

SHAFTS

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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What the Editor Means.

"We are mothers. Through us in our bondage,
Through us with a brand in the face,
Be we fettered with gold or with iron
Through us comes the race!

"With the weight of all sin on our shoulders,
Midst the serpents of shame ever curled,
We have sat, unresisting, defenceless—
Making the men of the world!

"We were ignorant long, and our children
Were besotted, and brutish and blind;
King-driven, priest-riden!—who were they?
Our children?—mankind.

"We were kept for our beauty, our softness,
Our sex:—what reward do ye find?
We transmit, must transmit, being mothers,
What we are to mankind!

"As the mother, so follow the children!
No nation, wise, noble, and brave,
Ever sprang,—though the father had freedom,
From the mother—a slave!

"In the name of our ages of anguish,
In the name of the curse and the stain,
By the strength of our sorrow we conquer
By the power of our pain."

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

WHAT are we doing, then, we women and mothers? Some terrible counts against us appear from time to time. Where were we women that a sentence of penal servitude for life should have been allowed to be passed upon a woman, a midwife who did her best to relieve a suffering sister; while a man, a doctor, who in utter carelessness killed his patient—a woman—received no punishment worth calling such, and who was excused on the ground of insanity? What are we women doing? Are we waiting for men to give us freedom from their domination? They will never do that, they cannot do so, for they are dominated by the animal, as we by the physical. We must free ourselves, and in so doing lift the yoke of the race, of all life.

Where is our woman protest in the name of mercy and justice, while our fellow-creatures in Armenia, women, men and children, are being tortured night and day with indescribable atrocity; while our navy—"the bulwark of liberty," Heaven save the mark!—lies quietly at anchor in mortal fear, seeing all, not daring to move lest some national danger should be incurred? Are we not as a nation strong enough? Some say not. Why? If not, it is because the spirit of cruelty and immorality rampant all over our land has demoralised us to cowards, because our public life and official life is

"An undiluted shame."

Why are we, WOMEN, silent? If we have no vote, no weapons, we have our tongues, we have ourselves, both more powerful than an army with banners. Do we use these as we ought? No, we crouch in corners and are still slaves, abject slaves.

We do not know our power. Are we trying to learn it, to use it? Look at the gaunt misery and shame of our streets! Where are we women while our sons, husbands and fathers, create these conditions. Where are our pure instincts when we receive these men into our homes, caress and honour them in the sight of all, and say no word, while we turn their partners in sin out into the mire, anguish, misery and horror of the streets? They for one

sin must perish; their partners, our menkind, are they whom women delight to honour—so are they safe. Is it cowardice, are we afraid? A woman *alone* might fear, but women in thousands need fear nor man nor devil. Go out at night in numbers, watch the awful scene, watch the river spanned by its bridges; listen as splash after splash tells of a wretched creature, a despairing soul, one after the other, facing the darkness, the cruel death, because life where man governs is more terrible by far; and *remember!* the misery is theirs, the SHAME ours. What are we waiting for, you and I—for man to do the work? When will we learn what we know; for man *cannot* do the work, and we *know* that he cannot. Have we not seen that where man is supreme it means for women suffering, dishonour and death, and it means very little else; for man, as man, is deep sunk in sense, and cannot help himself. Woman is the helper. But what are we doing, what are we thinking of while the children of the race, *our* children, *ours* and no others, are being trained year by year to follow in the same paths—the children who love us best, and who at our guiding would turn to other paths and *never forget them*. Where are we while these others, the animals, cry day and night in their unspeakable agony, their groans mingling with our light laughter, jest and song? Do we realise what all this means?—this subjection of ourselves, soul and body, to man in his blindness and tyranny, the tyranny of the physical over the more subtle power; stifling our consciences, hushing voices that ought to cry unceasingly. What do we gain by this awful slaying of our higher selves? Food—clothing—luxury—a home? Bah! We could make all these for ourselves, and be free from the suffocation which pays for it, the passion which palls upon us and the blinding tears and pain. Joy is the proper atmosphere of life, and we women must create it. But it will never be created while we separate ourselves from one evil thing, as though we were set apart. All is ours, all part of us, evil to be helped, not to be joined in, evil from which we drag others away, other helpless ones, while we say in love's deep sympathy, "How beautiful my sister is, how beautiful my brother."

FUNDS FOR "SHAFTS."

It is with great regret I am forced to ask a little more help from my readers. It causes me great pain for many reasons. But I am encouraged to do so, knowing, as I do so well, how great is the good the paper is doing and how much it is appreciated by its readers, in sufficient numbers to make it worth any trouble to continue it; also its prospects are now very hopeful.

I ask each of my readers who is interested in SHAFTS, who derives pleasure or benefit from reading it, to take for one year, those who are able, four or five copies each, monthly. If two hundred of my subscribers would do that, or if three hundred would take three or four each, and send them wherever they could regularly, it would make SHAFTS known, and would help me out of my difficulty. I think I dare hope that there will be found among the readers of SHAFTS women who will do this. I ask *only* those who are able, and those who approve of even enough of SHAFTS to make it worth purchasing and reading. Many do so; therefore, I feel confident I shall not have written this in vain.

Pioneer Club Records.

"Who leads the world in its long upward way?
Who rules the world with sceptre still unknown?
Who above all, should we devoutly own
As Leader, and our gladdest tribute pay?"

"Give the mind Truth, like water to a flower;
So gives the teacher, praise and tribute bring,
The TEACHER is the Leader."

C. P. STETSON.

DEBATES at the Club have been opened rather frequently of late by gentlemen. Is it because we are stranded without the male element? Certainly not. Is it that ladies will not come forward? No, not that. What then? ask many. In days when men formed their clubs, parties, societies, etc., they diligently and carefully excluded women. Why, say some, do we not return a Roland for an Oliver. It was so that men acted; but that was on lower lines. Not so we. We, women and pioneers, work on higher lines; so, though we prefer women, though our Club has been instituted for the purpose of inducing women to come out of their retreats, and to take their part on the platform of life, yet we have consideration for the requests of men who wish to open debates, and having left behind us the plane on which the law of retaliation rules, we extend the hand of courtesy to those, who, in their day, shut their doors on all our attempts to enjoy the benefits of freedom.

This term has seen several men open debates. All were good, though lacking, we could not but feel—with one exception—in that spiritual intuition which makes listening to women speakers so delightful.

On February 13th, "The Doctrine of *Laissez Faire*" was treated by M. J. Farrelly, Esq. Lady Harberton, a woman of singularly clear and progressive ideas, took the chair, and in a few words introduced the opener, whose address proved very interesting, and was clearly enunciated. The sum of what he showed was, that State interference was only considered tolerable when it was directed towards the people, the weaker, or more submerged; that when the protected classes were threatened with an overhauling of their position, or the narrowing of any of their privileges, then, the doctrine of *laissez faire* became the cry of the aggrieved ones. He advocated a levelling of interests and privileges; that opportunities should be opened for all who were able to avail themselves of them, that a general spirit of helpfulness, where help was really and absolutely wanted, should be cultivated.

The Pioneers responded fairly to the call for discussion.

On Feb. 20th a gentleman, evidently of the Army, introduced the Navy League, which in the announcement had been coupled with the Pioneer Club, why, puzzled many.

The lecturer advocated an increase in the navy, stating that the idea of a navy that would dominate the seas, so enabling England to dominate the world, and issue her mandates, secure of their being obeyed, was being desired by men increasingly. He desired to see the time, which, in effect, he prophesied, when the voice of England should be heard over the world; irresistible through her royalty over the seas, when one language, and that English, should express the thoughts of nations. He complained rather dismally that this end, growing in power, in the understanding, desires, and ambitions of men, was not responded to by women. To assist in expressing such a desire, in bringing it well before the people, in advocating it before the House and in places of influence, a band of persons had, he said, formed themselves together.

Of these, it afterwards appeared, a Pioneer—Mrs. Norman—was one. Mrs. Norman said a few words on the matter; but whether absolutely approving of the movement or doubtful, did not clearly appear. Miss Whitehead opposed in a very sensible, well thought out speech. Most of the Pioneers approved of what Miss Whitehead had

said, and were glad to hear that women generally, did not run so wildly into an increase of the means of war. The lecturer stated that the troubles, outrages and atrocities in Armenia, which we have sat so complacently down to permit, need not have been had our navy been more powerful. But Pioneers for the most part thought otherwise; and were not of opinion that England's attitude on the Armenian question reflected any credit on her as a nation.

Dr. Farquharson, M.P., asked on Feb. 27th, "Should Midwives be registered?"

The debate was a fair one, considering that the opener was himself a doctor, and of course prejudiced in favour of doctors, and specially apparently, of doctors male. No one could advocate inexperienced attendance on cases so important, but some thought that the experience and observation of a woman who had perhaps acted as midwife for several years, ought to have given her what was as useful, often more so, than a college education would have been. Many cases were cited of deaths resulting from the inexperience and want of training of midwives; but few, of the deaths—so frequent—resulting from the ignorance of general male practitioners. This was a serious question, said one Pioneer, and *thought* many—a question not to be easily settled. Considering, however, the general attitude of the Medical Faculty towards women's claims, it was good to hear Dr. Farquharson express sentiments so liberal.

On March 5th, Pioneers heard one of the most delightful and cheering addresses ever given in the Club. Mr. Scott Stokes opened the debate on "Suderman's Women." It was not perhaps more able than others, nor was it even because of the speaker's sympathy with women, it was that the *soul* of the lecturer was speaking and going straight to the souls of his audience. Truly a refreshing evening.

Mr. Scott Stokes said:

"In a book on modern women by a modern woman—a book so fascinating that having read it I was compelled to re-read it, and wondering, to read again, occurs a passage that came upon me like a flash of magnesium light bringing with it great revelations. The passage ran: 'It is almost universal amongst women that they do not take man as seriously as he likes to imagine. Men have no idea what a comical appearance they present, not only as individuals but as a race. The comic part of a man is that he is different to women, and that he is proud of being so. The more refined the woman, the more ridiculous is she likely to find the man who takes such a roundabout way of coming to his conclusions.'

When men find a group of women laughing amongst themselves, they never suspect that they are the cause of it; which is most comic.' In considering the subject of Suderman's women it is difficult to see in what manner they lend themselves as matter for debate. In the limited time at my disposal I can only outline one or two of the moer striking women who pass across his pages. The works of Suderman are charged with the grave responsibility of a new departure, a fresh experiment. The action of his novels and plays turns so often on the tragic consequences of repression, that though not written with a definite purpose, they may, in view of their wide circulation both in Germany and England, do much to spread and establish the doctrine, that women should have the right of employing to the fullest all the powers they possess; and his works also show convincingly how the denial or curtailment of that right has been the cause of half the hidden tragedies of the race. It has been said of *Magda*, the best known of Suderman's works, that it is an attack upon the sacred associations that cling around the name of home for both the English and German peoples. But a careful study of the work reveals that though it may contain an indictment of the false home, the true home is not attacked in one single line. The home of *Magda*—a pale, wondering, serious, hollow-eyed child—was situated in a little provincial town where no detail of family life escaped watchful eyes. Within the home all was worthy of respect, faultless

in its observance of the conventionalities, and of its religious practices, everything was in order, thrifty, yet with something to spare for the poor, all was regulated down to the minutest details. Those who have not read *Magda* can go back in imagination to the pastor's house in Miss Thackeray's *Story of Elizabeth* and so get somewhat of an idea of the goodness, regularity, dullness and impossibility of this household. Yet behind all this outward calm lurked the shadow of a great sorrow. Some ten years before the story opens there was another daughter in the house whose name is never spoken now. She startled the peaceful routine by some longings for a wider life, for some expansion of *herself*. She seemed stifled in the home, could not rest, longed to become an artist. Her father insists that she should become the wife of the young clergyman of the place, trusting to her being sobered by matrimony—as if when matrimony is taken as an opiate it is not attended with risks of a terrible kind. She leaves home, and the father on reading the few lines telling of the steps she has taken, falls stricken by paralysis, and *Magda's* name is henceforth forbidden in the house. Alone, unfriended, never having been taught to think for herself or to rely upon her own resources, ignorant of all things and trusting much, she learns to love a young law-student and is deserted by him. Through an almost impossible fight she emerges into the clear day, finds the environment in which she can work, and in time comes success. She becomes a great singer. Drawn to the home of her youth she finds her former lover a rising man in her native town and a guest at her parent's house, a mainstay of religion and the most correct of men. Through the exertions of the young clergyman who recognises her, she is received by her people, but her father on learning of her past life insists that she must marry the man who had deserted her, and she yields to the combined wishes of her family and friends. The sacrifice is cruel, but it shall be made; she must give up all she has fought and won—obliterate herself to help on the career of a man eaten up with petty schemes of self-advancement. But when he further demands that the child born of their union shall be hidden away as a thing accursed, the limits of self-sacrifice have been over-stepped, and she drives the coward from the house. The father seeks to enforce his will, and locks himself in a room with *Magda*, armed with pistols, to save what he calls his honour. There is no physical fear in the woman, she pleads not for life, but for the right of a woman to be true to herself. In vain. The old man raises the pistol—when a merciful stroke of paralysis prevents him from killing the body of his daughter, whose soul it was already in his mind to destroy." Mr. Scott Stokes touched slightly one or two other of Suderman's books, but the time allowed did not permit of his going into them as fully as the subject really demanded. He mentioned a friend, a poet, to whom he had spoken on the subject of the many deaths, suicides, which took place from the Bridge of London, over Thames, which they were crossing at the time. He asked, "Do these explain the problem of women's life, these deaths?" "No," the blind poet had replied, "it is easy to die, but noble women are coming who will teach women how to live." Mr. Stokes concluded by reading a splendid poem, apt to the sentiments expressed, written by this poet. It was heard with unmistakable pleasure by the Pioneers, whose applause had already been given freely to the debate.

After the lecturer had ended his paper, there was silence in the Club for a much longer time than is usual with Pioneers, generally so ready to take up the threads.

One lady said, It was so seldom that they listened in that Club to a gentleman who did not tell them in some way, subtle or otherwise, of their incapacity; so very seldom that a man full of sympathetic insight into the needs of women, addressed them, that she thought they were all struck dumb with astonishment and gladness.

She proceeded to advocate freedom for young people, certainly after they were grown up; and to say that especially was freedom necessary for girls to learn and judge well the

meaning of life, and to cultivate and develop their latent powers. After this the discussion proceeded with vigour, racy, full of life and power.

SPRING SESSION, 1896.

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

March 12th.—"Does Modern Painting express the Spirit of the Age?" Debate opened by R. Machell, Esq. Mrs. Morgan Dockrell in the chair.

March 19th.—"That Nordau proves himself incapable of a just Estimate of Rossetti, especially of the Blessed Damozel." Debate opened by Mrs. Brooksbank. Mrs. Franklin in the chair.

March 26th.—"Man's Indebtedness to the Feathered Creation is only equalled by his Ingratitude." Debate opened by Mrs. Charles Mallet. Miss Whitehead in the chair.

NOTE.—The conclusion of "The Story of the Pioneer Club" is deferred unavoidably to the April issue.—Ed.

Progress at Home and Abroad.

LEGISLATIVE.

THE opening of the Parliamentary Session of 1896 was noteworthy by reason of the unprecedented number of members who balloted for the purpose of securing a good place for a Women's Suffrage Bill. The best position fell to Mr. Faithfull Begg, who came out in the twelfth place, and in consequence of his good fortune the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension to Women) Bill was brought in by Mr. Faithfull Begg, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Jebb, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, Mr. Maclure, Mr. M'Laren, Sir Albert Rollit, Mr. Atherley-Jones, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Macdona and Colonel Cotton-Joddrell, and stands for second reading as the first order of the day, on Wednesday, May 20th. The probabilities of a successful debate and division are greater than they have been for many years, and it is essential that the second reading of the Bill be carried by an overwhelming majority; so that this word to wise workers ought to be sufficient.

The readers of the Memorial to Mr. Balfour printed in the January number of *SHAFTS* will remember that it pointed out that "in Ireland women have no place whatever in local administration." Irish women have not hitherto been made eligible for election even as Poor Law Guardians. This reproach, however, may, it is hoped, shortly be removed.

On February 14th, Mr. William Johnston, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, Sir Thomas Lea and Mr. Field brought in a Bill to enable women to be elected and act as Poor Law Guardians in Ireland.

On February 17th, Mr. W. Johnston moved the second reading of the Bill, and on a division being challenged, the Bill was read a second time by 272 votes to 8. On Tuesday, February 18th, the Bill passed through Committee without amendment, and was read a third time. On Monday, March 2nd, the Marquis of Londonderry moved the second reading in the House of Lords, and as this was agreed to without a division, it may be hoped that the Bill is now practically safe, and that Irish women may soon begin to take their due part in the work of Poor Law administration.

The *projet de loi* promoted by Mme. Schmahl and other earnest workers in France, which will secure to a married woman the full use and control of her own earnings, has received the assent of the Chamber of Deputies. May it speedily be as successful with the Senate!

EDUCATIONAL.

The registered women students for the current session at Owens College, Manchester, number 103. At the meeting of

the Court of Governors on March 3rd, the thirty-eight Associates elected by the Council last December were presented and admitted as members of the College. Of the thirty-eight persons thus admitted, all, with one single exception, are graduates of the Victoria University, and *nine are women*.

Our eldest Universities, those of Oxford and Cambridge, after giving generous help in the pioneer work of the higher education of women, seem determined to lag behind all other Universities in dealing out even-handed justice to women. The columns of the *Times* and of other newspapers have, for weeks past, given abundant evidence of the terror of the reactionaries lest the admission of women who successfully pass the *honour* examinations of the Universities to the degrees assured to any male person who can scrape through the merest *pass*—should lead to the demand by women for full membership of the Universities.

It is so easy to pose as being generous; so very difficult to be simply just! Yet the whole woman's movement means the enthronement of the morality of justice.

On February 26th, the members of the Senate of Cambridge University met to discuss

"The report of the Council recommending the appointment of a Syndicate to consider what further privileges, if any, should be granted to women students, and whether they should be made admissible to degrees in the University, and, if so, what degrees. The Vice-Chancellor presided."

The Masters of Magdalene, Peterhouse, Trinity and Christ's with Professor Sidgwick, Dr. Jackson and others, supported the proposal, whilst Professor Alfred Marshall distinguished himself by his opposition to it.

At Oxford the discussion on the main question took place on the 3rd inst. The debate took place in the old Divinity Schools, and the attendance was very large; the demand of the women being, in the end, refused by 215 votes to 140, majority for injustice, seventy-five.

If any one wonders that such a result is noted as a sign of progress, they have but to look back a little at what *was*, but a few years ago, and to remember that to many of the resident M.A.'s, who were the voters on the 3rd inst., the question is so new that the amount of support received is noteworthy and surprising. The resolution on which the vote was taken was brought forward by the Rev. T. H. Grose, senior tutor of Queen's College, and reads:

"That it is desirable, subject to certain conditions, to admit to the degree of B.A., women who have kept residence at Oxford for twelve terms in a place of residence approved by the University, and who have passed, under the same regulations as apply to undergraduates, all the examinations required for the degree of B.A."

The following brief summary of the debate is taken from the *Manchester Guardian*:

"Mr. Grose, the President of the Association for the Education of Women, opened in a quiet and effective speech which covered the whole ground, and dealt briefly but sufficiently with the main objections. Mr. Strachan Davidson followed, and attempted in a serious and well-delivered speech to win support for his quite impossible proposal of a Women's University. He argued against the B.A. on the shadowy and fine-spun theory that the degree really meant not intellectual standards but a particular sort of life which was impossible to women. He attempted also to meet the strong point of his opponents—the grievance of the students who take the course and get no recognition. Mr. Warren (President of Magdalen) briefly dealt with some of the obstinate prejudices of the enemy, such as the 'natural inferiority of women,' the 'danger of Greek,' and 'co-education,' and pointed out that the 'Women's University' was on every ground impracticable. Mr. Henderson (who was greeted with impatience by his own side) made a humorous speech which amused and pacified the audience, though his arguments, as he himself confessed, were all drawn from Professor Gardiner's letter to the *Times*, and were sufficiently familiar already. He concluded with some quite baseless prophecies, in very dubious taste, of evils that might arise if the number of students was largely increased. By far the most effective speech was that of Professor A. V. Dicey, which closed the debate. He insisted strongly on the great importance of the subject, and brushed aside the trivial and unreal arguments which have formed the stock-in-trade of the enemy's fly-sheets. A Women's University—there was no woman wanted it, and only two men. Funds? If funds were needed, as likely as not the nation would take them from the University which was slow to take its proper part in educating the women. The B.A. injurious to women? Those who refuse a request in the interest of the petitioner are always proper objects of suspicion. The scare of co-education he crushed with an appeal to experience. Lastly, he insisted on the gigantic and salutary changes in girls' education within the last thirty years, pointed to the solid support given to this proposal by prominent Conservatives, and concluded with a marked threat that if Oxford refused to do what was

wanted it would be done for us. The voting was then taken, with the result announced, and the debate on the minor proposals adjourned for a week."

On the 10th inst., congregation rejected each of the four alternative proposals, thus proving that the voters need further education in justice, and to be made to realise that women are not merely half the nation, but *that half* of it with whom rests the framing, the nurture, and the development of the race.

Meanwhile the Association for the "Promotion of the Co-Education of Boys and Girls" has begun its important work by the issue of a leaflet answering the question "Why Boys and Girls should be Co-Educated." The first reason assigned gives the fitting key-note of the whole:

"Because the continuous association from childhood of men and women will have enabled them to know and understand each other, and thus to fit them for working together in the helping on, consciously and intelligently, of the evolution of the race."

Those who desire to aid the Association in its important work will remember that the Hon. Sec. is Mr. John Ablett, 43, Munster Square, London, N.W.

ELIZABETH C. WOLSTENHOLME ELMY.

Madame Bergman Osterberg and her Physical Training College.

PART I.

Girls of to-day: Give ear;
Never since Time began
Has come to the race of man
A year, a day, an hour,
So full of promise and power
As the time that now is here.

Never in all the lands
Was there a power so great.
To move the wheels of state—
To lift up body and mind—
To waken the deaf and blind—
As the power that is in your hands.

Here at the gates of gold
You stand in the pride of youth,
Strong in courage and truth,
Stirred by a force kept back
Through centuries long and black—
Armed with a power threefold.

Truly a girl to-day
Is the strongest thing in life.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Among that brave body of women who occupy the outposts of progress, who watch the tides of time, and watching, labour—Madame Bergman Osterberg holds a deservedly high place in the esteem of her fellows. One of the greatest pleasures it has ever been our lot to enjoy was bestowed by her kind courtesy in permitting us to view her students under training in the Gymnasium. It was more than a pleasure, it was a happiness we cannot forget. Watching the lithe, agile, clever girls going through their health exercises according to Ling's Swedish system, a vision of the future rose before us—for the training at this college means culture that will affect the mental as well as the physical—and we asked, "What will not the future of our country be when its laws are made, its education superintended, its social system ruled, by such women as these girls will make?"

At her training college, Broadhurst Gardens, Hampstead, Madame Bergman Osterberg has, since 1885, given to her pupils there the best possible education on physical lines according to the "Ling" system that it is possible to bestow.

This Swedish system of gymnastics has been gradually developing itself in this country during the last decades.

To help in producing such a condition of things as would unite in women strength of body and mind, and make them ready for the work before them, was one of the earliest dreams of this great-hearted woman. An opportunity to do so was presented by the study of an almost perfect system of gymnastics, and such was not lost upon a mind so full of ardour, resolve, and that undying hope which sustains labour through all discouragement and trial. For such endeavour there is only one possible goal, Success; success certainly, even though it be not what the world recognises as such. The nature of Madame Bergman Osterberg's work demanded open, universally recognised success, such as she has obtained and is still gaining. In her college at Hampstead, since 1885, and now in the larger premises in Kent to which she has removed, the same principles held and hold sway. The first part of this paper treats of her work since its first commencement as an organiser of physical education under the London School Board, till her final settlement at Hampstead, the second part will give some account of her work at Dartford Heath, the continuation of her former work on a larger scale and under still more favourable auspices.

Herself a Swede, Madame Bergman Osterberg is an enthusiast on the subject of physical education, and the successful representative of the Swedish system of gymnastics in this country.

In every soul, says one who has seen beneath the surfaces, there is bound up some truth and some error; each gives to the world of thought what no other possesses. Is this a full truth? may be asked, or merely a portion of a truth? Whether we decide in favour of the former or latter suggestion, it explains the *raison d'être* of many persons, and many outcomes of many personalities. To those who think deeply and purely, free from self—observing meanwhile gently, with an inward sense of possible falling short in apprehension—there comes a perception of the level of souls. Through the slow passing ages, shrouded in semi-darkness, the denizens of earth have been ceaselessly seeking the unravelling of mysteries; the mysteries by which all conscious life is surrounded. To these, on the speeding wings of Time, have come some gleamings of Truth. Such gleamings need not be, have not been, always, the result of deep study, nor associated with temples of learning. On the contrary, the quickening flash has sped often straight to the consciousness of those in no respect wise as the world readeth; trained in no schools, held, perchance, by the world of wise ones—so-called—in very slight esteem. But the convictions arrived at have been invariably the result of thought; thought moved by some mighty force within, yearning in passionate desire towards the vast firmament of All Truth, and through the strength of its yearning drawing therefrom luminous revealings. These leaping to the seeking soul, with all the power of a conviction glad and deathless, abide there, never thereafter to be uprooted or destroyed. Such Truth abideth and becomes the nucleus of the changes which propel our upward going; are, in fact, the soul of universal ascension. Such Truth underlies all teachings of all times, whether philosophical or religious; lies even under the vaguest shadows, the roughest and most barbarous approach to such teachings, teaching, often perchance, no more than a misty recognition of a *something beyond*, higher than the human, stage dim and undefined. As the atmosphere around us modifies light in its transmission to our eyes, so the absorption of the spiritual, the Light of Lights, is hindered by the mental atmosphere we create for ourselves and in which we complacently dwell.

Who can tell when the first vague impulse comes, which swelling into strength, becomes at length the purpose of our lives, the purpose which enables each soul to give her own particular help towards the march of the centuries, and the building of the great temple of Truth.

All true souls having beheld a truth will find the next step

inevitable, namely, the bringing of the understanding and conduct of daily life to the level of the truth perceived.

It is remarkable how great have been the pains taken by men to retard the progress of the race by keeping in a state of subjection and suppression the feminine—the most important half of that race. The world was slow to recognise the necessity of physical education, and even when its need was perceived partially, it was only as it affected boys and men; women and girls were excluded from that as from mental culture. Here and there the voices of thoughtful women have been uplifted against the tyranny of sex which left them stranded. But only now have we really begun to see the truth of this matter.

Miss Lofving, a Swedish lady, was first appointed Superintendent of the department of Physical Education to the London School Board, in the year 1878. She went through with energy and honest endeavour about three years of very hard work, during which she introduced the "Ling system of gymnastics" into about fifty schools, after which she returned to Sweden. But a great amount of opposition from the public, and the ratepayers had been, and had still to be met, and there were serious doubts, for some time, as to the advisability, or even possibility, of continuing this physical instruction, when Madame Bergman Osterberg was appointed successor to Miss Lofving in the year 1881.

Coming from the Royal Institute of Gymnastics in Stockholm, she came with power—well equipped for her work. In it she has been remarkably successful: she is the great authority in England on this system of physical training. To her it is an all-important question. She was not to be easily even delayed in her work; daunted never. Such a spirit overcometh, and Madame Bergman Osterberg declares that she has never known fear, and never for one moment contemplated the possibility of defeat. Free in thought and act, she knew no disturbance of committee regulations, nor was she trammelled by inspection.

Freely and fearlessly she planned out her work, freely and fearlessly she executed it. As she thought best she acted, and inexperienced interference she would not have been influenced by. Public attention was drawn to her important work through the great interest manifested towards it by the Princess and Prince of Wales, also by the fact that soon after, the Swedish system of gymnastics as demonstrated by Madame Bergman Osterberg, gained the Gold Medal at the Health Exhibition, 1884. So the attention and devotion of the clever, untiring teacher triumphed; and when she left the London School Board in 1887, she left behind her a thousand trained teachers. Her enthusiasm, united with her well developed powers, and the conscientious energy with which she carried out the resulting plans, deserved success; were in fact the sure precursors of success. The Hampstead Physical Training College was opened in 1885. In 1887 Madame Osterberg gave up her work with the London School Board, carrying with her into the new sphere she had selected for her future labours all the activity, earnestness, ability and devotion which had characterised her work in the past, aided and abetted by a riper knowledge and wider experience. She holds that the system is too necessary for the perfecting of racial development to fail; that to train the body as carefully as we train the mind, is an essential factor in a complete education. Her sympathy goes out of a warm kindly heart, straight and true to women. She believes in a perfect equality of opportunity between the sexes, political, social, and educational. She thinks each human being, when of age, ought to be able to make its own independence, that opportunities for doing so should be within easy reach of all; and she looks forward to the time when this shall be so, fully persuaded that the most important factor in bringing about this desirable state of things lies in the power of woman, the wisdom of woman, and the thoughtful tenderness of woman, being brought to bear upon all conditions of life. Woman, she avers, must and will be, *economically independent*.

Such independence will soon place her at the head and in the heart of all progress; such independence is only to be gained by efficient work, and no efficient work can be done without a healthy physique. She has seen how artificial, circumscribed, and shut in, a girl's life has been; has seen that such a life tends, not only to the physical and mental deterioration of the girl herself, but to that of all the race, she has seen that:

"As the mother, so follow the children,
No nation wise, noble and brave
Ever sprang—though the father had freedom—
From the mother—a slave!"

She has thought deeply and has perceived that if plenty of air, exercise and a wider aim in life, with opportunities therefore, are helpful to the body and mind of the brother—the boy—they must also be helpful to the body and mind of the sister—the girl; that if athletic out-door games make man stronger, they will make woman stronger also, that lung power, control over the limbs, a healthy harmonious existence with that open air stimulation so helpful to "a will to do, a soul to dare" are as necessary for one child as for the other, and that joy and happiness, with the free use of physical and mental abilities, creating a childhood glad and happy, in its freedom from over-restraint, is the best foundation that can be laid for a future noble life.

All this she has endeavoured to produce by means of her excellent system, in her college at Hampstead; with a success at which we must all rejoice. Training her students carefully and conscientiously, she helps them on in every way, and when the term is completed sends them forth to form other centres of work for themselves, to train the young to a higher development of all their powers and greater gladness during their childhood's days.

Some of the Swedish institutions work on the line of gymnastics alone, Madame Bergman Österberg considers that though these are the *first*, they are not the only means, and upon this theory she has acted with astonishing results. How she has carried her theory on this point will be seen as this account of her work proceeds, in this and further issues of SHAFTS; but thoroughly to understand what she has done and is doing, one must know and talk to Madame Bergman Österberg herself. She is an enthusiast, and enthusiasts overcome difficulties by the very joy and strength of their own souls.

A writer in 1891 testifies:

"The Hampstead Physical Training College, at 1, Broadhurst Gardens, is situated close to Finchley Road Metropolitan Station. The number of students has steadily increased year by year. Work and a salary of £100 per annum is guaranteed to every student who leaves the college. Old students have found good positions and remunerative work in some of the most important schools and colleges in England. The Ling system is adopted at Girton, Newnham, Cheltenham, Bedford, and elsewhere. We find it in some of the principal training colleges, such as the 'Maria Grey,' 'Cambridge Training College,' 'Whitelands,' and 'St. George's.'

"At a recent visit to the Hampstead Physical Training College, Madame Bergman Österberg conducted me all over the place. I saw her students in the gymnasium going through gymnastic exercises, which demanded not only strength and endurance, but the greatest precision and self-control. They all worked with one will and under one will. What result this system of gymnastics, combined with good hygienic conditions, is able to produce can best be studied in the faultless development and grace of many among these students. Later on I saw them plunge, dive, swim, and float to their hearts' content in the splendid swimming baths, situated opposite the college, and said to be the most modern and perfect in London. Finally I paid a visit to the cricket and lawn tennis grounds, ten minutes by rail out in the country. Here surrounded by fields, trees, and country lanes, the students practise for three hours every day during the summer under the experienced tuition of a professional coach.

"The sight of these strong, healthy, well-developed and happy girls in full enjoyment of all that makes life beautiful, struck me very forcibly, when compared with the ordinary stunted woman forced by unfortunate circumstances to struggle for existence without necessary equipment."

Another writer in 1892 gives testimony so creditable to human nature in the person of this remarkable woman that I cannot refrain from quoting it:

"From Madame Österberg I learn that few girls fail to attain the efficiency needed for a certificate. She can tell in the first term—often in the first month—whether a student is fitted to become a teacher. A poor voice, abnormal nervousness, or a physical deformity may prove to be unconquerable after a term's training. In such a case the student leaves and is

charged no fee for the instruction she has received: in some cases however, she remains for another term or so and undergoes a course of training with special reference to her weakness. Sometimes, too, it is found that a student, either from such a cause or from youth, is not fitted to be sent out at the end of the two years' course: she has, therefore, a third year of training without any additional expense. It is obviously to Madame Österberg's credit that she should unflinchingly adhere to the practice of never giving a certificate unless it is fully and fairly earned."

From Madame Bergman Österberg's own lips I have learnt that no student has left the College without work and that several of her late pupils are in receipt of salaries of £200, £300 and £400 a year.

It is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of this physical training of girls. It will affect the future of the race, physically, mentally and spiritually, in a way not yet realised, or dreamed of by many.

Madame Bergman Österberg, having through intuitive perception realised that the

" . . . Girl of to-day
Is the strongest thing in life,"

proceeded to set in motion her plans for equipping that girl mentally and physically, so efficiently, that her powers should answer to the call to be made upon her. So, she trusted to assist in the production of a nobler race, a race, the records of which shall hold so many noble women that long suppression shall be forgotten as a tale that is told.

Children at one time occupied almost a lower place in our estimation than we now accord to animals. So we pass from strength to strength always through the efforts of the reformers.

Ling's system besides being educational is also curative. From his own experience he found that disease could be cured by his gymnastic exercises, or at least health might be much improved. His system of movements are well adapted to heal or diminish illness by re-action. His laws have been stated by a writer on the subject, as:

"1. Man has, in his own organs of movement, an efficient means for the preservation or even the restoration of health.

"2. Every gymnastic movement in the system has a distinct physiological object; a beginning and an end, and both well defined; and has a fixed time and rhythm for its performance.

"3. The movements are so graduated and combined as to increase both the bodily strength and the functional powers.

"4. In bodily development, beginning with the simplest, we may gradually advance to the most complicated and powerful movements; and this without danger, inasmuch as the pupil has acquired the instinctive knowledge of what he is or is not capable—(LING.)"

It is specially adapted for the use of girls and women, and most thinkers and observers now see clearly that the strength of the girl, as potential mother, must be cultivated, or the race will be feeble; we see that it is feeble from the neglect of this in the past.

In England Madame Bergman Österberg is, as has been said, the great authority on physical training, and in having, through her own exertions and ability placed herself in a position so distinguished, she reflects honour on all women, as showing what a woman can accomplish, proving in herself the truth of her belief that women possess in themselves power to accomplish whatever their will may dictate.

In the first place, the College at Hampstead was designed for the training of educated women from eighteen or twenty years and upwards, in scientific physical knowledge, sufficient to enable them to become teachers.

The course of training occupied two years, and comprised anatomy, animal physiology, hygiene, gymnastics on the Swedish system, fencing, swimming and outdoor games. Certificates in theory and practice were awarded to those who passed the examinations at the close of the course. Madame Österberg's teaching is characterised eminently by its thoroughness, to this she attributes her great success.

Persons are heard to say that such a training and such a mode of obtaining a livelihood will prove eminently suitable to girls of average intellect. Such speakers forget or are not aware how greatly the intellect enters into such training when given as Madame Bergman Österberg gives it, in its highest sense.

The pupils study many things connected with health, for instance, drainage, a proper system of ventilation, and the science of the effect of light upon human health. They learn that an abundance of fresh air is *absolutely necessary* to healthy life. The exercises they go through are graduated carefully and performed with systematic ease and grace. No effort is perceptible. Madame Österberg states this to be due to the graduation which is so delicate, so perfectly sustained and provided for, that eventually the movements are performed with ease and pleasure by each pupil.

It is encouraging and pleasing in no ordinary degree, to find work so greatly influencing the lives of girls, done by a woman, and by a woman so able; so ardently desirous of doing all in her power to prepare women for the place her clear vision tells her woman is about to take in the world; and by one who while she bestows so much care on the physical, remembers ever its true place in that wonderful combination which makes the human being. Physical training, especially as applied to girls, ranks among the *innovations* which have caused so much foolish and unnecessary alarm in the thoughtless, selfish multitude, as time has unrolled ever new ideas, new departures. Progress "grinds the old mistakes down slowly, but grinds them exceeding small."

(To be continued.)

Women Book-binder's Society.

At the meeting of the Society of Women employed in bookbinding, the chair was taken by Mrs. Charles Greenwood whose speech I give in full, it will greatly interest the readers of SHAFTS.

Mrs. Greenwood said:—

"I feel deeply the honour of presiding at your meeting to-night, although I mean to take up very little of your time, as I feel a chairman is in the position of a prompter in a theatre, the less you hear of him the better. Still, I should like to say a few words to express my deep sympathy with a movement which has for its object the binding together of a number of workers, for the protection of their privileges and their right to labour.

"There are some industries which do not minister to the encouragement of what is highest and best in us, but yours is a noble industry and our great prose poet Ruskin has said some good words on the subject of spending money on books, which I will quote to you, 'We talk of food for the mind as of food for the body, now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is provision for life and for the best part of us. Yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries are cheaper to them I think in the end than most men's dinners are.'

"A precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect that there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling.

"I have for many years felt a great sympathy with Trades Union movements, ever since I first read Charles Reade's famous novel, *Put Yourself in His Place*, that's what we must do in thought before we can attempt to solve or even to understand the difficulties men, and more especially women, have to cope with in their endeavour to follow out the old instruction, to 'work with their hands.'

"The Unions act as a sort of watch-dog over the industrial life of the Country. Women especially need this watch-dog, for it is an unfortunate fact that our legislators at present, work to a great extent in the dark. So conflicting are the

statements made by many on the subject of Women's Industrial position. First, because with men no legislative enactment is passed, which regulates or interferes with their labour, without first lengthy deliberations attended by members specially pledged to support measures which are proposed by those working in the different industries; now we women have no one single member who is pledged to attend specially to our interests, this fact was pointed out by John Stuart Mill in 1867, and the state of the case is precisely the same now. Miss Blake once said, 'Men, having votes, take care to protect themselves from governmental interference, while women, voteless, are forced to submit to have their labour regulated by their male competitors.'

"Secondly, A knowledge gained by means of the vote, that to the majority at least of the trade, which is proposed to be legislated for, the enactments will be welcome. Now we women have no such protection.

"As Mr. Gladstone once said of a class of unrepresented men, 'They had no votes, and could be safely neglected;' now we have something sometimes to complain of worse than neglect, and that is, undue interference. Therefore let all women realise that in those societies lie the secret of any chance they may have of making their wants felt.

"The Bookbinders Union was established by that good woman Mrs. E. Paterson, in 1874, it has not only existed but has flourished ever since. In sick and out of work benefits, it has paid out £699. It helps members to secure vacancies in their trade by having at the office, newspapers in which they may see advertisements free of charge.

"Women who are banded together in a Union have opportunities afforded them to meet and discuss any difficulties on any legislation which they may think may do harm to their trade. As an instance of the help a Union may be to a Member, I may remind my hearers that in 1892, an important decision was arrived at on the subject of an infringement of the Truck Acts. A girl named Lousia Hewlett, a chocolate worker, was enabled by funds from her Union to carry her case up to the Court of Appeal, which resulted in a most important decision in favour of factory workers, under the Truck Acts.

"I may perhaps remind the members of this Union, that their Secretary Miss Whyte took part, as a delegate from them, in a deputation entirely composed of working women, the first ever received at the House of Commons, when she spoke clearly and ably on the subject of her disapproval of some of the Clauses of the Factory Act of 1885 which affected women's labour.

"Therefore the Union has not been idle, it has done good and useful work in the past, and is the oldest of all the women's unions, it remains with you to strengthen it by joining and making it the largest and most influential of any in the country.

"It is no use saying that Factory Acts which apply to women have never had the effect of ousting them from their employment. I am as grateful as anybody to past Acts which have regulated the conditions of labour, as to sanitary conditions, or the Law which prevented women working, as they did work previous to Lord Shaftesbury's first Factory Act in 1842, dragging trollies in the coal mines on all fours, naked to the waist. That was not an Act which took away woman's work to replace it by man's, for no man would do such work, and it was done afterwards by ponies.

"Now what we want to fight is legislation of a vexatious and unnecessary nature, legislation which affects adult women and treats them as children, and so drives the employers to give the work to those who are not hampered by such irksome conditions.

"I believe at the bottom of all the agitation in favour of interference with women's labour, is the feeling that it would be better for woman not to work at all, outside her home, this theory we women must earnestly fight against, for many reasons. We hear a great deal about 'the hand that rocks

the cradle, rules the world.' Yes, possibly it does, but if we are gradually to have our power to work taken from us, we shall have no cradle to rock, for some of us have sick husbands who *cannot* work, and personally I can conceive of no more noble or womanly part to choose, than working for the home, when the husband is incapacitated. Then again, there are some who have, unhappily, husbands who *will* not work, and let it be clearly understood that the Law has not provided any means of forcing a man to work, unless the woman comes on the rates. It is true that under the new Summary Jurisdiction (Married Women) Act of 1895, as Mrs. W. Elmy pointed out lately in SHAFTS which came into operation last New Year's day, a woman can bring her husband before a magistrate if he neglects to contribute to the maintenance of his home, but the wife must have left the home because of this neglect and ill-treatment, before she can apply for relief under the Act.

"Therefore it all comes in the end to the same thing, thousands of poor women have to bear with ill-treatment, and to watch the deteriorating effect an immoral man has on his home, because she knows how difficult it is for her to earn her living, owing to the low wages paid for women's labour in nearly every trade, and the increasing difficulties made by the restrictions thrown in the way of women's work by philanthropic politicians. It is a sad and significant fact, that women, having had no voice in the framing of the Laws which form our Poor Law system, they are, in some instances, extremely unjust to our sex; perhaps you do not know that if a couple enter the workhouse, the woman, even if she be willing and able to work, may not discharge herself. Her husband can, if he thinks fit, detain her in the workhouse by his marital authority."

"You will find this stated in 'Glen's Poor Law Orders. I mention my authority as I think it likely you will find such a statement difficult to believe."

"Depend upon it, when each woman's life is filled with honest independent labour, and she is left unmolested to find her own particular niche in the world, man will see with what added dignity she will be able to accept his love, no longer as a means of livelihood, but as a blessing which comes to add brightness and sweetness to an already honoured and honourable life."

Mrs. Jack Johnson, Hon. Secretary of The Women Journalists' Society made an excellent speech in which she described the evolutions through which bookbinding had passed from its earliest stages until now. She struck a true note when she urged the women to study design and strive to originate, as in that direction lay the chance they would have of rising to the highest and best paid branches of their craft. The last hour was devoted to a concert arranged by Miss Jean Grieve, who is an old and tried friend of the society. Miss Whyte, for twenty years its secretary, urged those present to join and strengthen the union, and help to band together to help each other.

The following resolution was carried unanimously: "That so long as women do not organise they cannot hope so to influence public opinion that Parliament will give effect to their wish to be treated as adults and not as children." At the close of the meeting twenty-nine new members joined.

SERUM-GIVING HORSES.

About the serum-giving horses of the Asylum Board, we know some of them died of glanders like Arousin's serum-giving horses. But is it true, or is it not, that those who survive the period for which they are required as serum-giving, finally find their way to the Laboratories of the conjoint colleges on the Embankment, and there end their days as material for research, *i.e.*, are used for vivisection? It is an ugly story, but that does not make it unlikely, quite the contrary—but is it true?

The Costers' Mission.

DONKEY AND PONY SHOW.

THE FUNDS of this Mission are practically exhausted, and the donations of friends and sympathisers could not possibly arrive more timely—they will be thankfully received. Costers' Hall is repaired, painted, white-washed, etc., once in five years. August last saw this done, the drains have been overhauled, new lavatories added, the gas lighting improved, etc. All this required money, and, in fact, has been done this time at a cost of £230—£50 of which came from the Shaftesbury Fund. In connection with this Mission, Miss E. Watts Phillips, of 87, Wood Vale, her sister, and friends have been exerting themselves to get up a Donkey and Pony Show. In this they were successful, aided by the kind co-operation of W. J. Orsman, superintendent. The Donkey and Pony Show was a great success, and was visited by nearly 4,000 people. Twelve Special Prizes were awarded, also each exhibitor received an illuminated certificate and 5s. in cash. The expenses of this Show were met by special donations. The show, we are told, "attracted the attention of some humane persons on the south side of the Thames, who wrote to the *Echo* contrasting the condition of the donkeys on that side of the river with their more fortunate brethren on the north and east."

The matter has been taken up—a show may be held this year in the south of London on the same lines as the triennial shows. But at least £100 will be needed to defray expenses, which can easily be raised if south London friends will stir themselves.

All this is good to hear, and the effect upon the consideration which will in consequence of it, be bestowed upon the donkeys and ponies, is in itself inducement enough for kindly disposed persons to come forward with funds.

Miss E. Watts Phillips and her sister have long taken great interest in such improvements, and are ardent workers against vivisection and against all cruelty to animals. It was greatly through their earnest, active efforts that the proposed show was realised by so many to be desirable.

The movement is under what is termed "distinguished patronage," names we are glad to see, but not one whit more so, than the names of those called lowlier workers—we confess we cannot see why. The movement is a step in the right direction, and a step which will count. We congratulate all who are engaged in it, and wish it abundant success.

The Message of the Wind.

SOUGHING breezes, brimming brooks,
Creaking boughs and autumn mist,
Restless, snatching winds, that twist
And whirl the leaves, and rock the rooks,
And mock the dying autumn days
Decked in their fading yellow sheen
Of gold and copper, russet green,
Jewelled o'er with silvery haze.

Mourns my soul for summer dead,
While its trappings round me lie
Spurned as dry mortality;
All its transient glory fled.
Wherefore, restless, snatching wind,
Dost thou mock, when soon or late
All must share dead summer's fate—
Bud, and blossom and mankind?

Art thou outside Nature's laws:
Hast thou neither Birth nor Death
Is our fleeting human breath
Then immortal?—Thou the cause
Of Life, and Life's effects supreme?
Blow ye then but where ye list?
Teach us Wind, if that ye wist,
Tell us not 'tis all a dream!

We do not mock, the Wind replies:
Trust not to earthly ears and eyes:
Think not thy puny scales can weigh the skies.

Judge not by outward form alone,
Seek for its soul in leaf and stone,
Thus seeking, shalt thou surely find thine own.

Waste not thy tears on summer dead:
When winter's works accomplished,
New wreaths shall deck the young Spring's tender head.

Learn thou the lesson taught within
How soul through everything is kin:
Thus learning, shall thy soul experience win.

Thou canst not trace our goings forth,
Save that we blow from south to north,
Circle from east to west;—our voices wrath

With tempest or with zephyrs mild.
Thus sweeps the Spirit through each child
Of man; its voice is Truth, pure, unbeguiled.

Nought then is outside Nature's laws:
Below the effect, above the Cause;
Widen thy knowledge, meditate and pause.

Day was closing, sun hung low,
West was flecked with sullen gold,
Whilst, on what the wind had told
I mused, and wandered homeward slow.
Darkness fell with whisperings wild,
Tree-tops tossed mid wailing wrack,
And 'cross the moon a fleecy pack
Of night clouds in fierce order filed.

Then the storm my sad soul swept
To silence;—what was sorrow?
What was dread of each to-morrow?
Wherefore had I longed and wept?
I would blend me with the wind,
Make my soul with Nature one,
Bathe in light of moon and sun:
All my Self should be entwined

With storm-drift:—now in rain-cloud,
Now in sunshine—tossed or lulled:
Thus should soul-pangs soon grow dulled,
And the voice which clamoured loud
To know Life's secrets be appeased.
Only thus could Truth come down
Only thus could Lethe drown
The past,—and gnawing grief be eased.

All is illusion sighs the wind,
Thus seeking shalt thou never find,
Truth is not grasped by mortal, human mind.

Rise to thy Higher Self, aspire,
Labour, nor seek reward, nor tire,
Illusions vanish as thy soul mounts higher.

Seek closer union, labour more,
Forget thy lower self, and soar
In Truth's own realm of spirit evermore.

There shall the mysteries unfold
Which Nature and mankind do hold,
And God's Truth, face to face, thou shalt behold.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

MRS. MASSINGBERG'S ADDRESS AT THE MEETING OF THE MAYBRICK SOCIETY AT HAMPESTEAD:—Continued.

"Florence Maybrick was born in America in September, 1863. In consequence of the war she came to Europe while quite young, and was in every respect brought up according to the traditional manner of Europe, without any of the independence accorded to American girls in their own

country. The too frequent consequences of this sheltered life followed later on—that of being deceived and imposed upon. In this case the results were indeed disastrous.

"It was in 1879 that she met James Maybrick, whom she eventually married after some delay in consequence of the opposition of her family. In 1884 they settled at Grassendale, near Liverpool. At this point Mrs. Briggs appears in the story—Mrs. Briggs, who afterwards at the trial exhibited so mysterious a knowledge of the contents of the bottles found in the house *before* they were analysed. Mrs. Briggs, who had known Mr. Maybrick before his marriage, was a neighbour; she took her stand from the very first as the most intimate friend of both husband and wife. She won Mrs. Maybrick's confidence, and everything Mrs. Maybrick said to her was duly repeated to her husband. Mr. Maybrick was a man of jealous disposition, and directly after the marriage stopped all his wife's correspondence with earlier friends, and read such letters as she received. He had a violent and difficult temper, probably intensified if not caused by his habit of taking drugs. Mrs. Briggs understood how to keep him amused. In the early days she posed as the friend of both, but later on there are some strange glimpses of domestic life—Mrs. Maybrick locked in her bedroom and in tears, Mr. Maybrick and Mrs. Briggs drinking champagne together downstairs. Still Mrs. Maybrick did not recognise an enemy in this woman who pretended to be her friend.

"In March, 1889, Mrs. Maybrick became so seriously uneasy about the 'white powders' her husband was taking that she spoke to Dr. Humphreys about it, and wrote to Michael Maybrick.

"On March 29th occurred the terrible quarrel between husband and wife when he struck her. She consulted a solicitor about a separation the next day, but afterwards they became reconciled.

"On April 14th Mr. Maybrick spoke to Sir James Poole about the dreadful habit he had acquired of taking poisonous drugs and of eating arsenic. These very words are used in the judge's summing up.

"About this date Mrs. Maybrick bought some fly-papers and put them openly to soak in her bedroom.

"On April 26th some medicine came from London. When Mr. Maybrick was ill the next day he told the parlourmaid he had taken an overdose of it. This was the day of the Warrall Races, when he got wet through, yet stayed out to dinner, drank too much, and got home very late; enough to make a man sick who was in his state of health. He recovered and went to business again, but on May 3rd was taken very ill again. Mrs. Maybrick nursed him devotedly, and Edwin Maybrick, who had been in the house for a fortnight, admitted this, and that she had herself sent for the second doctor and the nurses.

"On May 8th Mrs. Briggs telegraphed to Michael Maybrick to 'Come at once.' This he did, and immediately threw suspicion on Mrs. Maybrick, and had it arranged that she should no longer give her husband his medicine. On the evidence of Elizabeth Humphreys, the cook, Mrs. Maybrick knew well that Michael Maybrick's presence meant trouble to her. She said that he had always had a spite against her since her marriage.

"This is curious, taken in connection with the circumstances relating to James Maybrick's will.

"The will which he destroyed in a fit of temper gave everything to his wife. He then proposed to let the law give her the widow's third, and to make no new will.

"But Michael and Edwin worried him into signing a new will, and there was a violent scene over it between the three brothers. The servants heard James Maybrick shout out, 'If I am to die, let me die quietly,' or words to that effect. According to Michael Maybrick's evidence, Mrs. Maybrick knew nothing of this new will until after her husband's death. By it Michael Maybrick was left trustee and universal legatee.

"On the night of May 9th, Mrs. Maybrick, at her husband's

entreaty, put one of the 'white powders' he was in the habit of taking, into a bottle of Valentine's meat-juice which was being given to him. But he fell asleep before taking any, and Mrs. Maybrick put it away; it was clearly proved and admitted that he never touched any of it.

"Now with regard to this question of poisoning; if this powder had been arsenic, and had been put into the bottle of meat-juice afterwards analysed, solid arsenic would have been found in it.

"What was found in the bottle, the contents of which were afterwards analysed, was half a grain of arsenic in solution. The identity of this bottle with the bottle into which Mrs. Maybrick put the powder has never been proved.

"In the body of the dead man one-tenth of a grain of arsenic was found, and one-tenth only.

"The only means by which Mrs. Maybrick could be connected with these circumstances was by supposing that she was obtaining arsenic in solution from fly-papers.

"The prescription for a cosmetic which she used, and for which arsenic was necessary, could not be found at the time. It was found long after the trial was over, and stands now as part of the new evidence.

"The facts that Mr. Maybrick habitually drugged himself, that he was known to take arsenic constantly, and that he kept quantities of unlabelled medicine bottles in his room at the office and in his dressing-room, were not considered of much weight against the unfortunate fact that this prescription of Mrs. Maybrick's for a cosmetic could not be found; what was found was arsenic everywhere.

"Michael Maybrick, Edwin Maybrick, Mrs. Briggs, and two servants, set about searching the house. While this search was going on Mrs. Maybrick was absolutely helpless, lying in a state of unconsciousness which lasted for two days.

"The result of the search was an amazing discovery of arsenic enough to have killed fifty people. It was found in powder, in solution, as poison for cats, and in all kinds of places, including the drain outside the house.

"If Mrs. Maybrick had been in possession of the poison in such quantities that she could pour it down the drains so as to leave a discoverable sediment days after, and keep it also in jars and packets, trunks and cupboards, why in the name of common sense should she trouble with fly-papers?

"One discovery of arsenic was in a chocolate box, with one of Mrs. Maybrick's handkerchiefs put with it, marked with her name. This is but a single instance of the open and flagrant manner in which the poison was placed all over the house. If Mrs. Maybrick herself did this, it is very hard to understand the description given of her methods by Mr. Addison, the counsel for the Crown. When stating the case at the trial he said that Mrs. Maybrick had done her work 'with a cunning unequalled in the annals of crime.'

"And yet, according to Alice Yapp, the nursemaid who read her mistress's letters, and gave them to Michael Maybrick, Mrs. Maybrick kept onestore of poison so carelessly in a trunk that directly the lid was opened they fell out upon the floor.

"That is Mr. Addison's idea of a cunning criminal's way of doing things! If Mrs. Maybrick did indeed put all this poison about the house, she took the greatest pains possible to incriminate and convict herself.

"We must note, however, that apart from Mr. Maybrick's own medicines, no one could speak to ever having seen or found arsenic put about the house in this manner before his death.

"We must note also that Mrs. Briggs revealed in her evidence the curious fact that she had been aware—that she had heard—that there was arsenic in the bottles found in the house, before their contents had been analysed.

"Now this was very clever of her, for not even a chemist can detect the presence of arsenic in a bottle by merely looking at it. Whether she knew this of herself, or whether she had been told, this fact remains unexplained. It was not investigated.

"On May 14th Mrs. Maybrick was arrested as she lay in bed, and the police were posted at her door.

"Mrs. Briggs was the only person who came to her. She wrote a letter, and gave it to Mrs. Briggs to post for her. Mrs. Briggs handed it to the policeman at the door. The letter was never sent.

"Mrs. Maybrick then wrote a cablegram to her solicitors in New York. She had no money for stamps or telegrams, even if anyone would have sent them for her.

"The cablegram was given to Michael Maybrick, who in his evidence admitted that he and Inspector Baxendale detained it. He did not send a message to Mrs. Maybrick's mother until the 16th, Mr. Maybrick having died on the 11th. This one circumstance is a most extraordinary one to think of. Imagine such a bereavement happening to your nearest and dearest relation, and receiving no news of it for five days!

"Mrs. Maybrick was quite unable to send a message herself, no one would even post a letter for her, and she was literally penniless. It is difficult to realise anyone in so helpless a position. When she was taken away to prison Dr. Humphreys so pitied her that he lent her a few shillings.

"Michael Maybrick, having all the authority and power, refused to provide money for Mrs. Maybrick's defence. James Maybrick, when he was worried into making a new will, provided a home for his wife and children, and adequate support. But all this was done away with when Mrs. Maybrick was placed in the position of a criminal. The "universal legatee" sold the furniture which was intended for her use.

"In consequence of the delay in sending the telegram, Mrs. Maybrick's mother, the Baroness de Roques, knew absolutely nothing of what had happened until after Mrs. Maybrick was under formal arrest. She came instantly. As a conclusion to this strange story I cannot do better than quote from the Baroness de Roques herself, in her own words, some of the circumstances of her arrival at the house.

"She says, 'Edwin met me; he was much agitated. I asked what it all meant, and said "Why did you not send for me before?"—he told me in a broken way that Michael had "suspected," and the doctor "thought" something was wrong. I asked, "What doctor?" He replied, "Dr. Carter; and we thought Jim was not properly nursed. The nurse said Florrie put something in the meat-juice, and Michael gave it to Dr. Carter. He refused a certificate of death, and then the police came in." I said "Why not have sent for me? How could you deliver her up to the police in this way, and not at friend by her?"

"I was in despair at this unconnected story, and went upstairs. I found two policemen in the hall upstairs. I went into an open door; my daughter was lying on the sofa, deadly pale; a policeman was sitting in a chair near the sofa.

"As the whole account of what happened is too long to read now, I will explain briefly that when the Baroness wished to kiss Mrs. Maybrick the professional nurse in attendance tried to prevent her; that when they began to speak the policeman told her that she must only speak in English, and that he was required to write down every word that was said. Later on Mrs. Maybrick had a violent fit of crying and hysteria—her mother went to her. She says (I am again reading her own words)—'the two nurses were holding her down in bed. I said "If you will kindly sit down, and let me hold her hand and soothe her, she will be quiet"—the nurses refused, and I went in and out of the room in despair. She seemed dying—two policemen in the room, not a friend in the house, the children gone, Edwin had left, Michael gone to London. It was awful, and it seemed as if every hour a tray was brought up with some food for these four men and women to eat.'

"Never from that day to this have Mrs. Maybrick and her mother met, except under similar circumstances, in the presence of a policeman or a warder.

"In as few words as possible I have now told you the personal history of this unfortunate woman, in connection with this great trial, in which we believe her to have been

deeply misrepresented, and by which she has undoubtedly been unjustly used. For, if she had murdered her husband she should not have been imprisoned indefinitely, but executed. We maintain that there is no proof, either of murder or of intent to murder. I have not touched on the legal aspect of the case, on the question of the competence or incompetence of judge or jury. I leave that to others. I have described to you Mrs. Maybrick's part of the story, and I ask you to consider that she has now been in prison for nearly seven years."

The Olympic Games.

AMONG the many stirring incidents of the present eventful year, not the least interesting is the revival of the ancient Olympic Games at Athens during the present spring. The Crown Prince of Greece has appointed Messrs. Cook and Son official agents for these games, which will take place between April 5th and 15th in the historic Stadion, which lies not far from the bee-loved mountain of Hymettus, famous in Homeric verse. This old-world play place has been beautifully renovated for the purpose, and to it will flock visitors from all parts of the civilised globe to witness the re-enactment of a festival that began about three thousand years ago and ended in the fourth century of the present era. And the competitors in the contest will not, as of old, be the free-born Greeks alone, but athletes will also take part who hail from America, France, Italy, and Germany. But where is England in the show? Our poets Byron and Shelley did more than any others to awaken a universal feeling in favour of modern Greece when she was trying to break away from the shackles which the terrible Turk had put upon her, and were doubtless potent in the happy result. It seems strange that we are not helping now in the great fête there. However, it is pleasing to know that whoever is or is not there, the professional athlete is to be severely kept out. It was professionalism that led to the downfall of the games, and therefore it would be exceedingly inconsistent if it were tolerated now.

Although the Olympic games were celebrated by every state and by every family of Greeks throughout the Hellenic world in the days of their prime, yet their home of homes was Olympia itself. This place was not a town, but a sacred precinct with a great temple of Zeus, in whose honour was held the games. Its shrines were deeply revered. The origin of the games dates back to mythical times and they were periodically celebrated for a thousand years. In the ninth century B.C. they were recognised when the "Peace of God" was introduced, which enjoined that a truce during the days of the festival should be observed in all Greek states. That prototype of the globe-trotter of to-day, Pausanias, saw in the second century A.D. the bronze disc on which the decree ordaining this was inscribed. In time, this universal peace gave to the games the dignity of being the visible expression of Hellenic unity. Later on the four-year intervals between the celebration of the games became, under the title of Olympiads, chronological epochs. At the first full moon of the summer solstice heralds proclaimed the universal peace, then all the world trooped in to witness the five days' contests. The sacrifices to Zeus and other gods were accompanied by foot-races, disc-hurling, wrestling, boxing, and chariot races. The most important were the foot-races, and we note that in the revival a foot-race to Marathon will conclude the games. At the end of each day the victors received their rewards, at the end of the five days each was also presented with a garland of olive leaves. This was honour's crown of honour, and its possession not only exempted the recipient from the future payment of all taxes, but it often led to a monument being raised to him, and to the ennobling of his state and family in

perpetuity. It was a greater honour than the gift of a peerage is with us. The prestige it symbolised was of enormous value. Often the heroes put up votive offerings in the temple to express their gratitude. Pausanias saw quite a forest of these of which he made a catalogue, especially describing the Hermes of Praxiteles, the finest expression of manly beauty bequeathed by the ancients. But athletic deeds were not the only exciting events here. Still greater men than athletes tried their powers on this same spot. Beneath the same sky Herodotus with his reading inspired the young Thucydides. And all the Greeks assembled here to welcome with utmost enthusiasm the return of Themistocles as hero of Salamis, B.C. 472. Later on the great Plato also walked, and thought and talked to silent admirers amongst these marbles. Although the place was in its zenith about the time of the Persian wars it was still of great importance when Tiberius and Nero came to try their skill in muscular power. Degraded by the professional athlete the games bowed to their fall at the end of the fourth century. In the sixth, two earthquakes laid low the great building, then a landslip occurred which began to cover it all over, and the subsequent flooding of the Alpheos completed the burial. Safely lay all the precious marbles till about twenty years ago, when the energetic Germans began to dig and laid the temple bare again as you see it to-day. With the guide book of Pausanias in hand they identified the beautiful Hermes and other fine sculptures, and then they built the pretty little museum near, whose portico is a copy of the façade of the great temple, and put under careful guardianship their valuable finds. It is a rare treat to see all this for yourself—you can walk where some of the greatest of mankind have walked; you can almost fancy you hear the echo of their voices. You see the place where the young competitors received their severe ten months' training, and you pass through the triumphal arch from whence they came to receive their rewards, and you say to yourself how fortunate it is that all the place was once unfortunate, for had it not been for flood and landslip and earthquake these precious remains would long since have been hopelessly destroyed or scattered.

Thanks to the Germans they are now very secure. The pity is that we English have so little glory in connection with Greek excavations. The reason, doubtless, is that we so poorly support our British Archaeological School in Athens, whilst the Americans, the French, and the Germans are most liberal with theirs—the Germans especially; and visitors to the games next month may for themselves see the latest of Dr. Dörpfeld's ventures around the Theseum, near the Piræus station. These excavations have been commenced in hopes of finding the agora which it is strongly believed used to be there in St. Paul's time. It was the busy market place in which the apostle is supposed to have begun his sermon (Acts xvii.), and was possibly requested by an earnest audience to repair to the neighbouring Mars' Hill for quietness' sake. The diggers were a week or two ago rewarded by finding a bust of Antoninus Pius. Whoever watches the work will remember doubtless that they are very near the old Dipylon Gate which leads to the Street of the Tombs. Indeed there is no part of Athens which, though modern innovations are regrettably too prevalent, is not full of the most interesting vestiges of ancient times. It is much to be hoped that Athens may see a full representation of the British nation next month. The "barbarian" was always allowed to be a witness of the games, but ladies, except the Elian priestesses, never, except on peril of being cast headlong from a neighbouring rock; but now even Greece has changed all that, and a "barbarian" can now take his wife or his daughter as safely as he can take himself. We hope the ladies will take full advantage of the new order of things in this very old place, and feel convinced that though they will not see every detail of the ancient games exhibited, they will see quite enough to make them more than satisfied with a visit to the Olympic Games.

J. M. D.

"My Jean."

"THE END OF THE FIFTH ACT."

A SKETCH BY "ANNETTA."

"Sun, moon and stars are dark to me!"

THE words which Handel makes Samson utter are echoed o'er and o'er again in the mind of an old, old man, who is standing, bathed in the soft moonlight, outside a wretched looking cottage commanding a wide sweep of sea. His eyes are fixed on the pebbly path before him, his hands clasped convulsively together, his bowed frame and quivering features the embodiment of despair. To him the night is dark, so dark; though in reality the stars are shining and the moon is nearly at its full; to him the air is full of wild, bitter sobbings, yet all seems quiet and peaceful.

"Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in."

Now and again comes the sweet piping of the peewit, or the sliding and sifting noise of the sand as it is gently stirred by the wind. Yes, all is still!

The old man hears a noise within the cottage, and turning, enters it, standing now before a bed, gazing down at a sleeping woman whose unconscious face is turned from him. In her sleep she is murmuring words, words which cut the hearer to the heart. Trickle down his hollow cheeks come the tears as she sings in a faint, quivering voice, a verse of an old Scotch song, "John Anderson."

The last words, "My Joe," die away in the stillness of the room, and the singer is quiet for a minute, while the old man stands still and sobs; such hopeless sobs!

The moon casts a pale light over the motionless figure, and through the tiny panes of the casement a star blinks sympathetically at old age weeping.

The moonlight shines on the rickety bed, and on its occupant, who seems to be about seventy years of age, yet who looks very beautiful even in her fading away. Soft snowy hair is parted on either side of a broad, low, white brow, and falls back over the counterpane; on one hand, slender and delicately formed, rests the thin cheek, the other seems to be caressing fondly an imaginary person. By the side of the bed is a small bundle which contains a faded wreath of jessamine, wrapped up in silver paper, a fine muslin kerchief, brodered with ferns, and a crimson wool comforter, evidently home-made. Shake out the kerchief and know that it was the gift of a struggling schoolmaster to his young bride; read the words written on a scrap of paper pinned to it:

"Elizabeth Jean Gentle, from her loving Joe—

'There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By mountain, shore, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.'

He thinks of the time when the wreath was worn by a lass of eighteen summers in a little Devonshire village. He feels the warmth of the comforter—which a maiden knit for her lover, once upon a time. Then he puts the wreath, kerchief and comforter away in the little checked wrapper, knotting the ends tightly together.

"Does the jessamine wreath suit me, mother?" asks the feeble voice from the bed. "Oh, mother! they are calling me; it is time to start for the church! Give me another long

kiss, mother—a long, long kiss, mother, while yet I'm Jean Gentle!"

Deep agonising sobs and the cry, "Till death us do part, and not the workhouse," burst from the old man's lips, and startle the still air of the room, causing the rats to scuttle off into their holes. "Shadows flicker to and fro," a bramble taps the casement, the wind is purring to itself in the chimney—and still old age sobs on, sobs on! The bells of a neighbouring church chime the half hour; the snort of a night train is distinctly heard; some cats outside the cottage are holding a meeting, their voices rise in hideous chorus; a dog, disturbed by the bells sends forth a hoarse, deep bark; and the chirp of a cricket sounds, but not cheerily. The moon retires for one moment behind a dark cloud; the stars are watching the scene being enacted in the cottage—and still the old man sobs on—and still the old man sobs on!

"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," comes from the bed, uttered in a soft, fond tone; and at these words, "Joseph Burn Havens, schoolmaster," flings himself at the feet of his Jean and prays passionately.

"O God! my Jean has just been dreaming of her wedding day, and has laughed in her sleep; grant she may never wake to weep! Lord, they separate man and wife in the workhouse to which we go to-morrow. We are a Darby and Joan, have loved each other so fondly, and lived together fifty years, and now, on the golden anniversary of our wedding day, we shall be separated. We can't bear it. Are Darby and Joan to be no more together?" The last sentence is wailed out three times, and then the old man rises and goes to the casement. Standing there, looking out on the starlit sea, he mechanically counts on his fingers the main divisions of his life.

"Firstly, my boyhood, wild, free and joyous. Secondly, when I was the proud master of a wretchedly poor little school in Devon and the terror of truant urchins. Thirdly, my marriage with sweet Jean; our happy years of wedded life, my three years' illness which swallowed up all my savings, and the consequent loss of my appointment. Fourthly, years and years of struggle, I, as far as my wrecked health allowed me, doing a little teaching when I could get any, or light manual labour, my wife nursing me and taking in needlework. Fifthly, both of us very old; starvation stares us in the face; we go to-morrow to the workhouse. The separation of Darby and Joan is the end of the fifth act!"

The old man breaks off—with his last words his reason has given way. Uttering a wild despairing cry of "Till death us do part, and not the workhouse!" he rushes from the cottage, running rapidly down a narrow path leading to an old breakwater which, at distance of about twenty feet from, and in a line with the cottage, juts out like a stone tongue into the sea. No people are about, none see him rushing to his doom; all lights are out in the neighbouring houses; the stout fishermen of this village are either sleeping soundly in their homes, or are "rocked in the cradle of the deep." The coastguards are watching the dangerous, unprotected parts of the coast for smugglers, and do not see the flying figure now on the breakwater. But why stay his flight? Better far let him alone as he looks up into the sky, murmuring low: "Till death us do part—death, not the workhouse!" Then he is lost in the conflicting currents. There is a feeble struggle, a voice lifted up, a cry, more of triumph than fear—then all is still, save the dashing of the waves or a sudden gust of the wind that tells not what it seeth.

In some unions there are married quarters; in the majority there are none. If Divine Love had the direction of them, would it separate Darby and Joan?

Will Annetta kindly send me her name and address. —Ed.]

Reviews.

IN THIS OUR WORLD, by Charlotte Perkins Stetson. (London, T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, 1896. Price 3s. 6d.)

SURELY with a pen dipped in the light of the future, a great future for women, has this book of poems been written. They come straight from the heart of the writer, a heart in close and familiar intercourse with her own self, that "Ego," that inner self, that spirit, which *knows*. "Blessed above women," exclaimed the Hebrew writer, "shall Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite be. Blessed shall she be above women in the tent."

Because she had delivered her people by slaying the enemy. Blessed surely above all human beings shall they be who deliver from tyranny; and blessed those women, wherever they be, who deliver woman from the long tyranny of all ages, all nations, all creeds, all philosophies, by uttering in straight outspoken words the truths which shine upon their exalted vision. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson was, until quite recently, the editor of a clever American paper, *The Impress*, which, for some reason of which we are not cognisant, has been stopped. Surely not for want of support? All that comes from Mrs. Stetson's pen is worth making a long pause to read, and these poems flash upon us with power, warmth and depth of feeling and thought, creative in their effect, life-giving.

One or two of them have already appeared in these pages, "An Obstacle," "Six hours a day," "She walketh veiled and sleeping," etc. Where all are so good it is difficult to select, for there is not one that is devoid of meaning, mostly a deep, inner meaning, which tries to hide itself among the figures and lines, but peeps out continually to see what the reader is thinking; a racy, merry, flashing meaning, ever and anon, that laughs into the readers' eyes, and sends down sparkles of light which reveal wells of thought.

A woman's paper naturally turns to that portion of the poems coming under the heading of "Woman." The searching eye alights at once on one after another, bringing courage and comfort unutterable. It is a sore temptation to give them all, but that would be unfair. Every woman interested in her sisters and her own up-rising will purchase this book. It will have a great sale. First of the verses possible to quote we give—

"SHE WHO IS TO COME."

A woman—in so far as she beholdeth
Her one beloved's face;
A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the race;
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use, is built thereof,
A mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
And Justice reigns with Love;
A self-poised royal soul, brave, wise and tender,
No longer blind and dumb;
A human being of an unknown splendour,
Is she who is to come."

Among these poems headed "Woman," one cannot be selected fairly, that can be said to be really better than the others, but some go straighter to the point.

"The Child Speaks," should be studied by mothers every hour of every day, never forgotten, taken into the memory by rote, and held there by thought and purpose. "Mother to Child" is of equal import, both teaching lessons vital to humanity. "To the Young Wife" tells a true tale.

Nearly all her poems have a reference to woman's conditions of life, Political, Social or Educational, even when not directly so, also to her power, her capacity, and what must be required of her, to the future that lies now so bright ahead; every poem stirs, ennobles, rouses to more hopeful life.

One entitled "A Brood Mare" has the following suggestive note prefaced.

"It is a significant fact that the phenomenal improvement in horses, during the last fifteen years has been accompanied by the growing conviction that good points and a good record are as desirable in the dam as in the sire—if not more so."

To many of us this will have a profound meaning. Many of us have listened to false statements on this point while our inward sense pointed the lie direct, for many, many years. "Females" is brimful of wit and sarcasm—

"The female fox she is a fox,
The female whale, a whale,
The female eagle holds her place
As representative of race
As truly as the male."

"The female bird doth soar in air,
The female fish doth swim,
The fleet-foot mare upon the course
Doth hold her own with the flying horse—
Yea, and she beateth him."

"One female in the world we find
Telling a different tale—
It is the female of our race
Who holds a parasitic place,
Dependent on the male."

There are several other verses, the meaning of which may be guessed—very good.

"Feminine Vanity" "Reassurance" all are good. I would it were possible to quote here "To Mothers," it is splendid.

Many social points are touched, and "Similar Cases" is not to be surpassed for point and fine irony. "We as Women" holds a true moral. Like all books that the human soul has evolved it must be read. It ought to be a household Text Book of Truths.

BRIEF EPITOMES OF THE LIVES OF EMINENT WOMEN. (Printed and published by the Women's Printing Society, Ltd., 66, Whitcomb Street, W.C. Price threepence.)

THIS little book by Rose Somerville is as good a thing of its kind as we have seen. It is proposed, we hear, to write a series of such; we can only hope Miss Somerville will be courageous enough to do so. It is a capital idea, and the books could easily be put by parents into the hands of their children. All children, girls perhaps especially, also boys, should be made familiar with the lives and deeds of the women of this century, and if possible of all time. They have been too much neglected. In this book of thirty-one pages of clear type, three distinguished women are mentioned, Frances Power Cobbe, Josephine Butler and Sister Dora. Very shortly, but very thoroughly, Miss Somerville puts her readers into possession of all facts needed to give a full understanding of the life of each and of its purpose. We hope Miss Somerville will not confine herself to names already reiterated over and over again, but will give us some of the earnest workers of all classes and in our every-day life. It might be invidious to suggest, but they will present themselves to Miss Somerville's observant mind.

VACCINATION AND ERYSIPELAS.

"Medical Dissenter" writes:—"I see in the *Star* that Dr. E. T. Ensor, adopting the usual tactics of trying to save vaccination from reproach, tries to make it out that erysipelas following vaccination is a mere accident that has nothing to do with vaccination itself. This, of course, is incorrect. Erysipelas is one of the most frequent consequences of cow-pox inoculation, and, in fact, the illustrious Jenner expressly declared that no vaccination can be protective without it. It is surprising to note how often those who insist on poisoning our children's blood for us do not even know their own business."

THE PROPHETS.—"Time was we stoned the prophets age on age, when men were strong to serve, the world hath slain them, people are wiser now; they waste no rage—the prophets entertain them."—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Correspondence.

RESPECT DUE TO OLD AGE.

DEAR MADAM,—By all means should respect be paid to old age, when old age is worthy of it; but what is there in the increase of years alone, to be honoured? The antiquity of a thing is not in itself a sign of merit, but simply of its staying powers.

Age calls for compassion and sympathy, but unless accompanied by the qualities of fortitude, unselfishness, by the dignity and beauty of a well-spent life, how should it command respect? So much is said of the want of thought and consideration in the young! it is far more blameable where it is found, in the old, who do not realise what a burden they often are on their young companions, oppressing them with their infirmities till the youth is pressed out of them; thus causing them to bear a double burden—the weariness of the age of another and in time of their own.

The aged are infinitely more difficult to deal with than children, for they cannot be dismissed when troublesome, but must be listened to with respectful attention, though they be garrulous and dull. The follies, mistakes and ill manners of the young may be rebuked and amended, but those of the old must be borne with. But life is hard for the old; its pleasures and delights are passing away, even though the desire for life and joy and pleasure remains, for with many it seems that the longer they live, the closer they cling to life. And its opportunities are ended.* A past of earnest, noble, endeavour and a realisation of the true meaning of life are necessary for a happy, respected, beautiful age, which is a thing to admire, and be grateful for the lesson it gives, which is, that spite of all its griefs, life is worth living, if lived worthily; and the approaching death is but an opening into a fuller life.

M. L.

[*No, opportunity is never ended, happiness but increases with the years, though certainly happiness comes not to the unworthy old or young.—Ed.]

A SAD NOTE FROM AFAR.

DEAR MADAM,—Reading Plaistow's letter on the case of Elizabeth Price, in your helpful paper some time ago, while very ill, roused to full life many thoughts and resolves which have been stirring in my heart and brain for long years. Numbers, if not nearly all women, are subject to like conditions, are forced to bring child after child into the world, forced by heartless, selfish husbands, who seeking only their own desires, are blind to, or careless of, the suffering entailed upon the mother, blind to her loss of opportunities, to the forced neglect of intellectual power, which she is thus made to endure, careless also of the injury brought upon the child. Such husbands, demanding what they consider their rights, while the wife and mother's whole strength is engaged in the work of preparing a new human being for birth, during which time surely she might claim personal freedom, are guilty of wrong to the race. Is it to be wondered at that the children of Elizabeth Price wasted away? This poor cruelly punished mother had no strength to give. Had she not been sufficiently punished already by those thirteen births—ten dead—that a flippant creature with the audacity of ignorance, should dare to condemn her to Four Years Penal Servitude? Will any of these suffering years bring bitter remorse and teaching to the husband? Is it surprising that the poor woman dragged close to the gates of death should crave some stimulant to keep her alive? What kind of a man was her husband to come home night after night and see apparently nothing of all his wife suffered? Nay, probably demanding other wifely submissions also, namely, food prepared, clothing washed, house or room cleaned, all the menial work done which a man thinks beneath his *masculine dignity*? How terrible is the debt which must one day be paid to women.

God help them! how they suffer, in a dumb, inarticulate way.

Women who can, *must* help themselves first, out of this slough of despond; and then help other women to get clear out also. That letter made me feel that I must at least contribute my experience to help those who suffer. In the effort to emancipate oneself, there is more to be endured than can easily be imagined by those who know nothing of such endeavour. My efforts to assert personal independence and sacred retirement for myself, and to teach self-restraint to my husband during the period which should be kept holy to the growth of the new human being who should call me mother, subjected me only to rudeness, insolence and sneers. But I adhered to my resolve, and my child is blessed because of it.

You ask me how I go on, but so far I have dreaded writing of private matters, and have feared to trouble one so busy, and one must bear one's own burden after all I suppose. Yes, you say, if a legitimate burden. And so I have been haunted by the thought that it is right I should contribute my experience as a woman, of the difficulties that arise in such cases when a woman tries to emancipate herself. Men are cruel when women assert their independence, and so trained in fear have women been, that they have not courage to brave their husband's wrath, especially at a time when they need all the gentleness and kindness they can get. At last, however, I resolved to act, knowing I was right.

My having been saved much suffering does not count against my husband's injuries however, and in the stratum of society where Elizabeth Price lives, there would no doubt, in a similar case, have been entire neglect and even blows! but is there really much essential difference? Equal rights! How far off that appears and what does it mean! Society and custom condone so much in a man. If my husband had complained to others, or gone astray, he would have been pitied, and I blamed.

A friend who was here on a visit, knowing all the circumstances and feeling sure a woman ought to be able to choose at such times the right thing, said her husband would not have consented, and many men would have gone wrong, which only shows that inequality is recognised as a matter of course. It has been a trial to tell you this, it is very hard indeed to speak of such trials, and a woman always inclines to silent endurance of wrongs so subtle. I think many women endure wretched lives in silence from this reason. I enclose 1s. for *Baby Buds*, will you kindly send it on for my little girls and boys. I got Carpenter's three pamphlets lately. Your review on *Sex Love* was just what I should have said, if I could have expressed what I felt whilst reading it. *Woman* I think, I unreservedly liked. I seem compelled to write, though many times I have thought what is the use?

Only the certainty that I was doing the right thing for myself and my child has enabled me to endure ceaseless annoyances, even cruelties. Once see the right and begin her course woman will conquer, and perhaps this letter, written so painfully, may help some other woman to save herself, her children and ultimately the whole race from injury.

Yours most sincerely,
HELEN BAKER.

HYDROPHOBIA.

DEAR MADAM,—The only rational treatment for hydrophobia, and the one most likely to give the best possible results, is that of the Buisson-bath. The evidence in favour of it is of a very strong nature, and it is supported by many thinking members of the medical profession. When a person has been bitten, if he would take plenty of vapour baths and sweat the poison out of him, I do not think he need fear any evil results from the bite. This is certainly far more scien-

THE VAPOUR-BATH TREATMENT IN HYDROPHOBIA.

Mr. Joseph Collinson writes to draw attention to the Buisson treatment of hydrophobia by vapour baths, which, he says, can be procured at the following hydropathic establishments:—Priessnitz House, Richmond, Surrey; Constantine's, Baths, Manchester; The Limes, Southport; Hydro. and Spa, Hastings; the Caversham Baths, Bournemouth; Smedley's, Matlock; and at Bartholomew's Baths in Bath, Bristol, Worcester, Birmingham, Manchester, and Leicester Square, London. Mr. Collinson recites two instances of cure of the fell disease by the vapour-bath treatment. A little girl, named Pauline Kiehl, bitten by an undoubtedly rabid dog, which attacked two other persons, both of whom subsequently succumbed to hydrophobia, was refused treatment by the late M. Pasteur because he regarded the case as hopeless, a considerable interval having elapsed since the infliction of the injury. Refused by Pasteur, the child was conveyed by its parents to the establishment of Dr. Leon Petit, to undergo the Buisson treatment. This was administered and—contrary, however, to the parents' expectations—she is now perfectly well. A boy, Klee by name, was bitten on the hand by a mad dog. A cure was effected by the poison being eliminated from the system by profuse sweating. He was apparently on the point of death; but his "cure was as remarkable as it was sudden," and he has continued well ever since.

Faithfully yours,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE FOR EVERY WOMAN.

DEAR MADAM,—I wonder if many unmarried women feel as I do, ashamed and distressed that I practically know nothing of what my sisters go through in child-birth, and that I could be of no real assistance at such a time.

It seems deplorable and wrong that in her extremest need I could not inspire confidence, or give help to one of my own sex. This thought has possessed me for long, and was again brought to my mind by the debate at the Pioneer Club on February 27th, when the Registration of Midwives was discussed. I think every woman when out of her teens should go through a course at a maternity hospital, and so acquire a practical knowledge of midwifery. Such a training would enable her if placed in circumstances where neither doctor nor nurse could be got, to do with confidence and efficiency all that was necessary.

Such knowledge is all in the way of our womanhood, and even if never called upon to put it in practice, training so acquired is bound to enlarge our thoughts and sympathies.

I am, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

A PIONEER.

Poor William Nye.

It is said that "Bill Nye," the American humourist, whose name Bret Harte has made so familiar to us and whose personality is so interesting, has had a stroke of paralysis. A lady writing in *Woman* gives us the following:

"It is said that he once offered to write for the *New York Herald* if he could be free from restrictions and subject to none of the discipline of the office. His offer was accepted, and he was taken on at a commencing salary of £1,000 a year!

"In October, 1893, he was in London, and I had the pleasure of a conversation with him one afternoon at tea at the Authors' Club. I asked him, somewhat hesitatingly, his opinion about, and experience of, the working of women's suffrage in America. I half expected him to be funny on the subject, but he was most serious, and among other remarks he made was the following:—'My wife has voted for seven years, and I have never interfered in the least, or attempted to decide whom she had better vote for.' He added that in Wyoming women were much more secret in their voting than men; it was seldom known to whom a woman had given her 'ticket.'

"He went on, 'I think it is a good thing for women to vote, because they vote for men who are good—by this I do not mean goody-goody men, but men of honour.' Just then we were interrupted, and he said, 'I could tell you a great deal about this, but I must put it off till another day.' Alas! that day never came!

Choice Bits from Choice Pens.

THOSE that ask shall have.

Those who desire to read shall read.

Those who desire to learn shall learn.

Hunger for such possessions as can be held by the pure soul only, and be possessed, therefore, by all souls equally, and thus be the especial property of the whole only when united. Hunger for such possessions as can be held by the pure soul, that you may accumulate wealth for that united spirit of life which is your only true self. The peace you desire is that sacred peace which nothing can disturb, and in which the soul grows. And that power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.

If you allow the idea of separateness from any evil thing or person to grow up within you, you create Karma, which will bind you to that thing or person till your soul recognises that it cannot be isolated. Remember that the sin and shame of the world are your sin and shame; for you are a part of it. . . . The soiled garment you shrink from touching may have been yours yesterday, may be yours tomorrow. . . . Be wary, lest too soon you think yourself a thing apart from the mass.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

The man who loves only with the love of youth, and to whom passion remains only passion, remains only man.

GREEN LEAVES.

LECTURES.

A SERIES of lectures (free), by Margaret Shurmer Sibthorp (Editor of SHAFTS), will be given at the office of *Review of Reviews*, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C. (Temple Station, Metropolitan Railway), by the kind permission of Mr. W. T. Stead, on the 3rd Tuesday of each month, at 7.30 p.m. Tea at 7 p.m. Subject for Tuesday, March 17th, "False Distinctions (Age)."

The lecture will be followed by discussion, in which all present are invited to take part. The subject of the ensuing lecture will be announced each evening, and in the pages of SHAFTS.

**Clapham Maternity Hospital,
(under Medical Women), Jeffrey Road, S.W.**

THIS excellent institution has been founded with the following objects:—

1. To enable women to be attended in their confinements either in the hospital or in their own homes by gentlewomen, under the immediate supervision of doctors of their own sex. 2. To provide hospital accommodation for the better class of unmarried girls from Rescue Homes. 3. To afford the means by which women may be trained either in midwifery or in monthly nursing by doctors of their own sex.

The names of the patrons, medical staff, matrons, etc., are a sufficient guarantee for its good faith. It is *entirely* under the guidance, superintendence, and management of women—women *alone* attending to women in the hour of their great need. This is as it should be, and will soon become universal law.

The hospital management is greatly in need of funds, and any sum, however small, sent through SHAFTS, or direct to the Treasurer, Miss Ritchie, 131, Clapham Road, S.W., or to the Hospital itself, will be received with glad and grateful thanks. It is an institution women ought to help. Write to Miss Ritchie, or to the Hospital, or to SHAFTS office, for a copy of report, which will give all particulars.

I visited the Hospital and went over all the wards. All was cheerful, bright and clean, the patients well and tenderly looked after, also the babies by no means neglected. One woman said home was nothing like it, others corroborated. Funds are needed for better nourishment for out-door patients.

The report states that:—

"The Clapham Maternity was founded with the object of aiding in the present day movement for improved Midwifery:

"1. By affording means by which women too poor to pay doctors' fees can be carefully attended at home in their confinements by gentlewomen—medical students or trained nurses—under the immediate supervision of fully qualified medical women, instead of being left to the charge of ignorant, uncertificated, and often intemperate midwives.

"2. By affording to gentlewomen, especially pupils of the various Schools of Medicine for women, and missionaries preparing for work among women abroad, the opportunity of obtaining a training in midwifery, under doctors of their own sex.

"For four years this Maternity existed for out-patients only, but in April 1889, a house in Jeffreys Road was opened as a hospital for the benefit of such cases among our out-patients as were found to require more care, or better food, air, and nursing than they could obtain at home, as well as for the accommodation of patients from other districts who might wish to be under the care of medical women.

"The Clapham Maternity is a Temperance Hospital, no alcohol being allowed on the premises either for patients or staff.—Brandy *may*, however be used as a drug for patients under certain very exceptional circumstances

"In the work of this hospital special attention is given to arrangements for the care of unmarried girls, of the comparatively respectable class, who have fallen for the first time, and whom it is desirable to save from the contact with women of debased character, which is inevitable if they are sent to Workhouse Infirmaries, or who, from their circumstances, ought not to be th own on the rates.

"The Institution is a purely medical one, unconnected with any religious association, but it is worked in co-operation with Rescue Homes of all denominations, the addresses of which can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., and its aim is to provide a Hospital where the moral condition of this class of patients is specially considered. They are kept as much as possible apart from each other, the same wards being occupied by them and by married women. Girls that apply for admission directly to the Hospital, unless otherwise suitably befriended, are put in communication with Homes where they can remain till they come into the Hospital, and to which they return afterwards with the child.

"As the patients—whether married or single—for whom this Hospital is mainly intended, belong to a class whose earnings are too small to admit of their paying the FULL cost of a bed, we cannot look forward to it becoming entirely self-supporting, and we are, therefore, absolutely dependent for success in working the Maternity on the support and co-operation of our body of subscribers. We do, however, expect that all patients shall contribute what is honestly within their power towards the expenses of maintenance."

For further information, see report and conditions of admission card, to be obtained as already stated.

Oh! s'Amuse.

AT St. Martin's Town Hall on the evening of the 13th inst., Miss Florence Bourne proved how much can be gained by perseverance. Always good, she this evening surpassed all her previous efforts—at least all we have had the pleasure of witnessing.

Even the Balcony Scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, so difficult to render with perfect truth to nature, seemed to have no flaw. It was very pleasing, and the arrangements in perfect taste.

The Nettle, a Social Satire, does not give full scope to Miss Bourne's powers, and was not so effective as the rest.

The audience laughed heartily over the little comedietta, *Psychical Research*, it was sparkling with fun, and was greatly enjoyed; also the selections from *Ships that pass in the Night* was considerably above the average. But decidedly the piece of the evening was, "The Chariot Race" from *Ben Hur*. It was splendidly given—every tone, word and movement; we beheld the excitement, and lost ourselves amid the wild rapture of the finish. The words Ben Hur addressed to his Arabs, as given by Miss Bourne, brought tears to many eyes.

Altogether we congratulate Miss Bourne *heartily*; she has made wonderful advance since last we were privileged to see and hear her.

Pioneer Anti-Vivisection Society.

THIS Society met at 107, Great Russell Street, by kind permission of Mrs. Jackson, to consider the steps to be taken for the ultimate total suppression of vivisection. Miss Fergusson Abbott, the Hon. Sec., took the chair, and in an earnest exhaustive speech put before her audience the evils of vivisection, and the need of unceasing work on the part of those who undertook, however simple a part, in the efforts now being made to bring the hideous practice, the awful torture, so needless, without any results, save agony to innocent creatures, to an end.

Mrs. Sibthorp spoke of the method of work; of the half-hearted way in which work was too often done; how soon persons got tired; how easily they were turned aside; of the need to go thoroughly into all our conduct, into our motives, to purify our own souls from cruelty in thought, word and deed ere we could hope to act with effect, for it was only through the living force of the living soul that power could flow to strengthen and bless. Mrs. Massingberd, the President of the Society, spoke some strong words of warning on the subject of inoculation, showing its dangers, also the hastening the almost inevitable ultimatum of experiments on animals, namely, experiments on human beings.

Each speaker dwelt on the importance of recognising the fact that there was no impassable gulf between the animals and ourselves, that as we ascended in the scale from them, so they arose to our plane in the evolution of the ages. This Society is full of life and active endeavour. It is connected we believe with the Pioneer Club, and seems to share in its wonderful progress.

FULL instruction in Vegetarian Cookery, Bread-Making, etc., to Ladies wishing to introduce the Reformed and Humane Diet into their Homes. Class or Private Lessons. For terms and other particulars, apply to MRS. F. L. BOULT, 12, Hilldrop Crescent, Camden Road, N.