SHAFTS

A Magazine for Women and Workers.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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What the Editor means.

Every book of knowledge known to Oosana or Vreehaspatee, is by nature implanted in the understandings of Women.—*Vishnu Sarma.*

Women are both clearer in intellect and more generous in affection than men. They love Truth more, because they know her better, and trust Humanity in a divine Spirit, because they find more that is divine in it.—*Modern Civilization.*

IT is not possible for any writer to tell, how what the pen transcribes is received by those who read, until that writer by long, deep, and patient thought, united to fervour of spirit and the faith that removes mountains, has attained to clear seeing. Then the hearts of the great human multitude, of beast and of bird, are laid open to that clear seeing "born of Eternal Light"; received into the soul whose eye is single; received into the enraptured spirit in return for long earnest search; the outcome of eager unstained longing for that which is better than life, yet which *is* life.

To such souls—and such we may all become—the whole world of animated life, and what we call inanimate also, becomes an open book, whose reading fills the soul with gladness, in spite of so much that pains. Such souls see "the vast Behind-the-Veil" and are strengthened; were it not so, work on the higher planes, work for the on-going of humanity, could never be done.

I ask everyone of my readers to read with care and attention all that appears in Shafts, to ponder deeply over what they read, and to begin in earnest to help in the search for the "Holy Grail" of Truth and Purity. We may make mistakes in our gropings, but only the Truth will be *assimilated*. There have been many creeds. Creeds come and go. The world has received such and has imagined it believed such. But they have gone; each leaving a sediment of truth which remaineth. What we have really assimilated was the Truth lying underneath the passing creed. We must all take this home, *Truth only will win.* Error will surely be overcome. It is not what is falsely asserted that wrongdoers fear, it is the truth, for where truth is told and accepted, wrong must die.

I must shorten my Leader this month in accordance with a promise given to several of my readers; but this subject will be continued each month for some time. In the matter of woman and her position we must persistently seek the truth. It will repay our seeking. I have set myself to this work, and I hope to receive help from the readers of Shafts.

Several subscribers and readers of Shafts have kindly asked to know something of their Editor's holidays. Beginning with the most recent, I therefore, though wondering much if it will interest, give a retrospect of times of rest and relief enjoyed since Shafts appeared. I give it only in response to the kind requests made, and will continue it in the next issue, but not in this column. May I head it

Turned Down Leaves in My Book of Days.

The Spirit of the Rain had been doing some work for a few days and did not seem by any means to have finished. Gazing with misty eyes and grey damp locks, down upon this rolling ball, the blessed Spirit cogitated as to where the streams it was about to unleash might flow, and would in another minute have let them go, when something caught the Spirit's eye, something checked the Spirit's hand.

Fog and Cloudland heard its mutterings and gathered to listen.

"Ah!" said the Rain Spirit. "Hold! mine hand. Through the earth vapours I perceive the moving to and fro of a small speck, one of those agitating specks going about upon my planet and creating discontent with what is. Behold, this one goeth forth for a holiday, therefore must I hold mine hand." Invoking the aid of the Wind and Sun the Spirit stayed her hand. The Wind blew, the Sun shone, the benignant Rain Spirit dissolved into thin air, hiding behind her mantle of blue. So, laughing through her tears of love, fair, very fair, were the days of my short holiday; all too short, indeed. But I had expected and intended no reprieve this year, until a message called me to speak in one or two places on the East Coast and in the Midlands.

Here is mentioned only one of these places, and that because it will interest many Pioneers, especially as the location of my rest and enjoyment lay in the county of Lincolnshire, and at that portion of it over which our President holds the sway of a kind and much beloved landowner.

Steam quickly bore me from London and the scene of my hard but much-loved work. Looking out of the window as we approached the first stopping place on our journey, I perceived "The Massingberd Arms Hotel," and made for it without loss of time. Very comfortable indeed was our stay there. We took long walks, we drove, we saw all that was possible to be seen in so short a time as we were able to remain. We returned each evening to our "Hotel" with the appetite of the proverbial "hawk." I often think mine hostess of "The Massingberd Arms" must have contemplated with dismay the ravages we made upon her dinner tables and her "tempting teas"—it makes me hungry even now to think of it—but how one does enjoy food in the country (vegetarian, of course, on my part), how delightful everything seems! the fields of stacked corn bathed in sunshine, the cattle—splendid animals; the hens that stalked among the stubble, cluck, clucking; followed about by such a lot of little yellow and brown balls of fluff on legs, all pecking as if they had never had any food before, and did not expect to have any for some time to come; the horses, hardworking patient creatures, looking at us with that eternal why? in their eyes. I watched them, talked to them and loved them, all these creatures, "our fellow souls," but could not answer the questioning eyes, could only wonder if in our eyes that watched them, they might perchance read the same ceaseless quest, the desire after the solution of perplexed meanings, which Adelaide Procter, that divine singer, tells us can be "hush'd into perfect peace." Hush'd? yes, but by what?

Between walking and driving we explored much of the country round, and heard much of the old names of Lincolnshire. We received the utmost courtesy and attention from Mrs. Massingberd's steward, who took us over "Gunby

Hall." It is a fine old place with a beautiful park and grounds, but was interesting to us above all because of its association with one we know and love, and because of the affection and respect for her which we found abundantly existing in the hearts of her tenants and the people around.

On the Sunday, at our President's request, in her iron meeting house, I preached a sermon or gave an address, call it as you will, on "Who is my Neighbour," a short transcript of which I here give (by request).

"Who is my Neighbour?

"Everything that lives, from the highest to the lowest scale of being, the worm of the earth, the insect dust born, the fish of the sea. Birds, beasts, and human things. Over all hangs the Banner of Universal Motherhood; of God our Mother-Father, of that great Power, that Life producing Force, our Mother-Father which we call God, knowing no better way to express the idea.

"The one aim of all of us is to find out Truth—to discover the best way to find out that Truth we so long for. One of the best ways, I think the best and only way, is to have our whole beings filled with tenderness and care for everything that lives. Passing through the fields I found some broken up nests, and little dead birds. The boy who caused that destruction had not asked or answered the question 'who is my neighbour?'

"Truth must be found grain by grain, and if the boy who was so cruel to those living things had asked himself 'Is this right?' he would have found one grain of truth. There is no teacher like thought. Before you do anything again, girls and boys, think about it. I speak to you not as one who has a right to say 'this is so,'—no one has a right to do that; but as one who thinks, to others who think, or who want to think.

"'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you,' Christ said. The Kingdom of Heaven is that Divine thing which *thinks* and will lead to Truth. If I help you to think so do you help me, we all help each other. Side by side with us our neighbours work, and live, and love, and suffer, and are glad. We can help our neighbours to be glad, and our neighbours are the patient horses that plough our fields, the cattle that give us milk, the sheep, the fowls, all creatures that live who help us as we help them; our human fellows, our mothers, sisters, daughters, wives, husbands, fathers, sons; all these are our neighbours, and every other not related to us, as Christ taught in the context. Our minds are full of prejudice, pride, self-conceit, opinions, hatred, envy, anger. We must turn all these out before we can begin to think. Those who have begun are on the way to the highest—those who have not begun should begin at once. Life rises ever upward from the lowest development, the worms of the earth, and lower than they, to the highest development of this stage of life which is woman. . . .

"Love and respect maternity. As a rule this subject is seldom mentioned without a jeer, a coarse joke, a silly laugh, at best a smile. Yet it is the highest and holiest function that our life holds, from its ordinary physical capacity to its wide and grand and full meaning in Universal Motherhood. . . . .

"A few things to think over, till possibly I may have the great pleasure of speaking to you again:

"1. The highest of all developed life here is the human, and that is in two grades—the higher of which is woman.

"2. Immortality is not a something to wait for, bestowed by death, it is with us now, each one of us holds a life deathless, unquenchable.

"3. There is no death, only change.

"4. Animals have as much right to their lives, and to happy lives, as we have.

"5. The person most fitted to train a child is the mother. Why? Ask yourselves why?

"6. The best quality of mind to bring to the quest of Truth is Teachableness.

"7. The best teacher is Nature and the Divine within.

"I wish I could prolong my stay amongst you, but the voice of a greater Ocean than that which laps your shores calls me back, and it will not be stilled. This is the voice which your friend, Mrs. Massingberd, heard, which took her away from her beautiful home here to search for lost souls, as your hymn just sung has it, in the wilderness of London. Working for temperance and for women, she goes her way from day to day, and will be gladdened to know that you all understand this. You, her friends, can make her glad when she comes here by showing her this. It is a hard work, though, that search for the lost, that showing forth of truth to many who will not listen and many who do not understand, our neighbours every one of them, and as such beloved. As you sang the hymn I thought of the woman of whom I speak, and of many others who go forth to help, and succour, and find. They suffer much, these earnest ones. As the hymn says:—

"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Or how dark was the night which the Lord passed through,
Ere was found the sheep that was lost."

Pioneer Club Records.

IT is a pleasing task to record the doings of the Club; it cannot be otherwise, as will be readily understood by the members and by all true-hearted persons anywhere. On Tuesday, the 4th inst., the rooms were again thrown open and Pioneers began that re-assembling which will culminate in a re-union of all, or most of them, when the debates are resumed as stated below. The number of members increases so rapidly, that one is led to speculate how long the present accommodation will be sufficiently spacious. The rooms are beautiful and contain many curious and valuable things, interesting, not as works of art only, but as connecting lives gone by with lives that live.

Among the women who are active and honoured members of this Club we have doctors, lawyers, accountants, dressmakers, telegraphists, journalists, lecturers, writers, teachers, artists, singers, actresses, nurses, shopkeepers, pharmacists, women of all work, and I don't know what besides. It is democratic with the very best democracy, toleration and teachableness.

One of the Pioneers is Hon. Secretary to the Pioneer Anti-Vivisection Society, the chief object of which is:—

"The total suppression of Vivisection in England, on the grounds that it is an inhuman, and unjustifiable practice, unworthy of a civilized country, where humanity is recognized as a principle to be observed in the conduct of all affairs, and where animals are considered to have a claim to the protection of Man.

"It purposes to rouse public opinion on this matter, to show that Science and Medicine are NOT indebted to Vivisection for any valuable discoveries, in spite of the assertions of Vivisectors to the contrary; and to inform the public what the practice of Vivisection actually means.

"It pledges itself to oppose by every means the foundation of 'The London Preventive Medicine Institute'; and, if possible, to obtain tardy justice in the case of the 'Brown Institute,' which was intended by the Donor of its funds to be a Hospital for sick animals, and has been converted into an Institute for the practice of Vivisection."

Leaflet No. 1 of this Society asks the question, "What is Vivisection?" and gives an unhesitating answer. The President of the Pioneer Club is warmly interested in this question, and in all cruelty to animals, of which vivisection is the outcome and culmination. She deprecates our attitude towards the animal world altogether, and works hard to bring about a more just condition of things. The Club she has brought into existence will be the nursing ground of many efforts and is already proving how great is the impetus it can give to progress. It has been thought well to give here a few of the rules and regulations which call for almost daily observance in the Club, as mistakes are occasionally made.

The Entrance Fee for Members is £2 2s. The Annual Subscription £2 2s.

All Candidates for admission must be proposed and seconded by Members of the Club.

"At Homes" are held every Tuesday from 4.30 to 6 p.m. "Guest" Cards (for the friends of Members) can be obtained at the door from the Hall Porter at 3s. a dozen, or 4d. each. Members' Tea Tickets 2s. 6d. a dozen, or 3d. each.

Debates, Discussions, and Lectures each Thursday evening during the Session.

The Club dinner begins at 7 p.m. on Debate nights, and the charge is 2s. 6d. a head.

Members engaging seats for the Club Dinner are liable for the price of the same, if they have not notified their inability to attend before 4 o'clock on Thursdays.

Gentlemen are admitted to the Club Front Drawing-room *only*, from 2 to 7.

Members having any cause for complaint are earnestly requested to write to the President.

Hot and Cold Luncheons from 1 to 3 p.m., Tea, Coffee, and Light Refreshments. Vegetarian Luncheons at 6d. a head are being arranged for, and will begin at the end of September.

Dinners can be served at a short notice. Bed-rooms can be engaged by members at 5s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

For further particulars apply to the Secretary, 22, Bruton Street, W. The Secretary will treat all enquiries with the utmost courtesy and promptitude.

Members may bring one guest only to Debates, and not the same guest twice in the same month.

The Pioneer Dramatic Society will give their first Reading ("The Tempest") on Wednesday, October 31st, at 8.15 p.m. All Pioneers are invited.

The next Practice Reading of the Society will be on the 18th September, at 8 p.m.

The Library is now in working order, and a Librarian appointed, who attends at stated times to exchange books. Rules are posted in the Silence Room. Members' letters are cased in the hall and can be taken by those to whom they are addressed by simply looking for them. Members are requested to attend to this; also to observe the notices of meetings, etc., which are duly posted up. By strict attention to the rules, etc., herself, and a courteous pointing of them out to new members, each Pioneer can be of valuable assistance to the President, whose work and whose responsibilities, though so sweetly and graciously discharged, must often tell heavily upon her.

THIRD AUTUMN SESSION, 1894.

Thursday Evening Lectures, Debates, Discussions, &c., 8.15 p.m.

To be Opened by Paper or otherwise not exceeding Half an Hour. Only Pioneers may Vote.

Oct. 4th. "Is Palmistry to be considered a Science?" Debate opened by Mrs. Katherine St. Hill, F.C.S. The President in the Chair. Oct. 11th. "The Logic of Women's Suffrage." Debate opened by A. Cotterill Tupp, Esq. The President in the Chair. Oct. 18th. "What Amendment of the law is needed to secure the due punishment of Wife beaters?" Debate opened by Miss Sharman Crawford. Miss Shurmer in the Chair. Oct. 25th. "That the attitude towards men taken by some advanced women is calculated to injure their best interests." Debate opened by Mrs. J. A. Hobson. Mrs. Holroyd Chaplin in the Chair (Pioneers only). Nov. 1st. "Can realism in Literature be defended." Debate opened by Miss Dorothy Leighton. Miss Clementina Black in the Chair. Nov. 8th. "The Simple Life." Debate opened by Mrs. Norman. Nov. 15th. Reading of "James Lee's Wife," by Miss Annie Matheson (discussion to follow). — Revell, Esq., in the Chair.

"Ratto."

A PHOTOGRAPH

By Amos Waters.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.
—Coleridge.

O mighty Love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.
—George Herbert.

CHAPTER I.

Ratto's Home.

TOM Grahame was a Cobbler and a Secularist, steady and studious according to his lights. Secularism had directly developed in him thrift, industry, eagerness to acquire knowledge, enthusiasm for odds and ends of science and all sorts of progress. Add to these qualities a native talent for making any unconsidered bit of ground like a "blooming paradise"—as his rougher neighbours said with rude unconscious appositeness—and you obtained an excellent set-off against the virtues and vices of Other-worldliness. Secularism, however, took his late wife differently—or found her so. She went in for spirituous revivals. Her creed meant matutinal "gins," with inspiring variations of beer as the day progressed; and bed-time invariably found her a pronounced Hylo-Idealist in the benevolent reconciliation of things and thinks. Finally she pitched the tent of her chronic thirst alongside a bottle of carbolic acid, which she miscalculated for a more fervent fluid. The carbolic acid solved the world-problem for her. She went to that bourne where the thirsty cease from tippling and the teetotallers are at rest. Tom did not unduly grieve: he grimly proposed to himself never to replace the late unlamented. There was an available surplus at week-end: he was able to brighten his home and increase his little store of standard works. His crippled son—misfortune dated back to a drunken bout—little Socrates Vanini Bruno William Ewart Gladstone Grahame, better known as "lame Billy," was set up with a microscope, a Sunday crutch, a preternaturally talented dog, and a happier life. The dog was the most marvellous canine that ever wagged its facetious tail at the Victorian age: and thereby hangs a tale even unto this day. That dog could steal like a Christian, and his morals generally were entertaining. The city missionary distrusted him, and Ratto yearned to get outside some missionary. He growled at Shakespeare's massive villains with the fervour of a virtuous costermonger. It was a quaint picture that of a Sunday morning: Tom Grahame, with Billy on one knee, and a shilling Shakespeare on the other, and Ratto gravely perched opposite, one eye critically closed, and the other alertly open to catch the effects on Tom's expressive face, as he interpreted for his wistful boy the marvellous pages of the mighty wizard. Perhaps the reading not without dramatic feeling, and the expositions charged with genuine regard for honesty and heroism, framed the weak cripple for future citizenship more excellently than scriptural deductions by young gentlemen with receding chins and projecting collars, translated for a dignified day, from the shop counter to the Sunday school. In any case the readings were essentially beneficial to Ratto, who grew more serious and intellectual, impatient of frivolity, and intolerant of debasing habits. His infractions of the laws of possession were conducted with dramatic

decorum; in the pre-Shakesperian days he levanted with a butcher's bone like a vulgar ordinary thief—now he serenely prospected the policeman with his Shakesperian eye, and artistically departed with the blandness of a June breeze and the *sang-froid* of an orthodox stockbroker. Billy's remonstrances were meekly endured as unphilosophical—Ratto had reasoned out these peccadilloes as politically equivalent to certain annexations, only condemned by Tom Grahame when the Conservatives were in power. Ratto had improved Tom's sturdy Radicalism into a rough and ready sort of Socialism. He was a preposterously precocious dog, and 'was expected to talk if ever it was necessary for him to establish an *alibi*. He eschewed fleas with hygienic austerity, as the condition of sleeping with Billy; and altogether the little community found the world a comfortable place to live in.

Ratto, however, was suspicious of science, much to Billy's grief. Every Friday evening Tom carried his boy, and the latter harried in Ratto, to the Popular Penny Lectures at the Town Hall. On these occasions the various professors locally attached to the University College scheme, discoursed in language understood by the People, anent the progress of science in its different branches. Ratto—under the seat—was mildly tolerant of astronomy, submitted to geology and botany, dozed through chemistry, but was nervously apprehensive of physiology and micro-organic research. It was provokingly odd. The eminent Professor Scalpelinem was profoundly astonished, in the middle of one of a course of lectures on "Micro-Organisms," to hear a low but ominous growl accentuate a weird reference to bacterial experiments on dogs performed by "friends of his in Paris." The eminent Professor did not take any stock whatever in the supernatural, and certainly did not permit his imagination to overtake the notion of a dog surreptitiously included in his audience. He looked uncomfortable—unnecessarily so, considering the improbability of a dog-ghost travelling from "Paris," to reproach him for basing instruction on experiments, however extreme, performed by "friends of his." However, Ratto growled, whether he scented equivocation or simply disapproved, was not clear. But his scientific education was thereafter neglected, and Ratto was suffered to graduate in the graces of the finer feelings. After Ratto was banned from attendance, Billy was somewhat consoled by striking up an acquaintance with a boy of his own years, but of superior dress and address: the other being the only son of Professor Scalpelinem. The twain grew through the lectures leal comrades.

CHAPTER II.

An Eminent Physiologist.

Professor Scalpelinem in middle age was fringed with winter outwardly, and was something of an extinct volcano in the invisible realm of his ego. His early career was unusually promising: gold medals and flattering distinctions were his traditional luck, and his mentors prophesied for him a brilliant future in original physiological research. The early promise was unfulfilled—he was merely eminent in the second-hand commodity. Mrs. Potiphar's advent was premature, her eclipse was closely dovetailed in the steps of two or three conditional divinities—and these preceded an outbreak of gambols held by the worldly-wise to be useful as sobering into safety young gentlemen, whose future largely depends on the confidence of the British *pater-familias*. The delicate "moral" atmosphere of the laboratory is never oppressive to a "robust" mind, and the embryo eminent Professor elaborated some crude cynicisms in many midnights on boulevards abroad, and around the Haymarket at home. Now and again some wandering Magdalene was transfixed with terror, and afterwards wondered if the Supreme Evil had incarnated for an evening in the person of a roysterer, who flung his money, his weird scientific slang, and his startling brutalities, at the victim he bought and loathed. The intellectual intricacies of practical experimental work had subdued the most elementary sentiments of pity, tenderness and chivalry: the generous instincts of his nature were systematically reduced to hard calculation of ingenious possibilities. The philosophy of the torture-trough was extended from the training laboratory to the avenues of vice; such influences *do* extend in the social order, like the circle of motion that widens from the centre of disturbance when a pebble is flung into a pond. So much of the Professor's early manhood. Then science re-asserted its sway, and necessity quickened his loyalty. But the profligate returned too late; the brilliant promise was deformed. Life only bloomed with Dead Sea fruit, and each disappointment kneaded the dust and ashes into morbid dough. At forty he took to himself a beautiful wife of twenty-five, and the tragedy of life was interpreted for him to the last detail of illusion. One child came to find a place in neither heart; each was isolated and abhorrent. The one was clutched by skeleton claws, the other was passionate with every emotion of the sun. The Professor revolted, she hated. The child was a chain and not a consecration. A "let-alone" compromise was all that made conventional companionship possible. Each stealthily retreated from the other. Each kept a diary, and a single peep at these may suffice to disclose the passive illusions of two lives. The woman's confession was a phase of emotion which in later years is generally translated into intense religion and the ascetic life.

"January 2nd.—Ah me, the morning is bright, but everything is horribly lonely—he will be away so long. But the dances were certainly delightful; what a king he seemed among those limpid dandies! And his breath was sweeter than the violets he wore. . . . . Was it all a dream, though, or did he really love me? Men say they love—*that* beast said so. O my God! . . . . But his love will be more beautiful because he knows I am to be pitied. And I shall not care now to encourage any fool, merely because he is different to S."

The Professor's jottings were occasionally enigmatical—a series of memoranda chiefly intended for useful reference and reminders. Sometimes his pencillings were as a low human cry of anguish.

"Mem.—To write that fool X. that I don't want any animals out of N. at all. Must be more careful. To send him advertisement cuttings of lost or stolen dogs and cats appearing only three days after last supply, and insist that he observes conditions *re* distant towns. Better to see him, perhaps. Wish could afford to buy in ordinary way."

"January 1st.—Commence with work—how is *she* commencing? Would like to tear through *her* 'sympathetic nerves.' Started with making opening in stomach of a dog. Introduced hind legs of frog—dissolved while digestion going on. Also ear of rabbit—not so successful. Spots of erosion at first—replace, and inch of lip completely gone, another quarter of inch connected by thin shred to rest of ear. . . Believe the hatred of *her* makes me morbidly inclined to repeat and dwell on trivialities. . . . Pituri. Injected under skin of kitten minum of 1 in 20. Staggered in three minutes. Could walk in seven min. with difficulty, but persisted in lying on table. Evidently weaker in eight min., and rested head on one leg. Breathing 32. Mucous membrane of mouth not livid. Muscular cutaneous twitching. In thirteen minutes sleepy, but shrank from red-hot pincers held to eyes. Nipped one ear with them—made doleful noise. Can evidently see and feel. . . . In fifteen minutes prodded with pincers—rolled about. Thirty minutes had recovered. Injected two minims. One min. breathing laboured—28 to 36. Four min. violent vomiting. Weak and staggering. Same in twenty min. but made straighter movements on applying red-hot pincers to jaw and abdomen. Afterwards drowsy, pupils dilated, as if in terror, mouth being dry. Fifty min. recovered, but pupils remained dilated. Finished with large cat. At 3.10 injected sub-cutaneously 1·5 c.c. of 5 p.c. morphia. Cannula placed in crural artery for injection peripherally; sympathetic nerve ligatured and cut in neck, chorda tympani ligatured and cut. . . . . Cannula connected with fine glass tube graduated in millimetres fixed to stand—free end of tube little above level of duct. Used for stimulation on Daniel's cell, connected with Du Bois Raymond's induction coil. Stimulated nerves from 3·10 to 5·30. Opened stomach for specimens. Snipped from mucous membrane with scissors, and cut deeper for transverse sections with razor. Cat hungry before operation. Chief cells thickly and coarsely granular. Pyloric cells finely granular, and comparatively transparent. Mem.—To observe next time diminution of granules in chief cells during digestion. . . . . Weary work, after all—ending nowhere. With a human soul to rest on and love me, I might restore the old ambitions and realise the old dreams even now. Life presses me accursedly with its difficulties. I am the fool of misfortune in love—the victim of defeat in research. If there be a God after all who began these other lives that come to me helpless, yet challenging solutions, perhaps he will not blame me if I had idly wandered in every avenue of painful experiment without any end more tangible than upsetting conclusions to recompense for my own frustrated yet quenchless cravings. When I am dead I shall know nothing and care nothing, and any curious pryer into these notes is at liberty to proclaim to the world that I knew in my misery that mankind does not gain from the work I glory in—that the hunger for fame is what I covet, hating myself for failure, and the rest for success. All my life I must clutch at every shadow that glimmers with promise—must clutch greedily even, yet piteously, as I acknowledge while pitying only self. Renown has come accidentally to some of my colleagues. I have worked, worked, worked, yet have it not. Renown is accidental, as is all virtue and all happiness. Virtue! Happiness! In the last analysis the one is a sinner at heart, the other a silly blind delusion. The only strong true thing in life is death, and that ends all and blots out all. Sternly I have envisaged all post-mortem possibilities in hours of quiet toil; have bared every secret of life in this chamber, have listened to the last flutter of quivering vitality in the brute organism surrendered to my observation. I shall die as these have died, but of course, I hope, respectably. Would that above my pall, the wild scorn that moves me now could blight the faces of the affrighted hypocrites who shall stand around. Life's night is upon me, its curse embitters me, and a curse shall be my legacy to the brutish crowd who knew not my strife and ambitions. One consolation I have in the face of failure, I have thrust my knife through Acts of Parliament and befooled idiot inspectors. Some day a worm shall wriggle through my skull, and that worm shall be fed with what remains of the brilliant aspirations of Professor Scalpelinem. This is a psychological moment, and that worm will be as wise as all psychologists. Psychology!—another humbug which in self-application means the hunting after introspective lice by larger vermin.

* * * *

A strange perturbed soul this, to throb within the bosom of a scientific gentleman dressing for a decorous, if despondent dinner. One is reminded of an ancient thought in modern dress—*i.e.*, that if the supernatural powers placed during the night a glass window in each mortal frame, there would be some crowding and telephoning after Venetian blinds the next morning.

CHAPTER III.

The Kingdom of Love.

The next half-dozen cottages to Tom Grahame's were leased by an order of nursing Sisters, organised by an astute superior, who understood how to justify the Holy Church in the sympathies of the world against the flesh and the—what's-his-name. Truly to the rough population around they were ministering angels, and many a blasphemy was still-born as the grave, gentle women passed to and fro. After the death of Tom's wife, it quite touched him when he came to know why the chapel-bell always tolled whenever a turbulent "drunk" was about. In the dead of night—mid-winter not excepted—the Sisters assembled shivering in the chapel, to pray for the soul of any festive brawler who might be enlivening the district—and his wife monopolised much of this unseen devotion. Tom himself, spite of his blunt heresy, was a bit of a favourite with the sacred colony—his surplus cuttings and seedlings made the convent garden beautiful like his own. Somewhere between the adoration of God and the love of man, most women hold flowers admirable. The resident priest, too, cherished the hope of some day reclaiming the soul of the lame boy, and through it the father's—Tom saw through the benevolent guile—and winked his eye at it. The priest and the cobbler had many a little tournament over the fence on Science *versus* Faith. Tom often scored with his smatterings of history and popular science, but lost ground on high criticisms and subtle humanities. Father Ambrose knew little and cared less about science, but his intellect was keen, and he knew the human heart. When he was of the world there was a woman in his history.

So the chains of coincidence linked the chances of this story together in singular detail. Professor Scalpelinem's boy was seized with fever, and one of the Sisters was engaged to nurse him. In his delirium he raved of Billy's clever dog, and in calmer moments asked for it—or one as clever. The good Sister despatched a note to the convent and Father Ambrose represented the need to Tom, who put the request to Billy. The latter, with much grief at parting with Ratto, but with more pity for his occasional companion, ill, and without any clever dog to amuse him, consented. Billy hobbled to the Professor's and delivered Ratto in person, kissing every precious paw, and fondly rubbing his tearful cheeks against the dog's responsive nose, on parting with it to the supercilious boy in buttons at the imposing door. When the big door closed Billy stood as one bereft of something vital, but there was a sense of consecrating sacrifice in his young heart as he weighed his little happy kingdom in the balance against that sombre solitary house without the drolleries of Ratto—and the poorly-clad cripple pitied the loneliness of the other; and the greater state was found wanting. Ratto was only loaned for a few days, and a royal feast should celebrate his return.

Somehow the hours were laden with dulness these few days for cobbler and cripple. They missed Ratto in the morning—they missed him always. Where Love is supreme there are no satraps and provinces—there is one wide commonwealth, wherein the humblest is lord of the whole dominion. By this suffrage a dog who gladdens one human face is throned higher than a king among courtesans and courtiers. The finest art of pathos adorns the simplest human facts of love between man and brute. Jane Barlow seized this truth, when the tie was almost abject, in her little poem "The Wrong Man." A "drunken good-for-nought" sat half-dazed amid the wild heaps that banked a pit-mouth—a while before he had cowered in darkness with the hill-side for his coffin-lid, till rescued "back to blurred noon and mist of bleak March rain." Groups came and went, but he was the wrong man for all, wifeless, bairnless, there was not one face gladder that the "grey-palled sky

still arched over his dole of drudging days." The wrong man for all, save "a cur" "unshapely, hunger-pinched and old," that came nigh on three gaunt legs:

Low whining to himself for fearful glee,
Till shagged head rub against the grimy knee,
And pouncing paws. Then watch a dim smile wake,
Glow in the listless eyes! "Eh, Grip," says he,
"A be t'roight mon for yo' an' no mistake!"

"To-morrow," said Tom, cheerily, to his boy one day, "our Ratto comes home." Billy's face brightened and he drummed the table with his knuckles. To-morrow is a magical word of promise—victory and bridals are of the morrow, and the night is for watching and craving. The morrow comes and the hero lies with bloody foam on his lips—the morrow comes and black palls mock the orange-blossoms and carolling bells. Ratto came back on the morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

A Minor Key.

The day before the "morrow" that was to signalise the return of Ratto, was an uneven sort of a day at Scalpelinem's—dismal disharmony was generally around.

To begin with the head of the establishment—the Professor was distinctly in the mulligrumps. A supply of dogs for "use" had unaccountably failed him, and his need was urgent.

Mrs. Scalpelinem was nervously impatient anent the non-arrival of a new dress to be worn that evening—and *someone* was to flutter round it mothwise, although Captain McSiccar was a substantial moth, six feet in his socks, florid of face, and all hair, flaxen. His moustache was magnificent, and his eyes were bright and bold. Mrs. Scalpelinem was sickened with the sempiternal vision of sombre researchers, whose eyes blinked at her as if they could see nothing unless through a microscope.

Finally, the boy was much worse, and neither the Professor or his wife cared to linger in the sick room, while each held it proper for the other. The presence of that quiet Sister Julienne was as a sense of being seen through and through. The doctor had looked grave when he went away, and had looked very curiously at the eminent Professor whom he encountered by chance on the stairs. The doctor was concerned, being an enlightened Positivist, at the possibilities of the black-robed nurse poisoning the soul of a child with what to him was barbarous superstition. And he more than suspected something wrong about this uncanny household.

There *was* something a little wrong which the devout Positivist did not suspect. The Professor held his licence for vivisection in connection with the rooms comprised in the physiological laboratory at the University College, but a fair percentage of his investigations—for various reasons, the most pardonable being convenience—was appropriated to the security of his domestic confines. Such things do happen, and here it is desirable to take a seasonable liberty with our impressions—make up a combination negative. Let it be supposed that the sacred cause of untrammelled science retreats behind a large conservatory, which stands to the right of the house by the lawn. The conservatory is long and high, back of that a high wall, and between these a lower roof of opaque glass, which might be anything from a stable to a studio. There was an entrance at either end, and here it was that Professor Scalpelinem held his finger on the pulse of inarticulate life—which is a delightfully discreet metaphor. Maybe his digit was more abrupt within this domain—which maybe he sometimes in public called "Paris"—than in the college laboratory. Just after luncheon the eminent one was crossing the corner of the lawn toward his holy of holies, when he nearly stumbled on Ratto sitting up in begging fashion—Ratto had got out unobserved, and resenting unpunctuality in the arrangements for his meals, was questing to steal or beg. Scalpelinem stooped to stroke Ratto—he glanced round comprehensively with stealth, and seeing no observer, seized the dog by the collar, and lugged him triumphantly into the chamber of horrors. Ratto yelped once—his last yelp in the outer world of fun and sunshine before he was assisted with much ingenuity to climb the golden stair. . . .

(To be continued.)

Review.

British Freewomen, by Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, Diplomée Edin. University. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square, 1894.)

Mrs. Stopes has given a valuable addition to the literature of the day in this book; and has also rendered material assistance to those women who, working to obtain freedom for their sex, look often to the annals of the past for reference, authority, or analogy. She states in her preface that she was urged to the publication of what she had prepared, by Miss Helen Blackburn, Editor of *The Englishwoman's Review*, and readers of this exceedingly useful volume will feel that they owe thanks to Miss Blackburn, as well as Mrs. Stopes herself, that a text-book so useful has come to help their studies. Only those whose needs require such books can tell how much trouble they save, when reliable, and when the information desired is so briefly, accurately and admirably given as it undoubtedly is in this instance. Mrs. Stopes informs us that the materials collected here have proved very useful to herself before they were published; in addresses given by herself in drawing-rooms, in private conversation, in correspondence, and in public papers. They will prove almost equally useful to those who read them, and thus Mrs. Stopes will have done a service manifold, to the cause of women's freedom.

The book begins with a carefully written and specially interesting chapter, entitled, "Ancient History and British Women," and here Mrs. Stopes very justly remarks that "Though early British traditions may survive in later literature, we cannot accept them for critical purposes." The earliest date of our authentic history, she states, was the century of the birth of Christ, and further draws our attention to the deep "impression made upon the Romans by the equality of the sexes among northern nations; by the man's reverence for womanhood, the woman's sympathy with manhood, and the high code of morality that was the natural outcome of this well-balanced society."

Mrs. Stopes takes us in the first chapter at a swift galop through ancient times and their doings, carefully reining in her spirited steed, while she points us here and there to those special land and tide-marks which have made the greatest impression upon our own age; sketching with "the pen of a ready writer" her portraits of able women of the past, hardly hinted at by contemporary or later historians. She follows the example of Plutarch, whom she quotes thus:—"Seeing that many worthy things both public and private have been done by women, it is not amiss to give a brief historic account of those that are public in the first place." In this Plutarch differed from the opinion of Thucydides, which every one knows. Plutarch's narration is quoted here by Mrs. Stopes and is of great interest; he tells of a serious contention which arose among the Celts before they passed over the Alps to a certain tract of Italy, "The women placed themselves between the armies, took up the controversies, argued them so accurately, and determined them so impartially, that an admirable friendly correspondence and general amity prevailed." From this the Celtic men learnt to consult the Celtic women about peace or war, and they acted as mediators between them and their allies. "In the league made with Hannibal the writing runs thus: 'If the Celts quarrel with the Carthaginians, the governors and generals of the Carthaginians shall decide, but if the Carthaginians accuse the Celts, the Celtic women shall decide the controversy.'"

This condition of matters greatly amazed the Roman people, and an authority, quoted by Mrs. Stopes, says, "that the approximation of the women to the men in stature, was the best evidence that the nation had advanced out of barbarism."—What size has to do with civilisation is however open to question.

Instances are given of noted female warriors, Boadicea, a woman of kingly descent, Cartismandua, the Empress Helena, etc. Of the blameless Boadicea, she writes, that she "died in that sad year, 62 A.D."

"That defeat," she says, "rang the death knell of British womanhood, and of the spirit of British manhood. In such a crisis it is *not* the fittest who survive. They who lived to tread upon her grave were born of lower possibilities. Yet she *has lived* the typal woman of the British past."

The Empress Helena, good, refined and cultivated, Mrs. Stopes describes truly as "a Romanised Briton, a Roman wife, a Roman mother, under Roman law.' "And," she adds, "the Roman Law was a meaner foster-mother for feminine virtues than the free old British Law."

She shows how the spirit of British womanhood lost so much of its reserve force by admixture with the Romans, until there came a new race of the north, who still reverenced woman, of whom it was said:—

"They even suppose somewhat of sanctity and prescience to be inherent in the female sex, and neither despise their counsels nor disregard their responses. The wife does not bring a dower to the husband, but the husband to the wife." The lives these people of a Northern stock led gave great strength, health, and noble thoughts. "The young folks marry late, and their vigour is unimpaired." "Well-matched and vigorous they wed, and the offspring reproduce the strength of their parents." It will be seen from these extracts how carefully Mrs. Stopes has suited her quotations to the nature of her work, and to the effect it is intended to produce. She takes us through the early Saxon period to the Norman Conquest, and the condition of England under Norman rule, and depicts in words of weight the positions held by women in the far and more immediate past, and the injustices forced upon them in more recent days. The book is indeed fascinating and full of interest. It ought to be read by all; it ought especially to be studied and almost committed to memory by women.

Few things are more needed by speakers or writers to the newspapers, than to be able to give veracious statements as to the conditions of matters, historical, and pertaining to the position of women in an age gone by. In these pages Mrs. Stopes supplies such workers with abundant testimony as to the fact that to hold powers as citizens and law makers, is not by any means new or unheard of to women. Read carefully "The Modern Basis of Privilege," consider "The Custom of Military Tenure," "The Feudal System," and its effects upon the times in which it flourished, its whys? and its wherefores? also its influence upon the ages that followed and its survivals even in some of the laws of our own day. In reading this book women will become conscious that their subjection to tyrannical laws has been owing to no divine or human right, to no sense of fitness anywhere, but to laws made to suit the grasping tyranny of an age that lived by the sword and to customs evolved from these customs, which have grown into gigantic injustices, and are now tottering to their utter destruction; owing to the brave struggle, still increasing in courage and determination, which women are making against usurped potencies; and the insistence of selfish desire for power of gratification, on the part of the usurpers.

"Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee," Mrs. Stopes says, "is a prophecy of man's wrong, not a statute of man's right." To understand this we have only to collate the passage with that other in which God speaks to Cain before he slew his brother. "If thou doest well shalt thou not be accepted, and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him."

This is capital. There are many women and men who have not even yet begun to think, who would do well to begin, by thinking over this text, so long misinterpreted and misapplied.

Women reading this book cannot fail to be strengthened and greatly assisted in their work. We owe a debt to those who, at the cost of much labour, supply us with necessary facts in so handy a form. Mrs. Stopes says:—"Through the ages the contest between Satan and the woman, between the seed of Satan and the seed of the woman, has been unduly hard both for men and women because of the women being bound both hand and foot." Now woman has stooped and unbound her feet, she can move, she is fast unbinding her hands, she will soon be free, then she will undo evil.

Mrs. Stopes concludes with this earnest appeal to all whose thoughts run deep.

"Let her have Freedom and Fair Play. Let her shew what she can do, when men cease hindering her in the development of *Herself*." She proceeds to predict what will follow this Freedom of women, and closes with an expression often used but always inspiring, "The Truth shall make you *Free*."

PICTURE BY MATTHEW WEBB.

Our "Lady of Pity" enshrined through all ages in the hearts of men, and worshipped in successive goddesses.

Like as a mother caresseth one, so will I comfort you. Moreover, the sons of men shall hope under the shelter of thy wings.

Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings.

Crowned and clad in the blue of heaven, she is the pleading Madonna of the Roman Church. *Consolatrix afflictorum.*

Holding the celestial sphere in which the planets, like sunflowers, are drawn to the Sun, she is Hera, goddess in the starry sky.

With her Dove she is Aphrodite as protectress of mothers.

With her crescent halo she is Artemis, the *creative* and *sustaining* force of Nature. She rises from a background of the earth, Magna Mater, Demeter, Terra Omniparens, wrapped in cloud, with wave-washed rocks, from whose fruitful soil springs the bread-fruit tree like the wheat-ears of Ceres.

The idea of *Motherhood* is echoed again and again throughout the painting. In the lantern flies which form the aureole, and are thought by some to glow only in the female. In the girl-child nursing her doll, as she tenderly leads the lamb, while the right hand of *Divinity* (the Mother) holding the robe over the sheltered shoulders of childhood, is, beneath the robe, clenched in defiance of him who would molest "the least of these little ones."

In the lower part of the design is the simple and homely life of the field, the kindly earth; above in her heaven, and hovering alike over child and lambkin, is the Divine All-Mother, with deep, serious, and tender eyes.

Vivisection.

By Mary M'Kinnel.

THE subject of Vivisection is one now arousing much public attention, and to a large and increasing extent public condemnation.

Repulsive in its nature and details, it is one which may appear at first sight to be of less moment than other questions of the day, but even a slight acquaintance with the facts reveals their true significance, and the paramount importance to humanity of the toleration or suppression of this method of physiological research. On its triumph or prohibition depends to a very great extent the degradation or elevation of the human race. Vivisection is not, therefore, a mere question of science, or one for scientists alone to decide, as its votaries would have us believe, nor is its supposed value to science the issue chiefly to be considered. The moral results of vivisection are of still greater importance, and more far-reaching in their effects on mankind, and must never be overlooked. When science, so-called, is found to be inconsistent with morality, the former must give way, for right in the one instance cannot be wrong in the other. As the greater includes the less, that system cannot be right which in working for the body and material benefit only, employs methods at variance with the moral nature, and which contaminate and degrade the soul.

It has been well said that vivisection "is a system built upon outraged nature, instead of nature obeyed." Its outcome has abundantly proved the insecurity and folly of its foundation, for while its fruits are valueless to the science which it is presumably intended to aid, it hardens the heart and sears the conscience of those engaged in its inhuman practices. For such results as these, thousands upon thousands of innocent and helpless creatures, many of them only a little lower than ourselves in the scale of being, are daily and hourly sacrificed in torments.

What does the term vivisection mean? what does it include? some may still ask, who, hearing and reading conflicting accounts of the nature and amount of suffering it entails, are bewildered.

In plain English it means the cutting up of living animals, but in modern practice much more than this is included in the term vivisection, *viz.*, an amount of mutilation and ingenious torture, not only by the knife, but by poison and corrosive drugs and other methods, producing anguish often of the most agonising and prolonged description, and practically to an almost unlimited extent, upon inoffensive and defenceless animals, which is a blot upon civilization and a disgrace to humanity.

"The most portentous fact," says a writer on this subject in the *Zoophilist* in 1891, "is that it is a justified cruelty, not the lingering relic of old barbarism condemned by every enlightened and educated mind, but the upspringing of a new vice in the hot beds of our highest culture. In any age and community cruel men and women have existed. In ancient times and in savage lands no public opinion condemned them. But that *now* and *here*, where the tide of human sentiment has reached a higher level than ever before on the globe, that there should arise and flourish a practice involving the extremest cruelty, and that that practice should be largely approved by the educated classes of the community, is a fact fraught with terrible significance."

That experiments in vivisection are largely on the increase in our own country, government statistics prove, for while in 1876, when the Act first came in force, the number of licensed vivisectors was 23, it has now increased to 184, and the number of licensed places and institutions from 19 to 93. The number of experiments has risen from 481 to 4,046, of which those without anæsthetics have increased from 164 to 2,254, and even these figures do not represent the extent to which vivisection is practised in our country.

That these experiments often involve suffering as cruel and intense as that inflicted by continental vivisectors there is unfortunately no doubt. It is sufficient to know, on the one hand, that instruments for the most complicated experiments are continually advertised in our professional journals and circulars, showing that there is a constant demand for them, and on the other hand, that the passion for what is called "experimental research" is virtually unrestrained. The number of those holding what is called the open licence to vivisect without anæsthetics and the number of experiments actually thus performed, according to the Government Inspectors' returns, is sufficient proof of this. The way in which this Government inspection of vivisection is conducted, and its extent, are also unsatisfactory and inadequate to fulfil the requirements of the Act, which was intended as a protection to animals. There is now no doubt in the minds of those who are aware of the facts, that the men who conduct this inspection are known to be themselves favourable to vivisection; but it is perhaps not generally known that in 1892 only 122 visits of inspection were made by the two doctors deputed to that duty, that is, less than one visit to each experimenter—in other words, "one possible visit to every 31 actual operations." "3960 experiments were made during that year but neither Inspector nor deputy admit to having inspected a single one." The experimenter reports to the Inspector, who from these reports compiles his "return to Parliament." Surely such "inspection" is as insufficient as it is misleading. Yet in the House of Commons on June 22nd, 1893, the Home Secretary said, "I am satisfied that the system of inspection is such as to secure the observance of the condition on which the licences and certificates were issued." "Is the public satisfied," it has been asked, "with an inspection of *buildings* and the non-inspection of animals which the Act of Parliament was intended to protect?"

That an ever increasing holocaust of wretched animals are thus sacrificed to the supposed requirements of science, both in this country, in America, and on the Continent, is also certain. Monsieur Flourens, a French experimentalist, in alluding to Majendie, one of the greatest Continental vivisectors, says: "He sacrificed 4,000 dogs to prove the correctness of Sir Charles Bell's views with regard to the distribution of the sensitive and motor nerves, and then sacrificed 4,000 more to prove those views erroneous;" and, adds M. Flourens, "*I* took up the experiments in my turn and demonstrated the first opinion to be the right one; . . in order to arrive at my results I also vivisected a great number of dogs." Contrast these statements and this horrible method of arriving at scientific conclusions with what Sir Charles Bell himself says: "I am happy in believing," he says, "that the examination of the natural motions and the watchful observance of the phenomena of life will go further to give us just notions of physiology than dissections of living animals."

Let us not either flatter ourselves or imagine for a moment that vivisectional experiments in England and Scotland are behind those on the Continent in barbarity. "They have quite equalled," says one who speaks with knowledge, "the worst atrocities perpetrated on the Continent." That they are in the meantime lessened, or we do not hear so much of them, is probably due to the search-light which has been turned upon these deeds of darkness by the efforts of anti-vivisectionists. The ungoverned anger, I might almost say fury, in some instances, with which the results of these efforts have been met by the enemy, and the endeavour to cast the odium of falsehood upon their attackers, is proof in itself of the breach made in their stronghold, and that it is not false accusations but the truth of which they are afraid. "Could anything be more awful," says the Rev. John Baird of Edinburgh, the author of several works on the Spiritual life, "than the agonies inflicted in the University of Edinburgh, and which form a lasting disgrace to that Institution?" The experiments in question were performed without chloroform, the animals were in agony for eight hours, during which their wounds were opened and re-opened for the injection of drugs, and the result of all this torment was the ludicrous conclusion from a medical point of view that mercury has no action on the bile secretion"! I have been told that much indignation was aroused in Edinburgh, not only in the general public but among the students of the professor who performed these experiments, and it is encouraging to know that in Glasgow, at a public meeting in November, 1892, it was stated by one of the speakers, the Rev. R. W. Dobie, that "if there was one thing they ought to be glad of, it was the revolt among the students, he knew a number of medical students, and he could safely say that four out of every five were thoroughly hostile to vivisection." But does Edinburgh or Glasgow stand alone in this cruel and loathsome record? There is not a laboratory in London or elsewhere which has not been the scene of atrocities as fearful as those which are frankly confessed to be of daily occurrence in Paris, Leipsig and Berlin. "It is only necessary," say the *Zoophilist*, "to look through a few of the recent volumes of the *Journal of Physiology* in the British Museum Library, to see what English vivisection is, and to be amazed at the effrontery of those who have told the public that there are no horrors and no atrocities connected with the physiological laboratories of this country. Wherever the *Journal of Physiology* is—there is the best anti-vivisection literature we know of." A writer in the *Agnostic Journal* in 1892, who previously exercised a vigorous pen on the pro-vivisection side of this controversy, thus describes a change in his opinions:—"I have not the heart to plead for the utility or the morality of vivisection any longer. I had written a dozen folios successfully, as I thought, refuting Mr. Maitland's statements, with the exception of one or two minor points *re* inspection, concerning which I had been misinformed. It was, however, gently suggested by one who had the right to advise, that before sending off the MS. it might be well to avail myself of an open invitation to witness in person some *stock* experiments on living animals, especially frogs. I did so. A pledge of absolute secrecy was demanded and given, and he who so demanded was wise in his generation. One afternoon of Whit week I descended into hell. Of what I saw, I may not speak, save that it was eloquent enough of what had been done before, and what would be done afterwards. I came out into the sunshine of the outer world sickened, shocked, and revolted beyond measure: the twittering of free and happy birds seemed but to thrill the air with tremulous agony—and such agony so miserably meaningless and inexpressibly pitiful was that I had left behind."

More recently, in replying to a scurrilous attack in the *Liberty Review* upon the veracity of anti-vivisectionists, the same writer reminds the accuser that such imputations "are dangerous and apt to recoil unless consistent with evidence."

Much of the most useful work done by anti-vivisectionists is the collecting of authentic evidence, and keeping constantly before the public the discrepancies, mistakes, confusion and contradictory statements furnished by vivisectors in their own journals and papers. To give one among hundreds: the experiments of Dr. Ferrier, on the brain, for which he used monkeys, are thus referred to by Dr. Bell Taylor, the eminent ophthalmic surgeon of Nottingham, in his pamphlet, "Vivisection, is it justifiable?" "Charcot," he says, "and Petres in France, Hitzig, Munk and Herman in Germany, Luciani and Tambourini in Italy, and Drs. Schoefar and Goodheart in England, all differ from Ferrier in the conclusions drawn from his vivisectional experiments. Professor Munk, besides rejecting the conclusions of Flourens, Fritsch, Hitzig, Caville, Douet, Nothnagel, Schiff, Herman and Goltz, speaks of Ferrier's certainty in his own results as being only equalled by the impossibility of the slightest faith being placed in any of these results by any one who examines his researches." Ludwig, whose laboratory in Leipsig is the largest in the world, compares these experiments to injuries to a watch by means of a pistol shot! It should be added, that so well recognised is this uncertainty, and the misleading nature of vivisectional experiments in general, that it has become the practice of the examining professors in the chief medical schools of the Continent now to rebuke any student who cites an experiment on animals in support of any medical theory, on account of the misleading and unscientific nature of the practice. What then is the nature and degree of this terrible method of investigation into the mysteries of nature,—and what the culmination of suffering it inflicts upon sentient and highly organised beings?

Professor Montegayza of Milan classifies the pain produced by his own vivisectional experiments, the express object of which was to produce the maximum of suffering, hence no anæsthetics, into four degrees, *viz.*, great pain, intense pain, cruel pain, atrocious pain. I will now, even at the risk of to some extent harrowing your feelings, give a short and bare summary of such experiments, compiled by Dr. Berdoe; for it seems to me, that for those whose minds and hearts are alive to the facts,—and still more to those who are uninformed of them, or whose interest needs to be aroused to action, the time is past for shrinking from hearing about what we ought to know of the sufferings—preventible—which our poor dumb friends and companions have to endure, for purposes indefensible and mischievous on moral grounds, as they are, according to their perpetrators, always barren of results of any scientific worth.

"There is not an organ of the animal body," say Dr. Berdoe, "not a function, not a sensation, which has not been or is not being investigated and experimented upon by the physiologists. Is it the brain? They plough it with red hot instruments, they pick and slice and galvanise it. Is it the spinal cord? Its functions are minutely explored, and the nerves which come from it traced with scalpel and forceps in the living frame, till they are lost in hair-like threads, then tested by electricity and irritated by drugs. In the eyes are inserted powerful and biting acids, and through their transparent media they watch the effects of painful inoculations. The lungs are deprived of their natural motive power and artificial respiration substituted, working by bellows. The channels of the blood are used as if they were merely tubes. The nerves are treated as though they were galvanic battery wires, and the gamut of agony played upon them by cunning fingers skilled to discover their uttermost capability of suffering. The heart is laid bare, its palpitations are the subject of observation with delicate instruments; its valves are treated as though they belonged to a philosophical instrument made of glass or india-rubber. The kidney is the subject of most prolonged and unutterable torture, and a special apparatus invented at Cambridge is used for recording the increase and degree of its volume when laid in a metal box connected by its nerves and blood-vessels to the suffering creature. The liver is reached by a number of painful and tedious incisions. The gall bladder connected therewith is exposed, and the bile duct, exquisitely sensitive, as those who suffer from the dreadful disease called gall stones sadly know, is clamped, divided, tied and pulled about for hours, and (as I have proved) not under the influence of any anæsthetic. Can the animal eat? It is kept without food, or fed on grotesque diets to see how long it will take to starve. Can it drink? It must be subjected to experiments with fluids. It has blood, it must be all removed and pumped in again, that something may be learned even from that. It breathes, it shall have poisonous gases to inhale. It

can, or cannot vomit; this shall be tested. Can it perspire? It shall be varnished or covered with wax to see how long it can live without doing so. Can it take cold? It shall be shaved clean, and bathed in ice water to try how long it takes to contract pneumonia. Can it burn? It shall be baked alive. Can it be scalded? It shall be boiled alive. Freeze? It shall be stiffened to the consistence of wood. Is there a new disease discovered by the faculty? It shall be compelled to contract it if possible, or exhibit the reason why it does not. Is there a degree of agony which just stops short of death and no more? Nail by nail shall be driven carefully into its limbs, while its torment is confronted by degrees of exhaled carbonic acid gas till no more crucifixion can be borne."

And "this," says Dr. Albert Seffingwell, "is vivisection, barren as regards any fruit of discovery for the healing art, and only fertile as regards the gratification of scientific curiosity."

And what then is the excuse made for all this hideous cruelty? "Benefit of humanity" and even of the lower animals themselves, which some English physiologists have the temerity to advance as their sufficient reason, is openly laughed at by continental vivisectors as the "hypocrisy of English vivisectors, who try to salve the conscience of the British public by this pretence;" while on the other hand they endeavour to cloak their own abominable cruelty with a fallacy scarcely less transparent, *viz.*, the "advance of science" so-called, though one of the most eminent, or I should rather say notorious, of their number, Claude Bernaud, after a lifetime passed in such investigation, declared "our hands are empty"! Truly it seems a mad infatuation, the greatest empirical blunder and delusion of any age, in a profession which, in spite of its noble triumphs, and brilliant discoveries through legitimate channels, has unfortunately been branded by such cruel methods of discovering nothing. "How is it," asked a member of that profession, when addressing the Church Conference on this burning question in 1892, "how is it that an intelligent, and in most respects humane, profession can be so far wrong? I answer, because it is dominated, or intoxicated, hypnotised if you will, by the vivisecting spirit,"—a spirit which, in the words of a writer already quoted, "has through the intellectual intricacies of practical experimental work subdued the most elementary sentiments of pity, tenderness and chivalry, and reduced the generous instincts of man's nature systematically to hard calculations of ingenious possibilities." Surely never could the celebrated lines of Pope be quoted more fittingly than with reference to this "monster": "Of so vile a mien that to be hated need but to be seen,—but seen too oft, familiar with his face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace."

(To be continued.)

"THE LABOUR ANNUAL."

Under this title Joseph Edwards, of Liverpool, who was included last December in our sketches of "Influential Lives" is editing, to be published by the Labour Press, Manchester, a handbook and guide to the social movements of the day.

Covering every reform movement of our time it is to be specially a guide to the literature, programmes, objects and results of the many societies working for righteousness. Mr. Edwards is one who knows how much the labour and woman "questions" are interdependent, and asks from our readers their hearty co-operation in making our own views better understood. His address is at 64, Carter Street, Liverpool, and prospectuses may be obtained from him on application. The first issue will be ready early in December, at a cost of 1s.

The Co-Education of the Sexes.

At present the attention of many persons is seriously considering the subject of the co-education of girls and boys. It is looked at from many points of view, and there are women whose views, in general, inspire respect advocating it as a means of equalising the position of the sexes. Others, awake to the need that exists for refining and improving the feeling shown by each sex for the other when childhood is emerging into youth, see in it a valuable aid to the destined improvement. Yet another class, whose efforts are prompted neither by social nor by ideal considerations, but by a purpose more likely than either of the foregoing to be effectual in a commercial country, are the economists. Except for their possible money weight, these latter might be passed over in any matter purely educational. But the pity of it is that, money being so essential to any scheme, this must have more than it deserves of our consideration. To deal with the three classes of advocates in their order of merit, we may take first those who purpose to raise the relations existing between the sexes in early youth. All who wish well to the community must agree with them in their aim; but many persons who have done long actual educational work very strongly disagree with them in thinking that co-education will prove a moral lever. Let us look at facts, which are the best illustration of any theory. *The North American Review* some time ago said that in those places where co-education is at work a marked want of deference is shown by young men to young women and that the danger which exists for the girls ought never to be incurred by them even if they should eventually escape uncontaminated. This is practical evidence, and runs contrary to the established notion of the girls having such supreme influence as to raise the young men to their standard. There may come a time when such may be said of them, but we do not hasten that day by acting precipitately. At the present time our gilded English youth are safeguarded at Cambridge by the Spinning-house and the University bulldogs. When these are dispensed with, and when the Halls of Newnham and Girton are no longer used exclusively for girls, when the sexes share in common the full life of the University, then we may judge by actual observation whether it will be wise or well to extend the plan to the planes below. If co-education should work successfully anywhere, it should be in those centres which draw towards themselves young people who have already passed through their most excitable youthful days, and who have had the great advantage of favourable home life. If the advocates would recommend its adoption at Oxford or Cambridge or both, the non-advocates of co-education would willingly refrain from further comment till the result of the trial could be seen. It would be interesting to know what attitude the mothers of the Oxford undergraduates and the Girton girls hold towards the suggested innovation. Whatever their feelings may be, they would at least indicate the mothers' view of the classes below, with reference to younger daughters and sons in places less carefully, not so easily guarded. At present we can only judge of the value of mixed schools for the people, by looking into the moral condition of those counties where such schools have long existed. If wife-beating is a common fault, if infant mortality bears a significant ratio to infant life-insurance; and if the number of illegitimate births are excessive, we cannot by any stretch of charity believe that mixed schools have been a special benefit to these counties. It were desirable that an opposite system should be set at work and that we compare the outcome with what we already have. If favourable to the newer, we should know what to do.

But so far as co-education may result in the equalisation of the position of the sexes, we have little to guide us. Much more can be expected from similarity of education pursued separately than from any scheme followed in common. When the sexes have the best possible thing done for them their relative position will take a natural course. And the most ardent supporter of woman's rights would scarcely be willing to improve that relative position by any steps that may demoralise both sexes.

With regard to economists, who openly avow their wish to save the school-rates when they propose the mixed system under a head master, nothing need be said but to show them a still more excellent way of saving the money without injuring the children. That way is, the greater employment of women teachers for young boys. Except with quite older boys, and perhaps even with them,* women are eminently superior teachers, because they have proved eminently suitable as the mothers of boys. Nature plainly indicates which sex should take the greatest part in the education of the young. Therefore it is with the greatest regret that those who earnestly desire the growing good of the community witness the attempts being made from the most sordid motives to put back the finger of progress by crowding together girls and boys, who already in our large towns come from overcrowded homes, then consummate these undesirable conditions by placing at its head a man instead of a woman. Let the children be in separate schools and each school under women teachers if you will, for then boys early in life may learn to reverence all the sex by the deference they have habitually paid to women older than themselves, from whom they have imbibed knowledge. This may tend to lessen wife-beating, and to increase the possibility of friendship between women and men. Here the benefit would be all for the boys, whilst the girls would not be deprived of their best right—a woman teacher. Nor would women be deprived of an essentially suitable employment, and in default be obliged to compete in the employments for men. It is in vain some people remind us that nature sends boys and girls into the same family—nature only puts sisters and brothers together there. The unrelated are born in separate families.

It is difficult to believe that so retrograde a movement as mixed schools could have been suggested had women taken their due place on Boards of Education. When the largest Board in the world has only four women members on it to represent all the girls and infants—who are about two to one of the total under tuition—and also to care for the interests of the women teachers, who are to the men in similar proportion, it is little wonder that the interests of girls are not paramount. It is much to be hoped that an increasing number of women will soon see that in no way can they so immediately benefit their own sex, and through it the whole of society, as by taking an active part in all councils that exist for the education of the young.

J'ESPERE.

Some Thoughts for Digestion.

There is a politeness of condescension which is but the veiled insolence of an assumed superiority; and no courtesy can atone for injustice. If we "rob woman of the ground on which she ought to stand," it signifies little with what grimaces of gallantry we offer her a seat.—W. B. Hodgson.

"*The* question is, whether the two sexes are entitled to equal rights, or whether one is created for the use of the other. *This once settled*, the rest follows easily. Granting medical necessity for stamping out a disease, then any law to effect this must affect *both* sexes *equally*. A gigantic insult to the *female sex* is being offered by legislators and *legislators must remove it*."—Mary Carpenter.

* [Yes, best teachers in all cases.]

Prophetic—A Fancy.

JANUARY, 1927.

By Lamia.

Scene.—*A London drawing-room with electrically arranged fire-place, giving the appearance of great logs of wood burning. In each corner of the room a beautiful piece of statuary, from each side of which depend long chains of daisies running from one to the other, forming a complete circle around the room, being caught up to the ceiling here and there with a very graceful effect. The room handsomely furnished, pictures, hangings, exquisite works of art, flowers, etc. Two ladies are seated before the fire, one about 25, the other 30.*

Grace. By the way, Tracy, see what I have found in an old secretary of mother's.

Tracy. (Takes a newspaper faded and creased from her companion's hand and reads aloud) "Women have no inventive creative power; no genius. What have they ever done in painting or music, to be remembered?" What is the date of this? Ah! 1893. It's a different story they tell now since Madame Carnford invented this system of general heating, and other women have done and are doing so much.

Grace. Ah! that reminds me, dear. Wait a moment. Do you not feel chilly? How do you like my new arrangement for conveying the heat around the room? (Touching a spring in the hearth as she speaks, the statues in the corners play sweet strains of music, which grow gradually softer and sweeter until silence once more holds sway.)

Tracy. Ah! that is lovely! Are all those daisy chains pipes?

Grace. Yes, but I haven't shown you all, look again. (Touching the spring, this time a fine effect is produced, the daisy chain glows with a soft radiance which makes the room as bright as at noonday, without its glare.)

Tracy. Beautiful, beautiful! Do you remember how our backs used to freeze while our faces burned, and how they laughed down general heating? Yes, even in the face of sooty chimneys, hearths full of ashes, *bric-à-brac* one mass of dust, smoky walls and ceilings; even one's clothing was not exempt.

Grace. What I do enjoy, is that new travelling system invented by Mary Caines.

Tracy. You mean those delightful little two-wheeled coaches propelled—

Grace. Dear me! no. Those are old. Haven't you ridden in the new aerial coaches?

Tracy. What are they?

Grace. They sent for me to go to St. Petersburg last week. I was expecting to be at least two hours on the road, but when I arrived at the depot I was placed in a dear little padded box, something like an old fashioned elevator, only smaller, and the door closed upon me. In about five minutes the door was opened and I was politely invited by a Russian to come out, and behold my journey was over.

Tracy. How was it done?

Grace. Something on the plan of the old telegraph—they send *things* over the wires now, as they used to send messages.

Tracy. In what order did you find your wardrobe when you arrived?

Grace. Just what one could wish for—every little detail was attended to. Does it seem possible that only fifteen years ago we could not go anywhere without taking along great packages of luggage?

Tracy. I can remember my mother telling about carrying around dressing cases, books, pillows, rugs, dresses, underclothing, in fact everything. It was like a moving every time they wanted to take a little trip even to the Continent.

Grace. When Miss Tributary Jones invented that scheme for renting rooms or houses all furnished with everything, at

a figure which people not millionnaires could touch, saving the moving of dishes, furniture, etc., we thought *that* was freedom, when contemplating a journey.

TRACY. Yes, but think what it means to be able to send a dummy figure a few hours ahead of you, giving prices of gowns desired with all the accessories; step into your carriage, arrive at your rooms finding dresses, underclothing, brushes, combs, gloves, everything in fact which one needs and all without worry!

GRACE. Who invented that system? I've forgotten.

TRACY. Maud Macdonald, only twenty years old when she got it patented.

GRACE. You see when *that* paper (indicating old '93) was printed women were so busy using their inventive faculty in creating flesh and blood that they had no time for anything else—why, I've heard them tell of having ten and twelve children!

TRACY. One woman?

GRACE. Yes, one woman, and then be told that she had no inventive faculty or creative genius. It was pretty severe on them, wasn't it?

TRACY. Anyway they have proved since what they could do in mechanics and literature and it will not be long till art also claims her own.

GRACE. Every one to her liking of course, but do you know of all the inventions we have, I must say that I like, as one of the best—because one of the most freedom-giving—the arrangements we now have for providing meals.

TRACY. Delightful! it requires a great stretch of imagination to fancy any one being satisfied or even putting up with that tiresome fashion of each family, each wife and mother, having wretched housework from morning to night; what an awful trouble it must have been to every housekeeper in those days—flour, sugar, soap, candles, pepper, salt, butter, powders—oh-h! how *could* they! what a nasty way it really was, now, wasn't it? to have one's food and household arrangements the source of such weary, killing work to somebody or other.

GRACE. (Laughing heartily at Tracy's look of disgust and vivacious movements.) I quite agree with you, and it is the one thing I mean to ask mother about when I see her again, which will be in a month's time.

TRACY. What a rare time we shall have. Let us take notes and compare her time with ours; we shall, I expect, find out many facts we may not know yet, also just when and how all these changes took place.

GRACE. Capital. One thing I can quite remember, and that was the terrible stir which was caused by the new domestic arrangements, the men declared that now women would have nothing to do, would become too independent, etc., etc.

TRACY. Yes, and wouldn't care about their husbands, their children, their homes, or anything else in fact. My husband will be here in about ten minutes, I'm sure *we* love each other devotedly enough?

GRACE. No doubt about that, my dear, every one is prepared to swear to it if need be. Oh! here he is.

(The curtain falls just in time to preserve the husband as a *pièce de* ——— what shall he be called?—for another view.)

SHOULD wives obey their husbands? asks some benighted man in the *Star*. No, certainly not. How would he feel were it laid down by all women that men should obey their wives? Well, that is just how women feel in the case as put to them, and they mean to act just as Mr. Homo would act were he to be held in subjection. No, dear Homo, it won't do now.

Facts for Reference.

This page and probably further pages will contain for the future facts about women, news about women, accounts of women and notices of women which will be useful as reference notes. Their progress will be followed and recorded here as fully as possible.

TUNIS is in the hands of the French, and Tunis has a Micro-biological Laboratory, and Pasteur Institute, at the head of which is Dr. Loir. Ordinary vaccination appears to be part of his work; but in this he has been greatly hindered by the modesty or conventionality, call it what you will, of the Arab women, who object to being operated on by male hands. Dr. Loir has evolved what a newspaper correspondent calls "an excellent idea." He has applied to the Union des Femmes de France for pupils, and is now training a vaccination class. When sufficiently educated the members of this class are to be employed in vaccinating the women and children of Tunis. So civilisation goes on!

A "SPHERE" FOR WOMEN.—Revelations have lately been made of cruel treatment of the sick poor in workhouses. The state of twelve provincial workhouses and infirmaries has been described in detail in the *British Medical Journal*; and, just before Parliament rose, a question concerning inspectors was asked in the House by Mr. A. C. Morton. Mr. Shaw Lefevre in reply, said that no special rules were laid down with respect to the qualifications of inspectors of the Local Government Board. For the last twenty years, however, inspectors had, almost without exception, served as assistant inspectors before appointment. It was their duty to visit the sick wards of the workhouses and hear complaints, if complaints there were. Boards of Guardians, unfortunately, "still relied to a greater extent than was desirable on untrained nurses." There had been, however, an increase of late years in the number of qualified nurses, an increase due largely to the action of the inspectors and the Board. Mr. Morton asked how it was that the inspectors did not find out the cruelties inflicted on little children at the Brentford schools. Mr. Shaw Lefevre said that it was "very difficult indeed" to discover cases of cruelty: children were often afraid to complain. "Do the inspectors take any opportunity of seeing the children themselves?" asked Mr. Morton. "Oh, yes, undoubtedly they do," answered Mr. Shaw Lefevre, but did not seem to know very much about it. He promised, however, carefully to study the whole subject, efficiency of inspectors and all, during the recess. He is now, therefore, at work; and suggestions from many quarters should be made to him concerning the appointment of women all over the country as inspectors of workhouses and infirmaries.

IN DURHAM.—From a report in a Durham newspaper we learn that the Durham County Council knows how to pay its Technical Education teachers. Miss Maidment has been engaged as permanent dairy-instructor at a salary of £260 a year. She is to appoint and be responsible for an assistant, and has chosen Miss Kendal. The County Council pays Miss Kendal direct, and her salary is £104 a year. Miss Dunn, who has been giving health lectures in the villages of Durham ever since the beginning of the year at a salary of six guineas a week, is now to resume work with £6 16s. 6d. a week. All her travelling expenses are paid in addition. She gives five lectures in the week, and holds a class either before or after each lecture. The newspaper account of the County Council meeting where these appointments and salaries were discussed is somewhat amusing. One member complained that they never met without having an application from the Technical Education Committee for an increase of staff or an increase of salaries. "If this sort of thing is to go on at this rate, where shall we be landed?" Another member—an old Colonel, evidently behind the age—protested that lectures on physiology were undesirable. "What is the use of people's knowing what their blood is composed of!" This speech was received with laughter. The Chairman and several members spoke warmly of the good accomplished by Miss Dunn. Her addresses to women, said one, were always particularly well-attended, It may interest the readers of SHAFTS to know that after Miss Dunn had given about two hundred health-lectures in various parts of the kingdom, she came to the conclusion that she ought to be able to help women more effectually, and, to this end, she bravely went in for a three months' course of midwifery. This was only last summer. She worked and studied under Dr. Annie McColl at the Clapham Maternity Hospital, and afterwards gained the London Obstetric Society's diploma. She then attended the autumn course of lectures at the Sanitary Science Institute, and gained the Sanitary Science Certificate. Close upon this came the invitation from the Durham Technical Education Committee to lecture for six weeks in six of the mining villages of the county; and in Durham she has been ever since. Miss Dunn is a member of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, and if not yet a complete vegetarian is convinced of the truth of vegetarianism.

"FEMININE."—The Rev. Canon Hammond, speaking at the Grindelwald Conference in August, used these words: "One cannot exchange catholicity for sectarianism—and all that sectarianism means—without moral and spiritual hurt. I have only to remind you of the strifes and jealousies, the bickerings and animosities, yes, and the fierce *and feminine* hatreds which Dissent has engendered, both in Churchmen and in Dissenters, to show what an injury it has been to both." Is "feminine hatred" of a different quality from masculine hatred? Or, is hatred itself a feminine passion? Odd, then, that men should have it within them! "Strifes," "jealousies," "bickerings," "animosities," are, it appears, to be considered as masculine.

IN his opening address at Norwich, the President of the Trades Union Congress emphatically said that women workers must become "equal comrades" of men workers, "receiving equal pay for equal work." And again, "Women must be paid the same as men, *and treated as their equals*." Two days later Miss Whyte moved the following resolution:—

"That this Congress is quite opposed to the clause in the proposed new Factory Bill, giving power to the Home Secretary to stop women from working in a trade which he considers unhealthy, and urges the Parliamentary Committee to do their utmost to prevent this from becoming law."

Miss Whyte could find no seconder, and the resolution therefore fell through. The idea of equality, it would seem, has progressed no further than the Presidential chair. Suppose the Home Secretary were to forbid men to become bakers, for instance, because 60 per cent. of them die of phthisis and pneumonia, because their hours of labour are cruelly long, and the cellars in which they work are close and foul: what would happen?

THE "G. O. M." of New South Wales, Sir Henry Parkes, declares that "Federation is in the air." The latest phase of it is expressed in a resolution passed by the Trades Union Congress at Norwich in favour of the federation of all the labour societies. The current number of *The Ludgate Monthly* has a portrait of Mrs. Ellen Percival Johnston, a New Zealander, and the originator of a new idea in the form of "A Women's Imperial Federation Club."

MRS. PERCIVAL JOHNSTON proposes to establish a Club in London with which all other clubs established and to be established will be federated; and with which they will co-operate in all matters affecting the political, social, and industrial welfare of women; also which will be a powerful factor in bringing about Imperial Federation. What the Colonial Institute and the Imperial Institute are for men the Women's Imperial Federation Club will be for women. One of its chief features will be a well organised Information Bureau. A difficulty which the existing Clubs labour under is, the want of a centrally situated hall for meetings and discussions, and this the Federal Club will supply. Mrs. Percival Johnston is said to be an enthusiastic and indefatigable worker, and is, we are told, sparing no pains or expense in carrying out her ideas, which have already received the approval and sympathy of a large number of eminent women and men.

MRS. LYNN LINTON in a Garden Party written for *The Queen*, gives us the following:—

"To anyone who loves youth, and who believes in the enduring goodness of human nature, despite occasional rubs and disappointments, there is" (says Mrs. Linton) "much to rejoice the heart at one of these garden parties. For, indeed, we gather there together some rare specimens of the race; and by their charm we learn to forget certain disappointing failures met with in the desert. Girls who are not revolted daughters—heaven bless them, they scarcely know the phrase and certainly do not realise all that it implies!—but on the contrary, who are not ashamed to love and obey the mother as the dearest friend and the best treasure they possess—daughters who delight to accompany the father in his walks, his rides, his drives, his duties, not only because they think they ought, but because they love him and delight in his companionship—sisters who think their brothers the finest fellows extant, and who do not patronise, nor snub, nor 'sit on them' when they are at home—and sisters who think one another the best companions to be had."

This is so good that it is difficult to believe it comes from that pen of gall. Could Mrs. L. Linton have stayed her quill at this point, a soothing thought of her might have rested with us. But her next words, which are not inserted here, spoil it all. Why should she gaze awry at what is good? distorting all she sees.

MRS. MONA CAIRD, founder of the Independent Anti-Vivisection Society, and a writer of great merit, has written a new novel entitled *The Daughters of Danaus* which will be published at the end of September by Bliss, Sands, and Forster. In it Mrs. Caird renews her attack on the marriage system in its present form, so that the book is likely to have a great vogue. It will be published at once in one volume form at 6s..

Notices.

THE October issue of SHAFTS will contain a short record of two noble lives each in her different sphere and environments, namely, Madame Bergman Osterberg, of the Physical Training College, Hampstead, the result of whose every-day life work cannot be fully foreseen, and Mrs. Catherine Weed Ward, who with her husband, Mr. Snowden Ward, as Co-Editor of the *Photogram*, is raising photography to an art and making a way for many women to follow in her footsteps.

Some chapters will be commenced shortly on "Our Younger Workers," in which I ask for the help and co-operation of the workers themselves.

The Meetings at the Offices of SHAFTS will be resumed on Friday, the 21st September, at 4 p.m. Reading from good authors will form part of this session's programme. The hours also will be arranged to suit the majority.

May I mention here that SHAFTS is *not* the organ of the Pioneer Club, nor of any society or party whatever. SHAFTS is a perfectly independent paper, devoted to the search for truth.

The Offices of SHAFTS are not now likely to be removed from Arundel Street. Notice will be given should it become necessary. At present it is merely a change of room, not address.

Correspondence.

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

MANICURING AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

Dear Mrs. Sibthorp,—Knowing of your interest in women's work and your belief that all women should be self-reliant in the matter of their maintenance, I shall be glad if you will be so good as to allow me to bring under the notice of your readers, that I am now giving courses of lessons in the subjects of Manicuring and Pedicuring.

I am anxious to do so because probably many of them, either from choice or necessity, wish to take up a profession.

This is one that has the advantage of not being overcrowded, and, moreover, one of which, under careful tuition, a thorough knowledge may be acquired by any woman of average skill and delicacy of touch. The fact of the profession being so far from overcrowded is mainly due to the fact that its leading representatives have been very reluctant to undertake the tuition of pupils, and in many cases have only consented to do so upon the pupil binding herself over to the most arbitrary restrictions as to the exercise of her knowledge.

This has been done undoubtedly with the idea of keeping the standing of the profession at a high level, but I am convinced that it is a mistaken policy and that its best eventual interests are to be served by extending the limits to those who, at the present time, are reluctant to avail themselves of the services of a manicure on the score of the excessively high fee that is usually charged. If this objection can be removed, manicuring and pedicuring, and manicuring particularly, will, in a short time, be considered a necessity to the toilet, and not be regarded as a luxury only within the reach of the more wealthy classes. Already the number of establishments for the practice of manicuring is largely increasing, and with the increase, there is of necessity, a demand for skilled and competent artistes. I shall be glad to communicate by letter with any of your readers who may care to write to me upon the subject, or to arrange for a personal interview.

Daisie Harvey.

KIND WORDS.

Dear Madame Sibthorp,—I have just received a number of Shafts, that has been sent to Nice; I don't know the destiny of the numbers of June and July, as I have left Paris three days after returning from London, I do hope they are waiting for me there; I should be very sad if some numbers were lost.

I'll write to you about it when I arrive in Paris, at the end of next week or in the beginning of the other. To-day I write because it seemed to me that the dear Editor of Shafts was sad at heart. Shafts has given such an *impulsion* to my life; it has changed it, making of it a new, a *living force*. Before I read Shafts, my life was aimless, dead, a bore to me. So the Editor of Shafts must be full of hope; she is not working in vain, she has saved a soul; she has saved other souls; she will save many souls, that in their turn will save others. When you came, dear Madame, on the 11th of July all that long way through London to see me, to read to me the Book you speak of in Shafts, it was not in vain that you came. You opened new avenues before my eyes. If I had money I would give you all that is necessary for sustaining Shafts; but, alas! I am struggling hard too. I do hope some rich women may give you what I cannot give. It would be so beautiful and good.

Shafts is sailing forward to show the noble way free women must go, to be the *true mothers* of humanity. The time will come when all your troubles and sorrows will be forgotten; Day is dawning; the Sun of Justice, of Truth and Love, will rise . . . . after dreadful struggles, perhaps convulsions, but the sun will rise.

E. H. M. A friend of Woman and of France.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

Dear Editress,—I was so glad to see your name seconding the adoption of the report at the annual meeting in connection with the "Home of Rest for Horses," moved by the chairman, that great and well-known humanitarian, whose works speak for him, Sir Benjamin W. Richardson. *Glad* —please understand—not *surprised*, being too well aware how readily you take up every cause that is kind and noble. It is owing to the latter knowledge that I venture to send you a little experience I have had.

The Secretary of the Humanitarian League forwarded me the other day an appeal against "Cruel Sports," such as stag-hunting, rabbit-coursing, pigeon-shooting, etc., which is to be sent to the Prime Minister—asking if I could help in obtaining signatures.

Now, at a place which is about two miles from where I reside, there is a field in close proximity to a lot of small houses. In that field, visible to all, pigeon-shooting is practised—and the residents tell me the sight of the poor maimed birds, fluttering over into their gardens, and on to the roofs of their houses, there to struggle in agony and die—is *sickening*.

I obtained many signatures; but the first place I entered was a small shop, the proprietor of which exclaimed:—

"What's the good of it? you *can't* do no good while the nobs practise it. Why, Lord —— comes down here often, he may be there now, for there's a trap like his standing at the place; while the —— was here last week."

I mentioned this at another house, and was told the latter came "to try a new gun"—a bit of information I repeated to another inhabitant, who exclaimed, "Try a gun, indeed, well twenty-four pigeons at any rate were sent for."

Now, just imagine, men accustomed to every luxury and refinement coming to a hole-and-corner place (to them) like this, to shoot tame pigeons, whose wings are clipt so that they cannot fly away. Truly, a noble and intellectual sport, is it not, to be allowed in Christian England, which is ready enough to condemn the ignorant coster for cruelty! Christian? were it really so, its Christianity would rise up in arms —as the heavenly hosts did against the rebellious angel— and hurl down this sin as Satan was hurled from the presence of God. I ask what is the use of sending an appeal in the cause of kindness and humanity to Parliament when our very legislators—I should say some of them—whom we, the people, accept to govern us, can take pleasure in the exciting sport of pigeon-killing? Can any of your readers answer? I cannot. But surely it is another reason why we have had enough of the "House of Lords."

E. Watts Phillips.

SYMPATHY.

Dear Mrs. Sibthorp,—I have so wished to write to tell you how much we sympathised with you in your illness. I earnestly hope that you are well now, I think you must be because Shafts was so splendid. I wish I could give you some slight idea of what Shafts has grown to be to us. Life is such an awful thing to those of us who see, and know the agony, misery, and still worse devilry, that form so large a part of it. We knew of the existence of the evils, but we did not know there were so many brave people fighting against them, and still better, so many *thorough* people. I wish we could help you, but unfortunately we belong to the class who have to look respectable on almost nothing, my sister being an invalid, we have not the happiness of being wage-earners. We have thought much (and longed more) how we could help Shafts, and have decided to make ourselves responsible for another copy, which I hope the local bookseller will consent to keep on his counter amongst other books. If it sells the good news will go so much further, if it does not, then we shall try to give it away to the best advantage. It is a small help, and I should be ashamed to offer it did I not know that truth reaches her goal through the day of small things. I must let you know later whether the bookseller prefers to get it from you himself, or through me.

I have so much I would like to say to you, perhaps I may be allowed to write it some day, but I must thank you over and over again for Shafts; it has been, and is, so much to us, for withheld as we are from helping forward the good cause (for all good causes are one, though you are almost the only one we know who seems to see this), sometimes we can hardly help giving way to despair, and then (perhaps) Shafts comes, and the knowledge of the brave work that is being done, helps us to go on, and almost overcomes our grief at not being able to help towards the grand future that you give us faith to hope for, as well as wish for.

I will not presume on your patience any longer, except to ask you, *Can you tell me if it is true that a woman living apart from her husband can by law keep her child if she receive nothing from him towards its maintenance? I have been told that a woman was so advised by a magistrate to whom she applied, and I can hardly think it true. If so, it ought certainly to be more widely known than it seems to be.

With all good hopes for the future of Shafts from—

One Who Tries to Grow.

[Note.—The writer of the above letter must keep before her ever, the fact, that Thought helps the world along as much, probably more, than action. "Think truly and thy life shall be a great and noble creed." Not that only, moreover, but a great wind of life-giving force that shall fill the world with power and purpose. Will any of the readers of Shafts answer this letter and reply to the question asked at*—Ed.]

CITIZENS OURSELVES.

Dear Madam,—Is it not strange that any woman working for the advancement of woman in particular and the world in general—for the one includes the other—should be unable to see the vital necessity there exists that women should obtain the Suffrage, which means, that instead of being possessed by male citizens they would take upon themselves with the Suffrage, the dignity of being citizens themselves. The slave who does not feel her chains is not the less, but the more, a slave. The slave who feels her chains is from that moment not wholly a slave, the free soul has already been born in her breast; that noble spark which will spread and enkindle her whole being, and like the fire fanned by stormy breezes will spread further still and enkindle the souls of her fellow-women. The savage frankly looks upon the women of his tribe as possessions, upon his particular women as private property. When he wars with other tribes the chief prizes that can fall into his hands are the women of the slain and routed foe. We no doubt congratulate ourselves that this view of woman is over in free Britain, whose days of savage tribal warfare lie in the past, but a very slight knowledge of our laws proves to us, that woman is still regarded as a possession, and that a married woman is distinctly the property of her husband; a monopoly which, if encroached upon by any fellow man, he can demand from such encroacher monetary payment for damage to his property, and can replace that piece of damaged property by another, directly his claim is made good.

Upon the other hand, the woman has not only no monopolising right to the person of her husband, not only cannot demand payment for the loss of it, but she is unable *for so small a reason* to break his property right in herself. She can withdraw herself from close companionship with him, but she still remains his property and has no right to the liberty of her own person. She is further coerced by the fear of being deprived of her children, the gifts which Nature herself has placed in her arms. Christ recognised His divinity, His oneship with good. We have only to recognise ours to be also divine, and recognising it, we cannot consent to be the property of one another.

There has been a great cry raised that if women gain the vote, immoral women (so called) would have the vote also. There are many more immoral men—immoral by choice, which cannot always be said of the women—than immoral women; have these men a vote? These men who have so little respect for their bodies which ought to be pure, that they pay for their own shame; these are the men who cry out that immoral women must not have the vote. Why? Because so much would be revealed which they desire to hide. Because these women whom they condemn would have some awful tales to tell of *their* lives, at present hidden from most other women. That knowledge with its bitter woe makes many of these women the strongest friends to righteousness. It is the male harlot who fears their vote, that vote which all women need, and intend to have. With it, even unfortunate beings would be no longer merely the possessions of the fallen male citizen, but would become citizens themselves. This is a crying need and one that must be met.

E. Wardlaw Best.

WORKING GIRLS' HOMES.

Dear Madam,—Among the many problems now before the public, the question how to provide homeless working girls with homes and home influences, is worthy of careful consideration.

Happy homes are the bulwarks of a nation, and however the world may differ as to the scope of woman's work, all agree that the happiness of the home, to a large extent, depends upon the mother. But what chance has a homeless working girl for fitting herself to be the head, the centre of a home? The average weekly earnings of many girls make it difficult for them to pay even seven shillings a week for board, lodging and washing. Consequently they often have to be content with surroundings that are anything but home-like and elevating. Need we wonder there are so many incapable mothers and ill-regulated homes among the artisan class? This undesirable state of affairs could be remedied by providing homes, not *institutions*, for working women. In Nottingham, the majority of working people, the artisans, live in five-roomed houses, consisting of front room, kitchen (with scullery), two large and one smaller bed-rooms, costing from four and six to six shillings weekly. With two beds in each of the larger rooms, a house of this description will accommodate ten inmates, nine girls and a "mother." All that would be required in the way of charity would be the furniture, which need not cost more than thirty pounds, and less, if articles of furniture were given from overstocked homes. The girls would soon make the little ornaments which give an air of comfort to a home, and if a piano which was no longer needed in a nursery was added, the furnishing would be complete.

A home, to be *home*, must be self-governing, and self-supporting. The "mother" should be a working woman,

such as a middle-aged servant, and should have complete control; providing for the household wants, and paying herself out of the money given by the girls, as mothers of families do. There are many capable Christian women who would gladly be the head of such a home, even though the money they had for themselves was less than they would receive in a situation; women who, besides being capable housekeepers, would be true "home missionaries," leading the girls in their families, both by precept and example, to a higher, more useful womanhood.

If each member paid seven shillings weekly, the "mother" would have three pounds three to carry on the home. Allowing eight shillings weekly for rent, fire and light, five shillings each, or fifty shillings, for food and extras (and an abundance of wholesome food could be provided for less) she would have five shillings weekly for herself, so long as the house was full.

What would be done when there were vacancies? Just what is done in other houses, each must pay more to make up the deficiency. This interdependence would not only strengthen the home ties of the family, but would incite the members to fill up, and provide against vacancies.

By keeping their bedrooms tidy, assisting in the general cleaning on Friday night, and taking turns with the meals on Sunday, the girls would acquire practice in the management of a home, and this knowledge would be greatly increased if the "mother" would let them assist her in the purchasing of the necessaries, as indeed could be easily arranged.

Home influences would not be the only advantage gained if the above were put into practice. Having learned the value of combination in providing themselves with food and shelter, they would extend it to the purchase of their clothing. Not only would the means of living be rendered easier to them, but their minds would be broadened, their views of life enlarged, and they would be more fitted for the great work which awaits women in their near future.

Who will make a start in this direction? I am arranging to take four girls into my home this winter, hoping that in the spring some benevolent person or persons will provide a home such as I have described, for them and others. I already have the "mother" in mind for the first home, and my dressmaking classes, which I hold among the working girls during the winter, bring me into touch with a number of superior girls who will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of entering a home. In the meantime I should like to have the views of other workers upon this subject.

CONCEALMENT—A CAUSE OF IMPURITY.

Dear Madam,—This is a difficult subject to approach, but, is it not time a protest, and a vigorous one, was made against concealing from the youth of both sexes, the fact of birth, marriage, etc.?

It is a false shame that prevents mothers from instructing their daughters and sons in these facts.

They have to be learnt, and since they are as far as possible concealed, and when mentioned at all, spoken of in a manner betokening something unfit for speech, they are discovered and discussed in an underhand fashion that makes of them something degrading and impure.

Boys and girls, at the right time, by the right person, who is undoubtedly the mother, should be put in possession of these facts in the manner only a mother can put them. They would then regard them differently from the way they now too often do, as subjects for covert giggling, coarse jokes and double meanings.

If these subjects were reverently approached, self-restraint and purity advocated, there would assuredly be better health, better morals and happier lives. But this practice of concealment and silence, the almost universal condonement of the impure lives lived by men—women alone being condemned by a corrupt and hypocritical society—most surely tends to increase the evil.

Teach purity of speech and conduct!

Youth naturally inclines to right and noble living until it is warped by bad example from which it has no precept to guard it, and the result of pure teaching will undoubtedly be, to materially lessen the greatest evil of modern life.

Much of the suffering bodily and mental of this generation is caused by the impure lives of preceding generations. Could we but feel the awful responsibility that lies upon us as to the happiness, health and virtue of innumerable future lives, surely persons would be awakened from the false idea that they live for themselves, and become awake to the knowledge that every action, every thought, has its effect on posterity, as well as on surrounding lives.

M. Lowthime.

To the Modern Philistines.

In an age of Mammon and Greed,
In an age of Humbug and Cant,
When Speech is greater than deed,
When reigns the sycophant,
Let us turn from the shameless lips that babble of things Divine,
And shout to the God we know not, the song of the Philistine!

Six days shalt thou swindle and lie!
On the seventh—altho' it sounds odd—
In the odour of sanctity
Thou shalt offer the Lord, thy God,
A threepenny piece, a doze, a start, and an unctuous smile,
And a hurried prayer to prosper another six days of guile.

You have sold your daughters for gold!
You have sold your honour for naught!
And your creed is easily told—
"All things can be offered and bought!"
And you thank the good Lord God in your pews, on your bended knees,
That you live in a cultured age—and do cultured things like these

In an age too enlightened and good
To call any wrong by its name,
Millions are crying for food,
Millions are living in shame,
Millions of human hearts, as God knows if he sees and feels,
Lie bound by the System's chains 'neath the crunch of the System's wheels!

You are slaves to custom and vogue!
You are timid to speak or to move!
You have worshipped the moneyed rogue!
You are walled in your narrow groove!
And they with the noblest hearts, who have aimed at the Highest Good,
You have trampled them under your feet—unheard and misunderstood!

For the spirit of old remains
That nailed the Christ to the tree;
That brought Galileo to chains
And Bruno to tragedy.
For the Philistine altereth not—unchanged since the world began:
He has hindered the Car of Progress and murdered the Thinking Man.

Brisbane. Geo. Essex Evans.

[In the *Sydney Bulletin*.]

Miss Ethel Stokes is the foundress of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps for Women, and was a pupil of the Notting Hill High School, where she attained many distinctions and held the coveted position of a prefect. She spends her time in research work of an abstruse nature, and is equally at home in the literature of Sweden, Holland, Spain, France and Germany. She has also studied the Anglo-Saxon and Oriental languages.