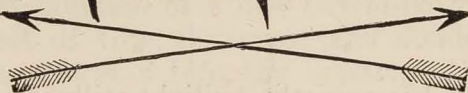


"SHAFTS"



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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

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No. 6.

What the Editor Means.

I stood upon what seemed to me a broad, arid plain, whereon appeared nor tree, nor stunted bush, nor even blade of grass, to soften down the hopeless, bare expanse, or share with me the dry and burning heat that scorched where'er it fell. How long I had stood there, how long I had been conscious of the awful, blank desolation of the earth under my feet, and the pitiless sun o'erhead, lay like a vague unanswered question, deep down in some depths, of which I had suddenly become conscious. It might have been an eternity, so far away my memory stretched, and saw as yet only the dreary waste, felt only the fierce ball, up, up, in the pale unflinching sky.

My soul was racked with an impulsive, irresistible longing for the soul of all things, and I stretched out my arms,—to grasp but empty space; while all around the stifling air was filled with sobs and cries, that rose and fell in a terrible diapason of woe; and there was no rest. Yet not a breeze stirred; no living thing of bird, or beast, or flower made pulsation of life on the dread atmosphere.

Years seemed to pass:—I waited with passionate throbs that shattered my heart strings one by one. Heart throbs of anguish, because of the wailings of those whose agonies broke forth unceasingly. Heart anguish of dread, because I *know*: those that scream and moan are the instruments, used by others who tell a blind and sensual world that they seek, and are resolved to find,—the soul of all things.

Then the pain of my own soul went outwards and upwards, into the sulphurous air, with a cry so wild and fierce that it made all other sound silence. Long I stood, and cried, and beat my breast with an impotent despair, because on the side of the cruel, the oppressors, there was power, *and there was no comforter*; for I, even I, had sought through many lands, had studied many books through many ages, had studied—ah, dread memory—studies such as these?—was it indeed so? Oh, thought of shame! Yet, nowhere had I found what I had sought, and still pain, and disease, and death stalked rampant over all the earth. What then! if knowledge comes only through pain, who shall be found worthy to open the book and to unseal the Seals? for surely the pain must be to the seeker,

and not to the helpless over whom the seeker hath power. Yet all through the lands with arms outstretching, and eyes of unrest we go, unutterably sad, yet determined in our search; and wherever we set the print of our feet there follow the awful three, Bloodshed! Torture! Death! while knowledge shrinks back into the shadows and we behold her not. How stupifying the scorching heat! how fierce the strife! how intolerable the pain!

* * * *

Over the burning heavens the twilight stillness fell soft; dewy with the hush of the closing day; I was alone with nature, when every sound is a benediction, profound and sweet. My ears heard no wailing cry. I fell gently to the earth and wept—I wept in a long, long sorrow, that yet had in it something of a soothing lullaby to grief. The hot, arid ground beneath me grew cool and moist, the unquiet pulses of the atmosphere calmed themselves into peace, and I slept.

* * * *

Faint and wondrous odours from the moist mould awoke me as the hill-tops showed one fair, white streak, the herald of the coming day. With astonishment I saw on every side, and at my feet, sweet flowers blossoming into life; trees waved leafy arms overhead, a murmuring brook ran gently by, a deep, blue lake sparkled in the waking light, reflecting my face and form as I stooped to look. A greater wonder still filled my heart with rapture, for from the lake and from the brook, from the trees and plants, from every blossom of beauty and every tiny blade of grass, from each star above me and from the moon's sheen, gleamed a face, and eyes that were its soul. I knew each face as it looked upon me, I knew the eyes as they gazed yearningly into mine, in a heavenly wonder of expectancy and gladness which pierced my soul, flooding it with light, and I knew that the answer to my long quest had come, and wondered vaguely why I had gone so far afield to seek what lay so near. No sound of words was needed to convey to my perception this message.

"No pain endured bravely, faileth to bring light to the conscious soul, suffering because it *must*, because there is no way of escape save through the gate of dishonour. No torture inflicted upon helpless creatures will ever elicit one spark of truth. All truth is of the spirit, and can only be discovered by suffering when that, through heroic endurance, strengthens the eye of the soul to look straight towards the light.

"Nay, pain is not the only road to truth, but the soul grows strong by endurance. Pain endured, is courage. Pain inflicted, save for gentle leading of a conscious soul, is cowardice. Pain, inflicted upon helpless creatures not arrived at any consciousness of life's meanings, is cruelty. Torture is the work of lost souls, and will reveal no truth of life, or death, or eternity. Why search evermore, and at such cost, for the secret of life? There is no secret. All is open to the eyes that see. Look deep into our eyes and into thine own spirit, and all will be revealed, as step by step thou treadest the upward way. There is no secret in all the wide universe, and nothing that seemeth hidden that shall not be revealed.

"But for those lost souls, who seek truths and fail to find them, through the agonies of others, their brethren, who cannot resist; for those who, knowing the failures, still persist in inflicting anguish upon these beautiful creatures of life's evolving, who—if permitted, if helped on their way by affection and care, if saved from pain and woe untold—would help so much in truth's revealings, for such lost souls there shall be no way

of returning to the light and joy which might have been theirs, save by a long, long dreary path of darkness.

"The souls that suffer in patience and courage shall grow strong, but they who willingly cause other beings to suffer, ask thyself how hardly can they be redeemed from the depths into which they have sunk."

* * * *

As the sheen and shimmer of a new day broke over me I awoke, but I had learnt the Secret of Life, the great and wonderful illumination of the revelation that the Secret of Life, the mystery of the universe, was no Secret, no Mystery, but that it lieth at our feet, gazing up into our souls, calling aloud to us from every flower and tree, bird and beast, and from the depths and heights of our own higher selves. So I keep my joy. To this I hold evermore.

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This month the review of *The Woman's Era* begins with the Introduction as below. Would that SHAFTS could be published each month with twice the number of its pages, for there is what would fill them all.

"NEARLY twenty-two years have elapsed since the Truth which is the burthen of the following pages, first took possession of my mind. It has ever since held its place unwaveringly there. No conflict of theory or purpose, with regard to Woman's nature, the greatness of her responsibility, or the moral magnificence of her destiny, has ever been possible to me since that day. I will yield to none in grateful admiration of those pioneer struggles whose fruits we are now enjoying, in the partial emancipation of Women from the legal and social disabilities under which the sex has laboured from the beginning. If the Society of our day realises, in its high need, the more fluent power of Woman to purify, inspire, and uplift it to higher motives and better regulated action; if the diviner tenderness of the feminine life is taking more distinct forms of potentiality over the selfishness and ferocity of former ages, we have to thank, more than any other party or organisation, the brave Women of our generation who have persistently striven for these objects, bearing, meanwhile, the inevitable reproach and contumely of Reform, but never abandoning it. And if the views herein contained are some day to receive a more liberal hearing than they could have at the period of their advent into my own mind, that favourable circumstance, according to my judgment, is due mainly to these efforts. And I am grateful for them—not so much because they have prepared an audience for my word, as for any Truth of Woman, from any source.

"In the twenty-two years which the seed of this Truth has taken for its maturing, my experience has been so varied, as to give it almost every form of trial which could fall to the intellectual life of any, save the very few most favoured Women. The press of circumstance has crowded me, during those years, into prospective affluence, and again reduced me to poverty. The revolving wheel of experience has cast me up, and again thrown me down, on the thronged roads where I have had to walk. Joy and grief, happiness and anguish, hope and discouragement, light and darkness, have checkered my lot. Wedlock and widowhood, births and deaths have enriched and impoverished me. I have lived in the thoughtful solitude of the frontier, and amid the noise and distractions of the crowded mart. Years of severe manual labour have been exacted of me for the support and education of my children—years of travel have thrown me among great varieties of men and women; and the capacity to be use-

ful to them, in many private and public ways, has mingled me much with their inmost, as well as their more common, external hopes, desires, fears and purposes. Each phase of this varied experience has taught me its lesson: each has furnished its test whereby to try the Truth: each has given its measure of culture to the little seed so long ago dropped in my mind. And this is its product.

"I ask no one to take it at my valuation. I only affirm that it has grown steadily through the storm and shine of that quarter of a century, and is, to my thought, as firmly grounded among the eternal Truths, as are the ribbed strata of the rocks, or the hollows of the everlasting sea. I can no more question this than those.

"The statement of it here offered, has, I am conscious, many imperfections, which I perhaps shall never be able to correct. But one I shall seek to remedy at an early day, by a succeeding work. This is the lack of illustration in the closing chapters of the present work. The defect, if such it shall be felt to be, was deliberately permitted, for reasons which entirely justified it to my mind.

"For the fullest help of Women, at this initial stage of their development, in becoming co-workers with Nature, in her grand design of Artistic Maternity, copious illustration of the *power* to become so, is needful. For this I have ample stores, from the observations and experiences of twenty-two years. But as I advanced, I saw that statement and argument must quite fully precede illustration, in order to make the latter most effective. When the foundation is laid, the superstructure will stand secure. I therefore surrender my first efforts to stating and reasoning the case. They may be taken, also, as the sure promise of more—not from me alone, but from hundreds of apt minds, that will be unsealed to give voice to experience, having seen her in the clear light of the Truth herein unveiled. May the Power that quickens the faculty that is faithfully used, speed the day of Woman's Illumination."

E. W. F.

THE Annual Meeting of the Electoral Anti-Vivisection League was held, on May 15th, 1897, at 57, Ladbroke Grove, by the kind permission of Miss Fergusson Abbott.

The meeting was an overflowing and enthusiastic one; surely no one went away without resolving to make still greater efforts on behalf of the cause.

The Chairman, J. G. Swift MacNeill, Esq., Q.C., M.P. (a valued champion in the House), made a very able, practical and inspiring speech, in the course of which he deplored the fact that the Press did not report his questions to the Home Secretary on the subject of Vivisection, and paid a tribute to the kindness of heart of Sir Matthew White Ridley, but unfortunately he was, more or less, in the hands of officials. Miss Woodward, Hon. Sec., was, however, more than a match for them. It was very gratifying to learn the amount of sympathy he had met with on both sides of the House; also what wonderfully open minds are possessed by M.Ps. with slender majorities!

In conclusion it was suggested that ladies could do a great deal by ostracising the vivisectors of their acquaintance, and by refusing to employ them as medical men.

Miss Linda Paggi followed with a very clear and forcible indictment

of Pasteurism, contrasting it with the resuscitated rational cure for hydrophobia accidentally discovered by Dr. Buisson in 1826, in his own person. The effect of Miss Paggi's address owed not a little to her beautiful and impassioned delivery.

Mr. R. Somerville Wood made out a very strong case for the National Anti-Vivisection Hospital. The Chairman then put the following resolutions to the meeting, which were carried unanimously. The first, to be sent to the Home Secretary:—"That this meeting protests against Vivisection being carried on under license from the State, and desires to urge on the Government the introduction of a Bill for its total prohibition by law." The other, to be sent to the member for the division, W. E. Thompson-Sharpe, Esq., M.P.:—"That this meeting protests against Vivisection being carried on under license from the State, and expresses its earnest desire to see the practice totally abolished and prohibited by law." The second annual report of the Electoral Anti-Vivisection League is a very encouraging document, and shows that, although young, it is vigorous and full of life. The methods of the Electoral must be admitted to be a great advance. While not disdaining the lecture and the leaflet, it holds the canvass to be the most effective weapon of all. The lecture may be given to empty benches, or to the converted, and the leaflet, though never so cunningly laid in train or steamboat, may be totally disregarded, or simply used to light a pipe; but the Electoral Anti-Vivisection League, by carrying this question to the voter's door, has found and developed a hitherto unsuspected amount of sympathy with its objects. We confidently anticipate that, in the near future, the Electoral will become a power which all electable persons will have to reckon with.

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Longing.

Sometimes I long in utter loneliness
To see thy face;
Sometimes I picture how thy smile would bless
This empty place;
Sometimes I hear thy voice in accents glad,
Or tender tone;
And then I feel that it is doubly sad
To be alone.

Ah, life is now a weary thing to me,
For, gazing on,
I have nor thought nor hope of meeting thee
Beneath the sun;
My life would lose what most I care to keep
Should I forget;
And yet, remembering, I can but weep
With vain regret.

I could not live a day did I not know
How dear thy love;
I can but hope to lose this bitter woe
In heaven above!
I only pray that thou wilt find it sweet,
And not in vain,
To know that all my life until we meet
Is one long pain.

The Musaeus School and Orphanage for Buddhist Girls, Colombo, Ceylon.

IT will interest the readers of SHAFTS to hear that this Institution, founded in Ceylon by Mrs. Marie Musaeus Higgins and a few other friends, to advance the cause of women's education, and thus uplift a portion of humanity, grovelling in the mire of darkness and ignorance, is now on a very satisfactory basis.

In starting the work the chief obstacles were the lack of proper quarters to live in. These were pluckily contended and met with by erecting a temporary building made of mud. The work was begun and nothing was left undone to secure a site and build thereon a permanent house. At this time Mr. Peter de Abrew, the Secretary, came over to England to lay the matter before the British public, and to-day, with feelings of thankfulness and gratitude, we are enabled to say that Mrs. Higgins' efforts to secure its own buildings for this Institution have been crowned with success. A Sinhalese gentleman donated the site to build, and Mr. Wilton Hack found the money to build with.

Mr. Wilton Hack is a gentleman resident in Australia, and during one of his visits to England *via* Colombo, visited our small band of workers in their "mud palace," and he was so much struck with the good work done by them and the struggle they had, that he determined to give a helping hand, and his thoughtful assistance is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

The Institution has no connection with any society or sect. It is purely a humanitarian establishment and its workers receive no salary or remuneration. It has a board of legal trustees, consisting of Mrs. Higgins, Wilton Hack, Esq., Col. Olcott, Peter de Abrew, Esq., and Dr. W. A. English. As the Institution is not dependent on any society for its maintenance, and it has to depend on the generosity of its friends, it has been resolved at a meeting of the trustees to form a committee with power to add to their number, to raise a sustentation fund. Will any readers of SHAFTS join the committee and help in this laudable work? They may correspond with us or direct with Mrs. Higgins or Mr. de Abrew, the Secretary of the Institution.

We also understand that to cope with the growing work of the Institution Mrs. Higgins is making an effort to strengthen her staff of assistants by a few more European lady volunteers. Any lady readers who are interested in the education of Eastern children are cordially invited. They must not be creed-bound. Practical women to make Eastern women practical are most welcome. Remember, please, that our "Band of Workers" are vegetarians! Who will give up home ties and go out to Ceylon? If there be any such, will they write to Mrs. Higgins?

[Mr. de Abrew has sent with this notice a very interesting picture of the School and Orphanage, which he would like to appear in SHAFTS. I much regret that as yet SHAFTS cannot undergo the expense of illustrations.—ED.]

Pioneer Club Records.

BY A PIONEER.

It takes a soul to move a body,
It takes a high-souled one to move the masses,
It takes the Ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
The dust of the actual. *Many have failed,*
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within.

THESE are the last days of Bruton Street, and very sacred to Pioneers with whom the memory of the President dwells like "a long continuing light."

Debates, meetings and social afternoons have taken place as usual, and we have had some interesting discussions.

On May 27th, the question arose, "Is Literary Taste Degenerating?" Mrs. Hobson spoke fluently, and her paper was full of interest, but I think the Club did not give in to the theory of going backwards, deciding rather that all must change to grow, but that change need not mean decay, save the decay which precedes new life, better and stronger life.

The "Apology for Tramps" was interesting and full of a picturesque quaintness, nevertheless the desire to improve the tramps out of existence, and replace them by something more likely to carry the light of progress into a future age, seemed to predominate.

Pioneers are naturally somewhat troubled at present. The old sweet time has passed away, and with it a friend whose loss will never cease to be felt. The future lies before them—what will it bring? It is full of promise, however, and the strength of each must be brought to bear upon the work in order to make it a triumph. In the face of the difficulties women find in every line of life, in face of the barriers constantly put in their path, it behoves them to uphold each other, to make themselves and their institutions so strong, that if need be they will be able to stand alone, and to establish for themselves a power that cannot be overthrown.

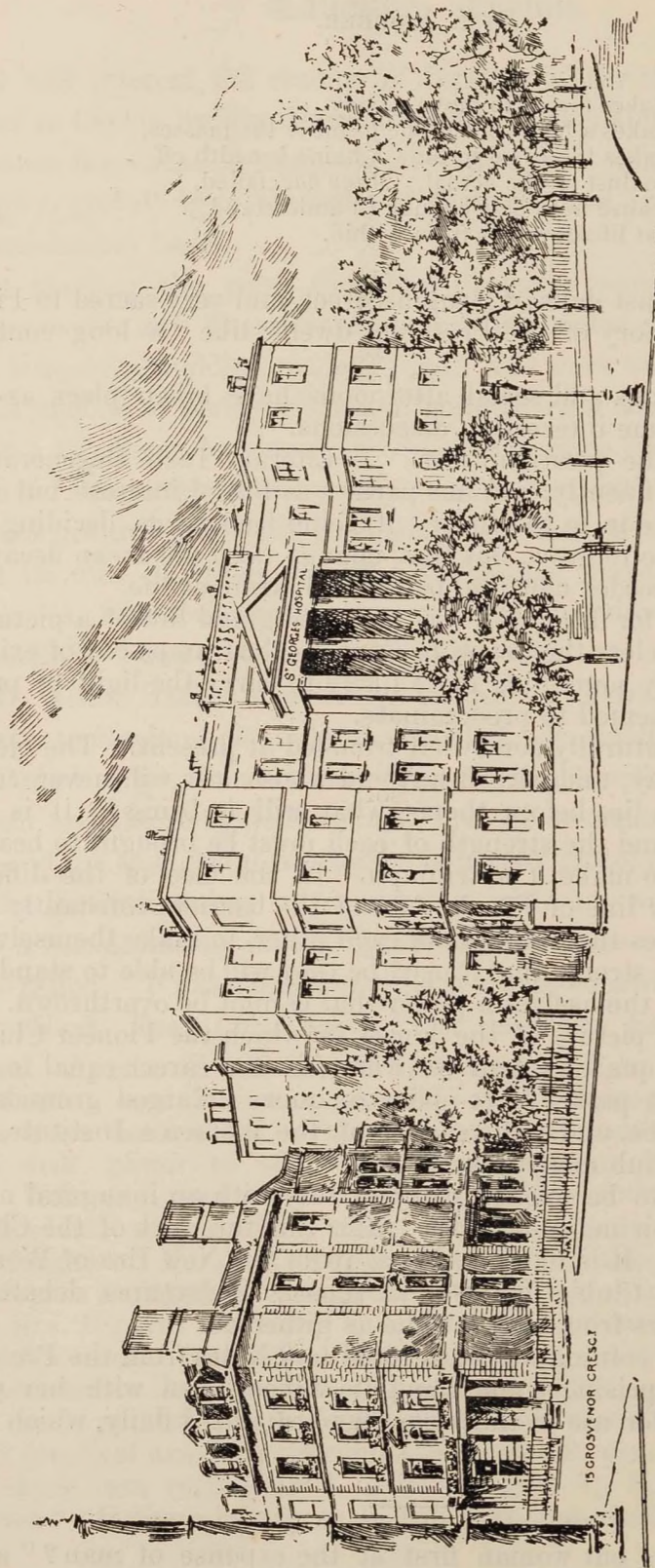
We give here a picture of the house in which the Pioneer Club is to take up its future quarters, and we wish for it a career equal to that it has sustained in the past. It re-opens on more enlarged grounds, inasmuch as there will be, under the same roof, the Women's Institute, which will supply to the Club many advantages.

It is expected to be opened early in July with an inaugural meeting of members and their many friends. After this the work of the Club will proceed in earnest. It is likely to bring about the New Era of Women.

Notices of the Club's doings and reports of lectures, debates, etc., will appear in SHAFTS from time to time as hitherto.

In next issue a column will be devoted to "Notes from the President's Pocket Book," comprising some thoughts taken down with her pen for meetings, and kept for use in the pocket book she used daily, which is now in my possession.

"Do you try to put woman first at the expense of man?" asked a country woman with a rather broad dialect. Not at the "expense" was the reply, but the more woman is exalted the greater will be the *expanse* of man.



THE RE-ORGANISED
PIONEER CLUB.

15, GROSVENOR CRESCENT,
HYDE PARK CORNER.

15 GROSVENOR CRESCENT

Stray Thoughts on Hospitals.

By W. W.

PART IV.

IN perusing the life of Thomas Wakley the first and chief fact we learn is, the immense power of individual effort. No doubt the times were ripe for a revolt against the great abuses in the medical profession, and therefore in hospitals. No doubt Wakley, in his father-in-law, in Cobden, in many who both worked with him and gave him their moral support, had inestimable assistance. Nevertheless the fact remains, that without his indomitable courage, his indifference to abuse, his absolute fearlessness in face of the gravest responsibilities, his readiness metaphorically to throw away the scabbard when he drew the sword, the great changes which were wrought in his life-time would either not have been wrought at all, or would have been grievously delayed. Another lesson we may learn is, that seventy years or more ago, the condition of hospitals was causing much the same sort of dissatisfaction it causes now, only in a very exaggerated degree; and that Wakley, who was well placed for judging, perceived that the root of the mischief was to be found in the unsatisfactory condition of the medical profession. And here precisely it is that we must seek to-day for the cause of much which is raising distrust and discontent in the public with regard to hospitals.

That the staffs have again, as in Wakley's time, come to regard the hospitals as existing more for their benefit than for that of the patients, there is good ground for suspecting. That the idea is spread sedulously that the rich should support hospitals on the ground of their being training schools whence may issue physicians and surgeons who may use for the benefit of the rich the knowledge gained on the poor, no one can deny. That only certain men can hope for advancement from the patronage of that inner circle which still exists in and largely rules the medical world as it did in Wakley's day we know. In his day, relationship to the leaders in the profession was almost a *sine qua non* of success. Now-a-days the requisite qualification is, a readiness to accept the shibboleths and the course of action laid down by those leaders who desire to make the medical profession an engine whereby its members may become a privileged dominant class, a state department, may in fact assume the rôle sketched out by Professor Burdon Saunderson when he said, "Whatever interests conflict with public health, they must give way to it. It is our duty to insist on the right of science to dictate."

This is but the old claim put forward by priests of all denominations, and in all ages; and bad as nepotism is, bad as it is for advancement in the medical profession to depend on medical influence and connections, it is not so bad as for it to depend on obedience to the fiat of those who pose as priests or prophets, speaking in the name of a great ideal which in their hands is being prostituted, and used as a stepping stone to the attainment of despotic power.

Possibly it may be alleged by some, that whereas Sir Astley Cooper and his friends did but seek emoluments and fees, the present leaders of the inner circle of the medical world seek no such selfish object; their sole desire being the relief of suffering humanity. If they appear to seek power that it is but with this object; that it is for this alone they spend their time in the hospital ward, the lecture-room, and the laboratory. Their influence in hospitals to-day can, therefore, we may be told, in no wise be compared to the damaging influence of the nepotism and money seeking which so exasperated Wakley, and which led even to such terrible results, as the sheltering of the unsuccessful hospital surgeon at the expense of the patient.

To me, when examining any institution or practice in which abuses seem to exist, it is more satisfactory and convincing, to seek evidence from those who are likely to be favourably disposed towards the institutions or practices under discussion, than from those who regard themselves as their natural opponents. Therefore I shall turn for evidence as to the present position of hospitals, and of that portion of the profession most closely related to them, to medical men themselves, and will ask them to say whether now, as in Wakley's early days, there is a disposition to regard the interests of the officials as primary, and those of the patients as secondary.

And first I would call on Mr. Brudenell Carter and Mr. Timothy Holmes—than whom I can hardly summon any higher authorities—to state, what in their opinion is the chief use of hospitals. "The greatest use of hospitals is to promote the advancement of medical science," is Mr. Carter's reply. Mr. Holmes carries us a step further: "The chief use of hospitals," he says "is that they should teach practitioners of medicine and surgery." . . . "Firstly, a hospital should be a place of medical education; secondly, for the relief of suffering; and thirdly, for the training of nurses; all of which objects should be considered in due proportion by those exercising their management."

These replies are clear enough; but they are rendered even more clear in meaning by a letter addressed in 1882 to the *Standard*, by Dr. A. de Watteville, who explained in simple language, understandable by the least instructed, what these statements as to the paramount use of hospitals signify and entail. "I think we, as medical men," he wrote, "should not attempt to conceal from the public the debt of gratitude they owe to the *corpora vilia*—for such they are, and will be, as long as the healing art exists and progresses. So far from being a reason why moral and pecuniary support should be refused to the hospitals on the ground that their inmates are made use of otherwise than for treatment, there is even ground why more and more should be given to them in order to compensate by every possible comfort, for the discomfort necessarily entailed by the education of succeeding generations of medical men, and the improvement in our methods of coping with disease."

And in making this to my mind outrageous demand I nevertheless must grant that it is logical though outrageous; for granting his premises, Dr. de Watteville's conclusions are undoubtedly unassailable.

But this view of the primary use of hospitals leads again a step further, and necessitates the reservation of the beds in the hospitals, for cases which may be useful from an educational point of view. This practice I heard recommended, even insisted on, at the very first hospital meeting I ever attended, and though it seemed astounding and shocking to my then untutored mind, it not only is authoritatively put forward, but it is acted on. Several years ago at the Social Science Congress at Nottingham, Dr. Gilbert Smith spoke as follows: "If such and such cases, which are useless for instruction, were refused admission to clinical hospitals, the existing number of beds would be found to provide a far richer material for the purposes of clinical instruction." And in a very interesting address on the hospital question recently delivered by Dr. Campbell Black, this proceeding, though utterly disapproved of by him, is stated to have been carried out at an institution to which he was attached. He says that by the side of the out-door physician or surgeon "stood one of the acolytes of 'the house,' whose duty it was to intercept the admission of any one unlikely to constitute an interesting case to his 'chief,' to illustrate some fad on which he might be at the time engaged, or likely to reflect some *kudos* on his genius. How often have I reflected on the satire—the wicked satire—of a 'Christian benevolence,' which ruthlessly drove from its portals some wretched outcast in the tyrant grasp of phthisis, to die in some close, under some hedge, or go and drown himself, because he was not an 'interesting case' to some upstart whom accident or servility, and not merit, made an hospital physician or surgeon. There is another well-known reason for this system of 'weeding at the gate,' *viz.*, the desire to keep down the death-rate of given wards, where some fad is being boomed, or some astute adventurer advertised."

Here is a presentment by medical experts of the professional view of how hospitals should be, and are used. But this is not all they have to tell us; there are other illusions which, if we seek further evidence from medical witnesses, we shall also be forced to renounce. Any layman asserting such a heresy as that hospitals now, as in Wakley's earlier days, are too often regarded as existing more for the benefit of the officials than of the patients, would be instantly met by the reminder that the men who give their time and labour without reward, in treating the sick in hospitals, disprove, by their charitable and self-sacrificing work, charges which display as much ignorance as ingratitude. Now I should be the last to deny that a great deal of unpaid and truly charitable work is done by the medical profession; indeed, were it otherwise, medical men would have to be far less kind and compassionate than men generally are—if, seeing suffering and poverty, they declined to relieve the suffering on account of the poverty. But that this charity is not the cause of men being ready to fill posts at hospitals is disproved by again calling on medical evidence.

At the meeting of the British Medical Association in 1895, Dr. Hugh Woods expressed himself very strongly on this matter. He said it was not "through any spirit of ill-regulated philanthropy" that we find the ablest medical men seeking to give their services gratuitously at hospitals but simply "from motives of ordinary self-interest" that they give free advice to all comers. "Omitting the philanthropic motives which are so largely dilated on in Hospital Sunday sermons, and at hospital dinners, the chief motive for undertaking gratuitous work in connection with hospitals, beyond that of self-advertisement, is the desire for gaining experience, skill in operating and the like. Such motive is an honourable one and deserving of praise, but it brings with it special temptations and special dangers to the public. All that the doctor has to gain by his treatment of patients is increase of experience, skill and reputation. The patients are most of them strangers to the doctor, and the patients and their friends frequently do not even know the name of the attendant doctor, hence it arises that we find cases where the treatment is not such as would be adopted in private practice. Undoubtedly, for instance, some surgeons operate in Hospitals for the cure of disease, when the danger of the operation is so great, that it

is not justifiable in the interests of the patient. To operate with a death-rate of ten per cent. for the cure of uterine reflexion would seem to me unjustifiable, yet it has been done at a London hospital with a death-rate of over eighty per cent." Dr. Woods further told of a working woman suffering from an injury to the finger, and who, while attending at Guy's Hospital for some considerable time, was at each visit seen by "a fresh young gentleman," one of whom at length told her, if her finger (which was kept in a splint) did not improve by the next visit it must be amputated. "Before agreeing to this," continued Dr. Woods, "she went to a qualified doctor, who removed the splint, advised passive motion and rubbing with liniment, and in a week the finger was well. I do not accuse the qualified staff of Guy's Hospital of being ignorant of the ill-effects of keeping a stiff joint too long in a splint. I believe the young gentlemen were students, and Guy's Hospital is not the only one where students treat patients without any proper supervision." These last charges lead us directly to the sad story of the Chelsea Hospital for Women. It will still be remembered that in the year 1894, owing to the high death-rate after certain operations at this hospital the wards had to be closed, and the Committee found itself compelled to appoint a committee for the investigation of the charges which were being freely circulated at the expense of the institution. This Committee, composed of Lord Balfour (Chairman), Lord Sandhurst, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir John Williams (representing the Royal College of Physicians), Mr. H. J. Howse (representing the Royal College of Surgeons), and Mr. J. H. Brass, reported "That the mortality from ovariectomy, 19.3 per cent. is nearly double the average mortality after this operation. That, from hysterectomy, 85.7 per cent would, if it were general, be prohibitive of this operation, especially when it is borne in mind that fibroid tumour is rarely fatal." . . . "With regard to exploratory operations we have already observed that in five out of the eight cases no disease was found, or no organ sufficiently diseased to demand removal. Circumstances such as these, with a mortality of 44.4 per cent., render recourse to this method of diagnosis unjustifiable."

Far from the revelations on which this report was founded causing the universal outcry one would have expected, the Medical Officer of Health, Dr. Parkes, who had largely helped to bring these matters to light, was sharply taken to task in some quarters. Curious to relate, just as in 1846 the *Medical Times* had alone of the whole press attached Wakley, when he proved that the victim of the Hounslow flogging case had died from the results of judicial cruelty, so in the *Medical Times* on this occasion appeared an article in the following terms: "What right," it said, "have Medical Officers of Health to interfere with the work of hospitals? If Dr Parkes' lead is to be followed throughout the metropolis, hospital work on its present lines will become very difficult. Who would dare to perform an exploratory operation on a man or woman, if, after the patient dies, the Medical Officer of Health is to be allowed to turn his bull's-eye lamp on the proceeding, and discuss the justifiability of the proceeding?" . . . "If medical officers become inquisitive, it seems not improbable that medical staffs may think it necessary to suppress all reference to operations when filling in the death certificates." The *British Medical Journal* also had a most unsympathetic article on the subject, rebuking the suggestion made in some quarters that inquests should be held when death follows operation in hospitals, and stigmatizing it as "ridiculous." From all which it would appear that if a Wakley came among us now-a-days, he would find plenty of scope for fiery attacks and denunciations, and would in many points be able to pretty well repeat what was said by his predecessor some seventy years ago.

In other matters also the principles of seventy years ago are still alive, though the details are different. In those days we are told that, without medical connections and influence, the greatest talent found itself handicapped, and had often to stand aside, and allow inferior merit to pass by, in pursuit of those coveted prizes, to which merit alone could rarely attain. To assert that the same kind of thing is still true, would be to make oneself a target for many missiles, and yet it is so, though family influence is not now the all-predominating factor in success. To-day this factor is obedience to the powers that be; willingness to part with individuality and to become but a member of a great organization; therefore readiness to accept those dogmas put forth by the inner circle of the profession, to which, if a man refuse to bow, it will go hard with him, no matter how high he may stand, no matter how talented or skilful he may be.

To repeat what has been said of the action towards Wakley of the upholders of abuses seventy years ago, he will be exposed to all kinds of hindrances, to all kinds of opposition, even to abuse and slander, and if these fail to reduce him to silence and obedience, it will once again, as in Wakley's case, be darkly hinted that he has a past.

A very striking example of how absolutely obedience is demanded by the inner circle of the profession was afforded, on the occasion of the delivery of the Harvian oration in 1892. A few weeks previously, at the Church Congress at Folkestone, the

question of vivisection had been discussed, with the result that the supporters of the practice, which is one of the shibboleths of the inner circle, were in a greatly irritated condition. Dr. Bridge, the Harvian orator, naturally supposing that his duty was to speak what he held to be the truth, stated that he did not accept the claim that Harvey had discovered the circulation of the blood by vivisection. He was aware it was put forward as a potent argument for vivisection, mostly to uninstructed audiences, but that if Harvey's manuscript notes regarding his discovery were consulted, it would be found that vivisection had not done much for him; but that he used it to show to others what he had discovered without it. Great was the indignation this aroused—one medical organ absolutely suppressed the oration *in toto*, though commenting on it severely, and remarking that it was "injurious" to make such a statement when anti-vivisectionists were "rampant." That Dr. Bridge was stating what he believed to be a simple historical fact was quite overlooked. That he held what he said to be the truth, was not only ignored and treated as an utterly irrelevant detail, but his action was declared by one critic as "a pretty use to which to put the temporary occupancy of the chair of Harvey, in Harvey's own College."

This one example suffices to show that if so prominent and well-established a man, as an Harvian orator necessarily is, can only refuse to sacrifice truth to the dogmas set up by those who despotically rule the profession, at the cost of finding himself suppressed, attacked and roughly handled, any man not holding so independent a position would be given short shrift were he to refuse obedience, and decline to pronounce the medical shibboleths of to-day. Of these the two most insisted on are, that State regulation of vice and vivisection are necessary, for the purification of society and for the good of humanity.

Here then is a picture of hospitals and their rulers as painted by medical experts; a picture the truth of which it is useless for outsiders to deny. I have not sought evidence from those who are either ignorant of, or hostile to the profession, but from its own members and those organs which profess to represent it. They all tell us the same story. The profession, and therefore the hospitals, once again stand in dire need of reform. Who is to reform them? Certainly not those, who, depicted by themselves, made such a poor figure in the first of these papers. Reform must, I fear, come from without, as has been almost invariably the case in the history of abuses. But how can the public undertake such a task, without running the risk of making things even worse than before? For should outside interference end in making hospitals State supported or State managed, things would be almost certain to become more unsatisfactory than they already are. What is wanted is more individual action, more readiness to face responsibilities. How is this to be encouraged? My thoughts suggest two or three questions.

Is it possible to put in action any already existing laws, and also by slight modification enable other existing laws to be used for the better control of hospitals? Is it possible that without interfering with the just rights of those who maintain hospitals, there might yet be power of appeal to some already constituted authority, whereby the disposition to individual initiative might be encouraged, the authority having no power of undertaking any investigation except it be appealed to, the initiative not proceeding from it, but from individuals? Wakley's life teaches what individual action can do with regard to hospital abuses; is it not possible to encourage such action, which is, after all, the most healthy method of dealing with abuses and their reform?

Finally, is it possible for the public to take any action which may tend to cultivate a sounder spirit in the medical profession, than that which, from the statements of medical men, apparently at present exists? Until some change is brought about in the profession, until a higher tone pervades it, it is hopeless to expect hospitals to be in a satisfactory condition. It would seem as though some factor were at work which is tending to the development of the lower, not of the higher qualities in the profession, or its own members could hardly have drawn such painful pictures, in some cases of themselves, in others of their colleagues, as they have drawn in these pages. If such a factor exists, is it possible to discover it, and to remove it?

For one to insure success in any undertaking it is necessary that they form a determination to succeed; a positive, decided mental or brain action preceding all other effort. One can never succeed while they are fearful that their efforts will result in failure. There is very little accomplished in life while the mind is feeble in its action.

For the mind that hesitates, every trial is more or less likely to prove a failure, but if the brain action be made positive in which the decision is *to do*, then the effort is likely to succeed.

Women's Suffrage.

TO ALL EARNEST SUFFRAGISTS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—The events of the last month, if not encouraging, have at least been strangely stimulating. They have proved beyond all possibility of doubt that what women mean to have they will only win by their own determined and continuous effort. The incidents connected with the refusal at Cambridge to grant to women the titles of degrees, and still more the arguments and statements put forward to secure that decision, show very clearly the reactionary influence at work, and the necessity for women of the suffrage if they would maintain even the positions they have already achieved. The taking away of our day, June 23rd, and making it a Jubilee holiday, ought also to sting us into vigorous action. Ten years ago the House of Commons quietly sat and worked the day after and the day before the official Jubilee day, and nothing this year need have prevented the same thing being done, but the inordinate laziness of the House of Commons on the one hand, and on the other the determination to shelve once more, if possible, the question of women's suffrage.

With regard to the degrees at Cambridge one thing seems to have been continuously overlooked by newspaper writers on the matter. That is, that the titles of degrees were only proposed to be conferred upon those women who successfully passed the *Tripes* examination. The overwhelming majority of Cambridge students, of whom some 1,000 freshmen enter every year, never propose to pass these *Tripes* or competitive examinations at all, but content themselves with the lesser achievement of a *pass*. At Cambridge the pass examinations are *not* open to women, but only those competitive examinations of which we were told till we were sick of hearing it, before women were admitted to them, that they were utterly beyond the powers and the capacities of women.

The women to whom the University has chosen to refuse the titles of degrees are thus diligent and earnest students, the compeers of the picked men of the University, and it is to these women that the University has refused that distinction which it graciously confers upon the idlest lad who has scraped through his pass examination.

Thirty years ago, when first the University of Cambridge aided women in their efforts towards a higher and fuller education for themselves, no University in the three Kingdoms had opened its doors to women. So great has been the change since then that at the present moment only the two English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, together with Trinity College, Dublin, refuse to grant degrees to women on absolutely equal terms with men. All the Scottish Universities, the younger English Universities, the University of Wales, the Royal University of Ireland, all have women graduates at the present time who have earned their degrees and enjoy them on exactly the same terms with the male students. In the University of Wales I believe every post of distinction conferable by the University is open to women. The titles of degrees which the Syndicate recommended the University of Cambridge to bestow upon women who pass the *Tripes* examinations were, by the terms of the Grace, not to admit women to any of the privileges of membership of the University. Perhaps when the matter next comes before the public it may be in the form of a complete claim for full membership of the University.

These considerations, as well as the cynical debates in the House of Lords on the Health of the Army in India, ought to nerve us to the

strongest effort during the brief interval remaining before July 7th, on which day we hope we may, despite the efforts of the enemy, secure consideration in Committee of the House of Commons for the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension to Women) Bill.

If we lose that day our chance for this Session will be hopelessly gone. I appeal, therefore, most earnestly to every woman who desires well to her sisters and to humanity to work with heart and soul during the brief remaining space of time. Every friendly member should be written to, thanked for his services in the past, and urged to be in his place at the House of Commons in good time on Wednesday, the 7th of July, in order to carry the Bill *without amendment* through the stages of Committee and Third Reading. The acceptance of any amendment, however desirable the amendment might be in itself, would be fatal to the Bill for the present Session, since, if any amendment were adopted, the Bill could go no further than the Committee stage at that sitting) and we should find it practically impossible to secure another day for its consideration as amended and for Third Reading.

It is so essential to establish once and for all the great principle of women's suffrage that I entreat our friends to insist upon this point. Every friendly member should be asked to oppose any amendment, and to do his best to pass the Bill through Committee and Third Reading at the one sitting. I would strongly advise deputations, especially from London constituencies, to members in sympathy with us, urging upon them the gravity of the occasion and asking them to do their duty.

It is very important that the House should be flooded with petitions in the general sense of the draft subjoined to this article. Above all, we must be at the House of Commons in a larger force than ever before on that afternoon.

If we mean to win we must be prepared now to make great sacrifices. Some women have been making great sacrifices all their lives for this cause, and I now call upon every woman who believes that the possession of the franchise by women would be an advantage to the community to do her part actively, lest should we fail her indolence should be in part responsible for the failure.

ELIZABETH C. WOLSTENHOLME ELMY.

*To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in
Parliament assembled.*

The humble Petition of
SHEWETH:—

That your Petitioners earnestly desire the immediate extension of the Parliamentary Franchise to duly qualified women who already vote in Local, Municipal, and County Council Elections; and hold that Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee will be a most fitting occasion for such extension.

Wherefore your Petitioners humbly pray that your Honourable House will pass the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension to Women) Bill without amendment through the stages of Committee and Third Reading on Wednesday, July 7th next.

Dmar Khayyam.

Pen, tablet, heaven, and hell I looked to see
Above the skies, from all eternity.
At last the Master Sage instructed me—
Pen, tablet, heaven, and hell are all in thee.

—Translated by E. FITZGERALD.

Culled from many Sources.

PATIENCE is one of the greatest virtues and brings its own reward, while impatience and a penalty go hand in hand.

To discover self is greater than to discover a continent.

The "love of money" poisons the soul, drives out virtue, honesty, and even affection.

Those who are pleased with their own prattle seldom learn much.—

There is no night, what seems so, is the shadow of the coming day.

Light comes to all who dare to think.

After darkness light.

Determination is the valour of discontent.

Be true to friends, generous to foes.

Fiat Justitia ruat coelum.

Their freight is golden grain forsooth
Who lade their barque in docks of Truth.

Truth seems to sleep because *our* eyes are shut.

Labour, with a mind resolved, overcometh all obstacles.

Hypocrisy cowers under the lash of Truth.

The eye of the eagle seeth all space and is not dazzled.

The tyrant sees ever over his head the shadow of a sword.

For liberty to think and speak, the world is well lost.

Swim against the tide to bring forth strength.

When Truth grapples with falsehood light is evolved,

The soul at ease fears all change.

Philosophy *knows* and smiles at Death.

They stumble not, who take good heed.

Hypocrisy serves the devil in the livery of heaven.

Stand on firm feet with outstretched hands and eyes that pierce
the gloom.

As time's waves roll, old bubbles burst.

Nothing so perverse as opinions.

Draw towards thyself to send the shaft.

Dissimulation's corner is never without a guest.

When Reason is too finely spun,
'Tis but the next removed from none.

Who studieth self with earnest soul, learneth all things.

Only those who merit praise, can bear reproof.

The roof of Heaven is high, but who would enter, must bend low.

Who deem themselves wise are truly most insane.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness;
So, on the ocean of life we pass, and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.—*Longfellow.*

Moral and Spiritual Development.

THE course of weekly lectures given at the rooms of the "Women's Educational and Industrial Union" during April and May last, were of a specially helpful nature.

The Course was opened on April 2nd, by Miss Amy Morant, who read a paper on "The Place of Motherhood in Social Life." The subject was treated on the broadest and most universal lines, showing physical motherhood as but one phase of the divine instinct which all women should claim and act upon as their highest privilege. Mother love was proved indeed to be Divine Love in action on the plane of expression—and women were urged to cultivate in themselves that exquisite power of sympathy and helpfulness towards the "babes of humanity," whether of body or soul, which would in time leave none forsaken or outcast in God's world, but would bring all within the direct influence and help of Ideal womanhood.

The Swami Abedananda spoke from the larger and more abstract point of view. "Freedom," which was the title of the lecture, was shewn to be the right and heritage of every soul, the end and goal of all the world's great birth-religions, however variously expressed. Freedom from desire, from suffering, from self—the only possible means of attaining bliss and the "peace which passeth understanding," giving to us unlimited power of helping our sisters and brothers and so aiding the evolution of the race towards the manifestations of its Perfect Divinity. The Swami naturally dwelt more especially on the forms and methods taught by Vedanta, of which philosophy he is the representation and exponent in London in the absence of the Swami Vivekananda.

This lecture was in due course followed by Mrs. Ashton Jonson's earnest and practical discourse on healing, most aptly entitled "The Kingdom Within." The "Kingdom" was shewn to consist not only in a dominion over the elements of one's own character and temperament, this being but the necessary step towards a complete control of Nature and her forces. The attainment of health was taken as an easily understood example of the practical benefit derivable from this system of thought, which is a literal carrying out of the basic principles of *Christ*—Christianity.

An interesting divertisement from the intensely serious character of the course was afforded by Mrs. Clement Parson's fascinating paper on "Goethe—some aspects of his mind, life and teachings." The consideration of the great German thinker who stands as the veritable heir of classic thought and tradition, formed an admirable counterpoise to what one might describe as the Neo-Christian and somewhat revolutionary line of thought which ran through the other addresses.

Mrs. Parson's rapid and brilliant survey of the events of Goethe's life and the evolution of his mind and character was full of suggestion to thoughtful minds, shewing how like some colossal, age-worn pier of a long-swept-away bridge, he stood stemming the eager rush of revolutionary life, shewing too how the solid and ancient granite of his thought-masonry was wreathed about with a thousand delicate and fantastic blossoms, whose beauty was but enhanced by their sturdy background.

It was of MALICE (!) PREPENSE that this lecture was to have been followed by Mr. John Kenworthy on "The Significance of Tolstoi," the great Russian aristocrat, who is making so deep a mark on his age by a course so contrary to that of the "grand old heathen" as Goethe has been not unaptly termed. A very unforeseen occurrence prevented this being carried into effect. An eager and interested audience awaited Mr.

Kenworthy's appearance in vain, and finally dispersed with the understanding that due notice should be forwarded to each when the reason of the disappointment should be explained, and, as was most probable, the lecture would be delivered on another occasion. The matter was cleared up later by a letter to the secretary of the W.E. and I.U., expressing Mr. Kenworthy's deep regret at his discovery, when fifty miles from London, that his services had been promised at 405, Oxford Street on that particular afternoon. It is well known that Mr. Kenworthy is the founder in this country of a Brotherhood which carries into actual practice the noble theory of life formulated and lived by Tolstoi himself. It was the establishment of yet another colony of the same kind in Essex, which had absorbed the attention of Mr. Kenworthy and caused the mistake. It may be quite readily conceded here that "out of evil cometh good." The Ideal of Life propounded by Tolstoi's English representative and proved by him and his friends as practicable, is of so deeply interesting a character that it only needs to be more widely known, we should think, to bring many to listen and profit by it. It was with this idea, that the lecture, so readily offered on any near date, has been finally put off till the autumn, when the "Women's Educational and Industrial Union" transfers its work to more convenient premises. The rooms at 405, Oxford Street, which are open daily, at the usual hours, during June will, after the annual sale on the 29th of the month, be closed. Particulars will be forwarded in due course to members, and others who may apply.

A. M. C.

"This Fair Defect."

So spake John Milton, demanding from his God, this "Almighty One," in whom he professed to believe, who was, according to his assertion, all-wise, why *He* who had peopled the Heavens with creatures masculine should have produced on earth "this fair defect." Methinks 'twere well that the "defect" should consider for herself who and what and why she is, and give an answer to all the John Milton's of all time (there have been a great number of them, they still crowd around "in gaping astonishment" because of the "fair defect" and wonder at her claims. In our Universities, in our Senate, in our halls of commerce, everywhere the idea seems to have sleepily prevailed and now to be hostilely cherished that the world was made by John Milton's God for John Milton and his sex. Why has this been? Why is it? Whence comes the great stir in the ranks of women? Are they everywhere becoming cognisant of the fact? Are they asking why? If so, remember this great fact. When a number of people begin to see a wrong and ask why, the arrows which will slay the wrong are no longer lying inactive in the quiver.

For the best result in all phases of life we should practise definite decisions of mind accompanied by positive declarations in words. A good way to develop this mental activity is to practise proclaiming our conclusions about things in clear, definite expressions.

If the brain is not kept in an active condition by such drill, it is liable to become dull and undecided, and often becomes almost entirely involuntary and uncontrollable.

Exercising the brain in thought production under the direction and control of a positive will is the only possible foundation for satisfactory success in life in any vocation.—*Journal of Hygeio-Therapy and Anti-Vaccination*, Kokomo, Ind., U. S. America.

The Cambridge Boobies—or Babies, which?

AN American paper comments as follows on this silly demonstration:—
Here are the objections:—"Oxford and Cambridge are the finishing schools of the upper class. No one imagines that young women of that class generally can be thrown together in a place of education with young men. Of the female students at American universities, most are of the poorer class, and intending to become teachers. If women are admitted to degrees, the whole system of competitive examination will give way, for the sentiment of sex must be strangely altered before young men can be brought to contend against young women in competitive examinations."

Commenting on the above, the *New York Independent* says:—

"This is not easy to understand. Cannot the young men who are willing to insult the maids with the effigy of a young woman in bloomers on a bicycle, hung up in front of the Senate House, bring themselves to the mild rivalry of a written examination? Perhaps men do not play golf or whist against women in England. More likely they do not want rivals in the teaching field."

The *Boston Herald* says:—

"The defeat of the proposition appears to have been brought about in a peculiar way. It is said that a large number of the students in one branch of the university subscribed to an oath not to take degrees at the commencement in June if women were also permitted to take degrees. Others subscribed for fireworks to be used in case the proposal to allow women to receive degrees was rejected, and as much money as might be necessary to purchase rotten eggs with which to pelt the supporters of the project if it should be successful. All this reads like a struggle among thugs and blackguards, rather than a contest in a great university whose fame is as broad as both Continents."

The *Boston Globe* says:—

"England's famous old university has been sadly disgraced, and it will be long, very long, before the body of undergraduates there will be able to redeem Cambridge from the stigma which has been placed upon her through the ignoble victory over justice and progress which was won yesterday, largely through ruffianly misrepresentation and terrorism. One thing is sure. Such a 'success' so won will do much to arouse an enlightened and progressive public sentiment in England in favour of equal rights in education, and in favour, also, of a sweeping reform in the conditions of university life under which such a reversion to hoodlumism is possible."

A writer in an English paper, *The Manchester Guardian*, says:—

CAMBRIDGE AND DEGREES FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*.

SIR,—I am glad to see by your issue of this morning that the conduct of the Cambridge undergraduates on the 21st inst. is not to be allowed to pass as a huge joke without comment. It is a standing reproach to the nation that the excesses and rowdyism which in an Ancoat rough would be rewarded with a few months' imprisonment are in a University student regarded with an indulgent smile, as if, forsooth, these latter were irresponsible beings whom it would be absurd to consider accountable for their

actions. I blush to know that the chivalrous men across the "herring pond"—justly proud of their clever countrywomen—will read of the treatment of English women at one of the chief seats of English learning, and I own that on this occasion at least their sneer at "John Bull" will not be undeserved. To defeat their rivals and then grossly insult them was not wont to be the employment of true born Britons; but then neither was it their custom until recently to turn a deaf ear in answer to cries for "help in Christ's name."—Yours, etc.,

May 25th, 1897.

A. Q. CARTER.

ONE wonders much what the mothers of these untrained cubs at Cambridge could have been thinking of, as the cubs lay in their cradles! Not of the education of their sons, surely. Sons, trained as mothers can, and ought to train them, would never be content to sweep all the fish of the world's great sea into their own net, nor would they have dared so to misconduct themselves, the steady reproof of the noble mothers at home would have held their reckless souls in awe, even had they for the nonce forgotten their teachings. But perchance they had no mothers, only fathers. We believe, some of us, in a religion which typifies for our worship a father and a son with no allusion to a mother. Is that why we try on earth to make the mother a cipher who is not to have the training of her sons; to whom her children are not to belong; who is to be kept as much as possible silent? Or is it that our earthly idea with its worldly, foolish practice has reflected itself, on a far off imaginary heaven, and so we have taught ourselves a man made faith? It is worth finding out. Meantime we have to thank the cubs—untrained by any mothers—and those of older growth who have so highly approved of their horseplay; we have to thank these that women have *not* entered the University. To many of us it is a matter of thanksgiving, and we trust the frequent defeats which meet women from the Halls of Learning and Legislation, from Church and State, will teach them at last to establish a future for themselves. If stone walls cannot imprison a soul, neither can they imprison learning, and the world belongs to woman, *at least*, quite as much as it does to man. It is hers; let her arise and take her own.

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

(FOUNDED ON NON-PARTY LINES.)

A PUBLIC MEETING in support of the Women's Institute will be held in St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W., on Wednesday evening, June 30th, at 8 p.m. The speakers are persons on the whole well-known to the public; persons of much breadth of thought and general experience, well qualified to address a meeting of earnest women and men on a subject so important and comprehending issues of a value as yet hardly realised. The Lady Henry Somerset, Miss E. P. Hughes (Training College, Cambridge), Mrs. Philipps (Founder of the Institute), Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., Rev. Canon Sir James Erasmus Philipps, Bt., Sir Samuel Montague, Bt., M.P., Thomas Skewes-Cox, Esq., M.P., William Woodall, Esq., M.P., Brynmor Jones, Esq., Q.C., M.P., Dr. Stanton Coit, and other speakers are expected. Admission will be free, but tickets for reserved seats, numbered, 5s. and 2s. 6d.; not numbered, 1s.; may be obtained of the Secretary, 24, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

The Rotterdam Neighbourhood Guild.

THIS institution, founded on September 12th, 1895, originally on a very small scale, as it began with five members, who met for an hour once a week in a widow's modest lodgings, has subsequently attained such a growth that I feel justified in again calling the attention of Rotterdam inhabitants to it.

Frequent removals are generally no recommendation for the tenant who is often obliged to change residence, but when an institution prospers so as to be constantly in need of more accommodation, and to feel every day the want of larger rooms, this may be rightly considered a proof of vitality. Now this is the case with our Neighbourhood Guild. In April, 1896, the simple room was replaced by a suite of three apartments, situated Gondsche Straat 42, but these, too, soon became too small, and now, since May, the Neighbourhood Guild has at its disposal, for the first time, its own underhouse, with open grounds, in the Gondsche Straat, No. 12, where a fit, capable housekeeper takes care of its belongings. Anybody who takes an interest in the institution, and wishes to see the rooms, or to ask information as to the nature of the work, is sure to be welcomed by her, and she will gladly show the visitors the rooms and give every explanation desired.

A short description of the work and aims of the Neighbourhood Guild may be given here, and convince the reader that he has to do with a useful institution, which fully deserves everybody's support and sympathy.

The members, whose number has now risen to about 200, are at present divided into nine clubs, which regularly meet once a week at fixed evenings. Enlightenment and education is the object of the club meetings; the older members mostly treat subjects of social or scientific nature; the younger ones, boys or girls from twelve to seventeen years old, have generally some reading. Many plans have already been contrived and executed by these members, or for them, in consequence of which, in the evening, the rooms are always full. Here there is a club meeting, there lessons are given in some branch of elementary instruction, in one of the modern languages, or in ironing, sewing, dressmaking, mending, etc. These lessons are all given by members, or by ladies and gentlemen, who disinterestedly devote their time and efforts to the promotion of the ideal of fraternising and ennobling men by spreading knowledge and higher aspirations among those who else would lack the means of gaining them.

The membership involves little cost, and it is open to everyone who does not live too far off, no matter of what rank, station or religion. Age and sex determine the club of which one is to be a member.

On Saturday night there is a social gathering; then all members, old and young, boys and girls, are welcome. They are taught games, draughts, chess, dominoes, cards, etc. On the same day in the afternoon, from two to four, children from six to twelve years old are invited to come and play or to be occupied otherwise. Most of the rooms are then filled with groups of children who are playing, building, sewing or carpentering. So, in fine weather, the garden, or properly speaking the playground, offers a snug scene, whilst the older children go out with the ladies in small groups to take a walk in the park or elsewhere.

There is also a choral class where the pupils are taught music thoroughly, and where they have already learnt a song for two voices.

On Sundays the children flock to the ethical Sunday School, where everyone is welcome because nobody's convictions are criticised, and neither believers nor unbelievers can find their feelings hurt.

Every second Saturday one of the rooms is lent to the Society for the Promotion of City and National Interests for their Information Office.

One of the smaller rooms is daily open from eight o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening for all members who want a quiet place for reading, studying or writing.

And now another pressing demand has been fulfilled by the Neighbourhood Guild by the founding of a home for children over four years old, this being the limit of the age up to which children can be kept in the Infant Home in the Gondscherijweg. Till now the streets were, so to say, the only resort for children after the school hours, when they were not taken care of by relations or neighbours, whilst the mother was at work. Now they can be admitted at the Home at any time of the day, where, for a small fee, they have friendly surroundings, are at liberty to play, and are treated with kindness.

And so the Neighbourhood Guild will always go on working for good, and doing what its hand finds to do, as far as its power and resources reach. May these lines induce many wealthy, high-minded persons to give their time to this organised Toynbee work. There is still so much help, so much money needed!

Involuntarily, as I write, the Neighbourhood Guild appears to my mind as a

brooklet, which is at first scarcely observed and nevertheless is a blessing, wherever, frolicking and bubbling, it refreshes and feeds many a little flower. But I see the brook grow into a mighty, generous stream, which unites lands and nations, and spreads wealth on both its sides, wherever it extends its arms. In the same way I see in the future the Neighbourhood Guild grow into a powerful organisation with branches spreading everywhere, which brings into contact rich and poor, high and low, the work of brains and arms, and is a blessing to all. Ignorance and wickedness, haughtiness and vanity, shrill contrasts, distrust here and suspicion there, disappear and are replaced by knowledge and wealth, milder morals, mutual esteem, more equality. Instead of drudging and toiling, I see mankind calmly enjoy the delightful gifts of fertile nature and the innumerable products of human genius.

MRS. RUTGERS-HOITSEMA.

(From the "Rotterdam Journal," May 27th, 1897.)

[Will the sender of the above please forward me her address (for Pamphlets).]

National Union of Typists.

THE National Union of Typists held a Conference at St. Martin's Town Hall on Monday, May 24th, when the following subjects were discussed;—

1. The necessity for an Association of Typists. 2. The Scale of Charges. 3. Salaries of Employees. 4. The Status of the Business. 5. The law in relation to the Business. 6. Teaching Methods and Examinations.

At the morning Conference, the chair was taken by Mrs. Grace Goodall, and the discussion opened by Mr. A. T. Wright. A discussion on teaching followed, opened by Miss E. K. Smith, followed by Mrs. Marshall.

At this meeting Mr. Nicholson proposed a resolution to the effect that a committee should be appointed to consider the present Scale of Charges of the National Union of Typists, and to devise some means whereby some such scale should be made obligatory on all.

This resolution was seconded and carried unanimously.

At the evening meeting, Sir Henry Trueman Wood presided, and spoke of the benefits of such a union as was proposed to be extended, terms of membership for both men and women to be similar.

The resolution which was proposed by Mrs. Marshall, of Cambridge, Examiner in Typewriting for the Society of Arts, ran as follows,

"That this Conference urges upon typists the necessity for combining in a strong union.

1. For the furtherance and protection of their interests. 2. For raising the standard of work and workers. 3. For the prevention of the sweating of employees."

Mrs. Brownlow seconded in a vigorous speech, making special allusions of a not flattering nature, to the home worker, who, as she only worked for pocket money, undersold her sister who worked to support herself.

One speaker apparently approved of the possibility which is looming in the distance of the typewriting profession being included in the Factory Acts.

Mrs. C. Greenwood strongly deprecated this, stating that until women had votes, and could therefore state their wishes, there was always the fear that certain restrictive clauses would be passed, made applicable only to women, which would result in the women being ousted from the profession. This had been the case in the printing trade and in the book-folding, where, owing to women not being allowed to work night shifts, men workers had replaced them in this industry.

Mrs. Tibbetts put in a word for the home worker, and stated that as she never accepted work under the proper Typists' Union charges, she did not consider she undersold her sister-worker by working in her own home.

Sir Henry Trueman Wood, in summing up, stated his conviction that combination was far better than governmental interference to secure fair prices and justice between employers and employed.

It was on May 20th, 1867, that John Stuart Mill boldly championed the cause of women's admission to the Electoral Franchise in the House of Commons. In that year eighty-one M.Ps. followed Mr. Mill into the lobby; in this, the sixtieth year of a female ruler, the eighty-one minority has become a majority of seventy-one. Yet, as he then stated: "Women still have no chance of placing in the great council of the nation a few organs of their sentiments—of having, what every petty trade or profession has, a few members who feel specially called on to attend to their interests, and to point out how those interests are affected by the law, or by any proposed changes in it."

M. GREENWOOD.

Woman's Independence.

THIS much-lauded policy is but another word for *cowardice*. How can woman's position be changed from that of a subordinate to an equal, without opposition, without the broadest discussion of all the questions involved in her present degradation. For so far-reaching and momentous a reform as her complete independence, an entire revolution in all existing institutions is inevitable.

Let us remember that all reforms are interdependent, and that whatever is done to establish one principle on a solid basis, strengthens all. Reformers who are always compromising, have not yet grasped the idea that truth is the only safe ground to stand upon. The object of an individual life is not to carry one fragmentary measure in human progress, but to utter the highest truth clearly seen in all directions, and thus to round out and perfect a well-balanced character. Was not the sum of influence exerted by John Stuart Mill on political, religious and social questions far greater than that of any statesman or reformer who has sedulously limited his sympathies and activities to carrying one specific measure? We have many women abundantly endowed with capabilities to understand and revise what men have thus far written. But they are all suffering from inherited ideas of their inferiority; they do not perceive it, yet such is the true explanation of their solicitude, lest they should seem to be too self-asserting.

Again there are some who write us that our work is a useless expenditure of force over a book that has lost its hold on the human mind. Most intelligent women, they say, regard it simply as the history of a rude people in a barbarous age, and have no more reverence for the Scriptures than any other work. So long as tens of thousands of Bibles are printed every year, and circulated over the whole habitable globe, and the masses in all English-speaking nations revere it as the word of God, it is vain to belittle its influence. The sentimental feelings we all have for those things we were educated to believe sacred, do not readily yield to pure reason.

To women still believing in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, we say, give us by all means your exegesis in the light of the higher criticism; learned men are now making, and illumine the Woman's Bible, with your inspiration.

Bible historians claim special inspiration for the Old and New Testaments containing most contradictory records of the same events, of miracles opposed to all known laws, of customs that degrade the female sex of all human and animal life, stated in most questionable language that could not be read in a promiscuous assembly, and call all this "The Word of God."

The only points in which I differ from all ecclesiastical teaching is that I do not believe that any man ever saw or talked with God, I do not believe that God inspired the Mosaic code, or told the historians what they say he did about woman, for all the religions on the face of the earth degrade her, and so long as woman accepts the position that they assign her, her emancipation is impossible. Whatever the Bible may be made to do in Hebrew or Greek, in plain English it does not exalt and dignify woman. My standpoint for criticism is the revised edition of 1888. I will so far honour the revising committee of wise men who have given us the best exegesis they can according to their ability, although Disraeli said the last one before he died, contained 150,000 blunders in the Hebrew, and 7,000 in the Greek.

But the verbal criticism in regard to woman's position amounts to little. The spirit is the same in all periods and languages, hostile to her as an equal.

There are some general principles in the holy books of all religions that teach love, charity, liberty, justice and equality for all the human family, there are many grand and beautiful passages, the golden rule has been echoed and re-echoed around the world. There are lofty examples of good and true men and women, all worthy our acceptance and imitation whose lustre cannot be dimmed by the false sentiments and vicious characters bound up in the same volume. The Bible cannot be accepted or rejected as a whole, its teachings are varied and its lessons differ widely from each other. In criticising the peccadilloes of Sarah, Rebecca and Rahael, we would not shadow the virtues of Deborah, Huldah and Vashti. In criticising the Mosaic code we would not question the wisdom of the golden rule and the fifth Commandment. Again the church claims special consecration for its cathedrals and priesthood, parts of these aristocratic churches are too holy for women to enter; boys were early introduced into the choirs for this reason, women singing in an obscure corner closely veiled. A few of the more democratic denominations accord women some privileges, but invidious discriminations of sex are found in all religious organizations, and the most bitter outspoken enemies of woman are found among clergymen and bishops of the Protestant religion.

From the *Woman's Bible*. Introduction by E. CADY STANTON.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,

The enclosed lines I sent to the *Weekly Sun* and they have published them to-day *mutilated*; will you publish them, as they stand (and with this letter), for I believe every word will speak to your heart as it comes from mine.

Yours always cordially,

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

The Working Women's Jubilee.

We come from factory, workshop and from loom
Great Queen to greet thee;
We pour from alley's and from cellar's gloom,
And haste to greet thee!

Look eastward o'er thy mighty London, Queen!
List to the women's moan;
The women, kin to thee in sex and motherhood,
In blood and bone.

We've heard the tidings that for sixty years
You've reigned—a woman free;
And we, the women *slaves*,—through toil and tears,
Would hail thy Jubilee.

Note the wan seamstress working through the night
For less than daily bread;
While sleep around her 'neath the flickering light
The living and the dead.

In sixty years two generations pass,
So we are told;
Mothers and daughters, each in turn, alas!
Have struggled, toiled, grown old.

Watch how capitalists draw Usurer's gain
From women's toil and sweat;
Note how the heaped up gold, times and again
With women's blood is wet.

Each in her turn has felt the wolf's hot breath
Close to her door;
Has fought through hunger, poverty and death
For those she bore.

Voiceless and helpless we to make or change
The laws which chafe and vex;
Women, 'neath Woman's rule—'tis passing strange—
Disqualified by sex!

Each (when *thy* daughters, Queen, sported and
played
In youth's bright mood)
Watched loved ones fail from dawn to dusk,—down
weighed
By want of food.

We suffer dumbly, we have suffered long;
Year in, year out, we wait;—
Disfranchised women asking men the strong
For Justice in the State.

Each with bowed back and smarting eyes,
And aching frame,
Has fed the loom, or worked in sweater's styes,
Or lived by shame.

Ours the full burden, ours the duty then
Firmly to take our stand.
And speak and vote with equal voice with men
In Councils of the land.

'Twas not by choice! What choice has ours been?
But choice of ill?
Bred, born and doomed to *starve*, Oh! "Gracious
Queen,"
While others ate their fill.

The Mother's voice shall surely make for good,
As proved these sixty years;
The Mother's influence *may* hold back the flood
That hisses in our ears.

Crowding, whole families in single rooms,
A spawning brood!
Is it a marvel that o'er us there looms
Lost Womanhood?

The flood of Anarchy and desperate deed
That waits but time and hour;
The workers' protest 'gainst the grasping greed
Of money's grinding power.

Is it a marvel that when once we fall
From ranks of labour's strife,
Men tread us under foot, or crush 'gainst wall,
In throbbing fight for life.

"Can man be free while woman is a slave?"
The words find echo meet
On lips of England's working women brave
Who come their Queen to greet.

Is it a marvel if the prison wait
For some homeless outcast;
A whitewashed cell, an oakum picker's fate
Prove "Home" at last?

We come from factories, workshops and from loom
To keep thy Jubilee
And we, the Women *slaves*,—mid toil and gloom
Ask but to be free.

THE following poem has been lately published by *The Daily Mail* in two parts. "The Rock" being placed as a *sequel* to "The Sea." This is incorrect. The writer of this poem placed them as below, and meant them as an allegory, the poem is given here as it was written:

The Rock and the Sea.

THE ROCK.

I am the Rock, presumptuous Sea!
I am set to encounter thee.
Angry and loud, or gentle and still,
I am set here to limit thy power, and I will—
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock! From age to age
I scorn thy fury and dare thy rage!
Scarred by frost and worn by time,
Brown with weed and green with slime,
Thou mayst drench and defile me and spit in my face,
But while I am here thou keep'st thy place!
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock, beguiling Sea!
I know thou art fair as fair can be,
With golden glitter and silver sheen,
And bosom of blue and garments of green.
Thou mayst pat my cheek with baby hands
And lap my feet in diamond sands,
And play before me as children play;
But plead as thou wilt, I bar the way!
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock! Black midnight falls;
The terrible breakers rise like walls;
With curling lips and gleaming teeth
They plunge and tear at my bones beneath.
Year upon year they grind and beat
In storms of thunder and storms of sleet—
Grind and beat and wrestle and tear,
But the rock they beat on is always there!
I am the Rock!

THE SEA.

I am the Sea! I hold the land
As one holds an apple in his hand—
Holds it fast with sleepless eyes,
Watching the continents sink and rise
Out of my bosom the mountains grow,
Back to its depths they crumble slow.
The earth is a helpless child to me—
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea! When I draw back
Blossom and verdure follow my track,
And the land I leave grows proud and fair,
For the wonderful race of man is there.
And the winds of heaven wail and cry
While the nations rise and reign and die—
Living and dying in folly and pain,
While the laws of the universe thunder in vain
What are the follies of man to me?
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea! The earth I sway;
Granite to me is potter's clay!
Under the touch of my careless waves
It rises in turrets and sinks in caves.
The iron cliffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and sift to sand;
And beach grass bloweth and children play
In what were the Rocks of yesterday.
It is but a moment of sport to me—
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea! In my bosom deep
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty sleep;
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty rise
In changing splendour of sunset skies;
And comfort the earth with rains and snows
Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.
Flower and forest and child of breath
With me have life—without me, death!
What if the ships go down in me?—
I am the Sea!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

News from Near and Far.

At the National Convention, U.S.A., Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson speaking on "Duty and Honour" uttered some words worth hoarding. Looking at one reason underlying the objections to Women's Suffrage in America she said they had not the same honest pride in their democracy as was the case fifty years ago. One reason of this was that it was "not a democracy at all, only a semi-democracy, one half the race ruling the other half." She alluded to another false but deep-seated feeling universally prevalent, "that the mother shall be sacrificed to her children and incidentally to her husband." If the sacrifice be necessary Mrs. C. P. Stetson pronounced "well and good," but asked "How if it is not?" Not, most certainly we would say; the idea of the utter sacrifice of one life to that of another is illogical, wasteful and silly, also absolutely uncalled for, in ordinary circumstances. "Mothers require improvement as well as fathers, and heaven knows *they* need it (the fathers)," says Mrs. Stetson, and goes on to advocate the utmost education for women, true education, for, says she, "our children will not be born with that degree of brain power we desire for them until the mothers' minds are widened by study of the whole duty of a human being. Greek and Latin alone will not do this. At Yale, Harvard and Oxford there are plenty of men with their brains so stuffed with erudition that they cannot think. Mothers must give their children power to think, they can only do this when they themselves have got it."

All cruelty, all sensuality will cease, when those who ought to be the salt of the earth will do their purifying work. Cruelty is rampant! Sensuality more or less fierce is rampant!—here, there, all over the land, yet as a nation we say we strive for good, we stretch out our hands to a higher state than that in which we dwell. When the voice of the people bids cruelty and sensuality to cease, it will cease, and we shall have no more LIARS amongst us. No masks, no seeming. Truth will be *fashionable*, and with its comrades, Purity and Mercy, will banish all that is evil. The work *must* be done. Who is to do it? You and I, dear reader, not one of us dare offer an excuse.

How to Teach Keyboard Music.

A PAPER FOR MOTHERS AND NURSERY GOVERNESSES.

BY E. L. YOUNG.

THE majority of children do not receive their first music lessons from a professional music teacher, but usually from their mother, elder sister, or nursery governess, who cannot be expected to be specially skilled in this branch of teaching. For the guidance of these amateur teachers there exists, in the old notation, an abundance of piano-forte tutors, organised courses of music, and theory manuals. The keyboard system, being still in its infancy, is not yet provided with such aids, and as a consequence many who are attracted to it are afraid to embark on it with their children, anticipating difficulties in the future, which they fear they may prove unable to cope with. To such I would offer a few suggestions, together with the emphatic assurance that no such difficulties will ever be met with. The elaborate instructions necessary to teaching the old notation are due entirely to its own defects; the keyboard system has no need of them.

The would-be teacher need only read the explanations on pp. 2 and 3 in the Nursery Book; or, if that does not make all clear, to study the article "How to learn Keyboard Music" in the April number of SHAFTS, and she will then be probably as well able to teach the new system as the old. It must be remembered that in all but the form of stave the two systems are alike, so that for the teaching of touch, time, execution, expression, my readers can use whatever methods and manuals they would have employed if they had never heard of the keyboard system. I will therefore direct my remarks chiefly to the teaching of the stave itself, and to the choice of music.

The first lesson should begin by a thorough examination of the notes of the piano itself, both black and white, as explained on pp. 2 and 3 of the Nursery Book. The child should stand at the piano, so as to be ready to move from top to bottom and touch any note that is asked for. Thus, for instance, ask for a set of two black notes at the top of the piano, another at the bottom, another in the middle; then ask for a 3-set; then a white note between two, a white note below two, the upper of three black notes, the white one above those three, the lower of two and the white one below them, etc., etc. Say, many times over, that we *call* the left-hand side of a piano the lower, and the right-hand side the upper end; and whenever you say this, touch a note low down and another high up, so that the ear as well as the eye may realise the meaning of "high" and "low" as applied to music. If you have two children to teach together they will be more interested, and will learn faster at this stage. If they are slow let two or three lessons be spent entirely on this describing and finding of the notes. But intelligent children often master the whole in five minutes.

Now show the picture of the piano on p. 7, and read to the children the beginning of the story on p. 6. Let one child take the lion's part and the other the gazelle's. Point out *on the picture* which notes are to be played, and let them find out for themselves which notes of the *piano* correspond to these. (As all pianos are not alike at the two ends, the end notes must be counted from the woodwork of the piano.) When you have got the lion and gazelle resting on each side of the rock you must begin the explanation of the stave.

We see now that an actual *picture* of the notes is not really a convenient way of showing them, for it cannot show us which note to play first, nor can it show the same note twice. Point this out that the children may see the *need* of a stave; that is, a diagram lengthening out the notes, instead of an actual picture. It is as if we had stretched out the notes of a piano till they reached across the room; then we make a picture of these lengthened-out notes, and so we can put as many marks as we like on to each. We set this picture sideways, so that the notes we *call* lower shall really look lower. Then we begin at the left-hand side, and play straight on from left to right, as we read in a reading-book.

When the lion's roar comes the second time show how the notes are now printed vertically one above the other, whereas the same notes on the picture above are placed horizontally. When this is really understood the whole keyboard notation is understood, and tunes can be read at once in every key. If the children are ever puzzled about a note afterwards, turn back to this page, show the corresponding line or space, and let them trace it along to the picture at the side.

When the children have finished the story let them change parts and play it through again. Then, and not till then, play it to them. They will be struck by the superiority of your execution, and the consequent much prettier effect. Now is the

time to show them the proper position of the hand, by which this pretty touch and rapid execution can be attained. The children have of course held their fingers out too straight. Point out that the gazelle could not trip along if she kept her knees stiff; and show with your fingers in the air the action of a cantering horse. The lion's part, being slow, can be nicely played with one finger, as directed; but many children prefer to use four fingers to represent the lion's four legs. Show them then how to bend them, and to lift each before putting it down, as the lion would lift each paw.

This little story, however unlike it may seem to real music, contains all the essential elements of music—contrasts of pitch, of time, and of touch—in a form suited to make an impression on young children. Once give a child a vivid sense of the difference between high and low notes, of the appropriateness of waiting a long time on some notes and making others quick, and a strong desire to learn to express the lion's heavy tread and the gazelle's light tripping, and you have planted in it already the seed of the true musician. Only have patience to let this seed grow; do not be disheartened because it does not at once look like the full-grown plant; above all do not kill it by pedantry. One ounce of love is worth many pounds of practice.

It is not however necessary, nor desirable, for this growth, that every tune should be linked with amusement or dramatic effect. Turn now to the Instruction Book and take the tune of "Sun of my Soul," which is the first on p. 1. Place the children's hands an octave apart, letting the upper player use the *left* hand and the lower player the right. Point to the notes and let them be played as you point, or the two will not keep together. Later on, when the notes can be read easily, you should explain how if both players count together they can keep time without troubling a third person to point for them. This will make a proper starting point for the teaching of time, but at first the time should be taught by ear, using only the simplest tunes.

If the children are not interested in "Sun of my Soul," talk to them a little about the setting sun and darkening twilight, and tell them to play very softly and to listen carefully to hear the quiet beauty of the air. Even unmusical children are readily brought to appreciate simple serious music if a little care is taken at first to give a suggestion of its meaning.

Henceforward, take always one tune from the Nursery Book and one from the Instruction Book, choosing first the shortest and easiest. The best order for the Nursery Book tunes is: numbers 1, 3, 2, 4, and then a section at a time of number 13. With these take p. 1 of the Instruction Book, then numbers 1 and 3 on page 8, and then go straight on.

The early tunes of the Nursery Book are all arranged for some peculiar way of holding the hands. The object of this is not only to amuse the children, but also to prevent their getting into bad habits of fingering while they are learning to pick out the right notes. In the meantime they should be practising the right method of holding the hands, placing one finger on each note, and lifting each before letting it down. Even the gazelle could not have tripped along so neatly if she had not practised running all sorts of ways when she was a little fawn. As we wish to imitate many things on the piano we must practise our fingers so that they may be always ready to do whatever we may want them to do. Only a very little daily attention need be given to the fingers, provided that it is daily, and that the ideal of a good position has been raised in the child's mind at the outset.

I usually tell the child that the hand should look like a little crab, which moves sideways over the sands. The body of the crab is flat, the hand and wrist being held level; the fingers are the legs, which must be curved, and rise above the body, each being lifted before it is let to drop. In the spring the crabs lose their shell and become very soft, like the child's little soft hand. Now there was once a big crab hiding by a rock, and he thought he would practise lifting his legs up and down in order, each one twice running, and then the next, till they all grew strong. Two little crabs sitting near thought they would like to do the same, so they all practised together like this:—Put your own hand on the piano and let the children play with you, using one hand each. Any simple five-finger exercise will do, provided it is taken slowly and carefully, with one hand only, and for a very short time.

When the children are a little more advanced introduce Diabelli's Melodious Exercises. The tunes in the Instruction Book on pp. 9 and 10 are also good exercises, as they are all within the compass of five notes, and need therefore no shifting of the hands. But any book exercises should be in addition to, not instead of, the simple one-handed exercises without book, which allow of the fingers being looked at and thought over all the time.

When the notes can be read fluently, and the elements of time have been taught (see pp. 4 and 5 of the Nursery Book) begin the regular reading of some new music every day, letting the child use one hand only, while the teacher plays the other

part. The children must now be taught separately. Place the child so that it will conveniently play the treble with its *left* hand, while you play the bass with your *right*, then change parts and play the same piece again. This practice should be continued, if possible daily, throughout the whole musical education, until all the best music has been played through. The advantage of this reading in the keyboard system is immense: it is the one method certain to ensure true musical development.

1. The child can thus hear a vast amount of good music which is far beyond its power to play alone. On the present system unmusical children are habitually starved of musical food by their own incapacity to learn more than a very few pieces at a time.

2. The child not only hears the music but it listens to it. Ordinary unmusical children do not really listen to music, even if they hear it; or, if they listen at all, it is only to the tune. By this method, the child playing the tune and looking at it, naturally listens to it; at the same time the teacher plays the bass better and more firmly, and this is therefore heard also. On changing parts the child plays, and looks at, and listens to, the bass, but the tune being higher and now better played will still be heard. Thus the child gains the power, most necessary to the appreciation of good music, of hearing two parts at once. The playing of duets, taking the parts alternately, is also good for this purpose. But single-handed reading is much better, both because the mind is left more free to attend to the music, and because the two parts, being on the same line, can be seen together.

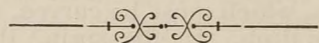
3. The strength of the two hands is equalised by this reversed practise: the left hand learns to play rapid passages, and to sing out a tune, without having to go through tedious left hand exercises to attain this facility.

4. The teacher gains an influence, all the more powerful because unnoticed, over the child's taste and habit of expression. Her love of the music will impart itself more naturally in this way than in any other. The combination of expressive playing with strictly accurate time, one of the most difficult things to teach, will come easily in this way.

A great many amateurs, unable to perform solos, or to *teach* in the sense of talking to a pupil about music, have enough taste to really teach a great deal in this easy unconscious way. And there are few, with any spark of music in them, who will not also enjoy and themselves learn much from this method. It is in fact only a method of enabling the great composers to work their own way into the souls of the players, unhindered by their backwardness in solo-playing, and uninterrupted by (what is often as great a hindrance to musical development) the teacher's voice perpetually correcting, directing, criticising the performance.

The reading, except in the earliest stages, should be carried on in silence. Wrong notes should not even be corrected, but the pieces should be easy, and taken slowly enough to be played correctly without effort. At first the teacher (*not* the pupil) should count; but as soon as possible counting should be dropped in all but specially difficult passages. The aim should be to bear a steady, silent beat and rhythm in the mind, and to absorb as much as possible of the composer's thought; in short, to take in rather than to give out. The giving out will naturally follow the taking in; and it is, besides, the direct aim of the other parts of the music lesson.

Having thus described the general methods of teaching music, and the details of the first lessons on the keyboard notation, I have now only to add a few hints as to the organisation of future lessons, and the choice of music: two points which I hope to treat fully in the next number.



READ the following extract from the *Manchester Guardian*:

"VIVISECTION IN MANCHESTER.—A return was issued on Saturday showing that the number of licensees permitted to make experiments on living animals during 1896 in Manchester was only four. Three of the licensees, all well-known anatomists, held special licences for experiments without anæsthetics, and one a licence permitting experiments in illustration to lectures. Throughout England and Scotland there are 150 licensees who hold special permission to experiment without anæsthetics, and forty who are accorded leave to make experiments in illustration to lectures."

Correspondence.

THE ARMY IN INDIA.

To the Editor of SHAFTS.

DEAR MADAM,

In view of the gravity and urgency of the questions therein treated of, may I ask you to reproduce the enclosed correspondence?

Faithfully yours, B. ELMY.

Buxton House, Congleton.

May 31st, 1897.

Mr. B. Elmy presents his compliments to Lady Henry Somerset, and begs to call her attention to a letter written by her to Lord George Hamilton, concerning the health of the troops in India, and reproduced, in substance, in the *Times* of the 21st ult.

A general public has naturally no status for criticism of Lady Henry Somerset's private correspondence; yet when such correspondence is forwarded by its writer for circulation in a newspaper, it becomes an appeal or a challenge which each reader may discuss; that duty being, indeed, imperative when matters of the highest national and human import are at stake.

In the present instance some of the suggestions printed in Lady Henry Somerset's name were of so startling a character that Mr. Elmy hesitated to credit their authenticity, and he has waited with a painful anxiety to see some contradiction or palliation of them by Lady Henry Somerset herself.

Mr. Elmy is one of those who wrote and spoke publicly against the C.D.A. legislation of some score of years ago. In the unhappy event of such resistance being again compelled, Lady Henry Somerset's words aforesaid would doubtless be submitted to remark, and to avoid possible injustice Mr. Elmy begs to be informed whether the *Times'* report is indeed authentic and accurately presents Lady Henry Somerset's views.

One proposal placed as being by Lady Henry Somerset is as follows:—

"A quarter of each cantonment should be reserved for such women as are permitted to remain in camp; and all such women should be *compelled to remain* in houses or rooms specially reserved to each by a registered number. . . . No woman should remain in this quarter unless *periodically examined* by properly qualified women doctors."

It is impossible to believe that the proposition of such an imprisonment and subjugation to depravity is the result of calm or reasoned reflection. A thinking man sees in the poor victim's suggested fate but the vilest slavery, the most degrading inhumanity; while to a woman's instinct the condition must show even yet more hideously unnatural and loathsome.

Argument as to the morality of such procedure is superfluous: for any assumption that the moral tone of the soldiery can be "raised" by the establishment of bondage-houses of prostitution within the precincts of their barracks is surely fatuous. On the other hand also—the crudely materialistic point of view—plentifully existing evidence shows that, even under the harshest of surveillance and duration, no immunity from the physical consequences of vice can be possibly assured; symptoms of an existent disease (capable of conveying contagion) are frequently not

visible for a considerable period, and in the meantime the malady has been sown broadcast among the visitants to these pseudo-sanctuaries of vice. All specialists, even such as are biassed towards the futile legislation, endorse this fact which Ricord noted, that—"a woman may sometimes communicate a disease from which she is not herself suffering."

The hollowness also of a usual pretext that such legislation is asked for in the interests of an innocent offspring is incidentally exposed by Dr. Clement, pupil and successor of Ricord, thus:—

"On a grossi beaucoup le fantôme des suites de la vérole au sujet de la progéniture. En somme, la syphilis héréditaire n'est à craindre que chez ceux qui, impatients du traitement ou indociles à toute considération, s'y exposent volontairement."

A kindred exaggeration is rampant in the present manipulated statistics of the recent Indian military medical report. Can we really believe the extravagant conclusion—as there given—that our unmarried soldiers (in India only) are *twelve times as vicious* as our native troops; and *fifty times* as much addicted to vice as the married soldiers in the same quarters? If these ridiculous figures be indeed true, some far graver remedy is indicated than the attempt to supply yet wider scope and satisfaction for such disordinate depravity with impunity.

It is not probable that Lady Henry Somerset will overlook the fact that the horrible burden of all such legislation falls upon our poorer sisters alone; and it would be tedious here, and perhaps needless, to dilate upon further differences while yet the same eventual end of justice and purity is appealed to. Fuller reflection may be trusted to lead to the modification of views which Lady Henry Somerset has perhaps somewhat hastily collocated and expressed.

A STRANGE MEMORIAL.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP.—Mrs. Maria Grey, a noble, refined woman, who has spent her life in working for the advance in various ways of the education of women, has written a letter which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, on May 29th, on the subject of the memorial, signed by a number of women (some of whose names I was astonished to see), in favour of the re-enactment in India of the Contagious Diseases Acts. I thought it was admitted that the terrible accounts recently published of the enormous percentage of cases in the British army were misleading to a more than ordinary degree, that, for instance, every soldier entering the hospital to be treated is entered as a fresh case every time. Mrs. Grey protested strongly in her letter against the clause in the memorial which runs as follows; "We feel that it is the duty of the State, which, of necessity, collects together large numbers of unmarried men in military service, to protect them from the consequences of evils which are, in fact, unavoidable in such a community and under such conditions."

"Is this," she says, "the parting instruction of the mothers among these women [who signed the memorial] to their young sons, when first sending them out to bear their part in the life and work of the world?"

A clergyman attempted to answer this letter, and argues apparently that because seduction and adultery escape the physical consequences, we should specially interpose restrictions to make this sin, not only without consequences, but to be expected of our soldiers. This argument may be very logical, but I decline to believe for a single instant that our soldiers are obliged to dishonour their manhood by indulgence in this vice. On the contrary, it is the very worst preparation for the service of their country.

Perhaps you have never visited a lock hospital, I have, and lock wards, and this is the terrible name these poor creatures called themselves (those who were under the Acts)—QUEEN'S WOMEN.

This I know is a fearful and horrible thing, but think! Are they not logical? They say, "I do work which no one likes to do, but someone must do it, and when I am ill, I go into the hospital at the Queen's expense." They will tell you that over and over again. Thank God! in my work in London, I have come across some examples of a very different way of looking at life on the part of men!

There was a young guardsman once, and he brought to a Sister in charge of a Home I know, a girl. The man stood, a tall, fine, splendid fellow, looking, as the Sister expressed it to me, like King David in his strength, and he explained in a few words the story, and how he would marry the girl if only she would stay and learn to be good.

There was no hypocritical air of superiority about this man, his manhood and his chivalry revolted against the idea of any woman for whom Christ has died, living such a life, so he just took her by the hand, and it may be my foolish way of looking at these things, but I feel some day he will lead her higher up the golden stair where God, Who is the only Being Who can understand that woman's temptations, can abundantly pardon.—Yours faithfully, A WORKER.

MUSAEUS SCHOOL AND ORPHANAGE FOR BUDDHIST GIRLS.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP.—I thank you very much for the very kind notices you inserted *re* this Institution, in your valuable magazine. May I trouble you again.

Can you please help Mrs. Higgins in securing the services of a good lady assistant; she must be over twenty-five years of age, and without any home ties, and be willing to share a home with Mrs. Higgins, in the Institution. Everything will be found for her, as means will permit, and no salary. None of our band receive a salary. As our work lies among Eastern children a creed-bound Christian will not do. We have no money to pay her passage out at once, but should she come out, we will try our best to refund the amount. May I recommend *Rays of Light*, our monthly magazine. Terms, per annum, post free: Foreign, 1s. 6d.; India and Ceylon, Rs. 1'25. Commending the Institution and its good work to you and your readers, and thanking you in anticipation. Believe me, very sincerely yours, PETER DE ABREW.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE WOMEN OF NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP.—Herewith I beg to forward you copies of the minutes of the National Council of the Women of New Zealand for the years 1896 and 1897. I also send you extracts from copies of the *Otago Daily Times*, a daily paper published in Dunedin, which reported the Council well. The last two days' sittings were unfortunately not nearly so ably done, as the special reporter was unavoidably summoned home. I think it will gladden your heart to know that your brave words reached to the women over the sea, and that, as you would have it, their aim in meeting together as a National Council, is the uplifting of humanity. We trust that shortly the women of England will be blessed as we are in New Zealand by the possession of the franchise, and that, thereby, the mother heart may find expression in "loving" legislation for the people. I am, yours very truly, ADA WELLS, *Hon. Sec., National Council of Women, N. Z.*

[Of this National Council Mrs. K. Sheppard is President; Mrs. Ada Wells, Secretary; and Mrs. Kirkby, Treasurer. See extracts in this or next issue of SHAFTS.—ED.]

THE LADIES' MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of the "*Westminster Gazette*."

SIR,—In your issue of Tuesday last, Mr. Roundell pays a tribute of respect to a number of ladies who have signed a memorial with reference to our soldiers in India. Indeed, it is high time that the bulk of ladies of title and position should look into this question for themselves.

It is to be hoped that now that these ladies have begun to do so they will proceed to read and consider what is said upon it by the ladies who differ from them.

It is clear from the terms of their memorial that they do not yet even understand the position they oppose.

No one says that it is wrong to cure disease resulting from vice.

If Mr. Roundell knew the facts he would, I am sure, extend his tribute of admiration to those ladies who lately signed a declaration on this subject in a different sense.

And he would, no doubt, willingly acknowledge our deep indebtedness to the thousands of women as delicate and pure-minded as any of the ladies who signed the memorial, who, headed by Mrs. Butler and urged by an imperative sense of duty, have for twenty-five years past set themselves to study and expound this unpopular and painful subject, and have undergone endless toil and untold obloquy in endeavouring to bring the nation to what they consider right views.

The womanhood of England has long since come forward on this question, and if the ladies who have now entered upon it will ask of their predecessors, they may, perhaps, modify their views.

Your correspondent thinks the question a very complex one. Perhaps so, but nothing complicates or confuses moral issues so much as to put questions of health and sickness first and questions of virtue and vice second.

Yours truly,
B.

Letters reprinted from *Westminster Gazette* re THE TERRIBLE DILEMMA.

“UNAVOIDABLE EVILS?”

To the Editor of the “Westminster Gazette.”

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out to your correspondent signing himself “A Clergyman” that he has wholly misunderstood my argument, and that the dilemma he thinks so crucial exists only in his own imagination? I said nothing about the physical punishment of vice as making for or against belief in God. My argument was this: If the assumption of the promoters of the C.D.A. be true—that men must under certain conditions *unavoidably* sink into mere animals, and therefore that a certain number of women *must* be degraded also to the level of animals to ensure the safety of the rest of the community—if that is, as they imply, the law of nature, can we believe the Ruler of Nature to be a good God? Could Evil personified do worse? And would not all the words we have been taught to believe are the words of God, bidding man choose between good and evil, bring his will into union with the Divine will, sound like fiendish irony addressed to a being who has no free will, and cannot choose at times but be vicious? This is the dilemma I challenge all religious supporters of the C.D.A. to meet, not only in the columns of a newspaper but in the sanctuary of their own consciences.

I am, yours faithfully,
MARIA G. GREY.

“To the Editor of the Westminster Gazette.”

SIR,—Your correspondent “A Clergyman” makes a truly wonderful assertion—that seduction and adultery bring no physical consequences. “What, never?” He also writes about God and His punishments. Supposing that we leave God out of the question for the moment. We re-enact the C.D. Acts. I have a son going out to India as a soldier. He is lusty and strong, just entering manhood. “I say to him, “My dear lad, you, together with a lot of others just like yourself, are going to be sent by your country to a hot climate. You will be herded together; no industrial occupation will be found for your spare time, nor any rational amusement; you will be trained for the most part to idleness. Under these forcing circumstances the promptings of your physical nature will be strong. Our Government, foreseeing this, kindly provides for you. You are an animal—be one. Self-control and what used to be called manly self-restraint are no longer needed. A clean life does not count. Good-bye, my boy. I think I would rather that you did not come back again to your sisters.”

Yours,
H. E. A.

How not to Grow Old.

TRUST. Be good. Exercise daily. Rejoice that you live. Keep the mind and body pure. Occupy every moment of time. Forget yourself in living for others. Sweep away the cobwebs of superstition. Let every moment be the best you have ever lived. Turn away from disagreeable thoughts as you would from a dangerous pitfall. Keep the mind cheerful and contented and let the duties of the hour be enough to fill your thoughts.

Journal of Hygeio-Therpy, Kokomo, Indiana, U. S. America.

(Taken with thanks from *The Harbinger*.)