of the woman is the man," it is necessary to enquire how the Church has interpreted the succeeding words, "and the head of Christ is God." What says the Athenasian creed? "Such as the Father is, such is the Son, and such is the Holy Ghost. And in this Trinity none is afore, or after other: none is greater, or less than another But the whole three Persons are co-eternal

together and *co-equal*." If these words are to be taken as literally true, then we must also take the words of Christ to mean what they say—namely, that husband and wife, though twain, shall be one, or, in the language of the Athanasian creed, co-equal, neither being greater nor less than the other.

Let us again look at the words "The head of Christ is God," and ask ourselves whether by a parity of reasoning they ought not to imply, according to the notions of "A Priest," that Christ being subordinate to the Father (His Father being head) has no claim to authority, any more than the woman, inasmuch as her head is man, whereby she possesses, in the estimation of the priest, no powers of jurisdiction whatsoever. If this were really the true position of the matter we should have to expunge from the New Testament St. Paul's positive assertion (and that despite his statement that God is head and not Christ) that Christ must reign and rule until all iniquity, all hardness of heart, all injustice, and every abomination under the sun be swept away. Trusting, dear Madam, I have not trespassed too largely upon your space,

Yours faithfully,
ELLEN REEP.

DEAR MADAM,—Doubtless you will have other replies to the letter of "A Priest," which, unhappily, contains ideas only too common in the clerical world. Will you allow me to make a few brief comments on it?

The writer assumes, as nearly all of his order do, that he knows all about the designs of the Divine Being. This is the false premiss on which the whole of the subsequent errors are erected. What does he know really? Next to nothing. The Bible (which he would argue is a "Divine revelation") contains sacred truths and a great deal that is obviously the reflection of ignorant and even barbarous human nature. I need only point out the treatment enjoined by "Divine command" (!) with regard to woman in the case of Hagar, the supposed "righteous" injunctions of Lot concerning his daughters (paralleled by the atrocious story in Judges xix.), and in various regulations and "commands" by which women could be sold into worse than slavery, women-captives delivered to concubinage until their owners grew tired of them, wife-catching permitted, and so forth. I could give a long list of such examples. The plain truth is, that the Bible is composed of various books, written at various times, and by various writers; and to bind them all up in a volume, and call the entire contents "Holy," is surely one of the most profound and mischievous errors that has ever been made. Many of the writings are esoteric in character, and were originally valued on *that account*. None are more so than the early chapters in Genesis, which are misunderstood and misquoted at every turn by the clergy, and which really relate to (among other things) the *fall into generation*, or division of man into two sexes, which is a departure from the divine condition of duality, and which creates the law of birth and death. Woman was never intended to be subject to man; such a relation is unnatural in *all its phases*, and is also the inspirer of other unnatural conditions manifest in social life in all ages; and her "promises to obey" (at masculine dictation, for the marriage service of the Church of England, which specially accentuates this absurd relation, was compiled by masculine hands, and many centuries ago) are made in ignorance of her true position and duties, and are worthless and wrong.

"A Priest" quotes St. Paul—"As the Church is subject unto Christ," &c. All these passages teaching the inferiority of womanhood are obvious interpolations, and are both puerile and inconsistent in character.

In what, may we ask, consists the supposed superiority of a man to a woman? In size and muscle? Sometimes this is reversed; in any case, it is an argument worthy of the dark ages. In such respects an elephant is far beyond a man. In brain? Given the same advantages, and a woman's brain would have been as capable as a man's any day, and will certainly equal his at no distant date. Free and untrammelled nature has no inequality here. In soul? There is no sex in soul, and one immortal soul (the best and most divine part of our nature) is as good as another, all being alike rays of the Divine Essence, and through that origin capable of immortality. In character and moral development? Here, woman is generally admitted to be the superior of man, since various circumstances have trained her to a self-control that has unfortunately been disregarded in the case of the other half of humanity.

The two first conditions are earthly and temporary in character, the two last spiritual and eternal. And yet "A Priest" can bow down before passages which teach such puerilities as that "woman was made for man" (in defiance of all the obvious laws of nature), that she was "first in the transgression," that "Sarah obeyed Abraham"; while in Genesis xxi. 12 Abraham is enjoined to obey Sarah, and some very curious moral injunctions are laid upon him! while in Galations the Pauline doctrine is that the whole is an allegory, etc., etc.

It is a stain on the Christian religion that such teachings as these should be endorsed by the clergy, and read out in public to the people, and I, for one, have left the Church, as many another woman has done, because I find these crude ideas given forth as portions of "sacred writings." The really *true* note on the entire question is given in the inspired words that "in Christ Jesus" (or on the spiritual plane) "there is neither male nor female."

If what are called "sacred writings" were really understood there would be an end of such, sad, and mischievous errors; but letter-worship and the special pleadings of theological works—all of them based on ignorant views of Scripture, and written with special objects—have well-nigh destroyed all vestige of the teachings given by Jesus of Nazareth.

It is a significant fact that the one-sexed church, a stronghold of the idea of the subordination of woman, and of the accentuation of sex (and in consequence *sexual passions*), has failed in its highest mission to humanity, and its noblest interpretation of the Divine will. It is "weighed in the balances" on a crucial question and "*found wanting*"! It has no light thereon for the people. And until woman takes her place in the moral training of the world, religion in many a country, east and west, will remain tainted and darkened on questions of sex, which is the very centre of human progress or decline.

COMMON SENSE AND FREEDOM.

DEAR MADAM,—As you have invited comments on the letter of "A Priest," I should like to make a few remarks upon it. This so-called priest is a *married man*, or he would not so keenly relish the idea of a woman being subject to her husband *in all things*; and as he is obviously married, he is evidently *not* a Catholic priest. He seems quite to overlook the fact that nature has a law of compensation. Why are women to be excluded from the benefits of a law by which even inanimate things are benefited? Nature, or the Creator, has appointed to woman a lot of suffering, and man, instead of palliating that suffering by compensating her for all that she has to bear, by conferring on her the honour due to all who suffer willingly, desires instead, to emphasise her physical weakness, by depressing her position in every way. I should like to ask your priestly correspondent—Is this *fair*? Is this *Christian*? Is it even *priestly*?

Yours a
"WEAK WOMAN."

THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.

DEAR MADAM,—Lady Florence Dixie has addressed the following letter to Mr. H. S. Salt, hon. sec. of the Humanitarian League:—"I think it is a very great mistake to try and abolish the Queen's hounds. I am entirely with you in your desire to stop the hunting of the deer, but that is no reason that the Queen's pack should be done away with, which gives so much employment, so much healthy exercise, and is a source of remuneration to the farmers. Why not strive to get the Queen's Royal Buckhounds turned into the Queen's Royal Draghounds? Drag hunting could not be called cruel, and it would, besides, give employment to a new class of wage earners, *i.e.*, 'the scientific drag-layers,' whose tactics would give a huntsman as much to do as a deer does. I have hunted all my life, and only gave it up when I could no longer reconcile my conscience to the cruelty of the thing. I think fox-hunting and wild deer-hunting, as also beagle or harrier hunting, abominably cruel, far worse even than tame deer-hunting; and I think that all who think as I do should work towards the end of changing beagle, harrier, fox, or stag hunting into scientific drag hunting pure and simple. One of the best, fastest, and most exciting runs I have even ridden in was once in a well-laid drag-hunt. Hunting is grand exercise, and splendid sport if it were not for the cruelty entailed in hunting animals to their death. Hunting gives pleasure, work, and remuneration to thousands. It is not the packs of hounds I would like to see done away. I would like to see them multiply and increase, but as drag packs alone. I cannot reconcile the idea of blending pleasure in the pain of an animal, and I would certainly like to see the time when the only quarry which man would consent to hunt would be the drag."

Thanking you kindly in anticipation,
Yours truly,
HUMANIST.

WHITE SLAVES.

MADAM,—Much has been said about the wrongs of servant girls, but no one has yet spoken or written about the much more cruel wrongs, injustice, and untold miseries of the white slaves—"Helps" and "Companions." Will you allow me a few words on this subject, upon which I feel deeply, and upon which I can speak from *my own experience*? The wrongs of a "general," a housemaid, or cook, are small compared with ours, their lives a paradise in comparison with the life of a "Help" or "Companion."

The servant has her own snug kitchen, in which, after her day's work is done, she can sit and sew undisturbed, and feel that she is her own mistress for the rest of the night, for it is rarely that the lady of the house enters the servants' quarters after night.

The "Help" is denied this comfort, she is under the eye of her mistress from morning till night, she is at everybody's beck and call, she must always look cheerful and willing, with the perpetual smile hiding the aching heart. In fact her work is never done. Even when she goes to bed, if she be "Companion," say to an old or invalid lady, she often has to sleep in the same room with her mistress, and is called up during the night to attend imaginary wants. I myself have been disturbed sometimes six or eight times in one night.

Good generals, housemaids and cooks are rare, whilst the market is over stocked with "Helps," and "Companions." Mistresses know this, and whilst they value the former accordingly, offering good wages, privileges and comforts, the latter are treated only one remove from slaves. The minimum salary of a "Help" is £12, often £10, upon this she is expected to dress well and keep up a ladylike, refined appearance. Cannot something be done? In this day when women are fighting so hard for freedom, justice and independence, it is very discouraging, and through it, many a good woman has given up the struggle in despair, many a refined nice-looking girl has yielded to temptation, and thrown aside altogether, the mockery of respectability.

Fellow women workers, I appeal to you, cannot something be done? Cannot we form a League to help each other? There must be many others, readers of this paper too, who have suffered as I have done, will they not come forward now and speak, corroborate what I have written? Surely this wrong shall not go on; refined educated women have submitted too long, their fine feelings and delicate instincts have suffered enough from such indignities and injustices.

Yours truly,
ONE OF THEM.

VIVISECTION HORRORS.

[The following statements seem too horrible for human reading; yet, if true, evidently not considered too horrible for animals to endure. Poor, helpless creatures! who serve us so faithfully, who so easily learn to love us. Will not people, the people of these islands, rise *en masse* and put an endless veto on these awful crimes, practised under such hypocritical pretexts. If the following is a correct account, it is our duty to know it; if we do not believe the statement, it is our duty to find out without delay whether it be the truth and can be supported. In any case, we have facts enough to prove the awful cruelty of vivisection, and for those who will not help to destroy it, or, at least, to examine into it, there can be no manner of excuse.—ED.]

DEAR MADAM,—Dr. C. Bell Taylor, at a recent meeting of anti-vivisectionists held in Nottingham, said: "When I was a student in Paris they used to perform 64 operations upon the same living horse. Eight students would be engaged on the same animal at the same time. Six or more horses were used up in this way in a week, and no anæsthetics were employed. The operation commenced at 6 o'clock in the morning, and ended at 6 at night. The eyes were cut out, the teeth punched out, the hoofs torn off, the body fired, and every conceivable operation upon nerves, arteries, veins, skull, and brain was performed upon the bound, groaning, writhing beast, whose agony and whose impotence one would have thought might have moved a heart of stone."

Here is a report from an eye-witness, Dr. Murdoch, of what occurred upon one occasion inside the same institution:—"A little chestnut mare, worn out in the service of man, had unfortunately survived the numerous tortures of the day, and no longer resembled any creature of this earth. Her thighs were cut open, the skin torn away, ploughed through with hot irons, harrowed with dozens of setons, the sinews cut through, the hoofs torn off, and the eyes pierced. In this blind and powerless condition the miserable creature was placed, amid laughter, upon its bleeding feet, to show those present, who were operating upon seven other horses, what human skill could perform before death released their victim."

I am an anti-vivisectionist, but were I not, I should nevertheless protest with pen and tongue, in my bitterest language, against such a display of cowardly and barbarous practice—the sacrificing of the innocent and the weak. These experiments, we are told, are done in the interests of the "sacred cause of humanity." Poor humanity! How grandiloquently it is spoken of! Dr. Taylor protests. I, too—in the teeth of clenched antagonisms—I, too, protest. If a man cannot live without such horrible cruelty he had far better die.

Under the title "Vivisection: Is it Justifiable?" Dr. Taylor's speech, to which I am indebted for the foregoing extracts, has recently been reprinted by the Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection, 20, Victoria-street, London, S.W. The price of the pamphlet, I believe, is threepence.

Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH COLLINSON.

VACCINATION AND LEPROSY.

DEAR MADAM,—In citing numerous medically certified cases of leprosy due to vaccination, Mr. W. Tebb says:—"In some extracts from memoranda in the case-book of Dr. Roger S. Chew, Calcutta, we can gather much information which shows the connection between vaccination and the commencement of leprosy. Jahoorie was a leper for 20 years. His history previous to vaccination was healthy. This operation was performed when he was seven years old, and the disease first manifested itself six months after, commencing as a white patch over the vaccine site. The description of his symptoms is painful and disgusting. Daidas, a native palki bearer, was a leper 20 years. He was forcibly vaccinated at 21 years of age, being then a healthy young man. A year after vaccination leprosy commenced at the seat of the vaccine marks. Mable P., a Scotch lassie, aged 17, a leper for the last eight years, was brought by her mother, who stated that she was vaccinated when she was seven and a-half years. About six months after the operation, which was successful, symptoms of leprosy began to develop, and she flew here and there to every medical practitioner that money could procure to save her child, but to no avail, as the disease kept increasing."

Twenty five of these cases are recorded from a large number of others in this one physician's practice.

The above I send to SHAFTS for publication as supplementary to the letter entitled "The Dreadest Scourge of All," in your September issue.

Yours truly,
ANTI-VACCINATOR.

CAN ARBITRATION SETTLE STRIKES?

DEAR MADAM,—I am afraid the question, stated in this abstract form is misleading, and discussion upon it necessarily resolves itself into an argument as to whether or not *war can be abolished*.

Arbitration, or even amicable discussion between the parties concerned, can and does *prevent* many strikes or lock-outs, as a reference to the *Labour Gazette* from month to month will shew; but a lock-out or a strike is an act of warfare and I fear the world has not yet proceeded far enough in its progress from barbarism to accept the view that war is at all times—unjustifiable, as involving in the quarrel many others than those immediately concerned; unjust, because victory is secured by *might* and not necessarily by *right*, and *foolish*, because extravagantly wasteful and destructive.

Both Mr. Bedborough and his critic, Mr. R. Cranfield Wren, as though recognising the too wide character of their title; by common consent leave the abstract question alone and address themselves to matters connected with the Coal Lock-out.

Mr. Wren is singularly vague in his treatment of the subject; to the main contention of the article he professes to criticise he says not a word. Mr. Bedborough puts forward the miners' claim that their present earnings are only just adequate to supply their absolute needs and must therefore be regarded as the minimum they can accept. He very properly asks, from this point of view, "What room is there for arbitration"? Practically these were the only points in the article and if Mr. Wren felt that it "demanded an answer," it is unfortunate for his side of the question—which from his general drift, I take to be the *masters'* side—that he made no attempt to supply the demand.

The greater part of Mr. Wren's letter consisting of statistics and platitudes does *not* "demand an answer" and I do not propose to intrude upon Mr. Bedborough's province by defending him from his critic's charges of inaccuracy, injustice, cynicism, etc.; but it may be well to follow Mr. Wren in one or two of his statements, nevertheless.

For instance, he says, "If prices are to govern wages at all, they must hold good all the way round." Presuming that by "they" he means "the principle" (*i.e.*, of prices governing wages) it is necessary merely to point out that this principle for the regulation of pay is *precisely what the miners are contesting*. Mr. Wren's position therefore, is merely an instance of that "begging of the question" which however useful in certain methods of controversy is certainly not *argument*.

Further we are told that "the difference of opinion between masters and men, being one of intricate detail, should be settled by some outside body." But I cannot do the masters the honour of assuming that any "difference of *opinion*" exists. The men say they are only earning a "living wage"; the masters demand a *reduction*. If there is merely an honest "difference of opinion" why do not the masters produce their pay books and prove that the men are wrong and that their pay *will* permit of reduction. The masters however are particularly shy about producing their books and the question *they* offer to submit to arbitration is "How much are the wages to be reduced?" They, like Mr. Wren, ignore the real issue, and repeat simply the horse-leech's cry, "Give, give!"

The whole question is in a nutshell. Numbers of the men's pay-sheets have been produced and prove that whatever their *rate of wages* their *average pay* is about a pound a week.

One leading coal-master has expressed him-

self able "honestly and honourably," as he put it, to keep on at the present rates and numbers of them sought no reduction and are willing to recommence work on the same terms.

Let us have done for ever with the principle that "prices must govern wages." Is it too much to ask that "*common humanity*" must govern the rate of payment on which the worker has to live?

Prices are governed by the insane and greedy competition of the struggle for profit and are no fit guide as to the worker's remuneration. Mr. Bedborough's "horse theory" is far more in accordance with humanity, and anything less is a disgrace to civilisation.

I should be glad if Mr. Wren would kindly give us his views upon the question "Can the Coal Lock-out be Settled by Arbitration?" We have not yet heard from him on that subject.

In dealing with it let him tell us:—(1) Whether the collier's pay *averages* more than a pound a week? (2) Whether he regards their pay, whatever it is, as *more* than a "living wage"? (3) What the "arbitration" offered by the masters has to do with these points?

Waiting his reply,

Yours faithfully,

JNO. E. SKUSE.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—I wish I could answer your correspondent Mr. Wren *re* the Colliery Strike in the Midlands, but to do so clearly and fully would take up far too much space in your interesting paper.

Living, as I do, close to a large colliery population, and seeing much of the men and their families, I hear a great deal of the hardness of their lives, and also, of the continual fluctuations in the demand for coal, which constantly puts them on short time.

In respect to the present lock-out (for it is not a "strike") the feeling among all classes in the neighbourhood, is that it was entirely uncalled for, as contracts for the year were all taken, on the rate of wages then paid, and as the men have long decided that they were working at a *minimum* wage, there was really no ground on which arbitration could meet the present case. The so-called high wages of the ordinary collier is not borne out by facts, and if the colliery proprietors cannot make their mines pay, they must raise their contract prices to manufacturers and large companies, and not lay the burden on those who risk life and limb in a dark and dreary (albeit skilled) occupation.

Yours faithfully,

S. A.

DEAR MADAM,—My thanks are due to Mr. Wren for his letter in SHAFTS, with reference to my recent article on the above subject. I am quite willing to overlook the curious charges your correspondent brings against me—such as injustice, cynicism, and inaccuracy; my own unworthiness is a trifle, and Mr. Wren is welcome to all that my acknowledgment thereof gives him.

The important subject of my article, however, is one which cannot be dismissed by a mere impugnment of personal shortcomings, and my impression after reading Mr. Wren's letter was one of sincere disappointment, to find that he gave us absolutely no clue whatever as to how arbitration is going to settle strikes in general, or even the present terrible struggle in the coalfields. I stated my case as well as I knew the way, and it is not yet too late for any of your readers who disagree with me, to explain how in their opinion a Board of Conciliation could compel, on the one hand, hundreds of employers to open their pits against their will, or, on the other hand, thousands of workmen to resume work at less than that which has been described as a "living wage."

At the time at which I write many of the masters are giving way, and begging their men to return at the old rate of wages, and there is little doubt but that in a short time, if the men can only hold out, the whole body of the capitalists must face ruin, or a complete surrender to the just desires of the men.

The award of a Court of Arbitration could only be a recommendation to both sides, with absolutely no power of compelling agreement; and after all its work was done the position of each party would be exactly as it was before. Suppose, for instance, that the contention of the mine owners in the present struggle that prices of coal have fallen were accurate, how would that affect the case? The men would still say, "We must live, and if you cannot get the profits you require, you must take the profits you can get." It is sadly strange that in all these longings for arbitration the only question considered fit for discussion is, "By how much should the men's wages be reduced in order to make up for the reduced prices?" Arbitration will never settle strikes for this very reason. All the factors in the case would not be considered, and the question on which the arbitration would invariably turn would be only one phase of the great labour problem. On the other hand, what every strike teaches is that there must be other directions for inquiry when a labour crisis seems to demand a readjustment of the terms upon which commodities are produced or distributed. Are we paying too little for some of the necessities or luxuries of life? Are we paying too little to the producers, and too much to the exploiters of labour? Are we wise in never considering how much cost might be saved by some judicious reductions in the royalties which press heavily upon worker and consumer alike?

Mr. Wren says there are two sides to every question. There are a dozen phases of some questions, and arbitration will never be satisfactory because it assumes that there are only two.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

DEAR MADAM,—Mr. Wren's letter in your last issue, while charging Mr. Bedborough with copious inaccuracy, is itself neither accurate nor logical.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Bedborough's attitude towards the masters in the article in question, his injustice *to the men* is not apparent on the surface, and I should like Mr. Wren to point it out.

Mr. Wren does not appear to have apprehended the point of the article as to the collier's claim to be "placed on the same level as the colliery-owner's horses."

As the result of many years' agitation and organisation the men are now receiving a wage which enables them to live in what is, as compared with their former condition, comfort. Having reached this stage, *i.e.*, the condition permanently enjoyed by the "colliery owners' horses," they claim, as Mr. Bedborough puts it, that wages should "cease for the present to be a variable factor in the cost of production." Surely a perfectly just and logical demand.

In his anxiety to be "fair to the masters," Mr. Wren metes out very scant justice to the other side. Does he remember the condition in which these men lived before they wrung from the masters those concessions which the colliers at present enjoy? I think not, or he could hardly contend that for the sake of swelling the coal owners' profits by a few pence per ton the 400,000 miners should resume conditions of life to which no colliery owner could subject his dog. Will Mr. Wren tell us in plain terms that he thinks—putting the price of coal altogether on one side—that the men who have to spend their lives underground in discomfort and danger, that the community may have light and heat, ought to be *asked* or *expected* to support themselves and their families on less than they are getting now?

Mr. Bedborough's contention appears to me to be perfectly just. A fair wage, affording subsistence in comfort for the miner, ought to be regarded as *part of the necessary working expenses* — like the cost of oil for the engines, etc.—before any question of *profit* can arise. If we cannot mine the coal and pay a profit at the highest price which can be got without trenching on this irreducible minimum, then, in the name of conscience and humanity let the State take over the mines and sell coals at a loss. All work deserves, for the worker, fair conditions of life in return; the collier's work is as arduous and dangerous as any performed in England, and this attempt to reduce his wage is a disgrace to the handful of profit-mongers whose rapacity has led to the demand.

Do the miners "ever admit they have enough and will not ask for more?" Certainly not. The miners contend that they are getting now the minimum wage upon which they can live in any sort of comfort, the wage which they ought to get, if coal is wanted, whether "profit" is made or not. If, after paying that wage, profit *is* made, and yet higher and higher profit, at any future time, who is more entitled to share it than the collier? As a matter of fact, the reduction demanded by the masters is not 25 per cent., as Mr. Wren states, nor does Mr. Bedborough so describe it; he says the colliers are asked to accept *five-sixths* of their present wage, or just under 17 per cent. Mr. Wren ignores the fact that the low prices to which coal has dropped are due to the insane competition of the masters; he objects to the men for not fixing a maximum wage apparently; will he name a minimum? or is the competition of tho owners to go on until the collier is reduced to the proverbial straw?

The coal supply *is* a "matter of vital import" to the "whole community," and nothing but the crass selfishness of the "whole community" accounts for its criminal indifference to the conditions of life of those who furnish the supply.

Strikes are war, certainly; and war is a relic of barbarism out of which the world has not yet grown. At present, however, it is the collier's only resource, and will be, I fear, until organisation has provided the miners with those big battalions and the fat war chest which alone can ensure their victory and *peace*. For commercialism has no bowels of compassion, and when the miners can no longer fight they will go back to the old conditions and to that "last straw" about which we were just speaking.

As to "permanent trade," the miners say they don't want it if it means permanent starvation. They lose interest in the state of trade when wages drop below a certain point.

I enclose my card, and remain,

Yours faithfully,

HUMANITAS.