

SHAFTS:

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

IN place of the usual Editorial I publish here—by request—a letter from one of my contributors, which I am glad she has had the frankness and courage to write, and for which I thank her most truly. I have called it

A CONVERSATION AND A DEDUCTION.

DEAR MADAM,—I think you already know, that since your first issue (weekly) appeared, on November 3rd, 1892, I have taken regularly twelve copies—and frequently—when I could afford it, twice or three times that number for distribution. Many interesting incidents have happened in connection with this, which I may give you some day should you care to have them. *Verbum sap*; how good it is; but some of those to whom I have spoken when handing a copy of your most interesting paper, have been neither wise nor kind; many have been both. Not to drawl, I will give you at once what occurred last week, as I travelled north, distributing, of course on my way, some of your April and May numbers (by-the-bye, so many regret it's not being published weekly). I had distributed several to passengers who got in at different stations, and were dropped, one after another, further up the line, who took them quietly and made no remark; but after we had passed a station at which a party of gentlemen got in, quite a different condition of things were experienced. With my usual importunity I had handed them each a copy, and by an occasional side glance had perceived that the pages were scanned. Presently, as we neared the station next to Berwick-on-Tweed, one of them began a conversation by asking "Was I the Editor?" "Had I any pecuniary interest in handing it about?" Having replied in the negative to these questions, the conversation proceeded as follows:—

"Do you, madam, agree with all this?" said one of them, indicating the editorial in the April number, and one or two powerfully-written articles.

I assured him I was entirely in sympathy with all the Editor intended in starting the paper.

"Do you know him? Ah! I see, it is a lady. I might have known that."

"You pay her a compliment in saying so," I replied.

"H'm," he answered, "perhaps. I meant, however, that she is so unmistakably a champion of women. No man is so thoroughly so."

"He ought to be—why not?"

"Possibly.—Why not? Well, frankly, we should lose so much were women to gain all this."

"You would lose usurped power, usurped privileges. I fear you cannot yet understand what you would gain."

"H'm," said the man; "ladies have said something like this to me before." He paused and scanned the paper for a minute, then added: "However, I must confess this is a powerful paper—I should like to see more of it."

You may be sure I did not lose this opportunity. While he handed me his yearly subscription and his name, which I forward, another gentleman remarked:—

"I see that the paper is short of funds, how is that? Are there not enough of women in earnest on the subject to support it? Women and workers," he added thoughtfully. "I should have supposed these, powerful inducements with *advanced* women, as they call themselves."

"As they are," I rejoined. "But, you see, women are poor and have little time."

"Pooh! It is only threepence, and a monthly now, you say. Now, men would support an organ so bold and clever as this, if on their own side."

"Men have money, women have not. A man would miss no luxury or comfort in doing so."

"Pooh! pooh! my dear madam, threepence a month would mean but one pair of gloves less in the year. There are plenty of women with money enough to support the paper easily."

"Yes," I sadly acknowledged; "but you see some do not approve."

"There are plenty of women who do approve, to keep such a paper as this going. If they don't do it they are not worth working for. I should say it is a pity for any editor to wear her heart and life out on such."

"She will never give it up," I said, "if I know her rightly."

"No, that's the way with all reformers. Indeed, that's as it should be. I don't say that I quite agree with this movement amongst women; or even amongst the working classes; but this paper is alive, I tell you; it's just such an organ as men would support for themselves. I have swallowed what I have read here, and that's a thing my friend can tell you I don't often do. Yes," he added, as his friend laughed, "I have swallowed it, and, what's more, I may assimilate it. It has certainly gone deep," he continued, laughing. "May I have another copy? Tell the Editor if, on reflection, I like it, I will also become a subscriber."

I thanked them, rejoicing at my more than usual success.

I ought to have mentioned that one corner of the carriage since we left London had been occupied by a gentleman in a rough suit of tweed, with a Scotch cap on his head, and an unmistakable Northern roll of the "r," which I had detected in the few words of thanks he had addressed to me when he also received a copy of *SHAFTS*. He had been very quiet during the journey, and, with the exception of an occasional glance at the landscape through which we swept, a nibble at a biscuit, and a pull at a flask he carried, he had been absorbed in reading *SHAFTS* all the way, pausing to listen to the conversation but not joining. He left the train at Berwick, as I did. With great politeness he begged to be allowed to see me to a cab, having coolly read my destination on my trunk. When I was seated he stood for a minute with the open door in his hand, and said, with a little embarrassment:—

"I should just like to shake hands with ye for the Editor's sake, and for the hairy way ye stand by her. I'm a poor man, but will ye just put my name down for a five pound note. It's but little," he added; "I wish it was more; but ye'll tell the Editor I'm with her in all she's doin', and may be I'll be able to help in many ways. Anyway, I see your goin' to some very old friend's o' mine at Auchintosh. I'll be there to-morrow, and, if you please, we'll ha'e a talk about it, and I'll hand you the cheque."

How I thanked him! He went away hat in hand, then came running back to say—

"Anonymous, mind ye."

I hope I have not bored you, dear Editor! Take courage; be of good cheer.

S. M. B.

[Bored me? kind, true friend!—ED.]

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

Farewell! I lightly touch your hand and go;
Albeit as one whose inmost soul is stirred
By some sweet melody once only heard,
Yet ever strangely haunting. Even so
Some face amongst the crowds that ebb and flow
Through city streets, a stranger's glance or word
Suggests a friendship missed—or say deferred
To some deep life beyond the one we know,
Where soul to kindred soul shall swiftly start
As thoughts on Earth, when, drawn by bonds unseen
In mystic union, heart beats time with heart.
Our lives just touched, but fate has stepped between,
Our ways dividing; so we smile and part.
Farewell! God keep you, friend that might have been.

AMY MONTAGUE.

Influential Lives.

WHERE WOMEN GATHER.

And in the wind and rain I try to light
A little lamp that may a Beacon be,
Whereby poor ship-folk, driving through the
night,
May gain the Ocean course, and think of me.

WERE well, surely, that in the midst of our earnest struggles for Justice, Freedom and Truth, the struggles that line our brows, change our locks to silver, and wear our strength away, we should turn every now and then to contemplate the doings of brave, true women, who work at our side for the same ends. Dissatisfied with our own efforts, it ever revives and strengthens us, to view, with the admiration all noble natures feel, the work and aims of others. We see more clearly there, the results we hardly dare acknowledge in our own case; we are encouraged therefrom, to turn again with a will to our own unceasing labours.

Mrs. Massingberd has expressed a wish that no praise should be given her here, for doing, as she puts it, "the little it has given me so much pleasure to do." Truly, too much praise is fulsome, and it can be readily understood that earnest, hardworking reformers, must often be pained by the constant paeans rung out in their favour. Therefore, this pen saith only this, "Let her own works praise her," also,—among those who work for social improvement there are few, if any, more beloved than Mrs. Massingberd. True she catches it occasionally, in the pages of daily newspapers, where people who neither know nor understand anything of the subject, practice their skill at sharp-shooting. But a city set on a hill cannot be hid, and becomes from its very clearness a chosen target for such arrows. So long, however, as the target—in this instance—is clothed with the armour woven out of the respect and affection of the Pioneers, she may view these flying missiles with complete indifference. Enough, therefore, on this point.

The life we live under the present conditions of existence is one of continuous evolution, increasing progress. Step by step onward is the law of human advance; slow or quick, but sure, and one step at a time, is the inevitable law of progression. The social atmosphere of the present day is alive with change—change that is, and change to come; advance is more rapid than in times gone by; the labourers, once so few, gather in hosts. We see clearly that reform must begin with self, yet that no true reformer will ever be content to reform self alone. The desire to carry others with us, along the stream of progress, is the test by which we may judge which among us are of the true stamp. We can see this illustrated everywhere, the higher we rise, the less of self-seeking will there be.

On all sides at this present time we hear louder, more importune than ever, the de-

mand for freedom, that grandest of all human desires. Especially is this noticeable among women, who, if they have been asleep—which this pen gravely doubts—are certainly awaking everywhere to their own interests, to the demands of their own souls. We cannot but see, if sleep it has been, it has been a sleep through which thought has run; in which action has been mapped out; in which the tactics have been learnt, now carried into practice, in action.

In bringing women of all classes thus together, to meet upon equal terms; their only rank womanhood, their only distinction mental qualities and earnestness of purpose, Mrs. Massingberd has seized upon a splendid idea, and supplied one of the greatest needs of this

MRS. MASSINGBERD.



THE PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER OF THE PIONEER CLUB.

time of conflict. For woman has risen to her feet. She has realised the Divine power within her, she knows her strength. Past ages have taught her their wondrous lore; from her subjection, sorrow, and suffering she has learnt wisdom, she has gained power, she is ready for what she means to do. It becomes, therefore, a necessity that women should meet with women; that the strong may confirm each other, help the weak; teach those who have not learnt to think; enlighten those who do not yet know what they do think. All this the Pioneer Club is doing, with constantly increasing success. There, in and through intercourse with others, woman learns that it is not hers to listen and obey, but to teach the nations hitherto unknown truths. She will crouch no longer to the lash of unjust domination. She has asserted, and will evermore uphold, her right to all with which life can fill her eager hands, all that helps to the higher planes. She has learnt what is truly worthy

and what is ignoble; she is on the watch, her heel ready for the serpent's head and more than a match for his subtlety. The strong cry of the so long imprisoned soul is let loose on the expectant air, and the march to freedom, entire, full, and free, has well begun.

Few institutions help more to this work than do women's clubs; they are a wonderful resting place for tired workers; there, is obtained the attrition of mind which enhances the brightness of each. Women gather there, whose lives are full of activity in all kinds of work, all contributing more or less to the general good. The motive power of the club is universal sisterhood, the destruction of class and sex distinctions, the helping of each individual member in any work for women or the general advance, in which she may be engaged, and the cultivation of a love and charity, embracing all the world. Though no Pioneer would venture to say this has been attained, yet is it the goal which all strive to attain; the end to which all aspire. Mrs. Massingberd has won not only the respect and love of the Pioneers but the appreciation of outsiders, by her frank courtesy and her kind and genial manner to all-comers. Many visitors prove this, by their frequent visits and the interest invariably excited. What will ultimately be the gain to each, by this frequent association of women with each other, can be but faintly conjectured. The club, however, is proving how appropriate is the title it has chosen for itself, as day by day there goes on a striving after self-knowledge and a knowledge of others, a kinship with all humanity which cannot fail to bring its glad reward. Wealth and talent are here brought together to the benefit of both.

We have many lessons to learn ere we fully understand the relative value of things. It is a lesson much needed, most important to progress, and Mrs. Massingberd has great cause for rejoicing, in the fact that the club her wealth, ability, and goodness have called into existence, is proving so good a school for this, as well as many other lessons.

Where women gather for such purposes we may confidently look for rapid and pronounced results; and the consequent circulation of many virtues as society's current coin. In such association women learn to be free, to suppress the tendency, so fatally prevalent among women, to lay their convictions and judgment at the feet of their menkind; they must speak and decide themselves their yea or nay, and well they answer to the call upon their powers of independent action. No accident of birth or position gains the cumulative vote in the club—at least it is not in the programme that it should—the individual is herself, and the individual as a Pioneer is a very important person.

Much sacrifice of self and self-seeking is demanded from the President—she responds to the demand. Those who watch the kind face and tender smile can confidently assert that whatever step in life she may have wished untaken, she does not for one instant regret founding THE PIONEER CLUB.

SHAFTS OF THOUGHT.

VII.

SHAFTS" is not a political paper, its aims are strictly non-party, nevertheless I venture to think that the proceedings of the seven hundred Liberal women who assembled in Council on May 30th, 31st, and June 1st are very suggestive of thoughts and comments which are in close affinity with the scope and aims of this paper, and that many of the utterances which found voice on that occasion, closely resemble the opinions to which SHAFTS frequently gives expression. There is something in the idea of hundreds of women from all parts of the country assembling together to listen to innumerable speeches, more or less eloquent, and these (with one trifling exception) from those of their own sex, which appeals to the imagination. When one tries to recall the England of Mary Wollstonecraft and then thinks of the Holborn Town Hall crowded with women delegates, all anxious to hear and many anxious to speak, and realises what those two pictures mean to humanity, one may be excused a momentary feeling of exultation. It is indeed but momentary, for truly the oratory to which we listened all tended to point out the steep and difficult path still to be climbed, rather than to dilate on the advances already made. On the platform sat some of the foremost women of the day, women who, each in her own sphere, are working towards the truth and making for righteousness. Those who live in the great centre of the Empire can hardly realise how much it means to provincial women, to have the opportunity of seeing and hearing those of whom they have read so much. To know what manner of women they are—to find they are even of like passions with themselves—to grasp in some cases friendly hands and feel the magnetic force which flows from heart to heart, from soul to soul—these are surely not the least important of the results which accrue from such great annual gatherings; and it is not surprising that the motion for recording the votes of absentee associations by post—albeit the only one, moved (somewhat irrelevantly) by a man—fell to the ground, an overwhelming vote testifying to the appreciation of the present method which involves re-union of an immense number of workers, each of whom becomes, or should become, a centre of light and warmth for the spread of knowledge and interest in her own district.

The chairmanship of the Countess of Aberdeen was simply perfection; the clearness and decision, combined with unwearied and graceful courtesy, which she displayed during the whole of what must have been three exceedingly fatiguing days, will not be readily forgotten, least of all, by those whose practical acquaintance with the duties and responsibilities of the chair, and with the conduct of meetings, should make them the most appreciative judges of Lady Aberdeen's method and success. Not a few masculine politicians would do well to sit at her feet in the matter of chairmanship.

The agenda paper was a long and full one—far too long for adequate discussion of all the points raised in the time at the disposal of the Council. It embraced, besides important alterations of rules, resolutions on Home Rule, Temperance, Local Government, Labour, Disestablishment in Wales, Arbitration, State Regulation of Vice, and Zululand. Many of these subjects were dealt with, in more than one resolution and also complicated by amendments. The demand upon the chair was severe, but neither from platform nor floor was attention

lacking, even though the acoustic properties of the hall afforded the less practised speakers no chance of being heard at the back of the room. The choice of an amphitheatre for future meetings, would undoubtedly be more popular with the majority of delegates, who would then be able both to see and hear.

Of course, the most critical resolution from the point of view of the Federation as a Liberal organisation, was that moved in a telling and effective speech by the Countess of Carlisle. The "Masterful Countess" she has been called, and if strong, honest convictions and desperate earnestness of purpose, accompanied by a certain impetuosity of manner, make a masterful woman, then Lady Carlisle is masterful, and it would be well for the world if there should be more masterful women in the same sense. From her, at least, one hears no note of personal ambition in the dominant music of her speech. The resolution, while pledging the Council to persistent effort in the direction of the complete enfranchisement of women, definitely excluded making it a test question with Parliamentary candidates. It is perhaps not surprising that many earnest, sincere workers were induced to oppose this crucial clause. Realising, as every thoughtful woman must, that until the enfranchisement of their sex is achieved, women will be unable to effect many of the reforms for which their most ardent, faithful work is given, it is small wonder that they place the suffrage in the forefront of the struggle, and are prepared to sacrifice any other matter for its attainment; but it is just here that the question resolves itself into one not of principle, but of policy. On the basis of "an eye for an eye" it may be absurd to expect a woman to work for the return of a candidate who is opposed to granting her the right to vote; it is undoubtedly illogical and ungenerous in a man to allow and even to invite women to canvass for him, speak for him, and actually convey voters to the poll for him, while he denies their competence to enter the polling booth and make their X. But such illogicality is for the men to reconcile to their reason and conscience, not for us; and as a matter of policy it seemed to an overwhelming majority of the W. L. F. delegates that refusal to work for a candidate not pledged to the suffrage was unwise. We have been advised that we should assume the position of the man on the fence. Without entering into the ethics of this position, we may reply at once that we haven't got a fence to sit on. When the suffrage is ours, we can, if we choose, assume that position and tell all-comers that the price of our vote is adherence to such and such reforms, but meantime *cui bono*? We could never secure the united and concerted action which alone would render our abstention from election work effectual as a protest, and meantime we have got to obtain our enfranchisement from the hands of the very men whom our imposition of a *quid pro quo* condition would threaten. Ergo, the adoption of the test question position would be ineffectual as a policy and ineffective as a demonstration.

Throughout the whole session this was almost the only important question upon which there was any active difference of opinion, on nearly every other topic there was practical unanimity. Readers of SHAFTS will rejoice in the warmth of interest displayed in the resolutions dealing with reform of the conditions of labour; but abstract resolutions, however strongly worded, are of comparatively little value unless those who vote upon them are prepared personally to put them into practical application. One or two of the speakers, notably Miss Florence

Balgarnie, in an excellent address, appealed to the audience on this ground, and I think it is well that we should realise how much can be accomplished by individual effort. To clamour for an increase of grandmotherly legislation may be much easier, may be a pleasant sop to the conscience, but women have it in their power to bring about an immense alleviation of the evils they so heartily condemn by individual refusal to participate in the profit which results from underpaid or ill-protected labour. Like Cowper's schoolboy, who "shared in the plunder but pitied the man," we are content to buy cheap! cheap! cheap! and make no inquiry as to the conditions under which our purchases are produced. Take a simple illustration of the possibility of substituting the law of love for the law of the land. One resolution proposed (though happily amended in the carrying) was to call upon Government to pass a law compelling shopkeepers to provide seats for assistants. Every right minded employer does this already; those who do not, submit certain plausible reasons; but to me the crux of the matter is here—the offenders are chiefly those who keep huge ready-money emporiums where the public throng, most densely on "special bargain" days. The duties of ordinary assistants are chiefly of two kinds, serving customers and straightening stock. For the proper performance of the first item sitting is out of the question; for the latter, nearly always so; but—mark this—the amount of straightening to be done depends upon the amount of trouble given by each customer. If, therefore, each woman who "goes shopping" will go to buy, to ask only for what she requires, and to give as little trouble by indecision and bargain-driving as possible, instead of, oftentimes, as much; if, in place of making some small purchase the excuse for dawdling away a morning in looking at other goods, she will despatch her business as business and not pleasure; and if, further, she will deal only at establishments where regular, legitimate business is transacted, the matter will right itself without necessity for legislation. In such case business would be accomplished more easily, economically, and pleasantly, and time and opportunity would be afforded to assistants to take meals and reasonable rest.

But of all the topics discussed at the Council meetings, that of State Regulated Vice as it applies to India most deeply moved the audience; and on no point does our individual responsibility as women seem to me greater than on this. And yet—I write it with sorrow—I learnt that outside the hall, wherein women in every station of life were being moved to tears by the recital of the wrongs of our Indian sisters, there stood a knot of delegates waiting until the discussion of a subject they deemed themselves too pure to hear about, should be over before they would enter the hall. Poor things! Well might Lady Henry Somerset, in a grave and earnest speech, remind her hearers of Mrs. John Stuart Mill's reply to the daughter who said something was "too dreadful to know of"—"What others have to bear, you at least can endure to know of." In no other way shall wrongs be righted and justice done. "Bear ye one another's burdens." Our responsibility is too great, too direct for us to dare to shirk it. We are told that our safety, our respectability, rest upon the existence of the prostitute. It is a LIE! We are practically asked to admit the necessity of immorality for men. We refuse to do it. If we do admit it we must also admit, as Lady Henry Somerset so eloquently put it, that the hitherto outcasts of society are really the saviours and priestesses of modern as they were

of ancient history, and we must act by them accordingly. Shall we stand tamely by and allow the iniquities which Mrs. Andrews so pathetically described to continue in our name? No—rather, as Lady Carlisle in all the impulsive nobleness of her nature exclaimed, "I will have to be kept by an army to which this vice is necessary, then perish the army and our Indian occupation." The hall rang with plaudits as the Countess declared in her emphatic way, "The Queen shall hear of this!" It is not given to each of us to be peresses who can demand an audience of the Empress of India, but to the meanest as to the greatest among us, there belongs the right and the duty to preach and practise the gospel of personal purity—to bear our testimony to the truth that alone can make us free. There is no law, natural or divine, which makes vice a necessity and virtue a fad, and on the day when every woman does her duty in this matter there will be no social pretence of it either.

EDITH WARD.

[Although SHAFTS takes no side in politics, believing such to be a bar to advance in thought and the practical progress which follows thought unbiassed and clear; yet SHAFTS is not only willing, but anxious, to record the doings of women in any field. Every thought or action of an intelligent, earnest woman leaves its impress on time and tends to improvement.—M. S. S., Ed.]

The Responsibility of Women.

IN the list of human responsibilities there can be none greater than the faculty of thought, which, as reasoning beings, we all possess; the power to think for ourselves, to judge, not by appearances, but by our own individual conviction of what is true, of what is indispensable to the welfare of humanity, spiritually, morally, and materially.

If we despise this faculty or neglect its exercise, it will atrophy and become useless. We shall be as blind, groping in the thick darkness of a spiritual and intellectual night; self-condemned creatures, knowing nothing of the why or wherefore of our existence, dependent upon others for any fragmentary idea which may reach us.

There are individuals so loyal to all they have been taught to believe in, as to make one almost weep that through lack of independent thought the light in them is so closely akin to darkness. Many who pray earnestly that God's kingdom may come are unconsciously helping to delay the establishment of that kingdom.

Who but the persistently unthinking can conceive God to be One dwelling in temples and not an infinite Spirit filling the universe? Such see God only in certain specified "holy grounds" which cannot be approached until the shoes of secular things have been put off—an unreasoning separation of the spiritual and material, giving to the latter a fatal facility of growth. Why have God's days, and man's days, as if God were not the essence of every day, the true life of all humanity as of all religion?

Women who are cut off by some uncontrollable circumstance from an active part in the regeneration of mankind, must not on that account consider themselves exempt

from all responsibility in the matter. Women, whatever many of them may have been taught to believe, represent the really influential portion of humanity. They are responsible for the existence of evil. They cannot hold themselves apart from the vital questions of our social and moral life. Between truth and falsehood no neutral position is possible. We must be either living plants, waiting forth seeds of truth to reproduce and beautify the earth, or lifeless trunks, lending support to the thorns and briars of falsehood. The woman who views every question from the standpoint of self-interest, or tolerates teaching which she suspects to be false, simply because an active resistance would entail some trouble or personal cost, is guilty of the gravest wrong-doing, and is herself an embodied eclipse of the sun of truth and justice. The woman who refuses to think seriously how she can help to keep the world free of sins and stains cannot hope to keep herself "unspotted from the world." The sin of her unthought will come home to her in the sins and stains of humanity, perhaps in the crimes of those she loves best.

Woman moulds the ages. She is the producer of life. From the beginning her hands have wrought through man's, her mind breathed through his lips. Jesus of Nazareth realised this fact when he declared that Mary had chosen the better part in turning from material cares to sit at the feet of Truth, and learn from it how to make her own, and the succeeding generations wiser and happier.

Woman has submitted too long to the degrading bondage of old tradition, which unjustly assigns her an inferior place in the ranks of mankind, making her a mere dumb slave and perpetual beast of household burden. Woman is by nature co-heir with man to humanity's estate, endowed with equal right to a voice in all questions affecting her nation's progress. She wrongs herself who accepts any substitute, however tempting, for her natural birthright. She is a traitor to her whole sex who will not prove by the voice of a reasoning intelligence her fitness for self-government and equal citizenship with man.

Progression and development form the very breath of our being. From every passing wave of time some new need of humanity is evolved. The thing that yesterday could be pronounced "very good" is to day no longer sufficient. The institutions which in the first hour of their birth were whole and sound have become a prey to abuses. They are no longer useful, but dangerous. They must be made away with, and something answerable to the present need substituted. With every fresh phase of social evolution arise problems which can only be grappled with successfully by those who have formed the habit of faithful inquiry. Truth's perfect day can only be established by our individual determination to put all things, as they come into existence, to the test of independent reason.

No earnest woman has need to be disheartened because an active arena is not open to her. The faculty of thought is of all human gifts the most potent to help

and save. It is, in fact, the only saving-power. What was Christ of Galilee but an incarnate Right Thought? It was one loving right thought for humanity that impelled Him from the manger to the Cross of Calvary. It is on this ceaseless right thought of the unsholared, lowly-born Jesus of Nazareth that nineteen centuries of Christendom have their basis.

"If a man keep My sayings he shall never taste of death."

This grand quality dwells with right thought. It cannot stand still. It is falsehood which will not move on, which stagnates into dogma. Truth is the life of the world, the blood circulating through our universal system, giving life and power of action. A pure thought of the spirit cannot die in the soul that conceives it. It must come forth and reveal itself to mankind, dwelling among us, teaching, controlling, purifying all secular things. Spiritual truth in the individual is the one true Immanuel, the fulfilment of all Messianic prophecies from the beginning of the world.

ELTON BIGH.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

When I was young—
A little maid—
I saw my dear old grand-dad laid
In coffin dark and grim.
His kindly face was gravely still,
His kingly presence seemed to fill
The place with fearsome grandeur chill.
He who was kind,
And sweet, and mild,
And simple, as a little child,
Ere death had crowned him monarch cold.
I, shuddering, thought me of the mould
Awaiting in the churchyard drear,
Where he must lie for many a year.
A dungeon seemed that coffin grim,
That soon should bar and bolt, on him.
When to my womanhood I grew,
It was my lot to often view
The dead—the dying pass away—
To watch beside the couch, and see
That strange mysterious essence flee,
Which we call life;
That last mad strife
Between the spirit and the clay;
And when the empty body lay
All calm and still—
The humblest pauper's it might be,
A queen, or king—it seemed to me,
Crowned with triumphant majesty.
And yet, this is not all I mean:
Grandeur by far than king or queen,
The coffin seemed a bed of rest,
And that which filled it
More than blest.
And now that coffin-lid to me,
Is not, as once it used to be,
A dungeon door, nor coverlet,
'Neath which to sleep away regret,
But opens wide
That prison house of flesh to take;
A prisoner of that—to make
Which once imprisoned me.
The bar of words, thought beats against,
But then thought shall be free.
I cannot fear as once I did,
The gloom around the coffin-lid;
I cannot look to it for rest,
Though that were blessing;
Far more blest—
The soul in liberty,
And so I live a blessed life,
And wait in peace, till turning key
Which turns for all,
Shall turn for me.

E. WARDELOW BEST.

Influential Lives.

JOSEPHINE BUTLER'S WORK.

"We are come to ask that thou shouldst . . . give us a message for our brother man, that he might understand . . ."
God said, "Go, take the message down to him."
I said, "But what is the message?"
God said, "Upon your hearts it is written; take it down to him."
We turned to go. The angels went with us to the door. One said, "Al, but their dresses are beautiful."
Another said "See, they are golden."
Another said "Hush, it is the light from their faces!"
And we went down to him.

—OLIVE SCHREINER.

THE name of Josephine Butler stands in the foremost rank of the women of to-day as one who has fought a good fight in the cause of her fellow women, and whose name will act as a trumpet call, should need for similar action again arise. When that may be, who can say? The foe she fought, though vanquished, is not dead, and may yet raise his ugly head in the midst of us, if we cease our watchfulness for one hour.

Josephine Butler comes of that mixed Saxon and Celtic race from which the world has received some of its brightest ornaments.

Her mother was descended from a Huguenot family, who fled to England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Her father, John Grey, of Dilston, was of old Northumbrian stock, an ardent reformer and lover of freedom. Both parents had known what it meant to struggle for liberty of conscience, and they brought up their children to love liberty and truth, and to detest all arbitrary power.

When quite young she married the Rev. George Butler, who was successively Lecturer at Oxford, Vice-Principal of Cheltenham College, Principal of Liverpool College, and Canon of Winchester. They had four children, three sons and a daughter. It was the terribly tragic death of the latter which seems to have been the means of leading Mrs. Butler to take up her life's work. Her tenderly loved and cherished daughter was dead, but there were other women's daughters, not tenderly loved, and with no one to cherish them—helpless—helpless—forsaken—and her hungry mother's heart turned to them with the pitying love they so needed, recognising the common bond of womanhood between them, recognising, too, that they were often less to blame for their terrible fall than many a more happy woman is for the errors which sit so lightly on her conscience. In all her dealings with the fallen, Josephine Butler has been animated by a strong and divine love of the sinners, and by a passionate desire to develop the latent possibilities for good in them, however overgrown and hidden by ignorance and vice; acting always in that spirit which said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

From what the writer knows of Mrs. Butler she believes her to possess three of the strongest elements of character necessary to the effectual fulfilment of such a work as hers: Honour and reverence for womanhood; trust in the people; and a deep-rooted love of justice. It is to the first of these she owes her success in rescue work, and the power she had of inspiring to purer lives those she rescued. The woman's soul is there still, even in the fallen body of the grossest sinner. Mrs. Butler perceived this, and therefore she has ever striven to awaken the latent womanhood into active life. To this end

she approached the sinful ones always as a fellow-woman with true love and sympathy, not from afar as something quite distinct in nature from themselves, but as a woman who can feel for them. It was this passionate reverence for womanhood which made her resent so strongly, and struggle so nobly, against the infamous C.D. Acts which struck at the very root of womanly dignity.

Then again, Mrs. Butler has absolute trust in the people and a strong dislike of officialism. Brought up among the hardy and independent Northumbrian folk, those sturdy descendants of the old Borderers, and imbibing her politics from her father, who was far ahead of most men of his day, it was but natural, nay, it was inevitable, that she should see in the people the force which was to regenerate the country, and that she should place confidence in them. But the master passion of her soul—that round which all the others centre—is love of justice. Neither for the outcast nor for women, neither for the English working man nor for Irish peasant and patriot, does Mrs. Butler crave boons at the hands of the State; she asks for simple justice and fair play, that no exceptional laws shall be made for one nor for the other, but that all may have a fair field, and that liberty which is the common right of every citizen of whatever sex or condition. Hence it is that Mrs. Butler is an ardent suffragist and also a strong Home Ruler. To all in authority she would say "Be just and fear not."

But it is not with politics properly so called that Mrs. Butler's name will be longest associated, or in connection with which her noblest work was done.

The evil double standard of morality which obtains in every civilised country had in 1869 culminated in the introduction into this country from the continent, of a series of Acts which placed the unfortunate women of all garrison towns practically at the mercy of the police, nay, rather, which placed the liberty and good name of every woman of the working classes of these towns in their hands. These Acts were the very climax of injustice to women, for they alone were attacked, and of injustice to the people, since it was only the women of the people who were affected by them.

This roused Mrs. Butler to action, and with her co-operated many of the foremost of the women of England, among them Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter, and Harriet Martineau. This was above all a woman's question, and the women took up the burthen right heroically. It fell to Mrs. Butler's lot to be the leader of the struggle, and for seventeen years, until the Acts were repealed, she waged unceasing warfare against the evil thing. It was a new thing in those days for a woman to speak in public, but she felt forced to testify against the unspeakable wrong which was being done. It was a horrible subject to attack, but it was necessary that it should be attacked, and that without hesitation or fear. The plague spot was in our midst—to ignore it was to let it grow until the whole of our national life became corrupted; to save the nation's life, to save the women of the nation, it must be laid bare and eradicated. So Mrs. Butler and her band of heroic fellow workers came forward, forgetful of themselves, and did battle in the cause of the saddest and most suffering of their sisters. Space fails me to tell of the long and fierce struggle, when the hosts of darkness gathered thick around, when it seemed as if the dawn would never come. Still she fought on, gaining strength from the thought that

"God and one woman make a majority." Through all this terrible time she realised that the work was God's work; and though friends fell off and acquaintances turned their backs upon her, she held on her way confident that victory must come in the end. All through this trial time she had, too, the great happiness of knowing that her dearly-loved husband was with her heart and soul; thus was given to her what so many leaders have lacked—the faith of her own household.

Not in England only is her name known, her work has spread all over the continent. During the early part of the struggle she went abroad to inquire into the working of the infamous "morals police" system and to collect facts for the campaign in England. These visits have resulted in drawing around her the enemies of the Acts in all nations and in the formation of a powerful federation which works for the abolition of State regulated vice in all countries. It has done good work, and among other things it has called attention to the fact that young girls are systematically trapped into houses of ill-fame abroad, and thus are as utterly lost to their friends as if they were sunk in the depths of the earth. These girls are respectable girls who go ignorantly to their doom, and are of all classes, who have to earn their own living; they are attracted by tempting advertisements to find themselves sold into the most horrible of all slavery.

Besides her work in the cause of social purity Mrs. Butler is a writer of no mean capacity she has written innumerable pamphlets of which perhaps the most useful are *The Hour Before the Dawn*, and *Government by Police*. Among her larger works are *The Life of John Grey of Dilston*, *Catherine of Sienna*, a life of Canon Butler, and a very valuable little book, entitled *The Constitution Violated*, which shows that the Acts against which the great campaign was waged are, besides being evil in themselves, utterly at variance with the constitutional Government of this country.

For the past few years the life of Mrs. Butler has been overshadowed by the illness and death of her husband. Her own health, too, failed under the strain, and friends of the cause have anxiously watched fearing that when the call to arms came once more she might not be able to take part.

The call has come; the old fight has to be fought again. The ever watchful enemy has opened the attack in India, for in spite of the resolution of the House of Commons that India should be freed from State-regulated vice, workers in the cause have long had reason to believe, and now they have proof, that the whole infamous system is in full swing in our Indian Empire; but Josephine Butler, weak and worn, is with us once more, an inspiration and a leader, both to the veterans who fought in the last campaign, and to the band of fresh workers whom the necessity of the times will be certain to call to their aid.

NORA BROWNLOW.

Notice to Contributors.

ALL contributions, not connected with any matter, requiring to be up to date, must be sent in to this office by the commencement of the month in which it is wished that it should be published. Essays and articles must be condensed as much as possible. No essay must be longer than three columns, unless it be written in parts, for continuance in subsequent issues.

Please attend to official regulations as announced in last page.

THE TOWING PATH.

SERIAL TALE, BY R.O.D.

PROEM:

The eagle lent me her wing of pride,
And away with her I flew
Over many a land, and ocean wide,
To a vale my childhood knew.

GOLDEN sunlight kissed the blue waters of Adriatic, wavelets sparkled and danced in a very abandon of glee, of joy as if a living soul animated them, seeming to look up in my face, and laugh to my responsive eyes, tossing back their sunny locks and showing their white glistening teeth, all along their line, revelling in the sunshine, and light, and gladness, as I did. How happy I was! I could have leapt and danced also; I knew not how to express the joy, the very joy of living that flooded my soul's depths; I felt as if sometime, I must have been a part of those free, dancing waves, so deeply did their joy appeal to some depths in my own being, depths unfathomable that went, when I tried to gauge them, away, away—where?—to somewhere with no beginning and no end. Time—when was it? Eternity—what was it? The life within me seemed such a grand, indestructible thing, how could I but enjoy and rejoice in it: young, and glad, and strong as I was?

My low-chair was drawn out on the balcony, and well placed for the view. Tired out with several days' pleasure seeking, I lay back, and watched the waves, and the gay though quiet scene below, or read from a book open on my lap, or indulged in happy reveries, while the sound of sweet laughter, the tender tones of human voices—the voices of the occupants of the boats as they glided by,—came up to me every now and then, in my shaded nook; no disturbing element,—they were part of the soothing effect of all around, of my happiness and of my dream. Since, I have never been able to recall that time without hearing those voices, the words, the tones, the little murmurous gurgle and ripple of the waters, the distant calls and cries, the plash of an oar every now and then, and the merry laugh so free from care; hearing more intensely than aught else a voice beneath my window, an English voice which suddenly sang out in rich full tones:—

"But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires;
Ere we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires."

Strange, most strange, are the influences which come into and seem to mould our lives. Why should I, who had heard many allusions to my native land, from Scotch and English friends, made during my self-enforced exile, without one yearning thought, have been suddenly moved to such a passion of tears by this;—these words, which, uttered so melodiously, entered into my very heart, and woke me up from the silence of years. My tears mingling with them, formed one tumultuous torrent, which swept away the more recent past, and brought me face to face with times that had seemed but an hour ago, so long passed away, as if centuries had separated me from them though I was young! Yes, young, strong, glad. I said these words over to myself, it all seemed so strange; strange then, stranger still when I recalled them in the light of subsequent events.

For I had been a wanderer for many years; cruel suffering had driven me from my home—

suffering I thought would have wrecked my life. So with Childe Harold I had said:—

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Across the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bearest me to
So not again to mine."

Where had it all gone? Had my glad thoughts but a short time ago and this song been in a conspiracy, for I awoke suddenly to a sense that my sorrow had slipped away from me, that meeting it again, called from memory's chambers by that song, I could look it calmly in the face; that I even stared at it, and wondered that a thing so mean could ever have seemed to me worth so long a banishment, such anguish, such—oh the shame of it—such a waste of priceless time and energy. Where had it all flown to?

Across the waters of the past, old memories came crowding, tripping one another up, taking my very breath away—among them a face;—why that face of all others?

I lay back, quiet, overwhelmed, lost in thought, till the warm sunshine departed to gladden other shores, and twilight gathered over the blue waters. Yes, it had gone, all the sorrow, the blight, as I had thought it. I was strong, glad, free, and still young. Still time before me to be, to do—what?

Long I sat there, deep in thought; the tumult of my suddenly aroused soul settling down into an earnest determination. The twilight shadows deepened, the moon arose, the stars peeped out; the gentle silvery radiance suiting well with the newly born purpose within me. On the rippling waters, up in the limped air, between me and the moonlight's sheen, arose a face, I wondered much why *that face*, so little known to me, beheld but once, yet as I felt now remembered and loved. It was a child's face—it recalled the long ago. The scene before me faded away, even with my eyes fixed upon it I saw not it, not the blue breeze stirred waters of the Adriatic, but—

I walked in a fair English meadow, stretching out into a heath-clad wide expanse, from which in the summer stillness could be heard the murmur of the long, rolling waves of the sea as they broke upon the shore; while every now and then a white-winged seagull flapped its way seaward, its snowy form distinctly defined against the clear, dark blue of the heavens. Looking upwards, and out to the distant horizon I was unconscious of objects near me until startled by a voice which said in clear, sweet tones—

"Can you show me the way home?"

I looked down; before me cap in hand, stood a child—a child with a beautiful earnest face, fair curly hair that would darken with years, eyes deep, dark blue, blue as the dress fitting so well the slender little figure, blue as the skies above us; eyes that met mine with such frank candour that my heart warmed to their little owner at once. The small but firm hands held a pony by the bridle.

"Have you and pony lost your way?" I asked.

The child gently stroked the animals' head, with a tender look in the blue eyes, very touchingly a face so young.

"Yes, we have lost our way. Faithful—her name," turning to me, "is 'Faithful Friend,' I call her Faithful—will soon know the way, she is so wise; only this is the first time she has been here, for we only came on Monday, so I should not have come so far. Anne told me not, but I forgot. It is so beautiful here," added the child, with a wistful look at me, "Don't you think it beautiful?"

I won the little heart at once by saying I loved it, and thought it the most beautiful place in the world.

It is impossible to describe the glad light in the clear eyes that roamed the prospect over, finally coming back to my face; and the protecting love that shone in them when describing the wonderful powers of the pony, which, I was told, could trot and gallop better than any other pony, though it was so small.

"Where do you live, dear child?"

"At a funny old house called 'The Hollow'; do you know it! I must not ask you to take me there if it is too far, but just to tell me, please, how to go."

"I am going very near," I said, I will be glad to take you."

"Oh, thank you. Then if you will walk by me, Faithful will know you are my friend. She gets very angry when she thinks anyone is not my friend."

The little face rippled all over with laughter, when I pretended to be afraid.

"She will not bite you. She knows you love me. See how kind her eyes are—she likes you; but once she nearly bit a man's leg off; Anne was afraid she would eat him up."

"She must be wise," I said, laughing, too, and stroking the pony's soft, grey coat.

Over the heather, under the sunset's glow, we walked to "The Hollow," chatting merrily, little dreaming, either of us, of life of later years. I clasped the soft, warm, little hand when we came in sight of "The Hollow."

"Will you tell me your name, dear child?"

"Oh, yes, my name is St. George Heatherstone—but people call me 'The Chevalier.'"

"The Chevalier? Why?"

"I don't know," looking at me with laughing eyes. "Perhaps because I ride so much," and, shaking out the clustering curls—"have such long hair."

"I should like to see you again," added the child, holding my hand for a minute; "I love you."

"You shall see me, dear; we'll manage that."

I stood looking after "The Chevalier," as the firm little figure strode away and vanished; turning once to wave a small hand, with a cap on it, as a parting salute.

Then came a blank on the picture, blurred and dark from the remembrance of an event which troubles me now, only because I have let it waste so many years.

Briefly this, that my love, or what I mistook for that pure and earnest light, had been won by one with whom I had wandered many times over that common; that his utter unworthiness I had discovered, by what seemed an accident. Soon after this with my mother, that patient true friend, I left my native land, as I thought for ever. Oh youth, impetuous, blind!—I had not noticed the deepening lines in the dear face, nor how white the hair had grown.

"Mother," I whispered, as I bade her good night, "let us go home, to dear old England."

"Home, my child, do you really wish it?"

"Yes, mother darling, Richard's himself again; let us go."

I held her in my arms longer than usual, for the gladness on her face stabbed me to the heart.

Truly, the sorrow, the song, the child's face, had done their beneficent work. I would redeem the past idle years; I would work them out of my life. No more of ease and luxury and thoughtless irresponsibility; henceforward with the world's toilers I would take the Towing Path.

(Chapter I. in July.)

Reform in Domestic Life.

(Concluded.)

BY JANE HUME CLAPPERTON.

IT would be idle to allude to the various methods that may be adopted in the Unitary Home for a just division of expenses and calculation of labour values. Business men, co-operating with women accustomed to household expenditure, will have no difficulty here. There is, however, a point necessary to emphasise. Functions of comparative insignificance must be dealt with in terms of labour value. Darning stockings; watching, teaching, amusing infants; sewing on buttons; checking household waste, and so forth—a host of small services are all performed for the most part by certain women as unpaid labour. These women are dependent on fathers, husbands, brothers, who do not recognise such functions as labour at all. But in a world where value is set on pecuniary independence rather than on intrinsic merit, it is of the very essence of slavery to have one's time, energies, and even skill, absorbed without any tangible acknowledgment in the shape of an equivalent claim on the labour of others. Wage-slavery is bad, sex-slavery is in many of its features infinitely worse, and it is the widespread subtle impression that woman is properly the mere appendage to man that causes girls to pour out from the homes of the middle classes and plunge into the arena of competitive industries, calling life there, allied to solitude in lodgings or boarding house,—Emancipation. These forsakers of home are mostly of an advanced moral type. Idleness they detest, and a desultory, artificial existence, no matter how luxurious, is to them as abhorrent as overwrought, ill-paid slavery to women of a lower class. They crave the realities of life. To be, to do, to suffer, to partake freely and profoundly of all experiences life has to offer. And they are right, for "experience, and experience alone, is the ground of knowledge."

But this womanhood is the social material of which society at the present moment stands pre-eminently in need. Its fitting function is to elevate domesticity into an art, to gather up the individual forces that are working disorder and havoc in our midst, and by sifting, controlling, combining them, create a Home-life admirably fitted to "shoot Niagara," if I may so speak, or propel humanity rapidly along the path of evolutionary progress. Women may have to spend and be spent in the service; nevertheless it is here, in this inner sanctuary, this vital sphere of social existence, that the true emancipation of the sex will be accomplished. Now, the fact that instead of *facing* the home, young life is everywhere *backing* out of it, speaks volumes to those who have eyes to see. The dear old family home, which made of our grandmothers the good women they were, has aged and become effete. To us it belongs, out of our very reverence for those grandmothers, to discard the institution so sacred to them, and, while fabricating for ourselves a new order suited to the new requirements, to cherish as our most

precious relic the sweet memory of the isolated family home of the past.

The new system will be founded on sex-equality. I say this without hesitation, because if experiments are tried on a different principle they will fail through non-adaptation to the special wants of the age. Sex-equality implies economic freedom, and every woman in the Unitary Home will have that secured to her by regular, definite, paid work. Her time is as valuable as man's. Equally with him, she requires broad intervals of entire cessation from work (no buttons to sew on, or servants to direct, between-whiles), in order to enjoy recreation and self-chosen pursuits. She will raise the standard of her æsthetic and intellectual attainments to man's; and, although essential differences must always exist, the sexes will become far more closely united in relations of friendship and sympathy within the safe-guarded freedom of a wide home-life full of mutual interests and reciprocal duties.

This community of interests, and interdependence of services, along with conscientious efforts made to live together in the solidarity of a family has no counterpart in hotel-life or life in a hydropathic. These stand on a purely commercial basis; and, although they offer to the public a temporary accommodation, the primary purpose of hotel and hydropathic institution is to create profits pocketed by a select number of individuals. There is absolutely no fundamental resemblance on which to found an argument for or against the Unitary Home.

The epoch of martyrdom for religious opinions has passed completely away; but no one, who knows the broad facts of our unsocialised economic life, will deny the presence of martyr-like suffering in all directions, and, to the shame of civilisation be it spoken, the aged amongst us are peculiarly and pathetically the martyrs of to-day. Their common lot in the ranks of the masses is to drift into the workhouse. It is an appalling number to whom the poet's hateful lines are appropriate:—

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
'Tis only a pauper whom nobody owns."

In the classes the common lot is to be stranded, desolate, and forsaken in a land as wealthy, it may be, as Goshen, but without milk and honey to natures pining for kith and kine, with only aliens and hired attendants near in whose arms to breathe their last sigh.

It is a curious anomaly—the position we are in. That modern conscience which is our best hope for the future, because it impels young life to cease frivolity and seek earnest labour, is causing to be bruised, nay, broken, the tender hearts of the aged! In this regard what the Unitary Home offers is a real reconciliation of duties that conflict. If daughters are industrial workers earning their living and public benefactors solving one of the most difficult social problems of the age, parents, however old, may follow them into the Unitary Home to be welcomed there. For observe, an essential part of the scheme is to create around infancy, childhood, youth, an environment that represents life at every stage.

There is a far-reaching discontent with education, and a popular cry for educational reform, although we have schools for every social class, book-learning, cramming, and tutoring, and can scatter our University Dons, classical scholars, and highly trained athletes all over the world. A lurking suspicion exists that we pursue a wrong tack in education. What is wanted for a noble social life is not so much academic proficiency as the free exercise of all the best capacities of human nature, and the spontaneous development of its finest qualities. Heine's keen-edged irony in speaking of London hits the mark:—"Ease that is ill at ease, varnished rudeness, prudish insipidity," characterise the "wooden butterflies that hover about in the drawing-rooms of the West End." Should you wish to make an intimate friend there you must pay your addresses as to a woman; and if you succeed in gaining the friendship, you find it is not worth the trouble. "For Heaven's sake send no poet to London," he cries. "That stern earnestness in all things, that colossal uniformity, that mechanical motion, that irksomeness of joy itself, that inexorable London, stifles phantasy, and rends the heart!"

Nevertheless it is poetry, not in rhythmical words or musical cadence, but in feeling, thought, action, that we need—the poetry of life. And experience has shown that this element is not the product of an artificial, scholastic, mechanical system of education, in which the many-sided, emotional relations of life—in one word, the Humanities—have no place.

We complain of human nature—its depravity, its contrariety—yet virtually we leave the formation of character to three factors—chance heredity, school discipline, such as it is, during a comparatively short period of youth, and the moulding influence of an industrial career, into which the individual is thrust at haphazard. Now new scientific knowledge reveals the tremendous potency of nurture to shape humanity aright when allied with nature at its best. And what nurture signifies is, the whole surroundings of childhood from infancy, including a full, satisfactory home life to develop feeling, and through feeling character.

But nursery-life in the isolated home is dominated by adverse influences. Nursery-maids spring from a social class lower than that of their charges, and their standard of knowledge and refinement is not adapted to the responsibilities placed upon them. They cannot be blamed, society alone must be blamed, and it suffers the penalty in a stunted humanity even when nature has been prodigal of raw material charged with the latent fine qualities of a superior racial type. Nursery duties in the Unitary Home will be fulfilled, and not superintended merely, by educated women. Married and single ladies will co-operate in this domestic function; and to natures endowed with the motherly instinct it will prove peculiarly attractive when acknowledged and rewarded as one of supreme dignity and importance. In the nursery arrangements provision must be made for a free intercourse of children with the aged. An extremely beautiful rela-

tion will spring up between them. On the one side wonderful tenderness, on the other the most winning and clinging confidence, and by and by the instinct of helpfulness will appear. Little feet will run and little brains set to work to find grannie's spectacles or grandfather's stick, and eager little hands be offered to guide the tottering footsteps. Surely the wisdom, ripe experience and ripe feeling of a passing generation should be brought to bear favourably on the generation to come? But our record is of utter failure in this regard and chiefly because it is impossible to instil reverence for age in the tempestuous period of early manhood and womanhood. If tender associations are formed in infancy and childhood, the sweet memories will persist, and the proper attitude of mind towards the old will become a spontaneous growth not dependent on any instilling or artificial means of creation.

In pursuance, then, of our broad aim—general well-being in the future as well as the present—we must win the aged into the Unitary Homes. To catch them with a little womanly guile were excusable here, for will it not be to their happiness, since the bitterest pill of their potion to-day is the uselessness that a busy world openly thrusts upon them? In the new light dawning we recognise that we cannot afford to let gentle old age languish in obscure corners. Its serene and genial atmosphere must penetrate and consecrate the new system. We are overwhelmed with the rough forces of robust youth at a half-brutal stage of evolution; it is by union of infancy, childhood, age, that we shall balance and control these forces without coercion, and develop Humanities in a happy, peaceful, domestic environment. Doubtless tact will be requisite. But tact is a finely cultivated trait that sensible women in their prime are capable of displaying; and such women will welcome the opportunity for its exercise and further development. With delicate tact the aged will be ministered to on the plane of their physical existence. Comforts will surround them, old habits be considered, and their privacy secured when they wish it. In the moral, emotional, spiritual sphere of the collective life they will be generous donors, for hale old age unconsciously exhales a subtle influence without which youth can never be placed by training on the highest plane of civilisation.

Complete living is the goal of education, and is defined by Herbert Spencer as: "The right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances." The path of approach to this goal is that children shall take part from the beginning in a varied and complex social life—a life in which the general conduct is harmonious throughout and logically consistent with moral principles based on human fellowship. There must be no sharp contradictions in treatment to confuse the infant intellect; no petting and spoiling in public and hasty punishings in private, the outcome of worry, fatigue, or bad temper on the part of a nurse unavoidably ignorant of child-nature. Discipline there must be; but when there is full companionship in obedience a child

finds it easy to do as others do. It will be taught quite early to take an infantile share in some definite household work suited to its capacity, in order to direct aright its impulse to helpfulness and give it the consciousness of social utility and the moral principle of pride in the proper discharge of a social function.* The child will see the "beautiful" in its surroundings; not on the walls of its home merely, or in the conservatory, the table appointments and personal adornments, but in the whole expression of the aspects of life around. It will hear and imbibe the fruits of scientific and general culture in conversations it has learned to listen to quietly, and so will pick up a pure grammatical idiom and style as quickly as vulgar slang is picked up by our little street arabs of to-day. It will sense with all its faculties the refinement that prevails, and grow up into it as a plant to its native soil; and above all, will breathe an atmosphere of magnetic love that will paralyse its latent brutal instincts and destroy them utterly.

Here are the lines on which nurture may be rightly applied to the formation of character. I do not say we shall cast off direct instruction, book learning and school routine and lessons; but these will no longer be held supreme in education. They will on the contrary be subordinated to a training in which the moral and spiritual development of child-nature will march with intellectual progress, for here is the secret of true education, its *genius*, if I may so speak.

Does my reader fear we shall make matters too easy for children by sparing them personal effort? It is clearly the duty of one generation to pass on to the next with every facility which can be devised (let the children absorb it if that be possible) the knowledge acquired with stress and strain and the utmost difficulty. There is no danger of supineness in a social medium full of manual labour, and healthy mental and emotional activities. It is by not exhausting immature energies that we shall best conserve and strengthen capacity for effort, and when maturity is reached the aggressive forces of the new generation will attack the difficult problems of the new epoch with far more chance of solving them than we have had in the face of the problems of our day.

Turning from nurture to nature, we claim that in the field of "eugenics" † the Unitary Home may be made a powerful factor in further advancement of character and regeneration of race. Mr. Galton asserts that our human civilised stock is far more weakly through congenital imperfection than that of any species of animal, whether wild or domestic. Independently, too, of all scientific authority our own observation of the prevalence of inherited disease and insanity, the degeneracy of the structure of the teeth, etc., impresses upon us a fact of momentous significance. In our chaotic

* A little Rugby boy complained to his mother that he would not be permitted to fag next term. "I like nothing so well," he said, "as dusting a room or getting breakfast, and my fag master is so kind."

† Mr. Galton uses this term to express the science of improving human stock.

state of semi-civilisation the law of *natural selection* and *survival of the fittest* has been defeated, and what obtains in its stead is a law of "Indiscriminate-Survival, and constant Birth-of-the-Unfit."

Moreover, the widespread benevolence which is a recent development and supremely cultivated feature of character is fatal in this field of *eugenics*. It fosters the weak and diseased, who propagate to the destruction of normal purity in the racial blood.

There is evolving and spreading, however, a force which under scientific knowledge is capable of counteracting this tendency to unhealthy propagation. But difficulties arise in connection with neo-malthusian practice in the midst of a social life unorganised and undisciplined and a make-shift domestic life. I shall not pause to prove the rectitude of the neo-malthusian principles. I must refer my readers to "Scientific Meliorism"; the subject is dealt with here solely in respect of its bearings on the Unitary Home. Now, Professor Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson in their volume, *The Evolution of Sex*, distinctly state that the annual child bearing, still so common, is cruelly exhaustive to maternal life, and similarly injurious to the standard of offspring, and that little improvement in morality can be expected until the production of large families is regarded in the same light as drunkenness or any other physical excess. Prudence after marriage is absolutely necessary in the eyes of these biologists; and they point out that while checks to fertilisation may be resorted to, they are not adequate as solutions of sexual responsibility. A new ethic of the sexes is required as a discipline of life; and the practical problems of reproduction become to a large extent, they say, a question of "improved function and evolved environment."* It is within Unitary Homes that this evolved environment can be created, and there, early marriage may be encouraged and prudence after marriage enforced. In short, the whole moral strength of an organised, disciplined domestic life may be directed to promoting healthy propagation under modern ethical teaching, with recourse to mechanical methods when necessary.

But a few words on sexual passion independent of propagation must be spoken here. In the stormy period of early manhood and womanhood the master passion love is at once the source of unstable equilibrium and the supreme factor for good or for evil. The measure of its strength varies in the sexes and in particular individuals; yet all normal beings are endowed with the sex-instinct, and to the vast majority of our race a life of celibacy, or entire abstinence, is incompatible with health and happiness.

Licentiousness co-exists with asceticism all over the world. That is a fact freely admitted. Public morality, then, forbids the attempt to suppress this instinct; and the scientific study of manhood gives sexual passion an honourable position in life. Although in its origin a purely animal appetite it is redeemed from animalism by being blended with unselfish affections and en-

* *The Evolution of Sex*, Chap. 20, p. 296.

nobled by tender associations. It exalts the temperament and expands the higher emotional nature; it broadens and deepens sympathy, intensifies tenderness, and in a word promotes the Humanities. There is no more lamentable feature in the life of to-day than the fact that this master passion is creating social immorality, general misery and disease, personal degradation and crime, the reckless increase of population, a constant pressure of labourers on work, of life on the means of subsistence! And of all the social duties that press upon our generation, the most imperative is to help the young in this matter. The passion of Love must be made to subserve physical and social health and elevate, not degrade, the race. Hundreds of girls every year choose one of two courses equally fatal. They either marry and plunge into interminable embarrassments, into debt, drudgery, despair; or prudently (as it is called!) dismiss their lovers, to fall into paroxysms of secret suffering eventuating in hysteria or some form of physical illness that reduces them to despair.

Does my reader question whether facility of marriage will not mean rash, foolish, mistaken marriages? The risk of mistake will at least be greatly lessened. No young fellow will fall desperately and suddenly in love because hitherto shut out from attractive female companionship. In the Unitary Home the sexes mix freely, and young men have an intimate knowledge of feminine human nature at their own level of culture and refinement. Far removed is their lot from that of Anthony Trollope, who, for seven years of critical life in that great London, had no house in which he could habitually see a lady's face, or hear a lady's voice, and met with no allurements even to "decent respectability."* A man accustomed from childhood to easy intercourse and varied relations with women he loves and respects is in no danger of mistaking a passion that springs from blandishments and superficial attractions merely for the yearning of true affinities prompting to a union that can never be severed.

A girl in the new *régime* will not want to marry for a home, a social position or a useful career. These baser motives for marriage will die out, and love alone be mistress of the position. She will laugh, too, at Mrs. Grundy's ancient conventions. Senseless etiquette lays no vicious hold upon her. She is not compelled to turn her back upon a disappointed lover, and he, if a true man, values the friendship and *bonne camaraderie* she is eager to bestow, for in the Unitary Home such links between young men and women are honoured and prized—they command the general respect. "But," my reader suggests, "will the offer of a house of her own, a separate establishment, not tempt a girl still to forsake her childhood's Unitary Home?" Undoubtedly it may for some time to come, provided economy is not necessarily a consideration. But I venture to say that to the socialised woman of the future an isolated home will have no attractions. She is able

* Anthony Trollope's Autobiography, Vol. I., p. 69.

to distinguish between realities and empty dignities. Her ideals are not based on sacrifice, but on fulness of life and largeness of nature, *i.e.*, on the capacity to respond to and satisfy all claims of humanity around one. Therefore she has no impulse to forsake old friends and give up the old life of reciprocal duties and pleasures for a new one of exclusive devotion to husband and children. The pleasures of exclusiveness are not worthy of exalted love, and the selfishness *à deux* begotten of happy union is a danger to character that ought to be guarded against. Besides, love must have no severe strain put upon it. It thrives best in freedom. Her husband is not to be shut up to *her* society alone, or even chiefly. She has no mind to make his life meagre and narrow. In consideration of the social responsibilities of both, and the education of personal character in both, and the well-being of the possible children of both, she rejects all proposals of a separate establishment, although wealth may be lavished on its equipment and adornment. She prefers, if she must leave her old home, to enter another of similar breadth and character. In the wide domestic circle there is ample opportunity for seclusion and conjugal intimacy without restraint; and all the old duties will be doubly easy and pleasant when the new love consecrated by happy marriage, consolidates character, heightens the pulses, and enriches the whole quality of life.

But there is another and stronger reason why the socialised woman of the future will have nothing to do with a separate and expensive establishment of her own. So long as other women are overworked, so long as they remain grievously crushed down by poverty and pinched by want, her whole soul revolts from a life of selfish idleness and luxury. She will shun frivolity, and take up her share of the great world's burden until the toil of the toilers is everywhere lightened and life made easy to all.

In recent society magazines there has been much writing on the defects of cooks, the *Doom of the Domestic Cook*, and so forth. Clearly, it is felt by the upper classes that in one department of domestic service we are approaching a crisis. To my mind, only the fringe of a wide subject is touched in these articles and elegantly trifled with! A suggestion for organising restaurants or great central kitchens to supply the isolated homes with *recherché* meals cooked outside, and preclude the necessity for harbouring a skilled and troublesome cook inside, is made much of. At the best—if the method were practicable—it would prove a mere temporary relief to the fine ladies who could afford the monetary outlay of "hot closets for keeping the various courses warm," etc. Menial service would still be required in the basements, to keep them clean, serve up the viands received from the central kitchen, and wash up plates; while on removal to country mansions in summer a staff of temporary cooks and scullerymaids would have to be gleaned from the "floating mass," which, oblivious of their paucity—as previously bemoaned—is supposed by the writer to be still at the

beck and call of the fine lady. The immediate paucity of good cooks, however—and our author states it as an undeniable fact that cooks worthy the name and worthy the wages they ask are fast dying out,* is the first act of the drama—the gradual disappearance of the whole class of menial servants. Schemes of would-be reformers who do not foresee this drama or face the whole problem hardly need to be gravely considered.

True civilisation means the increasing capacity in every direction of human beings, while for one class to be wholly and helplessly dependent for personal services on another class signifies abject slavery on the one hand and on the other a futility and incapacity fatal to true civilisation. Nothing less than the reorganisation of domestic life will meet the emergency, and promote general well-being. But I have shown that this reorganisation is possible, and as it advances, reforms of a thorough, a radical nature will steadily advance with it. A life of useful social labour will vastly increase the health and happiness of the middle classes; economic waste will be frustrated, and economy in living will be secured by the co-operation of equals in every domestic duty; the aged will be tenderly cared for and their path of life smoothed to the end, and no longer shall we bear the criminal conscience of brutally sacrificing the happiness of aged parents to our own: children will be trained on modern methods, and the whole force of an intelligent nurture be brought to bear on the right development of character. An improvement in human stock and a gradual regeneration of race will result. The young will be able to marry, and in the enjoyment of all close ties and tender relations of life human nature will mellow, and become ennobled and purified.

The policy attached to the Unitary Home is of a high order. It is that each member helps towards the happiness of all, and in giving others happiness the happiness of each is enhanced as it never could be by any other policy.

The "Lust of Dominion" is spurned, and wealth discredited. It is not in pomp, glitter and show, or in luxurious and extravagant living that happiness may be found; but in simplicity of domestic and social life, by sympathetic combination in all the sacred duties and varied enjoyments of life, and by the clear enunciation of the principle that in the sphere of the emotions man finds his highest and purest solace, in universal kindness and love the satisfaction of his being.

PIONEER CLUB.

Thursday evening debates and discussions at 8. No member may introduce the same guest more than once during each month. June 22, "Why should women marry?" Miss Whitehead. (*Pioneers only*.) June 29, "Armstrong," paper by Miss Carey. July 6, "Can we reasonably believe in ghosts?" Miss Green. July 13, "Bacon *versus* Shakespeare."

* *The Doom of the Domestic Cook*, by George Somes Layard. *The Nineteenth Century*, February, 1892.

How the World Moves.

THE Co-operative Congress, which was held this year in Bristol, was a great success, educationally. The exhibition of goods made on co-operative principles was a splendid object lesson to visitors and delegates. Mr Tom Mann was the principal speaker, and strongly advocated an extension of Co-operative Production. Mrs. Adams, representing the 10,000 women co-operators of Plymouth, spoke to the same effect.

From New South Wales a Reuter's telegram of June 8th conveys the intelligence that the Legislative Assembly of that Colony has sanctioned the placing of poor people on the land at the Government's expense. That is as it should be, both there and in the Mother Country! A successful example of this kind may be seen in the Memnonite Colony in Canada, which seventeen years ago had £64,000 advanced by the Canadian Government to enable it to settle there. The whole of the £64,000 has now been repaid, together with £32,000 as interest. Can England not do likewise for its submerged tenth?

The Home Secretary has introduced a clause which will bring domestic servants, menials, and other previously excluded classes, within the scope of the Employers' Liability Bill; and Mr. Asquith will seek the sanction of his colleagues to the Bill being made applicable to Government employees. Mr. Keir-Hardie's suggestion that Employers themselves should be peculiarly responsible for neglect on their part was negated by the Committee which has the Bill in hand. The more's the pity!

It is stated that in the neighbourhood of lunatic asylums there is an unusually large number of the residents, in proportion to the population, who are odd and eccentric. Considering the mysteries of magnetism and hypnotism, and the influences exerted by one brain over another, the idea that insanity may be infectious does not seem impossible. At any rate, it suggests food for inquiry for the scientist.

A poor lady of seventy-two has committed suicide because of her losses in the Liberator Society. When this society moved into new premises its promoters "thanked God for His blessing on its work."

This is not the first society that has brought dire ruin and unknown suffering to thousands which has linked God and finance in this blasphemous manner.

We remember that the manager of a great bank that came to grief through reckless investments, to say the least, would not read a news paper on Monday because it was printed on Sunday; also that the walls of the parlour in which he received the bank's customers were covered with Scripture texts.

Amongst the list of "Birthday Honours" published year after year we find no mention of any woman who is to be officially rewarded. Surely this is not justice! On how many women-workers could we put our finger at this present time who have rendered good service to the State, to science, to literature and art, and in various other fields of public usefulness, but who have never received official recognition of any kind! This, too, with a Queen upon the throne.

Among the lecturers at the coming fourth "summer meeting" of the University Extension movement are the names of two women, Mrs. Fawcett and "Vernon Lee." The course from July 29th to August 26th will comprise special lectures, supplementary to a "general group," divided into two main sections—"Science" and "History and Literature"—the latter course centering in the "Making of Modern England," including such subjects as "Colonial Expansion," "The British and American Constitutions," "The Progress of Women During the Last Hundred Years," and also dwelling on the principal modern writers, as Wordsworth, Ruskin, Carlyle, Shelley, &c.

The *Star* of the 15th ult. says: "We regret to hear that Mr. C. A. Cripps, Q.C., the well-known Parliamentary lawyer, who has represented nearly all the great railways before the Committees of the House of Commons, has just lost his wife. Mrs. Cripps died almost suddenly on Monday from an affection of the throat, at her husband's country house at Parmoor, near Henley-on-Thames. Mrs. Cripps was a popular and accomplished lady, and an excellent public speaker. She has taken a great interest in technical education, on which subject she was quite an authority. In the village of Parmoor she always kept closely in touch with local affairs, and everyone had a good word for her. She will be greatly missed in the district."

The Rev. Sarah B. Cooper is the devoted "mother" of the 2,000 or 3,000 waif children who are gathered together in the Free Kindergartens of San Francisco, and who are in time transformed from (often) disreputable Arabs into happy, self-respecting citizens.

The Japanese Government is afraid to educate their women it seems, for it has now closed the schools it had established for the higher education of girls. It is thought by English people, now in Japan, that this is largely due to the fact that polygamy is sanctioned by the Government, which fears that if the Japanese women become at all educated and emancipated they will rebel against a custom so degrading to themselves and their children.

We are told that Edison credits women with possessing the gift of fineness of touch concerning machinery. Indeed, he says she has more of this sense in one minute than most men have in their whole lifetime. As a proof that he believes what he states he employs 200 women machinists in the work of his electrical inventions.

Sir George Chambers believes that the overplus of women, which so exercises the powers of the Society for Promoting the Employment for Women has been beneficially arranged by a Higher Power, and therefore must be looked upon as constituting an order of things eminently satisfactory to a well-regulated mind. The struggle for existence revealed by the statistics of the above-mentioned admirable society leaves us in some doubt as to the entire truth of Sir George's theory.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman says that, inquiries having been made, it has been found that in many Government departments the employees are underpaid; and promises that a higher scale of remuneration, and better conditions generally, shall come into operation without delay.

What Men have Said.

"NOT only the wretched Lancashire woman, bruised to death by her husband's clogs, bitterly wishes she had never been born, but many a tenderly nurtured lady has her heart lacerated daily by the coldness and insults of a changed husband, who, having helped her to lose her good looks, or run through her money as well as his own, takes daily revenge on her by studied unkindness."—*Bishop Thorold*.

The Greek word which is translated "servant" with relation to Phebe, is translated "minister" when applied to St. Paul and Apollas, or when applied by St. Paul to Timothy. And there is no reason why a change should have been made in its meaning in the present case.—*Thomas Clarkson, 1806.*

"The Quakers are of opinion that the ministry of women was as acceptable in the time of the Apostles as the ministry of the men. And as there is no prohibition against the preaching of women in the New Testament, they see no reason why they should not be equally admissible, and equally useful as ministers, at the present day."—*Thomas Clarkson, 1806.*

"Among professing Christians, we shall find—and speaking to my own sex, I may speak the more boldly and freely—that woman does not through universal Christendom hold the position, and tread the level of dignity and excellence, that I believe conscientiously to be her due. Does not many a husband say to his wife, 'Leave me to make money, to make speeches, to write articles, to get rich, and to achieve renown, and to indulge my taste, and be amused; and you, my good wife, keep my house, attend to the mending of my clothes; prepare or see that my dinner is prepared to the minute; make me comfortable, and that is all that you have to do and to think about in this world.'"

"It has been objected against woman that she had the chief place in our ruin. She had the chief place in our restoration also. Ought not Bethlehem to be more than a compensation for Eden? What a dignified position the Son of God, who was also the son of Mary, gives to woman!"

"Open the New Testament, and you will see what old Mr. Howells used to remark of the Bible, its intense good sense. You will find all reference to woman throughout our Lord's life was that of pure and holy deference. He seems to indicate that through her more than was lost in Eden was now restored; and that if Adam was first in the transgression, Eve, not Adam, is first in the restoration and recovery. . . . How kind to preach a long sermon and to spend a large amount of his time, when a single woman was all his congregation at the well of Samaria.

"How remarkable is it, that in all the Gospels we do not find one single rebuke pronounced upon woman; and amid all the shouts of scorn, derision, and contempt that swelled through the streets of Jerusalem, there is not one single record of a woman's voice being heard! Now, what does all this seem to indicate? That we should less look at Eve's part in the Fall, and more look at the resplendent glory in which the daughters of Eve shine in Christ's redeeming and restoring light."—*Dr. Cumming, 1859.*

The Tame Woman's Husband.

THE Tame Woman generally has a husband. It is true, there are some who do not marry; but they are unfortunate specimens, as the Tame Woman is as much out of her element as a fish out of water, if she has not a man to order her about, and a troop of children to care for. Some contrive to replace him by a brother, or a father, or even a brother-in-law; and this plan does fairly well.

The Tame Woman's husband is another remarkable product of civilisation. He is, of course, a lineal descendant of the primeval savage who went out hunting in order to supply his wife with nourishment while she was busy attending to his children; but the modern husband thinks he has done his duty if he supplies her with the means of obtaining nourishment; and, instead of his waiting on her, she is obliged to wait on him. No matter how clever a man of business he may be, directly he enters his own home he becomes as helpless as a child. If he cannot find his slippers, or if he has mislaid his newspaper, it is always somebody else's fault, and not his. The Tame Woman often laughs at him for his helplessness (behind his back); but she waits on him none the less. Indeed, I knew one Tame Woman with a turn for writing poetry, who wrote humorous verses describing how she and her sister-in-law were kept busy finding her husband's slippers, etc. But the poor man cannot help it, he knows no better; his mother was a Tame Woman, and she brought him up to be waited on like a lord. In his philosophy, neither chivalry nor equality of the sexes has any place. He considers himself the emperor of his household, and when they are sitting at dinner, it is his wife who jumps up to ring the bell when she wishes to call the servant—unless the children are old enough to be useful; in which case it is probably one of the daughters.

Once I saw an amiable strife take place between a mother and son with respect to the possession of the one easy-chair in the room—each wishing the other to appropriate it. It ended by the son's coolly taking possession of it. The woman whom he treated so discourteously had three, nay, four claims to his respect: she was a woman, his mother, she was old, and his guest. But she was a Tame Woman, and she had encouraged him to be what he was.

The Tame Woman's husband may be a very affectionate father, and is especially devoted to his little daughter, whom, if he has only one, he often spoils outrageously. This does not harm her much, in the long run; it only makes her insupportably tiresome to his friends. Whatever chivalry may be latent in his nature seems to be called out, unconsciously to himself, whenever he becomes a father. He suddenly forgets the terror of making himself ridiculous which ruled over him when he was a young man; and he thinks nothing of carrying baby about, and chirping to her.

More often than not he is a labouring man, whose wife is obliged to do all her own work. In this case his notions of "woman's

sphere" are very sharply defined indeed. It would be highly derogatory to his dignity as a man to perform the slightest domestic service, or even to know anything about the internal arrangements of his own household. No matter how tired or ill she may be, as long as she is able to go about at all it is his wife who must hew the wood and draw the water, while he sits by with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth. "Woman's work is never done"; and, while he lies in bed till mid-day on Sunday, she must get up to make the fire to cook his breakfast, though she has probably been up till a late hour on Saturday night, mending his clothes or doing up his Sunday shirt. But the Tame Woman would not like her husband to help her in these matters; she would not feel the same respect for him if he did.

I knew a Tame Woman once who had a very bad sore finger, so bad that it was a positive pain to her to accomplish her usual work. However, she was obliged to cook her husband's dinner just the same, and when he came in she proceeded to spread the table, and set it before him, and wait on him, even to cutting up his bread; *while all the times she grumbled at him for not doing it himself!* He took absolutely no notice of her complaints; they rather amused him; and it never occurred to the stupid woman that if she did not cut his bread for him he would be obliged to do it himself. But she was a Tame Woman.

This was an Irish couple. The Irish and Scotch husbands are far stiffer than the English in this respect; the self-consciousness of boyhood seems to cling about them for a longer period; while among the French working-people there is no such sharply drawn line between the work of the two sexes.

The Tame Woman's husband thinks it a very good joke to keep up a continual stream of depreciation of his wife's culinary powers, and to find fault with her productions. If he had occasion to speak of her accomplishments to any of his friends, I am certain he would maintain that she was the best housekeeper in the world; because it would not be to his credit to have chosen for his wife a woman who was not a good housekeeper, and he has a very high opinion of his own powers of judgment. He considers himself a good Christian, but in reality the God that he worships is the opinion of his fellows, and at this altar everything, even his domestic affections, must be sacrificed. I have known him to sulk for a whole day because his wife had dared to go for a drive with a friend. Did he, then, complain of her extravagance? No; for the drive cost her nothing. Did he think that she incurred too great an obligation to her friend? No, he made no objection on that score. Did he come in and find his dinner uncooked? No! everything was done as usual. His objection was that it looked as though she were neglecting her work. How would she feel if she were to meet Mrs. — (the wife of his employer)? If she had not told me I believe I might have guessed for a hundred years without finding out his reason.

But the Tame Woman's husband is some-

times a man of culture and refinement, with a rather high ideal of chivalry and the respect due to women. He has a very great opinion of his wife's judgment, and allows her almost complete liberty in general matters; but he always reserves to himself the supreme authority in case of emergency. He tells her, both before and after marriage, "My dear, you must be guided by me," and he sometimes guides her into serious difficulties. He dislikes professional women, and thinks girls should stay at home, and not try to push their way in the world. This kind of man has a wonderful power of looking responsible, when there is anything serious to be decided; while all the time he is leaving the whole burden of responsibility on his wife. But he very often makes an excellent husband, and then his wife is one of those who cannot see what women have to complain of, she being provided with all that she needs.

Such a man, when he is good-looking as well as chivalrous, is wonderfully attractive to women, and he often figures as the hero in novels written by women. Of course, if he simply marries a ready-tamed woman, there will be nothing to tell about his adventures; the course of true love would in this case run too smooth to afford material out of which to construct a plot. No; the interest of the story generally centres in his catching a wild woman and taming her. Whether this ever happens in real life I am not quite prepared to say, but I do not think I have ever known an instance.

H. E. HARVEY.

RECEPTION AT THE PIONEER CLUB.

A most delightful evening was spent at the "Pioneer" upon Wednesday, the 14th inst; the guest of the evening being Miss Olive Schreiner, author of the "African Farm," "Dreams," and other works, around whom, naturally, the interest of the evening centred, and who appeared thoroughly to enjoy the cordial welcome extended to her. Several songs were sung by Mrs. Hyde Walker, Fraulein Lenbach, the accompanist being Madame Veltrino; and by Mr. Herbert Basing. Miss McGarry gave a recitation descriptive of an incident in ranch life in Canada, from which I quote the following fresh, breezy lines.

"I want free life, and I want fresh air,
And I sigh for a center after the cattle,
With the crack of the whips, like shots in a battle.

The green beneath, and the blue above
And dash, and danger, and life and love."

Miss Ewretta Lawrence gave a very good rendering of Poe's rather fantastic poem "The Bells;" the vocal music being varied by selections on the violin and cello by Miss Aldis and Monsieur Le Simple. The more material wants of the guests were not forgotten, and much amusement was derived from a large flagon of non-alcoholic "punch" upon which there was a great run, and of which I am sorry not to be in a position at present to publish the recipe.

THE EDITOR'S APPEAL.

Shafts is still in urgent and immediate need of funds. Help even in the shape of small sums will save it. It must not die.

What Working Women and Men Think.

[The following tale has been sent me by a working woman. Whether old and tired, as here represented, I know not; but a brave woman—strong and true. We need many such.—ED.]

WAITING.

Down to the old, old days,
Goes that familiar track;
And here I sit, and wait, and gaze,
As if they could come back.

THIS twilight now, and I am resting. As I sit with folded hands re-treading once more an old and well-worn path, a sweet, beautiful peace steals over me, and my ears that have so long been dull to every earthly sound, catch the murmur of dear voices, which come to me only in the twilight stillness, when, but for them, my loneliness would oppress me too heavily. When the darkness deepens, the shadows that creep into my room take the forms of loved ones long since passed into "the silent land." Oftentimes I ask them "How long?" for I am very old and very tired.

Then, as silently as they came, they leave me. Sometimes I fancy John stays with me longer than the others. My John, I always call him; my John, who went away to the New World to make a home for us—and died. It was a sad parting, but had we known there would be no meeting again in this world, it would have been much sadder. Thank God, we did not know. Hope took away the keenest sting.

"Twill not be for long, Nelly," he said gently, looking at me with his brave, kind eyes; "there's plenty of work for willing hands over there. I'll soon have a nest ready for you, my darling. Don't cry."

He was not successful. 'Twas not such men as John that were wanted there. For years he had a struggle to gain a livelihood for himself.

"Nelly," he wrote at last, after many years of hope, "It's no use. I've given up hoping. Everything is against me. My life is one long fight against difficulties. Every ship brings in men like myself to swell the tide and make life harder. It is terrible," he went on, "to see the misery of the men when they know the call was not for them; only strong men are needed here. It seems to me," he added despairingly, "as if there were no place for such as I in the world, and I have no right to live. I can't ask you to wait any longer; you are free. God bless you. Good bye."

"I am not free," I answered him. "I will not be free. The pledge is as sacred now as when it was given. You must not give up. Life without hope would be unbearable—a nightmare. There must be a brighter day coming, and when it comes we shall be all the happier for the dark days that have gone before. Keep up, my darling, I am praying for you."

"God bless you, Nelly," came the reply. "Your brave words have saved me; I am a coward to despair while you are so hopeful."

He called me brave and patient. He didn't know how often my heart rebelled, how hourly I besieged Heaven with my prayers, and tears, to end the waiting. My letters to him were always bright and cheerful. 'Twas all I could do to help him.

"He'll never send for you now, Nelly," my mother said to me, after ten years, "I wouldn't think any more about him."

"It may be that I shall never see him

again," I replied, "but to the end, I shall go on thinking and hoping."

"Then you will go on thinking, and hoping, till the grave closes over you, my child," she answered sadly.

"Yes; John shall find me waiting on the other side. And maybe the good God will give us to each other, for He knows the weariness of the waiting."

It was getting near the end of the next ten years when he sent for me. Many changes had taken place by that time. Only mother and I were left in the old home. Two were married. The others had passed away.

"You'll not leave me, Nelly," my mother said, wistfully, when I told her John had sent for me. "You'll stay with me to the end now, it won't be long. You've waited a many years for him, he'll not mind waiting a little longer for you."

"Won't you go with me, mother?" I asked, pleadingly.

"God forbid," she said, her voice husky with emotion, "that I should ever have to find a home in a strange land. Here I was born, and here—please God—I shall die."

"There's Emma and Edward," I said.

"I can't live with either of them," she answered, wearily. "The noise of children distracts me. I have brought up one family. I must have quiet now. Nay, I could not bear it, Nelly."

As I look back I thank God that I stayed with her. I thank God that I am spared the remorse which must have been mine had I left her when she most needed me—she who had tended my childhood and helpless years with such love and patience. The knowledge that her helpless years had been spent in loneliness would have thrown a shadow over my brightest hours.

"You have been very patient, my Nelly," she said to me a few days before her death; "through all the years of waiting you've never murmured. Life would have been very dreary without you. You wouldn't have been happy, either, not even with John," she went on, feebly, "knowing that your poor mother was pining for you, so far away. 'Twill soon be over now, Nelly, my love; then may God give you all the happiness you deserve."

It was soon over. My mother was sleeping peacefully after her long, toiling life; and I was waiting for one more letter from John before I started. The letter came, but not from John. It was from a stranger. There had been an accident, he said. John had lifted a load too heavy for him and hurt his back. I must wait until I heard from him again. He would write soon! He did. John was dead. He was dying when he sent the last letter, but John was not willing for him to tell me then. "Tell her there has been an accident," he said, "and I am hurt, that will prepare her for what must follow. 'My poor Nelly.' These were his last words." So the stranger wrote.

Dark, dark, were the days that followed. For a time I lost all faith, all hope in everything. Life was a blank. Only those who have passed through similar days can know their agony.

After a time my life came back to me, and I began to look forward. The shadows must come. If it were not so the radiance of the bright hereafter would have no charm for us.

I am old now; but I am not unhappy. My old age has been a very peaceful one; it brightens towards its close. Earth's shadows, its change and unrest, lie behind; before me the haven of peace and rest, so near that I

sometimes fancy I'm renewing my youth in the gladness of its sunshine.

Many weary days I've passed on my journey. Often have I wondered why. Maybe, when I reach the end, I shall know why.

I murmur not. I am waiting.

MADGE.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL IN EDUCATION.

(Continued.)

IT is impossible for us to look at the consequences which school life entails upon the bodies of the children without some feeling of indignation as well as a considerable amount of pity. There are thousands of children whose home and social life absolutely unfits them for the strain of mental education—whose normal condition it is impossible to describe. The task of teaching such children by existing methods is heart-breaking to the teacher and cruel to the child. No attempt is ever made, officially, to minister to their bodily necessities; ill-fed and badly-clothed though they are, they must submit to the usual treatment; and physical training is, of course, out of all question. But, perhaps, this sort of neglect is really the cause of the increase of short-sightedness, the mental deterioration, the stunted bodily organs, and other evils of which so great complaint is made to-day; and, if so, the Education Department has much to answer for.

So far, therefore, the result of this inquiry into the condition of our educational affairs, considered in relation to its social, industrial, and physical consequences, is distinctly unfavourable to the present system. The conclusion to which I am thus compelled to come is one that perhaps will not recommend itself to most of my readers; but the facts prevent me from arriving at any other, however pleasant and satisfactory it might appear; and, therefore, I consider and adopt it as the only natural deduction to make from the premises before me. This is how I sum up the whole matter:—The evident failure of existing methods shows the necessity for some new ideal with which to revolutionise the art of education. At present it has no scientific foundation. Though it has existed from the very infancy of society, education is still an empirical art, the rules and methods of which have been arrived at by the blind groping of experience, by the process of trial and error. There is no reliable theory in existence on which educationalists can base their efforts; and the result is a pitiable state of anarchy where, of all places, order should reign supreme.

Notwithstanding the fact that science can lend us no aid in determining the proper channel for educational effort, something ought to be done, and done quickly, to provide a training of a more sensible character for our children than that which now holds. Of course, it is impossible to state what are the essentials of which a really good training consists; neither am I in a position to give an opinion as to the best means by which such essentials may be applied to suit individual cases. Moreover, there is no possibility, of speaking authoritatively on such

questions for a long time to come. What a scientifically perfect education means we cannot yet decide. But it is still possible to destroy or move out of existence all that sad experience has shown to be dangerous or reactionary in the nature and methods of our system; and we can also, from time to time, remodel these as we find it necessary. These processes of elimination and reconstruction, it is at once our duty and our privilege to set in motion. Whatever of our system has been proved to be false, or misleading, or superfluous must be for ever thrown aside and forgotten, and new machinery of a more useful character substituted in its place.

What, then, is the glorious ideal now within our reach? How can we hope to realise its magnificent possibilities? Such are the questions which, at this point, naturally spring to our lips.

These questions can only be answered by asking another, viz.: What is the object of all true education? When this latter problem is satisfactorily solved there will be no difficulty in replying to the two former. Now I think all educationalists are tolerably well agreed on the point referred to, and think that the end of all true education is to qualify the pupils for the battle of life—to fit them for that place and position in the world in which their natural capabilities and powers will find their highest, deepest, and widest scope. Judged by this standard, our present methods at once appear in their true character, and are proved to be immeasurably far from fulfilling the requirements of the age.

It is, however, this practical agreement as to the true object of educational effort that must be made the basis of every future reform. The new ideal is simply the realisation of a system of education which shall extend over the whole field of human research, and yet discover and develop, to their highest capability, the natural aptitudes and particular talents possessed by the children.

The question which yet remains to be answered has reference only to the means and methods by which this can be accomplished. It is at this stage of our subject that agreement usually ends, and difference begins.

But out of all this anarchy of opinion, with its direful results, we are slowly, but surely, emerging into a condition of affairs in which perfect agreement on all questions now in dispute will be easily attained. The present is pre-eminently a period of transition—in educational matters as well as social and industrial. All the signs of the times point to a speedy settlement of existing differences.

For instance, a proper scheme of free education, which is now inevitable, will undermine the last remains of the independence of Church or voluntary schools, involve their ultimate extinction or assimilation, and guarantee to the State perfect control of the whole of our educational machinery. This will probably be the next step in the direction of our ideal.

It is also very generally felt that there is a great need for reform in our methods of educational administration. At present, the

authority of the Education Department is almost, if not entirely, absolute, and we all know how perfectly unsatisfactory has been the result of its efforts. It has so often refused to admit the necessity for even the most simple reforms, and so long been little else than a stumbling-block in the path of progress, that there is little wonder it receives such universal condemnation. It is evident that the day of centralised governments of this class is now almost over; and there is a general tendency towards Home Rule, even in educational affairs. So within a very few years the present fossilised system of administration will be swept away, and a more sensible and democratic method come into existence.

Again, the demands which are now being made in favour of physical and manual training, and secondary, technical, or special education, are undoubted evidence of the tendencies of public opinion. It is not difficult to imagine that in the near future all these claims on the State for a better administration of the common fund of knowledge will have to be thoroughly investigated, and proper provision made for their concession. Kindergartens, as the first link in the chain of truly educational institutions, will then probably be established in every portion of the country, for the express purpose of finding out what is the peculiar fitness of every child; and, thereafter, complete systems of general education and special training will be provided as experience directs. In this way every healthy child will have all its human faculties harmoniously developed, and be made fit for its proper place in the social organism.

And last, but not least, of the means to the end we have in view, must be mentioned the raising up of a truly competent and qualified body of educators, to whom the whole of the great function of education can be entrusted; a corporation of the highest dignity, embracing every branch of the profession, from the teachers in the most elementary schools right up to the professors in the various universities. There is now ample evidence to show that these latter changes will be brought about concurrently with others already mentioned.

From this glance at the signs of the times it will be seen that "the flowing tide" is with us. Every future event in the educational world will henceforth possess for us a greater significance because of this fact; and we shall see in the swiftly moving torrent of life the gradual but certain development of the grand ideal for which we are now striving. So surely as the impossibilities of yesterday are the realities of to-day, and that what we have been made us what we are, so surely will the future bring to us the perfect realisation of our purest and brightest hopes.

CHARLES E. MUSE.

[Yes, but the writer seems not to see that nothing of this great hope will be ours, no fulfilment of great dreams, everything in the future, will be a failure as everything in the past has been, unless woman takes her place in all forms of government, in all schools of learning, and in all posts of honour in all social life.—ED.]

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

MOTTOES.

- (1) Is there anyone intended by nature to be a slave, and for whom such a condition is expedient and right, or rather is not all slavery a violation of nature?—(Aristotle.)
- (2) But what will God say?—(Browning.)
- (3) Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.—(French Rev.)
- (4) Count me those who were only good and great.
Go, if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since
the Flood;
Go and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools
so long.
What can enoble sots or slaves or
cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the
Howards. —(Pope.)
- (5) Noblesse Oblige.
- (6) 'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—(Tennyson.)

Class Distinction means the assumption that a nation is divided into two castes, the Upper or Superior and the Lower or Inferior.

A.—Is this assumption correct, or is everyone just equal?

There is no doubt that in England, anyhow, this distinction does exist.

England here is, as usual, a compromise: A compromise in Religion between Catholicism and Protestantism, in Politics between a Despotism Monarchy and a Republic.

So here, too, in Class Distinction she occupies a middle position between countries like India and Russia and Germany on one side, and Norway, America, and France on the other.

QUESTION.—Does Class Distinction exist?

B.—Is this Distinction of Class a real inherent one, or an artificial one, established for the sake of conscience?

Aristotle raises the question whether slavery is a really just thing, and, as Mr. Bosanquet pointed out, he here indirectly lays down that, if it cannot be proved to be so, it should not exist at all.

We can apply this to Class Distinction.

If it cannot be proved that God made one set of people to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to another set, we cannot admit that Class Distinction has a real inherent existence.

This proof, I think, will be hard to give. Where, if anywhere, does the difference lie?

Is it physical? Is it moral or intellectual? Is it legal or religious? Does the Law, does the Bible give different measure to the well or the meanly born.

I can see no difference in any of these directions.

Art Notes.

It is a fact that with the advance of civilisation the principle of slavery becomes weaker, and where it still exists directly or indirectly it is only a fossilised survival.

If it can be accepted that the principle of slavery is not a real inherent one, it follows that it must be, in the form that we have it of Class Distinction, an artificial idea, formed for the benefit of one part of a people by either the argument of force or by a mutual compact between the stronger and weaker.

C.—*Should this social arrangement (which I assume to be an artificial and not a real thing) be encouraged or discouraged?*

That is, should we try in all we do to deepen and emphasise this class distinction, or should we try to weaken and diminish it?

Do we, in our hearts, approve of the principles of *égalité* and *fraternité*, or do we openly or secretly think that really we can only apply them to "our own class?"

And what is our own class?

Does it mean to us as it does to so many we know, the belief that "all our superiors are our equals, and everyone else our inferiors"?

(1) *Class distinction is rightly encouraged when it is a matter of mutual convenience*, as in the relations between employer and employed; whether between a Cabinet Minister and his private secretary, or a master of a house and his domestic servant, or a proprietor and his employé in any commercial business, factory, shop, etc.

In all these cases, and many other such, the service, respect, and obedience required from one side to the other is part of a contract, which can be dissolved at will, and is, therefore, no hardship.

(2) *Class distinction is rightly discouraged when there is no question of business relation, but only of force (as in slavery or serfdom) or tradition and precedent.*

Such proverbs as "Might is right," "Possession is nine points of the law," on the one hand, and "It has always been so" and "Whatever is right" on the other, may be interpreted very dangerously, and should not be allowed to influence our lives.

It is difficult to point out in detail what is wrong in the relations between the upper and lower class, but among instances in which needless ill-feeling is caused I can think of the following:—

(1) *The use of the word lady*, as marking the distinction. Great offence was given the other day at Ryde by a clergyman announcing confirmation classes for young ladies at three and young women at eight. This was very much commented on. Again the *Girls' Friendly Society* makes the very unfriendly distinction in the members' guide book, that it binds together ladies as associates and working-girls and young women as members for mutual help. I am quite ashamed of giving these books to girls for fear they should remark on it.

(To be continued.)

IN the heart of the slums of Southwark there has grown up within the last few years a little garden with a fountain, trees, and winding paths. It is due to the generosity of Miss Octavia Hill and others that this bit of land has been secured as a playground for the children of the densely-populated district. In the large hall adjoining, the Red Cross Army boys are drilled, there is a gymnasium, and noble efforts are being made to raise and brighten the lives of the very poor. Mr. Walter Crane has undertaken to decorate the hall with frescoes, and two are already completed. One commemorates the heroism of Alice Ayres, a nurse-girl, who lost her life in a fire after rescuing three children in succession from the flames. This incident took place in the immediate neighbourhood of Red Cross Hall. In the other painting, two men are hammering at a loosened sleeper in the face of an advancing express train. The men were cut down, but their devotion saved the train from destruction. These are noble themes, and especially touching amid surroundings like those at Red Cross Hall. Nothing could be better calculated to raise the thoughts of the rough and uncultured than to remind them of the noble deeds of others who were rough and uncultured too. Still, one cannot forget that the crudest oleograph can also convey a moral lesson. A work of art must above all be beautiful in itself, and it is questionable if a subject like the railway incident could ever be satisfactorily treated as a decorative painting. We do not think Mr. Walter Crane has overcome the difficulty.

Some pastel drawings by M. Sinet, at the Goupil Gallery, are worth a visit. The subjects are very simple; a passing effect of light and shade; the attraction of a beautiful pose, although the model most often chosen is a thin and rather lanky girl, with it must be confessed much too long a back. There is a charming study of "An Evening Mist in Regent's Park." A single swan just ripples the hazy stillness of the lake. The softness of pastel suits these graceful trifles to perfection. M. Sinet is very successful in portraits; the modern frock coat is a rock on which most painters come to grief, but in pastel a light and agreeable black is more easily obtainable, and with a buttonhole of violets, a warm gray background, and a gray frame, a really artistic harmony of colour is produced in addition to an evidently good likeness.

"RACHEL WEEPING FOR HER CHILDREN."

Is there any woman visitor to this year's Academy—however jaded she may be by the time she reaches Gallery VII., however disposed to think of tea, or to sit down and send her juniors to report to her what is worth looking at—who will not retain a heart to be stirred by Blake Wirrkman's almost too terrible "1793," representing the women victims of the human fiend, Carrier, confronted with the cruel alternative of giving up their children to strangers, or of seeing them perish with them? It is a wonderful composition. The red-capped sentry, unclosing the grating, throws light upon the gloom of the vault, used commonly for the storage of spirit casks, and now for the custody of the prisoners awaiting drowning. Peasant women are passing out with babies.

One of these, stout and motherly, with tri-coloured cockade in her cap, stoops and stretches cooing hands to take from a mother kneeling with agonised face the shrinking child who clings to its mother as she to it, and hides away its face on her shoulder. Behind these a weeping mother gives up to a *bourgeoise* her babe, too young to know its loss. At the side, a little fair-haired thing, whose black-bowed frock denotes it as fatherless, struggles in the arms of, happily, a kindly-looking citizeness in a white cap—and turns a frightened face and stretches a poor little feeble hand towards the mother who has fainted in her chair after yielding it. Another mother has fallen senseless on her face while her child bends over her; and an older woman, perhaps the mother of the lad behind her chair, whom she cannot hope to save as an innocent, bears up, but her hands clenched together betray her sympathy. Poor orphans! we trust that they were soothed to rest in strangers' arms, and that the bitterness of death was over for those bereaved mothers, reserved for all that the brutality of man could heap upon them.

"Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress, Fast bound in nature's nakedness."

We dare not quote the original witnesses' account of the outrages which preceded the Noyades (wholesale drownings). And these women had not only done the tyrant no harm; nay, they had been his best friends and allies. The defeat of the hostile army was mainly due to its having to drag all its women and children after it, to escape pursuers who carried fire and sword through the country.

Mr. Labouche, in *Truth*, scoffingly compares M. Gérôme's statue of Bellona to a "Female Suffrage Lectress on the Stump." But, as it happens, Bellona was a goddess who inspired men. It is to this picture, no fantasy, but a representation of actual history, that we look for an illustration of Madame de Stael's retort to Buonaparte decrying political women, "At least, we have a right to know why our heads are cut off." Or of the words of Christ, so often fulfilled and re-fulfilled, which tell us *who shall be the chief sufferers in all times like to the siege of Jerusalem.*

Theatrical Notes.

"**NIOBE** (All Smiles)," at the Strand Theatre, has well nigh reached its third year. That it would extend to a fourth is the wish of most playgoers, for of its kind it is one of the most mirth provoking that has ever been presented to the public. Although now nearly three years on the boards, the piece is as fascinating as ever. Time has not detracted in the least from "Niobe's" simplicity and *vaicete* any more than it has harmed Mr. Harry Paulton's humorous impersonation of Mr. Peter Amos Dunn. Both are genuinely comic in their respective roles, and Miss Lamb, in the character of Niobe, is full of statuesque grace and refinement, and while unsurpassably droll as the revived statue, the impersonation is characterised by artistic purity and beauty. Mr. Forbes Dawson is provokingly amusing. Miss Esmond, Miss Ellissen, Mr. Hawtreay, and Mr. Ross are all entertaining and delightful.

No one could be sorry for the revival of "Hedda Gabler." It numbers amongst a series of performances of Ibsen's plays produced last month at the Opera Comique. Though the merits of the piece have been most fiercely contested it has enjoyed the highest popularity

Legal Queries.

Correspondents desirous of information upon subjects in which there is a liability to litigation, or in which legal proceedings are pending, should write a clear statement of their case on one or more sheets of foolscap (written on one side only with a broad margin), and enclose it in a letter to the Editor with the proper postage stamps affixed and the words "Legal Editor" on the left-hand corner. It will be forwarded, and the answer will appear in an early issue.

The subjects should relate to Legal Questions as affecting the rights and liabilities of Women in respect to Marriage Settlements, Interests under Wills, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, Hiring Agreements, Bankruptcy, Creditor and Debtor, Landlord and Tenant, Matrimonial or Divorce Law, Liabilities on Shares of Joint Stock Companies, Contracts with Servants, etc., Money in Chancery, or unclaimed Dividends in the Bank of England.

Q.—*Parthis* will be glad to know the date of the alteration in the law permitting a wife to give evidence for or against her husband, and the name of a book giving full details of the present law on the subject.

A.—There has been no alteration of the law this last half-century as to the evidence which a wife may give for or against her husband, except in the Divorce Court and the slightly extended power given by the Married Women's Property Acts.

Since the Common Law Amendment Acts have been in force a wife is a competent witness for or against her husband in all civil actions. In criminal actions she is not a competent witness except where she is suffering from a "tort" or injury inflicted by her husband upon herself. Then she is a person interested and can be a witness as prosecutrix. When, however, a man is charged with a criminal offence, say a murder, and the wife was the only witness, she could not be called by or against her husband. It is only in cases where she is the recipient of a wrong that the law permits a wife to appear against a husband. Our ancient law did not even permit a plaintiff to give evidence on his own behalf, as it was supposed that the inducement to win his case would lead him to commit perjury, and a wife was considered always to act under the influence of her husband; therefore she could not be an independent witness.

The Common Law Procedure Acts altered this system, and a wife can always be called as a witness. This was not the case in the Ecclesiastical Courts, but when the "Divorce Court" was established the practice was assimilated to that of the Common Law, but 32 and 33 Victoria c. 68 (Evidence Act, 1869) sec. 3 expressly protects a party from being cross-examined (the husband or wife) or being bound to answer any question tending to show that he or she has been guilty of adultery, unless such witness has already given evidence in the same proceeding in disproof of his or her adultery. The moral being that such direct questions cannot be asked because adultery is a quasi-criminal offence. Then in the Married Women's Property Acts, a wife not cohabiting with her husband can prosecute him for "stealing" her property, and while cohabiting can obtain an injunction to restrain him from interfering with her "separate estate." Recently, a wife succeeded in a Divorce suit instituted by her husband, and obtaining an order for her costs, actually sent her husband to gaol on commitment orders obtained at the County Court. We cannot refer our correspondent to any law works on the subject likely to be of service—as when a lawyer writes a treatise he manages to balance his opinions so that, like the Delphic oracle, they will answer any contingency. By far the most practical manuals dealing with law as it affects women, wives and children are those originally published by Beeton (now issued, I think, by Ward, Lock and Tyler). They are published at one shilling.

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amongst productions of the same repertory. There is small doubt that Miss Elizabeth Robins' impersonation of the heroine is largely responsible for this. The character of Hedda was most faithfully portrayed by her; every phase being grasped and every mood revealed. In the absence of Miss Marion Lea the character of Mrs. Elvsted was assigned to Miss Marie Linden, and Mr. Arthur Elwood was replaced in Ejbort Lövborg by Mr. Lewis Waller, who played his part with marked intensity. The meek and idiotic George Tesman was represented by Mr. Scot Buist. Mr. Charles Sugden was in his original character of Judge Brack. Miss Henrietta Cowen was once more Juliana Tesman. The audience received the piece with manifest interest, and high approval was accorded to the various performers.

M. M. A.

TO BEGINNERS.

(Continued.)

ADVICE to the independent is comparatively simple. Wherever they may live they should make arrangements for dealing with some first-rate grocery stores. Then, if they live in London, they should diligently seek a really good fruit shop, such as Bilson and Co., 2, Gray's Inn-road, W.C., and they should also try to find some good foreign shop (such as the *Maison Bourron* in Richmond-road, Westbourne-grove), where really good coffee, olives, dried beans, and macaroni can be obtained. Some educated vegetarians should do all the marketing, going to the shops each day, and seeing and paying for everything ordered. This is the only way to secure good quality without extravagant expenditure. If, however, the vegetarian of independent means is living in the country, this direct personal superintendence of supplies, instead of being devoted to shops, should be devoted to the garden and the farm, so as to secure, in the garden, useful and nourishing vegetables, and plenty of fruit, instead of prize productions for the greater glory of the head gardener; and in the farm, rich milk and butter rather than large profits. But this is revolution.

Daughters, or even sons, living at home should cultivate *finesse* as their defence, for those who can win the heart of the ruling tyrant of the household will thrive with a thousand fads of diet, while those who possess no gift of winning hearts may starve amid plenty. This, like all other dependent positions, will always make right feeding more difficult, but no one need regret making an attempt to acquire that golden gift of pleasing, that strange welding of kindness and truth which overcomes obstacles; for even if the attempt fails—as it must sometimes, since we are not all born to rule—even then the nature will be strengthened by the self-control required for the effort, and will be more likely to obtain light to see some other way of reaching the desired end.

Of all classes of vegetarians none is more pitiable than that of professional people dependent upon a landlady or housekeeper for their daily food. Such would do well to write their *menu* at breakfast, and to add to it such directions for quantity and quality

as may be calculated to secure good wholesome food and plenty of it. Anyone who acted thus would of course be considered at least eccentric, but it is a question of failing to support life otherwise, and this amounts to killing in a different form. There are many ways of obtaining a mid-day vegetarian meal outside of home, though none of them are easy of accomplishment, none of them are quite satisfactory. It is sometimes said that this mid-day meal can be easily found at a vegetarian restaurant, and there are those who follow this plan. But to many people the inferior description of food and service at these restaurants is insupportable. Tinned vegetables and bottled fruits, cotton oil served for clarified butter, boiled tea, and coffee with chicory in it, pewter spoons and black-hafted knives, wooden chairs and oil-cloth table covers—such are the trials of these vegetarian restaurants, which aim, not at supplying the wants of vegetarians, but at making large profits by a cheap system. Besides, vegetarians by no means belong exclusively to the poorer classes. On the contrary, the larger proportion of natural vegetarians (people who would fain eat anything rather than meat, if only they were not overpowered by custom) belong to the cultured, if not to the wealthy classes, even amongst men, and much more amongst women. Often, indeed, vegetarianism is not at all a question of expense, but merely a question of possibility, and so far no serious attempt to meet the difficulty would seem to have been made, except by Mrs. Wallace's heroic efforts towards introducing good bread, and by Dr. Densmore's system of fruit diet. There are, however, existing means still to be found by diligent searching whereby a mid-day meal may be secured away from home, for those who live in town. There are high-class restaurants with no profession of vegetarian principles, providing good puddings and sweets of fruit and grain, which, with a cheese course, would make up a good meal. Many shops there are, too, like the Vienna Coffee Company in Holborn, which provide excellent rolls, cakes and tea, though a meal of this kind is really insufficient as the principal meal of the day, unless it is supplemented by fruit and nuts. And therein lies the problem, because, though fruit and nuts are easily bought, there is often no possible place in which to eat them.

The writer has gone through many diet difficulties, having lived for six years in a remote country village, where bread and milk was the only food to be relied upon, beyond the rough supply of school potatoes, cabbages, and puddings, and yet gained flesh and health and strength during that time. At another time, during the summer months, in a lonely country rectory, she recovered from malignant influenza on homemade bread and the strawberries that the blackbirds disdain.

E FRANCES WILLIAMS.

THE EDITOR'S APPEAL.

Shafts is still in urgent and immediate need of funds. Help even in the shape of small sums will save it. It must not die.

MARRIAGE.

LADY once made me the recipient of her views of matrimony. They were:—

Mere boys, without experience of life or woman, too often become husbands before they have either the means to support their wives, or any reasonable sense of the responsibility they have incurred in wedding. Is it surprising that "love's young dream" should end in rude awakening. One of the saddest spectacles of the streets is that of a young mother toiling and trudging after her lot of a husband as he stalks onwards, moody and sullen, pipe in mouth and hands in pockets, indifferent alike to the woman and to the child under the weight of which she staggers. The young husband, who, in a few short months, has outgrown not only his love but his regard for his wife, becomes taciturn and indifferent—so indifferent that he does not even trouble to hide the outward signs of it! The hasty marriage has soon disclosed fatal results. One is touched to the heart, sometimes, by these sad chapters in our daily lives. Oftener one is moved to indignation by the brutality of the young "cads" towards those whom they have pledged themselves to love and cherish. It is almost universally forgotten by parents that, in marrying, a man wants a companion. Underlying all is the desire for companionship. Yet it is in this point of companionship that so many unions prove failures, and, necessarily so, because the marriage union is preceded by so little reflection directed to this one point. Now, for argument's sake, supposing you intended selecting a "friend" to live with you all your life, to be your constant associate in sickness and in health throughout all possible mutations of fortune: would you not say to yourself: "Is this a person I should like daily or constantly at the breakfast table, where everybody is seen at the worst? Are we likely to sympathise in our tastes, and to be as one in what belongs to the emotional side of life? Are our minds so constituted and so furnished that we shall be able to entertain one another, not for a few weeks only, but for all our days? Are our principles mutually known to be sufficiently high that each will have confidence in the other? Can we implicitly rely on one another's love and loyalty, and so forth? There is little hope of marriages being fewer, or more prudently contracted, it becomes, then, a matter of grave moment to consider whether nothing can be done to mitigate the unhappiness with which they are attended.

Much might be done, and more especially by parents. Parents are, as a rule, so eager to get their daughters off their hands that they give little heed to after consequences. So they give them a few showy accomplishments, and a touch of "company" manners, and then think they are equipped for being wives and mothers. This is folly, and it will become greater folly every day now that education is making such rapid strides. Marriage is lifelong companionship. The woman a man loves is his ideal. Any flaw in her perfection is as "the little rift within the lute." How can a man of average intelligence enter into pleasant companion-

ship with a weak or vacant-minded woman. He seeks other companionship. The wife is not equal to the husband's mental needs. He wanted a helpmeet and companion.

R. HARTY DUNN.

[This is really a man's view of the situation. Let us have the ideas of some clever, intelligent woman on this question. Do not women feel the same? that the men they marry are not their equals, companions, and helpmeets.—ED.]

The Woman of the Future.

(From an Italian point of view.)

Extract from the last chapter of a new work by Professor Paolo Mantegazza. Translated by H. Hargrave.

Physically the woman of the future will be neither delicate nor neurotic. A wise hygienic régime will leave her pretty, without making her weak; will leave her agile without transforming her into an athlete or a sportsman. She will be still the Greek Venus, but strengthened by Latin blood; she will be the Capitoline Venus, not Sarah Bernhardt, nor the *dame aux camelias*.

At present she is more neurotic than man, and for that reason she brings into the world so many hypochondriacs, so many madmen, so many suicides. . . . Our century is diseased; its men are hypochondriacal, its women are hysterical. We print books, pamphlets, hygienic newspapers, by hundreds and thousands; we look at our tongues every minute in the mirror of criminal, sociological, or economic investigation.

The Middle Ages, dissatisfied with the then state of things, said: *All for Heaven, nothing for earth!*

The modern age proclaims: *All for the brain, little for the body, little or nothing for the heart!*

Future ages, speaking chiefly through the lips of their women, will say: Much for the body, much for the heart, something for the brain, but not so much as to make it an instrument of torture. First the bread and then the wine; first the to-day and then the to-morrow; first the physical and then the metaphysical; first earth and then heaven.

The woman of the future will be wisely Malthusian, and in the barque of love will steer wisely. She will no longer boast of having ten or fifteen children, but of having a few, and those few strong.

Her beauty will last longer by reason of increased robust health.

To-day the Lombardian peasant woman is old at thirty years of age; the Italian lady at forty; the Englishwoman, who is a century ahead of us, is beautiful at fifty, sometimes at sixty. And so ought all the women of the future to be.

Morally.—It is on this point that the woman of the future ought to surpass the woman of to-day, as she surpasses the female slave of the savage.

Her weakness, her dignity and all things necessary to her happiness will be guaranteed by divorce* and by the inquiry into paternity; two reforms which, we should blush to

* Divorce is not yet legal in Italy.

see, are not yet written in the pages of our legal codes.

In marriage, equal rights, equal duties.

The ancient Romans established by law that when a bride entered her husband's house for the first time, he should ask her: *Eris tu Caia?* (because Caia Cecilia was a model of chastity), and the bride should reply: *Si tu Cajus, ego Caia!*

This question and this answer ought to mark the whole future legislation of matrimony.

But faithfulness ought not to be the only virtue of the future woman.

She should be not only chaste, but sincere, less addicted to slander because her education will have taught her less hypocrisy, and because, taking the position worthy of her, she will have no need for lying, for keeping silence, and for concealing so much.

She will have the right to vote, the right to dispose of her own money; in family matters equal voice and authority with her husband; the right to appeal to a family council composed of an equal number of men and women.

The woman of the future will witness in all civil cases, like men. To-day we are far behind Mahomet, who says in Koran: "Let two men be called as witnesses, and, in default of one of them, two women chosen by you. If one of them err through forgetfulness, the other will be able to recall the truth."

A great defect in the modern training of woman is frivolity—trifling, and this must disappear, not only because it is in itself a be-littling of woman, but it is also a fatal renouncing of all the beneficent and healthy influences to which she has a right, and which future civilisation will consider her duty. She should not learn music and literature to please others, but to make life pleasant for herself. If the storms and vicissitudes of life should leave her lonely, she must be able to say with just pride: *I am sufficient for myself.*

A Warning from Germany.

THE women of Germany are nothing if not domestic. It is, therefore, not surprising that Frau Crepaz should have written as she has on "The Emancipation of Women." But it is very surprising indeed that her treatise—an amazing combination of facts and fallacies—should be prefaced by a complimentary letter from Mr. Gladstone. Since, however, the facts are in favour of woman's progress, while the fallacies oppose it, Mr. Gladstone has unintentionally struck a blow on woman's behalf.

Frau Crepaz is nervous. She extols the progress of the past, but is ingeniously gloomy as regards the future. She asks, as all opponents of all great reforms have asked—where will this road take us?—and her answer is depressing. While admitting that the advancement of women is a necessity of the age, and that their successes are a matter for congratulation, she begs the sex to pause in their course, lest mischief come of it.

There are so many mischiefs that may come of it. According to Frau Crepaz, it is more or less certain that, should the legal disabilities of women disappear, the feminine character would deteriorate, marriage would become even more

unpopular than at present, the education of children would be neglected by their mothers, the happiness of homelife would vanish, and men—poor things—would be trodden down in the struggle for existence. And all this would be contrary to Nature. At this point doubt begins to creep in. Is not Nature the Omnipotent? Can she be so easily defeated?

Let us glance at the impending dangers. The first on this alarming list (and one which is intimately connected with the others, being at once a cause and an effect) is the degeneration of the feminine character, a collapse which is to be brought about, apparently, by its approximation to the masculine character. The most serious symptoms are egotism, avarice, and a lack of idealism. "The girl of the future will become a calculating, money-making 'neuter,' whose heart, little sensible to love, will be guided exclusively by motives of ambition and self." These are hard words, and being pronounced in a tone of such deep conviction they seem to defy inquiry. Yet comfort may be found even within the limits of this treatise. The writer who prophesies these catastrophes owns that "so far, the emancipation of women has tended to the culture and ennobling of the sex." It is not easy to see why a course which has hitherto tended to culture and ennoblement should, if persisted in, lead to avarice and egotism. At what point does ennoblement slide into degeneration? How much freedom can a woman bear without exchanging her idealism for ambition and avarice?

This transformation, we are told, is to be effected in the process of "battling tooth and nail." It is with the object of avoiding that battling that women ask for legislation. Hitherto they have indeed been forced to "battle tooth and nail with men" in the effort to abolish artificial disabilities, or to earn a living in spite of those disabilities; but could they only secure the law for their persistent champion they could afford to be less pugnacious.

In illustration of this we may point to the struggles by which they effected their admission into the medical profession, and the gradual progress from a state of combat by tooth and nail to the present peaceful and assured position of female students of medicine. To a certain extent every woman, as every man, must battle with the world, but each step towards removing the artificial handicaps of women will make it easier for the thousands who must in any case earn their living to do so in dignity and gentleness.

This question of the feminine character is inextricably bound up with all the objections put forward by Frau Crepaz. She argues that not only will the man of the future look upon the emancipated woman as a quite "impossible she," but that women also, being in a position to support themselves, will scout the idea of matrimony. This is rather a severe indictment against the married women of to-day, and is hardly consistent with their possession of that jewel of idealism which the sex are bidden to guard so jealously, for it implies that they consider marriage a mere means of livelihood. This suggestion is as untenable as it is horrible, for every day women are married who are capable of supporting themselves. Indeed, idealism in marriage has always existed in proportion to the freedom of women. It is certainly true that the increased freedom of women will make some classes of marriage less frequent by rendering them unnecessary—notably the marriage for daily bread and the marriage for occupation. Surely any condi-

tions that may minimise these must be welcomed as inestimably good!

Although, however, we think that matrimony is likely to be numerically affected in only a slight degree, and in a good direction, by woman's advancement, it is extremely probable that numbers of individual women will find it more or less necessary to give up their professional life when they marry. There are some professions which would seem to be incompatible with the right ordering of a household; and a man who habitually sits down to an inadequate dinner will find his wife's fees but a poor consolation.

But may we not believe that these things will adjust themselves naturally? Marriage is, in a certain sense, a profession in itself; and most women find that the duties it entails are quite enough to fill their lives. The demand that all walks in life should be open to women is made for the sake of those who must work for their living, and they are many. If married women find they have time and strength to enter upon a professional life, let them do so. Women have a sense of duty strong enough to keep them from ignoring responsibilities they have deliberately incurred. The incentive to loveless marriages will be enormously weakened by the increased independence of women, and where love is, selfishness is not.

As with the management of the house, so with the education of children; the matter would adjust itself naturally. The woman of principle deeply feels her responsibility for the moral and physical welfare of her children: the woman without principle is just as likely to neglect her children whether she be educated or uneducated, busy or idle.

The effect of education is to sharpen the sense of responsibility—a fact which Frau Crepaz emphasises when she points out that "most eminent men have acknowledged that it is principally to the early education and maternal influence that they owe the happy development of their genius and talents." Dulness is not a certificate of merit in a mother; on the contrary, the more cultivated a woman is in mind and soul the better can she cultivate the souls of her children, and the more keenly does she feel the obligation to give them a strong basis for future education. A professional life before marriage, far from disabling her in this respect, will help her towards a breadth of view and a strength of purpose which will stand her in good stead.

She trembles for the future of *Mam*, stating the case by means of a mental feat which is curiously acrobatic. Having assured us that woman is bidden by the laws of nature to "keep at home," she beseeches the sex not to compete with man, on the grounds that she will "prove a dangerous competitor to man."

If the competition of woman is so dangerous to man, what evidence have we that it is her "nature" not to compete with him?

We had thought that the alleged law of "nature" which is supposed to keep her "in her place" was the law of inferior capacity. It now appears, on the contrary, that it is the law of kindness. We are entreated, of our clemency, to abstain from taking the bread out of men's mouths. Passing over the confusion that seems to prevail in the mind of Frau Crepaz concerning laws of nature, we must remind her that a certain amount of food is necessary to everyone. Woman must either earn that food for herself, or she must sit still while man earns it for her, or she must starve. If an individual woman have no claim upon any individual man, she has only two alternatives left—work or starvation. Considering all

things, it is perhaps not strange that she generally prefers the former. The question, then, is this: Is this necessary work to be made as easy as possible for her, or as hard?

We hear a great deal about the physical weakness of women. But to use this weakness as an argument against legislating in their favour is, to say the least of it, curious. The Law is professedly an instrument for equalising the conditions of weak and strong. If there is one point which should be more than another insisted upon by the advocates of the legal equality of the sexes, it is this very weakness, which makes it so hard and so bitter a thing for a woman to earn her bread.

The whole of the little book under consideration is a development of the common cry: "Beware of flying in the face of Nature." It is almost universally forgotten that this extreme solicitude on Nature's behalf is quite uncalled for. When Nature is offended her revenge is apt to be prompt and thorough. Such women as step outside their "natural sphere" are not likely to give much trouble in future. But the artificial barriers set up by the laws and customs of men have nothing to do with Nature. Let those barriers be abolished, and Nature will be free to adjust the rest.

MAUD M. KEY.

Modern Matrimony.

THE air seems rife with discussions about matrimony at present, the aim of which discussions in many cases seems to be to obtain public consent to means for evading the responsibilities and duties of married life as it is at present regarded.

Setting aside the religious aspect of marriage, which would be truly incongruous in regard to some of the unions of the day—unions of May and December, unions of wealth with vanity, and so on—I think the moral aspect, or, let us even say the mere common-sense aspect, is too often, if not entirely, lost sight of. Marriage is not a compulsory act, and those who enter the state do so of their own free will and presumably with their eyes open. The ideal marriage, with purest affection, perfect companionship, single aims, hopes and ideas, and, let us add, perfect men and women, can hardly, I fear, be expected in this world; but marriage in which the aim of each is the happiness of the other in nine cases out of ten would prove that the married state can be made an exceedingly happy one even in this work-a-day world.

That there are many unhappy marriages it is no use denying; but when one considers the circumstances under which so many of them are contracted, is there any room for wonder, or just cause for protesting that the fault lies with the marriage laws.

Hundreds—one may say thousands—of girls are brought up, or allowed to grow up, with the idea that the whole aim of their existence should be to be married, and that seems the culminating point of their thoughts and ideas, and like the old-fashioned novels, everything ends with the marriage ceremony; there is no preparation for life after that event, no thought even as to whether they are fit and prepared for the duties and responsibilities that lie before them. Rather than incur the odium of "old maidism" they are willing to marry any man with a sufficient income or prospects, no matter what his character or personal habits, so we have the natural and only to-be-expected result of such unions. Two utterly uncongenial people compelled to live in closest intimacy, and

How Many Minds Have I?

BY JOSIAH OLDFIELD, M.A., B.C.L.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

probably with not even mutual respect to pave the way for enduring affection, must soon come to regard the bond of matrimony as more galling than a prisoner's chain; and forgetting that it was voluntarily assumed, strain to be free, though freedom should mean loss of honour and self-respect. Nor is this the only cause to be blamed for the unhappy marriages that are, alas! so common. How many men are really fit to offer themselves as husbands to pure-minded girls? How common is the expression that young men "must sow their wild oats." Rather should it be borne in mind that if they do they must reap the harvest therefrom some day, not necessarily in physical taint, but in a tainting of mind and thoughts that may never be overcome. How many men, too, attracted by a pretty face and manner, rush into marriage with some girl utterly aimless and frivolous, and then instead of accepting the fact which the smallest amount of thought would have made patent to them beforehand, for ever after grumble at her for not being a woman of high and noble aims. Do men gather figs from thistles? asks our Great Philosopher. No, of course they do not; but how many do we see with pricked fingers raging to heaven and earth that they can find no figs on their thistles.

But we hear enough of what ought to be, and what should not be done. Where is the universal panacea that shall remedy this state of things? Let no one ever expect to find one law, however admirable, applicable to all cases, but let each man or woman strive as much as in them lies to make the best of things, and before dwelling on the imperfections of wife or husband think carefully in what respect they are themselves superior. Great or cruel wrongs are not under discussion: the law in most cases can dispose of them; but when married persons find that their preconceived idea of their wives' or husbands' character was a mistaken one, let them not go mourning all the days of their life that they have been deceived, but take them as they are, and see how best they can help and strengthen them.

Let all parents endeavour to train their children, both boys and girls, in habits of self-control, of mind as well as body, impress on them that life is not all "beer and skittles," that there is something nobler to live for than mere self-enjoyment; train them to a "sweet reasonableness" in all things, and a tender helpfulness to others. At the best we are but poor creatures, and many things with us are not as they should be, nor ever will be for that matter; but Love, under its many phases and under its many names, is still the greatest power on this earth, and, guided by reason, will right more matrimonial wrongs than the most nicely adjusted Act of Parliament.

B. — F. T.

A bit of rotten timber floated down the Thames, black and sodden with water. Here and there a grey or yellow fungus, the flowers of decay, have fastened upon it. Sullenly it moves with the dark November tide, powerless to resist the wash of the onflowing current.

Higher up, a swimmer is breasting the stream. White foam outlines his every stroke, and floats downwards to the sea. A ragged sunbeam has burst through its cloud prison, and lies rejoicing on the lace-like track. Everything else would absorb and kill it. The foam throws back the light, the swimmer the waters. They resist and live.—From *The Dawn*, 1892.

WE are constantly saying that we are in "two minds" about something, or that we have "half a mind" or a "good mind" to do it, as if we really believed that our mind were capable of division, or that we possessed more than one. Mr. T. Jay Hudson has just brought forward a new theory of psychic phenomena, which starts with the postulate that man has two minds; and, in so doing, he has so carefully followed out the line of logical reasoning, that if we once grant his premises we are face to face with a strong inducement to accept his conclusions also.

There are few subjects that are more interesting to the world than manifestations which involve the acknowledgment of psychic agency, and as to these phenomena the world is yet but upon a threshold of guesses. Mr. Hudson is bold enough to try to harmonise them all under law, and thus create a science based upon fundamental proportions. It is admitted that all psychic phenomena, whether they go by the name of Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Trance, Spiritualism, Demonology, Faith-healing, Christian Science Healing, and even Genius and Insanity, are in some occult way interlinked and related, and that therefore it needs only the discovery of the prior law which embraces them all to put the question outside the range of Charlatanry, and upon a pedestal honoured by the name of Science.

Mr. Hudson's three postulates are as follows:—

First—"Man has, or appears to have, two minds, each endowed with separate and distinct attributes and powers, each capable, under certain emotions, of separate actions."

For convenience I shall designate the one as the objective mind and the other as the subjective mind."

Second—"The subjective mind is constantly amenable to control by suggestion."

Third—"The subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning."

From these postulates the line of argument is that the intellect or material mind is quite a distinct thing from the soul or ethereal mind. In an ordinary person the subjective mind is under the control of the objective, and a state of materialisation exists, which cannot grasp the ideas of spiritualism. In the higher development the two will co-exist, inter-balanced, and so the ordinary hysteria of the spiritually-developed mind will be only weighted with the soundest common-sense. In the case of those whose objective mind is weakened by wrong meddling with mysteries beyond their powers, the subjective mind has too great or even entire control.

In particular cases the theory applies equally well in the hypnotised or mesmerised subject, the objective mind—the intellect, if you like so to call it—has been lulled to sleep, and so the objective mind, or soul, is at the mercy of another will. In this state, when no longer kept under due control, by its yoke fellow, this subjective mind plays wonderful pranks in the way of intuition,

memory, and imagination; but in argument is incapable, and so is paralysed by scoff and incredulity.

On the question of ghosts, an explanation quite in keeping with these postulates is to be found. What are ghosts? Are they the continuation of the Ego, using the power they possess of self-materialisation, or are they, too, psychic phenomena?

Mr. Hudson's theory is that they are "intensified telepathic visions" thrown off in *articulo mortis* by persons dying under great mental strain. I will quote his own words: "The phantom of the dead is produced under the most favourable conditions. The emotions attending death by violence are necessarily of the most intense character. The desire to acquaint the world with the circumstances attending the tragedy is tremendous. The message is not for a single individual, but for all whom it may concern. Hence the ghost does not travel from place to place, or show itself promiscuously, but confines its operations to the locality, and generally to the room where the death scene occurred. There it will remain, nightly rehearsing the tragedy for days and months and years, until some one with nerves strong enough demands to know the object of its quest. When this is done, the information will be given, and the phantom will fade away for ever."

There is a curious bit of evidence in daily life bearing upon this intense earnestness of the soul to unburden itself by telling its secret to some other, and then subsiding, satisfied.

A child has a bit of news, which, owing to some previous train of circumstances, is intensely interesting to it. Say, for example, in a country village a little girl has been out for a walk and seen a black man. What is the result? The little mind is bursting to get home and tell the news to mother. This burden of an intense wish to communicate the information is often sufficient to overcome fatigue, to drive away temper, and even to overshadow the strong claims of appetite. The mind is absorbed in the one paramount object of telling the news to some particular person. And if, when she gets home, there is anything to prevent her delivering the message, she remains in a state of restless anxiety until the moment when she can blurt out in one breath the whole excitement. When mother knows it too the little mind is at rest. The burden of the message has been delivered, and then the claims of body and of the objective mind reassert themselves, and the normal state of balance returns. If by any cause the little girl cannot tell her message, though it may worry her for a long time, yet, like a charge of electricity in a Leyden jar, it gradually dissipates through other conducting media, or in the presence of some other still more exciting cause.

If, then, we can once conceive and admit the possibility of an idea or mental picture becoming a materialised entity part from the mind which conceived it, then there appears little difficulty in harmonising traditional ghost lore with a scientific basis.

The intense, absorbing longing to deliver a certain message forms itself at the moment of death into a shadowy materialisation cast

off from the Ego; this shadow or ghost only exists till it can annihilate itself by communication of its message to some particular person, and therefore restlessly and uneasily exists till this is done, or till—being by some cause prevented from thus communicating itself—lapse of time has allowed the gradual dissipation through other media, with the consequent attenuation of the ghost, and diminution of its longing to be heard.

This theory offers a much more reasonable solution of ghost existence than the ordinary popular one of the soul being charmed back to perform its expiatory wanderings: for upon the latter hypothesis the element of absurdity is often so marked as to be destructive of the theory itself to the minds of those who conceive of the world being governed by a law which tends to make all things progress and to whom *cui bono* is one of the tests of truth.

"The Reason 'Why.'"

IN SHAFTS for May there is an article headed "What Parliament may do." As the writer does not mention the reason *why* Parliament does not do the things he mentions, I have begged permission of the Editor to say a few words on this point—namely, the reason why Parliament does not restore the land to the people; why Parliament does not do something more than it is doing to relieve the burdens of the suffering masses of the people; the suffering every day becoming greater and harder to bear; the poverty and misery every day increasing, side by side with increasing wealth, and the power of producing wealth.

Never before in the history of the world have mankind possessed such vast stores of material wealth; never before have they possessed so many machines and instruments for the production of that wealth; never before have they possessed such opportunities, afforded by the printing-press of intellectual, spiritual, and moral improvement; in fact, never before have mankind had such opportunities of living a pure, natural, and yet at the same time, intellectual and spiritual life. Yet we find the large mass of the people, men, women, and children, living lives worse than the brutes, worse than the slaves or serfs of the past, and worse than ignorant savages in the earlier stages of human development.

Whence is this? Why is it,—and why is it not altered?

It is to Parliament that we must look for the answer. Parliament, if it so willed, as your correspondent pointed out, could do a great deal, if not the whole, towards establishing order and peace, where now exist disorder and industrial, and fratricidal war.

Why is this not done? The answer is not far to seek; it is to be found in the composition of the House of Commons.

A Parliament of landlords and capitalists will be slow to learn that it is *their* duty to restore to the people their natural inheritance, the land, and the products of their labour. All capital is produced by labour, and therefore belongs to the labourers. And in the meanwhile our sisters and brothers are dying, starving, all around us; our children's lives are being destroyed by inhuman conditions, and want of equal opportunities. Must we wait until we can convert these REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE, so-called, to humanitarian views? The answer comes up from the toiling, ever-

EDUCATION.

In the columns of *The Schoolmaster* there recently appeared a letter giving the following reasons why women teachers should be admitted to the ranks of the school inspectorate. This privilege has long been granted to the male elementary teacher.

1. Heredity having played its part well, women have a special aptitude for teaching and training the young, an aptitude generally acknowledged to be of first rank.

2. Women have all passed through girlhood, and they are also the natural custodians of infants, therefore they are, for these two classes of children, experts by nature.

3. Girls and infants are more than two-thirds of the total population of school children.

4. There are about two women teachers to each male teacher in elementary schools.

5. The woman teacher's *morale* is high. In newspaper reports she is conspicuous by her absence, and in the black list of the department her place is almost nil, and only occupied for very small offences.

6. She is personally suitable. Practically all other professions are closed to her. Hence, however clever she may be, she is not invited out of the ranks as clever men teachers are. If unsuccessful she takes refuge in marriage, and school managers see to it that she does not return. They do not welcome a married woman's return unless she is specially well qualified for the work. At present the fittest of these remain in the ranks year after year, and may live to see one of their "infants" visit their school as inspector merely because to that "infant" sex has been no barrier to promotion.

7. They are no more "faddy" than are men. Women who at present occupy any position approaching to inspectors are specialists, and therefore have to justify their *raison d'être* by much exactness, but even among them have been found minds of the broadest cast.

8. They could not be deceived in regard to a woman's work as easily as a man can be.

9. That it would be a fitting way to commemorate the close of the Victorian era. Her Majesty's reign has been a sufficient object lesson to the world of what a woman can do when a fair chance is given her. What a woman has done at the head of the realm may be done in degree by other women at the head of other though smaller spheres.

ESPERANCE.

Nox.

QUOTATION FROM "EURIPIDES."—Above 400 year B.C.—What women thought in those far off days,—"Of all beings who have life and sense we women are most wretched. First of all we must buy a husband with money, and receive in him a lord, for this is a still greater ill than the former. And then the question is whether we receive a bad or a good one. For divorces are not honourable to women, nor is it right to repudiate our husband. For, coming to new tempers and new laws, we must be endowed with powers of prophesy if we can know what sort of yoke fellow we shall have. But should a husband dwell with us, diligently engaged in the performance of our duties, who treats us with kindness, our lot is deserving of envy; if not, death is to be preferred. If a man find aught displeasing in his house, going abroad, he seeks relief among his compeers or friends. We must look for happiness to one only. Men say of us that we lead a life of ease at home, while they are fighting with the spear. Misjudging men! thrice would I engage in fierce conflict than once suffer the pangs of childbirth."

MISS EDITH BLYTH AT STEINWAY HALL.

Miss Edith Blyth is a most promising young artiste: she bids fair to make for herself the name and fame her earnest efforts and painstaking work so richly deserve. We had the pleasure of listening to her, early this month, when she and Miss Mabel Wood gave a morning concert at Steinway Hall. The singers all merited praise. It is something in this busy world to be able to enjoy these rare intervals of pleasure, which lift us away for a time from sordid cares. In the French and German songs, also in "Oh! merry goes the time when the heart is young," Miss Blyth was especially delightful. Many of those there assembled expressed great satisfaction, with her clear, sweet tones, also with the concert *in toto*; and with all the singers, ladies and gentlemen. Our earnest thanks and support are due to those who thus bring into our life "the touches of sweet harmony."

REVIEWS.

The *Modern Review* for May and June contains some articles well worth the closest, most earnest study and consideration.

Among them a few are specially good. Every woman should read with care and attention "Mr. Gladstone and Madame Crepez on the Emancipation of Women." It is a masterly refutation of the silly arguments brought forward by Madame Crepez and approved by Mr. Gladstone. When women write as this German lady has done, we cannot fail to see that male worship is their inducement, and men, who, like Mr. Gladstone, so highly approve of it, are actuated no doubt by worship of the same fetish.

We are glad, indeed, to see so able a pen take up the cause, and so deftly and thoroughly overthrow its illogical reasoning, if reasoning it may be called. The article ends with a sentence worth committing to memory: "A woman who is untrue to the cause of woman is no more a true Liberal than are those men whose Liberal principles stop short of sex privileges."

"The Sin of Our Cities," in the May issue, takes Glasgow, and it is a relief to read the efforts made by the municipality towards reform, though they have not as yet reached the roots.

"The Kreutzer Sonata," by Susan E. Gay, gives an excellent criticism of this work by Count Tolstoi. It is, in fact, a condemnation, and a just one, of by far the greater part of this book. The writer of the article asserts that Tolstoi "has missed a great opportunity of delivering a message of profound import in his day and generation." In very truth this is so. "For there is something," she goes on to say, "of greater value to Womanhood than worship or aspiration, than idealism, than sentiments of benevolence, than any condemnation of vice or praise of virtues; and it is Justice—the only doorway to a better estate."

Every word of this article it is a woman's duty to read; also "The Burning Question," by Catherine Whitehead, which gives the best suggestions as to how to deal with the subject of "Our Suffering Sisters" it has ever been our good fortune to read.

Many of the articles are capital. All women who desire reform, so much needed in our social and political life, should read and study what earnest-souled women and men write or speak wherever it is written or spoken.

"I WAS IN PRISON."—These significant words form the title of a pamphlet lately issued by the Humanitarian League.*

Always holding very strongly the opinion that our prisons are places of punishment rather than of education and of training, I yet had not realised the extent of the wrong done to wrongdoers, nor the cruelty of their fate until I read this little book. When Christ was here on earth and said to us, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," did He, or did He not mean what He said? His followers will wish to uphold His word; yet their actions are in distinct disobedience to it. We do not love our criminals. We forget that there is "more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons," and we are so absorbed in protecting the just from the sinner that we are lost to any thought of winning the latter. By this I do not mean

* "I was in Prison; A Plea for the Amelioration of the Criminal Code," by R. J.—Published by W. Reeves, Fleet-street, E.C., Price 6d.

that there are no prison chaplains, nor prison chapels provided; but I rather think that when a prison chaplain has the exceeding great joy of touching the hearts of the prisoners, it is the man in him and not the chaplain that does it.

In these days few would be found to deny that moral sin is far more injurious to man or woman than material loss. Do we then exert all our influence to turn the thief, for example, from his evil course, to encourage, support, and help him materially and morally, so that he gains strength and self-respect? By no means. We adopt the absolutely childish course of at once both punishing the defaulter and yet preventing him from even repaying the value of what he stole.

Graver faults are treated far more injuriously, and it is only possible not to be hopelessly saddened by R. J.'s account, by the hope that, publicity being given it, reflection and the inauguration of a better state of things will follow.

It is not, however, as I think, by in any degree shielding the guilty that we shall best succeed, and therefore, with all respect for the generosity of sentiment towards women, expressed by the author of the pamphlet, I cannot feel but that my sex can commit the worst crimes, and does do so. The baby-farmer, the procuress, and truly sometimes the infanticide, are no less criminals than are male offenders. The latter class of female criminals are among the most difficult for men to deal with, because every time a judge has to pass sentence on a guilty woman of this class, he knows in his heart that the guilt, though not the sorrow, not the shame, nor any part of the burden, is equally the share of another—of one who is licensed by society to sip the sweets but none of the bitter of unchastity. Not until women judge women will these things, which so closely concern women, be justly dealt with. When one sex fixes the standard of morality for both sexes, and fixes it inequally, there is an end of hope that justice will be meted to offenders.

R. J. speaks most feelingly of the cruel sentences passed on girls who have destroyed their infants, while themselves temporarily distracted through sorrow and fear; girls who need sympathy and help, and, indeed, actual sick-nursing rather than severest punishment. His account is heartrending, and I hope I have made it very clear that it is not of this class of infanticides that I speak when I say that the guilt of women can equal that of men. Rather, in turning the pages of the book is one filled with a fresh compassion for each new class of offender—and with sorrow for the utter lack of sympathy that is shown to be accorded them.

That we can be content to shut our criminals up in jail and condemn them to the comparatively useless monotony of "hard labour" is shocking enough; but far beyond this is the horror of solitary confinement, to a period of which torture every criminal of a certain order is doomed. Whatever the temperament, whatever the previous mode of life, whatever the age and sex, and (within limits) the condition, this terrible fate awaits them all. It is described by Sir Edmund Du Cane (Chairman of Directors of Convict prisons) as an "artificial state of existence, absolutely opposed to that which nature points out as the condition of mental, moral, and physical health"; as if it were possible for any being to do otherwise than deteriorate under such conditions. Do we want any part of the time spent by our convicts in prison to be a time of retrogression? Surely not,

Life and long-period sentences are most terrible to contemplate when regarded merely as the caging of a dangerous animal—and by many the death sentence, even, is preferred to these, so much do they dread the long, slow-passing of the weary, useless years. But to us it should be an impossibility to pass the death-sentence, which is, in fact, nothing better than a revenge—a very cowardly evasion of responsibility, wherein we ignore entirely the condition and needs of the soul that we thus cast into another state of existence.

"R. J." tells us that he would wish capital punishment in the case of women to be at once abolished, for, he says, "the hanging of a woman is a foul and degrading deed, unworthy of Christianity and of civilisation."

With this I entirely concur, save that for the word "woman" I would substitute "human being," for is not the life of a man as sacred a thing in the sight of God, as the life of a woman?

And if it be pleaded that his crimes are vile and his moral status lower, as undoubtedly often is the case, still, this result is but a consequence of our own bad method of training and our false standards; and what we have to do is to seek, to find, and to hold before ourselves and our children, a higher, a purer and a nobler ideal, and to strive our utmost to attain it.

I have only touched on a few of the points in "R. J.'s" excellent and valuable pamphlet, and I fear I have done scant justice to these; I write, however, in the hope of calling the attention of the many thoughtful readers of *SHAFTS* to the subject of the essay.

ELEANOR MAUD BEEBY.

"SAD SUMMER." (FOR MUSIC.)

Thank God! men cry, for summer's birth,
The grace, the beauty, summer brings;
The gladness of the teeming earth,
The joy of all created things.
Though woods may wave and meads be green,
Though birds may sing and roses blow,
I cannot be what I have been
In summers of the long ago.
Fair summer! all thy charm we own;
Thy gracious strength and sweetness feel;
To sorrow-stricken hearts alone
Thou bringest not the balm to heal.
Thine are the days for joy and youth,
Not for the weary, passing slow.
I learnt life's falsehood—and its truth—
One summer in the long ago.

I watch thy dawns of pearly grey,
Thy sunsets flaming, red and gold;
But hope has ceased to light my way,
The ashes of the past are cold.
Alas! for love that smiled and lied—
For heart-peace I shall never know—
They perished when the roses died,
That summer in the long ago.

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

NUMBER "7"

Seven is the mystic number of perfection. The earth is in its sixth cycle, anxiously awaiting the dawning of the seventh. We have had six poets of matchless power—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe, but there appears no seventh. So also music has had its six great masters—Purcell, John Sebastian Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Many lesser lights have sought to be the seventh, and hitherto all have failed; and it seems probable the seventh will never appear—leaving to Handel the chief place admitted by all.—*People's Magazine.*

Liverpool Fabian Society.

THE Liverpool Secretary of the Fabian Society sends us No. 1 of the Fabian Tracts, entitled "Liverpool—Wealthy and Poor." When Mr. Gladstone made his *coulour de rose* speech in December, he ought to have had the information contained in this Tract before him; for it appears that out of the population of 750,000 no fewer than 37,000 are paupers; while Liverpool is still "the city of slums, the most over-crowded city in the kingdom," and the death-rate in 1891 was the highest but one of all our large towns. The Fabians assert that this poverty in the midst of wealth is mainly due to economic causes; and that this unnatural, inhuman, and degrading state of things could be swept away by the abolition of private ownership in land and the means of production and distribution. There is much that is commendable in the Fabian movement, and we shall watch with deep interest the efforts of the Fabians to ameliorate that terrible condition of affairs which is a disgrace to our civilisation.—*Modern Review.*

Society Competition.

THE worst effect of the struggle is on the women. Few of them come into direct competition as winners, but rather as spenders. The wife of a rich man who is not possessed of extraordinary intellectual and moral force becomes a mere competitor in the large theatre called society. This is sometimes melodramatic, sometimes comic, sometimes tragic. But women whose husbands are rich, claim a certain social position by means of and because of wealth. Inherent womanhood is not estimated. Show, and power to act are considered. The real competition of the world is feminine. Nowhere else is there such elbowing down as among society belles and matrons who desire to lead in society. Economy is thrown to the winds. It becomes despicable to save. The only thing feared is a rival in the social theatre. We do not care where the fault is charged, the point to be considered is the ruinous effect on home life. There can be no real home built by those who have no aims but to get rich and to spend what is won.—*Catholic Tales and Catholic Tit-Bits.*

Women at Chicago.

WOMEN are certainly making themselves felt at the World's Fair, for, in addition to the General Congress meetings held in the Hall of Columbus and the Hall of Washington, morning and evening, there are several smaller halls where meetings are going on at the same time. At the larger gatherings important subjects are discussed, of which "The Evolution of Woman," "The Ethical Influence of Woman, Educationally," "Woman in Civil Law and Government," "Woman in Science," are a few examples. In the smaller halls papers are read on many of the woman's societies—The Woman's Social Purity League; Woman's Clubs; Dress Reforms; Temperance; Nurses' Associations; and Associations for Befriending Young Servants. Besides these there are thirty committee rooms, where afternoon sessions are held. In these rooms are considered literary, scientific, economic, philanthropic and educational subjects. At all these meetings the speakers are women, and they are listened to by vast crowds, thousands of whom are sometimes turned from the doors for want of space.

Annual Meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation.

THE great annual meetings of the Liberal Women of England took place on the two last days of May and the first of June. It was no mean gathering, about 700 women delegates were assembled, representing 75,000 women all over England and Wales, the largest body of unenfranchised political workers that the world has ever seen.

The subjects discussed were many, and covered a wide field of politics: questions of ordinary party politics such as "Home Rule," "Welsh Disestablishment," and "the Local Veto Bill" naturally took up a great part of the time, but women's questions were by no means shelved, and several of the discussions were very interesting. Woman's Suffrage had, as was fitting, a prominent place on the agenda and in the debates. On the question that the vote was needed, and that to grant it was an act of the most elementary justice, there was practically a unanimous agreement; but the discussion arose on the best methods of securing that most essential weapon of political warfare. To those of us who remember the secession of the seventeen ladies last May, 1892, it will be known that the ladies who held office for the past twelve months were all strong Suffragists, but, although they have worked for suffrage, have put it on the programme of the W.L.F., and have pledged themselves to do all in their power to place it on that of the Liberal party, they are averse to making it a test question at Parliamentary elections. This attitude did not meet with the approval of some of the oldest workers in the suffrage cause, causing animated discussion, in which the most advanced party in the associations strongly objected to the executive being bound not to make the suffrage a test during the coming year, desiring that its hands should be left perfectly free to do so or not as they might think fit at the time. However, the executive expressed a desire that they should be so bound, as several timid folks seemed to hold the illogical opinion that not to bind the executive not to make the suffrage a test question was the same as to say that they must make it a test with all Parliamentary candidates; therefore as this attitude was taken by the executive, the resolution against the test was carried by a large majority.

Several sensible resolutions were carried, referring to women's labour; also one against deadly trades, such as match-making with white phosphorus, and the manufacture of white lead. Mrs. Charles Mallet, who introduced the subject, spoke of the terrible diseases and ultimate loss of life which are the fate of the unfortunate workers in these fearful trades; showing, too, how the evils may be avoided, and mentioning some of those firms who study the interests of their employes, and refuse to use the cheaper but deadly article.

But, possibly, the most hopeful sign in the whole Council meeting was the introduction of the question of the State regulation of vice. It is not many years ago that the question of purity was ignored on the Women's Liberal Federation platform; but to-day our Liberal women have dared to face the terrible facts of the treatment of their Indian sisters. The scene was unique in the annals of the Woman's Liberal Federation. The shameful evasion of the decree of the House of Commons against the State regulation of vice in India was proved to the hilt by the evidence

of two of the delegates, who had been on a mission to India to investigate the state of the case. The horrors of which they told, though they could not describe them, were such that there was scarcely a dry eye in all the vast meeting. Surely it is a certain, strong, and healthful sign that our women have forced themselves to face the truth, terrible though it be; and from the knowledge thus obtained we may hope great things in the near future. The delegates will go back to their homes resolved to stamp out this iniquity, and they will help to form public opinion on the subject throughout the country.

ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE PIONEER CLUB.

Come, good and faithful Pioneers,
With gladsome, tuneful lay,
Come, celebrate in joyous song
Our happy natal day.
And first to her who gathers us
Beneath her kindly wing—
Our brave and noble President—
Our need of praise we'll bring.
Then "One in all and all in one,"
With axe of hope in hand,
We'll hew our way to free, glad life—
An earnest, working band.

Onward, still onward, let us go,
The note of *Progress* sound,
To raise the rank of womanhood
And heal its every wound.
We'll clear away all noxious weeds
That may our course impede;
We'll break down walls of pride and scorn,
And see their captives freed;
For "One in all, and all in one,"
With sturdy axe in hand,
We'll hew our way to freer life—
An earnest, working band.

We'll cherish high and noble thoughts,
And ever seek sweet *peace*—
Peace that shall calm all troubled hearts,
All burdened souls release.
So shall our club a blessing prove
To all, both far and near,
Who, in the cause of Liberty,
Its toils and triumphs share.
For "One in all, and all in one,"
With axe of truth in hand,
We'll hew our way to freer life—
An earnest, working band.

L. C. SKEY, A PIONEER.

ARROWS.

JUSTICE and Mercy are not separable—it is but just, to be merciful, and merciful to be just.

MAN is perpetually offering to woman his bad farthing, in exchange for her silver shilling, and is loud in his indignation, should she even attempt to ring it on the counter of Life.

THE child growing up without love and kisses, is being robbed of its first most precious birthright.

FOLLOW the liberal *principle*. The name on the banner under which it marches along is unworthy of the first consideration.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

ALL those desirous of helping *SHAFTS* would do so by favouring, whenever possible, those firms advertising in this paper. See advertisements.

A Visit to the Lady Gardeners at Swanley.

ONE of the most remarkable features in the social life of the present day, is the way in which women are striking out and making a place for themselves, in work hitherto considered exclusively fitted for men. A closer acquaintance with each new effort is always interesting, I therefore received with gladness, an invitation to join a friend on a visit to the women's branch of the Horticultural College at Swanley. Alighting at the station we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd chiefly composed of ladies, bent on the same errand as ourselves. All sorts and conditions of carriages waited to carry us to our destination; one of these a large break marked "COUNCIL." But we seated ourselves on the box of a less pretentious vehicle. A drive of about a mile, past fruit plantations, orchards, and fields of strawberries brought us to South Bank, the residence of the lady students. Here we were shown over the house, including the dormitories, where, by means of an ingenious arrangement of curtains, privacy is secured. Refreshed by a cup of tea and some most delicious cakes, we walked the short distance to the college. A noble avenue of elm-trees separates the high road from the old mansion house, which has been added to, and altered, to suit its present purpose. A narrow hall, lined with bookcases containing works on horticulture and kindred subjects, leads to the lecture-room, beautifully decorated with frescoes representing Ceres at play. Adjoining this apartment is a large class-room fitted up with desks and forms, where the students, women and men, work together. Having inspected the house, we wandered into the grounds, where, in spite of the long spell of dry weather, the flourishing condition of fruit-trees and vegetables gave ample proof of the care bestowed on them. Here and there—planting, potting and pruning—we found the "sweet girl gardeners." Pear-trees trained in the "oblique cordon" method, are found to bear fruit most abundantly. Numerous glass houses were visited, filled with grapes, peaches, tomatoes, cucumbers, and more fruit and vegetables than can easily be remembered. The poultry run, next claimed our attention, with its many varieties of fowls, each with their own portion of grass allotted to them. Some little ducks and chickens, hatched in an incubator, were being fed by one of the students, a lady appointed to act as foster-mother. Hives of the most modern description make the work of honey production easy to the busy bee, who here finds wax cells already provided, and has only to fill them with the sweet food it has gathered. Time did not allow of a visit to the dairy, so we hurried off to catch our train, carrying sheaves in our hands in the shape of roses and cucumbers. The college course occupies two years, and a diploma is given to students who are successful in the examination. The fees run from £70 to £80 per annum, and scholarships may be gained after the first year. Three hours a day devoted to theoretical and five to practical work in and out of doors is the usual curriculum, so that there is no occasion for students to join in agitating for an Eight Hours Bill on their own behalf. Ladies living in the country would do well to consider whether, by spending a couple of years at Swanley, they might not find in their gardens a source of pleasure and profit hitherto unknown. J. E. T.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

A VOLUNTEER CORPS FOR WOMEN.

MADAM,—John Strange Winter's success some months ago in greatly modifying the threatened irruption of crinolines by establishing an anti-crinoline league, suggests the possibility of attaining a yet greater object, the practical recognition of woman's rightful place as legislator and administrator, by a similar organisation. My attention has been strongly called to the matter by inspecting the lists of governors and executive committees of the various public organisations which favour us householders with reports and appeals for subscriptions. In all, of any wealth or importance, whether hospitals, convalescent homes, or other institutions, woman, as authority, was nowhere, though as subscriber or gratuitous canvasser she abounded. So methought this should not be, and that if all women having money to spare, whether much or little, would but bind themselves to withdraw or withhold their pecuniary assistance from every hospital and every philanthropic organisation, the directorate and executive committee of which does not consist of men and women in fairly equal proportions, the masculine element would soon be qualified by the premium, to the very great comfort and benefit of poor women and children, and the great advantage of all concerned. I will not trespass on your indulgence by dilating on the proved evils of exclusively male dominion in hospitals, as elsewhere. They are patent enough to every thoughtful person who has considered the subject. Of course in this, as in every reform, there is suffering for the pioneers. It is painful; it may seem cruel to refuse assistance to charities one approves of in the abstract, especially those for children, because the governing body consists exclusively of men, against whose character or kindness one has nothing to say. But this proposed effort to give to our poorer sisters and their children the comfort of female guidance in their hours of sickness and distress, obviously can only be successful if unflinching. At present I know of no large philanthropic organisation except "the Salvation Army," that places woman on a full equality of power and consideration with man; hence probably their unparalleled growth and success. Many years ago I attended one of the Church Army's inaugural meetings, graced by sundry Bishops and clergymen. These reverend gentlemen proposed and passed a rule that no female member should be suffered to join a procession except under charge of her own parish priest. I need scarcely add that this gross insult to womanhood effectually tightened my purse strings, and I hope those of very many others.

LETITIA GOAHEAD.

VEGETARIAN CARNIVORA.

DEAR MADAM,—Arguments have been used against a non-flesh diet for mankind on account of their digestive organs being more suited (and taking less time) to perform their functions on meat than on cereals, &c. I have heard of a dog being brought up for two years wholly on vegetable food. When found, as a small puppy, he had been cruelly

treated and was swarming with vermin. He was cleansed and fed on milk, rice pudding, potatoes, and later, on bits of bananas, bread, thick ends of lettuces, broken grapes, and cut up oranges.

After six weeks he refused milk and took to water. He objects to entering water, but will put his head in to get at radishes thrown in.

Beetroot and raw potatoes he considers luxuries. His health was restored, and he got in fine condition. This happened in Grand Canary; he is now in England, where he has resided six years. He takes a little meat, but is certainly seven-eighths a vegetarian. Prickly pears and mashed fresh figs formed his dessert; he also takes tea, but refuses beer, having taken the pledge in infancy. His condition is splendid, with a coat like silk, which gives a sensation of cleanliness to the touch. There is no odour from him as from those dogs fed on their so-called natural food, which certainly shows a poisonous substance in meat; all disagreeable odours showing the presence of poison. Mr. Don has several tricks and is full of energy and brightness.

It may be argued that this is only a single instance, and dogs were created as carnivorous beings; that dogs who lived and worked out of doors could not sustain their vigour on vegetarian diet, but like all other animals the dog was evolved from a lower state, and is rising towards the higher life as the ages pass; therefore, a system of diet, which brings him into the best state of health, without causing pain and death to his fellow-creatures, certainly hastens the rise.

The address of this favoured animal, Mr. Don, is —, but no, he shall not have the life worried out of him by a rush of inquirers eager for advice how to train themselves into the same grand condition of health as his dogship. BALCARCE.

TAKING WHAT IS.

DEAR MADAM,—I forward you the MSS. I hope it will please you. I thank you for a kind letter you wrote to me some time ago.

I am taking two copies of your paper and giving one away.

I find with much sorrow that there is a very pronounced dislike among many women to discuss sexual questions. They prefer to accept men as they find them, secretly hoping that they are not deceived by them, but dreading to bring things to light. Such women really encourage immorality by silently acquiescing in wrong.

Yours truly,
C. F. C. B.

SHELTER FOR WOMEN.

DEAR MADAM,—During my recent visit to London I went to see one of the night shelters of the Salvation Army for women, and think you may like a description of what I saw. This refuge is situated in the East End, near Whitechapel; it has been open for some years and filled every night with the poorest class of homeless women. I had read of it in the publications of the Salvation Army, but thought I should like to see it for myself, and so went rather late one evening last week to Spitalfields for that purpose. It was, indeed, rather late, as I found, for visitors to be admitted, the doors being already closed except to the poor creatures who come in last to claim, for the modest charge of 2d., its longed-for harbourage for the night. Nevertheless, upon giving my name, and urging my request,

as one come from a long distance and not resident in London, I was admitted, and courteously taken through the building. The sight which met my eyes was indeed a strange and to me a very interesting one, justifying in every respect the account I had previously heard and read, yet far more impressive than any mere description could be. One thing which struck me was the order and quiet, at an hour when conversation was still permitted, and going on. The scrupulous cleanliness of the place, and its accommodation, and the comparative freshness of the atmosphere in the dormitories, whose rows upon rows of narrow, but by no means uncomfortable-looking beds, were already occupied; and the restful look of comfort and relief, manifest in many of the countenances of the poor women who were its tenants—notably those perhaps in the room set apart for the mothers and their babies not one of whose little ones were crying, or seemed restless, though many were awake at the time I entered—struck me forcibly.

With one poor woman, of whom I had already heard and read in the Army publication, I conversed for a few minutes. She has occupied the same quiet corner now, every night for four years. She had known better days, and still retained a relic of the past in the shape of a pair of white linen sheets, which she carefully pins round her person during the day while working, and as carefully spreads on her bed every night. She was lying in them when I saw her, and she expressed to me her grateful sense of the comfort and blessing she experienced in the nightly shelter, which she has come to regard as her home.

Other poor women were in various stages of preparation for the night, some using the well-appointed lavatory, where plenty of soap and water and clean towels, form part of the comforts they obtain for the modest sum above named.

It seemed to me, even in the short inspection possible at so late an hour, that this refuge from the pitiless streets, must prove an unspeakable blessing to thousands of poor women. The same spirit of love and self-sacrifice is practised here which is characteristic of so much of the Salvation Army work; forming indeed, one of its best credentials. In every department of its now vast organisation is to be witnessed the best point in its favour—namely, its treatment of women; giving them, as it does, in all things, their true position of equality. This, apart from its broad religious teaching, of which it is a consistent outcome, is the great secret of its growth and power.

MARY.

TO VEGETARIANS.

DEAR MADAM,—With your kind permission I will take a little space in your valuable paper, to tell your readers who wish to know something about vegetarianism, that, when understood and properly prepared, it is the cheapest, most nutritious, and wholesome food. I send with this a little recipe which, I hope, will be useful to them.

With many thanks

I remain, dear madam,
Yours very sincerely,

ALEX.

BAKED OMELET.—Put one large breakfastcupful of stale bread in a large deep dish; pour enough boiling water over it to soften it; cover it, and let it soak for an hour; then mash it with a fork, picking out the hard pieces. Add a small dessertspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, half a

teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and a pinch of thyme, or an onion chopped fine. Beat five or six eggs well, add them to the ingredients, and mix all well together. Put the mixture in a well-buttered dish, and bake for about 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Turn the omelet out of the dish, and serve with a brown sauce poured over.

ALEX.

The above has been tried, is delicious, but will do well with two eggs, and is very good with more parsley—all to taste.

ONE OPINION.

DEAR MADAM,—The action of many English women politicians does not commend itself to some of our Labour leaders, who regret to see female suffragists pinning their faith to the Liberal party, which has uniformly voted and spoken against their claims. If women are, as a whole, to be put in possession of the franchise, it must be by the aid of workingmen's votes, and by the action of the Labour party, of which, men like Keir Hardie, Ben Tillet, John Burns, and Tom Mann, are the leaders. Women should, therefore, either form a Women's Labour Organisation, or, like Miss Kate St. John Conway, join some branch of the Independent Labour party, and speak and act in the noble way which characterises that eloquent lady. The Labour party, which is increasing in power every day, will remember its friends.

A MEMBER OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

TEACHING.

DEAR MADAM,—In the May issue of SHAFTS the writer of an article on "The Real and the Ideal in Education," quotes the opinion of an eminent Continental educationalist to the effect that it is "highly instructive to visit British elementary schools, for there you find everything that ought to be avoided."

In your April issue "R. P.," in a letter on "Social Morality," made the following remark: "The Minister of Education should be a woman of the highest attainments, of whom we have now not a few." As one who has long laboured in the educational field, may I say that I fully believe the surest way of remedying the defects, which cause our Continental neighbours to take us for an example of "How Not To Do It," would be to adopt the suggestion of your contributor "R. P." If a committee of advice composed of women similar to Miss Clough, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Besant, and others could have been at hand to advise our statesmen in the year 1870, perhaps many of the defects we now regret would have been unknown. It is like so many of our other partial failures, due to the fact that one-half of the community think they can do the work of the whole. Our homes take both the masculine and feminine elements to work out a successful issue, but the larger home—the State—is so unimportant that it can be worked single-handed. The teaching and the training of the young is specially woman's work, and till she takes her due place in it the highest and best that can be done for the child is not done. A scholastic journal lately stated that during the discussions on education in 1870 it was proposed that women should become inspectors of schools (girls' and infants' probably), but that the idea was not entertained because it would necessitate the re-organisation of a whole department. No wonder the Continentals laugh at our expense! With the intellect and refinement that Newnham and Girton pour into the scholastic market, how regrettable it is that our girls and

infants, do not profit by some of it. And how fair it would be if elementary women teachers, could assist some of these highly-endowed ladies as elementary schoolmasters have for so long assisted the cultured men who inspect the schools for the Education Department. More suitable work could not be found for either, and we should be spared seeing men trying to understand the complexities of a buttonhole, a darn, or a line of stitching. When men speak of some employments women are wishing to open up for themselves as "unwomanly," my mind often reverts to the male inspector of sewing, and the inspector of little infants, and of M. Worth, of Paris. Perhaps, if all the truly womanly occupations were left to women, there would be no need for opening up others for them. Then, even the women who work on pit banks and in ploughed fields, might find more congenial callings. How often I wish women could become, in fact, Home Rulers, that they could have the chief part in the management of the domestic affairs of the nation—such as education and all social matters, and leave Imperial concerns and commercial affairs to the men. This division of labour is natural, and if adopted would lead the ship of State to the haven where so many of us desire it should be.

Yours faithfully,
ESPERANCE.

EARNESTNESS IN WORK.

DEAR MADAM,—I am sorry to find by your May number of SHAFTS that you have received no letters commenting upon or approving of your most excellent editorial in your issue of April.

If women would look upon these matters with clear, earnest eyes, aided by the just indignation, born of sympathy with the sorrows of their own sex—if they would honestly look at life as it is, and recognise that the *womanliness* consists in finding a remedy for the evil, and the unwomanliness in knowing it, and yet keeping silence. If all women would emulate, as far as possible, those brave few who are doing and suffering so much for freedom, and by every means in their power do their best to help this noble work, then, indeed, we might travel per express to victory.

It has been written, "Thou shalt not kill," and yet throughout the world a universal slaughter is going on. Thousands of women are dying daily, killed by oppression, crushed to death by injustice, the joy and sunshine of their lives slain by the tyrannies of male power and brute force. The very laws of this land of freedom (!) are so framed that they form a barrier to almost every path on which a woman may wish to tread.

Let us have at work for progress all the talent we can, independent of sex; let this talent be used for the suppression of injustice. The powers of women and girls are enfeebled by non-usage, even before they are fully conscious of the wonderful capabilities they possess.

In no way is the enfeebling process more disastrously carried out, than in the manner you so strongly and yet so delicately allude to in your April editorial, and most earnestly do I hope that by voice, purse, or other influence in public or private, every pure woman will use her best endeavours to put down this loathsome evil. Everyone can help, every heart can feel, and no opportunity should be lost that may help a need so great.

Yours &c.,
ROWENA BALDWIN.

THE NATIONAL CHURCH DEMONSTRATION.

DEAR MADAM,—At the great demonstration meeting of the Established Church in Albert Hall (on May 16th) the Archbishop of Canterbury complained (1) that the Welsh Suspensory Bill of Mr. Gladstone is not a scheme to reform the Church, but to destroy it; and (2) the Archbishop urged against such a scheme that it would tend to shake men's faith in religion, and also make men doubt whether anything is naturally good or evil.

But since from the very beginning to the present day, it has been made a law of the Church that "*the doctrine of the Church may not be touched*," under terror of the State's heaviest displeasure and the Church's severest censure; therefore the Church itself provokes the world to think that Disestablishment is absolutely necessary as a preliminary means for effecting a reconstruction or reform; just as a builder removes an ancient edifice when its walls are crumbling, cracking, and dividing from top to bottom, preparatory only to erecting a sounder building on the same foundations.

And as nigh one-half of the nation have publicly dissented and separated from the Established Church, and the other remaining half are divided against one another into hostile parties, and are united in nothing except in agreeing to differ and to divide (which is death to the living Child, "truth"), therefore this antagonism, confusion, and division on religion is of itself alone surely sufficient to shake our faith in the doctrines of the Established Church; and also sufficient to make us doubt whether anything is naturally good or evil; whilst the Church is, admittedly, baffled and defeated in all its attempts to convert an educated world to accept its doctrines, and yet will not allow them to be discussed and reformed to meet the wants of a progressive world, in like manner as every other institution or profession has to be reformed, in order to meet the advancing tide of knowledge.

And when it is publicly asserted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the greatest meeting of the Church ever known before, that *the poor have a right to Christian instruction*, then surely, surely the poor have a right to protest against their children being taught in the Church, doctrines which are contradictory, and which cannot be reconciled as either good or true.

Ex. gr. From the chancel or altar the clergyman will declare the Ten Commandments to be of Divine authority and the very Word of God (which it is life to obey, and death to disobey), and in the very next moment he will declare from the pulpit in a sermon, or utter from the altar, in a celebration of the Roman Mass, a sacrificial doctrine as being necessary to be believed, which (to be true) would require the breaking of the Commandments to be false, and which the moment before he had uttered and declared to be of Divine authority, and the very Word of God. Then is there not a cause for reform of doctrine, if the Church would be saved from Disestablishment for expecting this reform?

There was a time when our soldiers and sailors were equipped with a musket called "Brown Bess," and wooden sailing vessels, but surely, surely it would be no satisfactory answer to the English of the nineteenth century, to be told by the Commander-in-Chief (of the Army and Navy), that he had "set their house in order" lately, by creating six new generals, and spending £44,000,000 in equipping the army with immense stores of "Brown

Bess," and the navy with an immense fleet of wooden ships.

And yet, for all practical purposes, this is the only answer which is given by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at this enormous demonstration of the Established Church, to the English people. And meanwhile the people of England are required to believe, or to profess to believe, by the Commander-in-Chief, or Pope, of the Established Church (*i.e.*, the Archbishop of Canterbury) that a number of ecclesiastical doctrines are infallibly and divinely true, in defiance of our consciences and our immortal reason, teaching us that they are absolutely untrue.

However, the great weekly organ of the Church, *The Guardian*, in a leading article (on May 17th) tells the people of England that although this meeting in Albert Hall was the greatest ecclesiastical meeting ever held, yet its object was not to convince or persuade the people, but only to inspire and stimulate them to be zealous for the establishment of truth as revealed in Jesus Christ.

Then let the people of England, both men and women, be stirred up to set Europe and the world an example by demanding that freedom shall be allowed in the pulpits of the Church, for teaching openly and fearlessly the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of Christ's Gospel and Christ crucified! And then we may hope that the words of Lord Rosebery in praise of the Rev. Prebendary William Rogers, may be true also of every clergyman; so that when they, like Mr. Rogers, are seen in a carriage, it may be also said of their carriage it is not an ordinary one, but is *the chariot of civilisation* on its way to do some good work, some friendly act, that will leave a word of sympathy behind.

The Bishop of Manchester told the audience that science and criticism have not increased scepticism, but have *rationalised* and deepened faith. And as the Scriptures teach that "The Lord hath a controversy with His people," then let the people of England put duty before pride, Christ before the Churches, God before Mr. Gladstone, and open the gates of the Church that truth may enter in, in order that the Church may be the Church of the living present, and not of the dead pastor only; because the Bishop of Durham tells the people of England that the Established Church is a progressive Church; that it has welcomed popular influences; that it has shaped popular aspirations; that it has power to assimilate new truths.

Eighteen hundred years ago the rulers of the Synagogue in Antioch said to the arch-heretic, St. Paul, "If ye have any words of exhortation for the people say on." And in Antioch men were first called Christians. Are there any rulers of the Church now that have the same courage? And where? and when? with a hope of like results?

REV. T. G. HENDLEY.

THEOSOPHY declares that man has seven planes of existence, of which three pertain to him as a person, that is, while he lives in a mask—the word *persona* meaning mask. These are the body, the astral body, and vitality. But he has four planes that pertain to him as an individual, an entity; they are the emotional nature, the mortal mind, the spiritual mind, the spirit. He climbs at last the highest rung, *i.e.*, pure spirit, but remains an individual still. [Theosophy certainly contains much truth; it is worth earnest study. Examine all things.—Ed.]

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