

SHAFTS:

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

No. 5. VOL. II.

JULY, 1893.

PRICE 3D.

What the Editor Means.

IN our intercourse with one another almost the most curious human characteristic we observe, is the objection to change in a world of change, the clinging to old ideas by those who enjoy present civilisation, simply through the successful efforts of those who went before them to sweep away older things and establish a new order upon a new basis. "The old order giveth way to the new." What has been must not, cannot, continue to be, it must die the death—the death which produces a newer and more perfect life. Many evils which have long been endured have now become intolerable; they will not be longer endured, therefore they must be swept away to give place to new.

The lives of women have been full of suffering and endurance—suffering, cruel, but needless; endurance which ought never to have been called for, endured because no way of escape was seen. In endeavouring to escape from false and bad conditions many mistakes may be made, but until the mistaken methods have been discussed and understood, they will not be recognised as such, it is, therefore, surely well to examine and discuss all things, then reject what appears to be unsuitable, and possibly evil, in the results likely to be produced.

In bringing SHAFTS before the public we stated that all women would have an opportunity to express opinion in its pages, whether that opinion agreed with our own or not, so as to give room for reasonably free discussion, in order to arrive at truth. In pursuance with this we have inserted many, even diverging opinions, hoping that our readers would take up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and enter seriously into the search for truth, through high thought and expression. Therefore, we printed in full Miss Clapperton's "Reform in Domestic Life," though earnestly believing ourselves, that there is no justifiable remedy for over population but self-restraint. As a few persons seem to hesitate about writing to the paper, yet will persist in expressing adverse statements privately, also continue to misunderstand the *principle* of SHAFTS, we here reprint the first statement given, and will reproduce it for a few months, thus giving all time to carefully read and consider it.

Above and beyond all party, creed, or class, above and beyond all law or opinion stands persistent, irrepressible, what Whittier calls "the human critter," the ever advancing human being, who, individually or collectively, must be taken into account. Life, on this planet is not a condition of *status quo*; its inevitable law is ceaseless evolution—ceaseless evolution in the conditions of

existence, in thought, in beliefs, in aspirations. Such a state of things naturally gives rise to conflicting opinions. The attempt to coerce opinion, to force multitudes of living intelligent creatures to think in one groove, to believe one thing, has been productive of disastrous results in the past, and is productive of grave evils even now, though the advancing thought of the many is making itself felt; is creating newer and brighter light to aid and guide human judgment. Because this is truly so, and becoming more and more a recognised fact, it becomes more and more necessary that thought and opinion should be expressed. In bringing SHAFTS before the public we desire it to be specially understood that its columns are open to

THE FREE EXPRESSION OF OPINION UPON ALL SUBJECTS.

These opinions will be welcomed, however widely they may differ from our own, as the *vox populi* which leads to higher things; advancing by slow and sure degrees to more enlarged views of life; to juster and grander conceptions of what may lie before us. Our object is to encourage thought, the great lever of humanity; the great purifier and humaniser of the world. It seems to us a good thing to put into circulation a paper which takes no side save that of justice and freedom; a paper which invites the opinions of women and men of any party, creed, class, or nationality. Any views may be stated in articles or letters, and any person who may think differently from the views therein stated shall be free to discuss or refute, as the case may be. All subjects must be treated with moderation and in a spirit of calm inquiry—a spirit that, while it earnestly works for the triumph of right, while it unhesitatingly denounces wrong, also perceives how easy it is to go wrong, but that love, kindness, and patient determination shall yet win the day. SHAFTS will devote itself to an earnest search for truth and justice, in which search it invites the co-operation of all its readers. The design upon the cover expresses exactly the objects and aims of SHAFTS. In conclusion, we invite the co-operation and help of all women especially; also of all men. We ask them to help us in any and in every way, so that the bow of our strength may not lose its power, so that our shafts may be keen, swift, and true, speeding their winged way of love, fulfilling to the utmost the intentions we have in sending them forth; so that all who write and all who read may join in the great work to be done.

Let it also be openly understood that SHAFTS has no politics because, while condemning no party, it considers that a woman's paper is necessarily much hindered in its work if it take up the cause of party.

SHAFTS exists solely to help the cause of progress; and is, first of all, a paper for women. Its principal aim is to encourage thought in women, for which reasons it welcomes the expression of opinion on any point; subject to the conditions announced from the first. It is, we fear, a sad reflection upon the earnestness of women that such a paper should have to make so many appeals for funds to go on its way; also that another woman's paper has had, we hear, to be stopped. The women of England are

well able to support more than one woman's paper. Those who work hard to give them such, are sadly disheartened by the apathy with which their efforts are regarded. Though there are many certainly who are fully awake to the need of an unprejudiced paper for women, and do all that in them lies to support one, yet how few compared to the mass of women, who spend without thought, sums which would enable SHAFTS to surmount its difficulties. Then, also, the women most anxious to help, who make sacrifices to do so, are not for the most part among the richer classes. SHAFTS is urgently in need of funds, and though it is deeply painful to again appeal, we must either appeal or cease all effort. Will any who have this world's good come to the help of SHAFTS ere it be too late. Above all things, we ask our readers to enter into the spirit of the paper, and to help and encourage us with kind words, by kind appreciation, and by helping to obtain new subscribers.

"THE BETTER PART."

I heard temptation's sweet, low strain,
It said "why linger here?"
Thy struggles for reform are vain,
And age and weakness near.

"Man's inhumanity to man"
Still makes its thousands mourn;
The cry of robbed ones, worn and wan
On every breeze is borne.

Birds thrill the air here, tall trees wave,
Sea, sky and fields invite;
Of useless hopes make this the grave,
(*Thy thoughts are here to-night*)

'Tis true, and oh! my thoughts are where
My body fain would be!
Imagination sets my feet
Beside the dancing sea.

I look above, the broad blue vault
Smiles on unhappy man;
I look around, I see no fault,
No flaw in Nature's plan.

The white-lipped wavellets lave my feet,
The wet stones gleam around;
Why *should* my eyes e'er seek a street
By bricks and smoke-wreaths bound?

"Thy fellow souls," a clear, strong voice
Rings, and the first voice fails;
"Thou art not *free* to make the choice;
List! the oppressed one wails.

Wait! work! and Love,—the seas embrace,
The birds, the heathery hills,
Still wait for thee. Take heart of grace,
'The world to her who *wills*!'

The heaven of unspoiled Nature's face
Ne'er can be heaven for thee,
Until thy efforts for the race
Have set *some* captives free."

FABIANNE, Liverpool.

Influential Lives.

BY C. FLORA CLINTON-BADDELEY.

MISS L. M. ALCOTT.

THE author of "Little Women" and "Good Wives" is chiefly known as a popular writer for girls, but she is a great deal more than this—she manages to convey to the mind of the reader the beauty of goodness, the strength of uprightness, and the great, unknown capabilities of women for work. The healthy, strong mind never pens a sickly, morbid line, but takes a delight in all good and lovely things; and, by a few simple, hearty words of faith and trust, she convinces the reader of her belief in God, and the beauty of mental and moral purity. Her biographer says of Miss Alcott's family that "their ideal of life always remained high, fresh, and ennobling." She was fortunate, however, in possessing parents full of appreciative sympathy with their children—for in the simple life at Concord, the four daughters had full freedom to act out their natures, with little fear of ridicule or criticism. Just such a free, happy, unrestrained, unthwarted girlhood as many of her heroines had, was the lot of Louisa M. Alcott, but it was bereft of the luxuriousness of modern American life, for the Alcotts struggled along during many years, years which left an indelible impression on the novelist's mind, of the sufferings and yearnings of those brought up in poverty. At ten she wrote: "I wish I was rich, I was good, and we were all a happy family this day." It was then that the heroic desire to retrieve the fallen fortunes grew within the heart of the merry, passionate child, full of deep longings and generous wishes for the future. She inherited from her mother a quick, warm, yet affectionate temper, which she was taught to control as much as possible. From her also, came the untiring energy of a spirited, active nature. This unselfish, large-minded woman was, indeed, a mother to be fond of and devoted to; as Louisa and her sisters grew older they realised more and more what a life of self-sacrifice hers was, spent amongst surroundings, in direct contrast to those of her maiden days.

The experiences of her own childish days were reproduced in most of her books, and it is easy to see how much enjoyment was derived from the imaginative faculties of the little Alcotts. Lessons of fidelity to duty, and a steady attention to the gradual development of those qualities which appear to dominate the better part of the mental and moral characteristics, are skilfully set before us in all her stories of child-life. How faults can be conquered by

simple, natural means is shown, such advice being given as Mrs. Alcott was in the habit of conveying to her own little daughters, by letters written to call attention to faults or virtues. "You must help yourself," she wrote to Louisa, "for the cause of your little troubles is in yourself, and patience and courage only, will make you what mother prays to see you." "Hope, and keep busy" was a motto she gave this daughter, full of aspirations and perplexities. "I am a busy woman, but I never can forget the calls of my children," she said, and in after years Louisa Alcott repaid this tender love by her own devotion, and faithful care of the home.

Their very dissatisfaction with their surroundings spurred the girls on to earnest purpose and steadfast aim.

Out in the woods they gained fresh hope and inspiration for the future, and through all the years of sorrow and success, Miss Alcott never forgot the chastening, purifying influence of her youthful days. Thoughtful as she was, and fond of books and composition, no boy could have been bolder than she in the climbing of trees or fences, leaping, and running races.

Romantic, fun-loving, much given to the love of dramatic enjoyment in her favourite plays and the acting of them with her sisters—a relief from the never varying monotony of house work and sewing—Louisa Alcott was in reality a remarkably serious girl.

She wanted, like Amy March, to be "above little meannesses and follies," but unlike Amy, it was not so easy for her to be agreeable at all times; "to do little things to please people" meant the conquering of a somewhat brusque manner; for she was full of strong likes and dislikes, and had in her the nature of a reformer bent on influencing by thought, word, and deed.

Just as Polly in "An Old Fashioned Girl," made it the principle of her life to help women in poverty, sickness, and depression, so Miss Alcott in her quiet, earnest way was a truly genial philanthropist; taking a keen interest in the improvement of their daily lives, influencing by wise, strong-hearted, strong-souled words, and the beauty of an unselfish life. She believed that women are capable of great and wonderful power over men for good, that the saying "men must sow their wild oats" was a shameful refusal to raise the moral standard by disbelieving in the possibility and capacity for the upholding of true manhood.

"I like boys' games, and work, and manners," Joe March says, and, indeed, this may be accepted as an expression common to Miss Alcott herself. Like the Marshes she was one of four sisters, who made up for the lack of boyish companionship by numbering boy friends among their playmates. "I can always find something funny

to keep me up," is a correct revelation of the humorous side of Miss Alcott's character. "I shall have to toil and moil all my days with only little bits of fun now and then, and get old and ugly and sour, because I am poor and can't enjoy my life as other girls do," says pretty, ambitious Meg in "Little Women." In the writer's girlhood this thought must have often passed through her mind, but as years went on she became more cheerful as her dreams of fortune and happiness gradually were realised through her own heroic exertions. It was never the love of money for money's sake, that kept her so diligently at her strenuous task: she had alone in view the restoration of prosperity to a family that had long fought bravely against poverty and failed to win monetary success. As her stories were written solely for young people they failed to touch social questions, but one can easily see that her mind was strongly in sympathy with woman, in her work, and modern freedom from the binding conventionalities of an earlier existence. "The Rose in Bloom," and the story to which it is a sequel, are full of lessons on healthy pursuits and healthy enjoyments of hygienic childhood. She even advocates skirts cut entirely on hygienic principles, leaving corsets out of the question for growing girls; this is a distinct advance on any other American writer for girls.

Her mother had said: "I can trust my daughters, and this is the best way to teach them how to shun these evils and comfort these sorrows; they cannot escape the knowledge of them; better gain this under their mother's care."

She was alluding to the kindly interest she and her daughters had in young girls and women who had strayed from the paths of virtue, and were capable of reclamation. Such a mother was not only desirous of, but actually did possess, the full love and confidence of her children—as Mrs. March said: "It is my greatest happiness and pride, to feel that my girls confide in me."

Few writers have done so much to restore the sweet belief in the refining, ennobling, influence of a pure and happy family life. Miss Minot, in "Jack and Jill," is bent on brightening the lives of those about her, by her help and sympathy; and her insight into the life of girls and boys in an American village reveals an amount of freedom and similarity in common interests, strangely antagonistic to our more conventional views of the training of the sexes.

As Miss Alcott said, "co-education will go on outside of school if not inside, and the safest way is to let sentiment and study go hand-in-hand, with teachers to direct and explain the great lesson all are the better for learning soon or late." Physiology was a subject Miss Alcott was interested in, and here she has a say, "To make a mystery or

a terror of these things is a mistake," an uncle having made up his mind that a niece of his, in one of her stories, shall "understand and respect her body so well, that she won't dare to trifle with it as most women do."

"Good principles," "good health," moral strength to resist temptation, and plenty of exercise within reasonable bounds are the guiding rules inculcated by the healthy mind of Miss Alcott for the benefit of what she felt was the need of the coming race.

Although Christie's experiences in "work" are not an exact reproduction of her own, yet the same spirit of independence that prompted Christie to go out into the world, seeking ways and means of earning a living at the sacrifice of pride and the instincts of a refined nature, also gave to Miss Alcott that desire to be a "truly good and useful woman" which is prominent in all her delineations of noble characters. "Every day is a battle," said this struggling girl of seventeen. "I think how poor we are, how much worry it is to live, and how many things I long to do I never can."

She did not then see or dream of such a fact being possible only eighteen years later—that of her attaining at a single bound the proud position of the most popular living writer for girls in America.

Years of struggle and experience had fitted her for the work she was to carry on till her death; but life never gave her any leisure, and the dream of having a "lovely, quiet home" for the hard-working, beloved mother, cost much, before its final fulfilment. Readers of her stories will notice the strong passion for the stage evinced by the majority of the characters—Miss Alcott's dramatic experiences were somewhat like Christie's in "Work," and she was wise enough to understand the limitations of her art. She and her sister Anna earned money by teaching for several years, and in the holidays Louisa hired herself out to a friend as wash-girl. With the addition of boarders the courageous family managed to keep out of debt, and tolerably cheerful.

Sewing also was another occupation by which Miss Alcott earned money for the home; her first story was accepted and paid for at seventeen; and her generous heart rejoiced in being able to give the pretty young sister May some dainty things for personal wear. After some years' living apart from the family she began to observe life as it was in reality—by the experiences of those around her. At twenty-two success in literature had already entered on its gradual career, and the glad feeling of independence, although it was gained by a stupendous amount of work, mental and physical, freshened her and kept her spirits in good order.

"I can't wait when I can work," is the

way she apologises for her brave fighting with the world.

Happiness certainly existed for her in helping others, and making the best of her opportunities and talents; to be famous was only desired for the sake of what it would bring to the family. She loved beautiful things, and had a very keen and passionate appreciation of the joys of life, yet she can talk quite calmly and even smile over the wardrobe "made up of old clothes from cousins and friends." That pleasant sense of humour must have buoyed her up when tired and weary of the monotony entailed upon her in her daily tasks. An active free life out of doors was much more in her line, and it was not unnatural that her lively vivaciousness was sometimes succeeded by despondent moods. Times came when she was thankful for work with head and hand to relieve the weariness and disappointment of hope deferred. Like Christie, she had painful experiences of the same sort, which would have shaken the strength and faith of a weaker woman in her own powers and capability of fighting the battle of life. But Miss Alcott was made of stuff such as noble, true-hearted women only can realise in its depth and intensity; she would never give in, never faint by the roadside, and so she went forth to learn more of life's hardships in the hospitals at Washington; but an attack of fever less than two months after left its lasting effects on her hitherto healthy, robust constitution.

The influence of this time spent among the sick and the dying never departed, and the strong, earnest craving for teaching, the lessons of moral courage, brave efforts and devotion to the good and true were intensified in her stories following the Washington episode.

By degrees, she gave up writing the sensational sketches which had seriously restricted her in any more serious undertakings. At thirty-one, she had her first real glimpse of literary success, for the innumerable short stories written up to this time were, she knew well, not worthy of her purpose in life. The horror of being in debt forced Miss Alcott to keep at her desk often for fourteen hours, with little rest between, so that it was little wonder to find her nerves overtaxed to a degree that meant much pain and weariness of body and mind. At forty she was famous, but rest only came when she lay in her grave—at forty-six years of age.

Oddly enough, she not only never wished to marry, but was averse to having so much love-making in her stories; this not from any dislike to men, for she has done full justice to the prominent qualities of her favourite heroes; but because she felt that women could stand alone in the world, and that it was a poor outlook on life which in-

cluded marriage among its necessities. Her publishers, however, desired to make her stories more popular, and with this aim they insisted on a large share of love-making as necessary for their own sake and hers.

"It seems to me the woman's hour has struck," says Mr. March in "Jo's Boys," an echo of Miss Alcott's own conviction of this realisation of her youthful wishes; all through her books it is evident that she would have man and woman work together. "If we girls have any influence we should use it for the good of these boys, and not pamper them up, making slaves of ourselves and tyrants of them" is the keynote of her teaching to young people. She wished them to be taught self-control, self-knowledge, warned of certain temptations and trials which youth knows nothing of. Girls were to be given a chance equal with boys to work their way, equal opportunities and equal justice: "We are expected to be as wise as men who have had generations of all the help there is and we scarcely anything," says one of her ambitious girls. Miss Alcott speaks strongly in one of her last books, "Jo's Boys," on the moral temptations which beset boys just entering life, as the phrase is. Mrs. Bhaer anxiously interrogates two of her young friends about their habits. She comes to the point by asking if they frequent the society of bad women, and tells them no one need go wrong unless he wants to. Very gently, and with no spirit of fault-finding, the true chord is touched, and a note of warning struck to guide them in searching for a purer atmosphere. And, as Miss Alcott aptly remarks in "Work," there is a world full of grand questions to settle, lovely things to see, wise things to study, and noble things to imitate, which need leave no room for idle chatter, and the dissipations of a mind ill at ease and weary of life. To her the world was not all sickly, miserable, and depraved; her healthy mind saw much that was beautiful and of good report, and her books teach lessons of the greatness of living, the worth of noble deeds and soul-cultivation. So was she in her cheerful, self-sacrificing life, influential in spreading the belief in moral purity and strength, that goes far to build up character and give birth to future greatness.

"EPIPSYCHIDION."

"In Shelley's efforts to put into words his conception of Love, he was for a long time persistently misunderstood. In Emily he sees that essential portion of his own nature—that Higher Self—which, though externally separated from, is for ever spiritually united to the soul within. It is only on the phenomenal plane that the two elements are divided. . . . There remains the ceaseless yearning of the one for the other."

LADY desires to meet with employment as housekeeper, accountant, matron, or lady superintendent. Would be willing to accept moderate salary.—Address, N. B., office of this paper.

THE TOWING PATH.

SERIAL TALE, BY R.O.D.

CHAPTER I.

HIGH HOMES AND LOWLY.

Rather if woe be deep and thy soul wander;
Ant, among ants, that swarm upon a sod,
Watching thy shadow on the grass blade, ponder
The mystery with God.

And something Godlike shall thy soul grow,
sharing
The attitude divine.

Seeking to fathom with the spirit light
The problem of the shadow of the present,
Born of Eternal Light.

—R. BUCHANAN.

WHILE two of the greatest nations of Europe were satisfying an ancient, long-cherished grudge, by shedding each other's blood, desolating each other's lands, and destroying works of rare art and beauty under the impulse of their fierce hate, a Western Highlander lay in an attitude of peaceful repose on the grassy verge of a high and rugged mountain peak, overlooking some of the grandest scenery the earth can boast. Overhead, the great blue dome, flecked here and there by soft, fleecy clouds, hardly rivalled in their whiteness by the seagulls speeding their way, between the warm blue of the skies above, and the still deeper blue of the lake below, on to the ocean in the near distance. Surely the large, intelligent eyes, under their shaggy brows, must have taken it all in and revelled in the joy of it, as they roamed mildly over the nearer prospect on to the mountain ranges beyond, with their beautiful blues, purples, and greens of every shade, mingling, vibrating, and changing with every passing moment, as the twilight hues of a warm summer evening softened the rugged mountain sides into velvet, and spiritualised the face of nature. The eyes roamed over it all; then returned to their own immediate surroundings, while a sound expressive of satisfaction floated on to the evening air.

How strange it is, while perusing accounts of, or dwelling upon some incidents of war brought on by unrestrained human passion or want of judgment, to think of scenes so different, so full of peace and loveliness. In the year 1870 all Europe was stirred by the Franco-German War. In every town in this country, the streets morning and evening were thronged by persons passing to or from business, intent only on the papers they carried, scanning them with the utmost eagerness. Everywhere there was a rush for the papers, and townspeople posted them off to friends in the remote parts of the country, where they were passed on from house to house.

Could this Western Highlander have any idea that, at that moment, under the same sun, in a scene fair enough as nature made it, and sweet; far away across land and foam, one lay in anguish of mind and body, who was soon to look his last upon earth, but whose thoughts were fixed in remorse and pain on this very scene of rich beauty where the Highlander lay at rest.

Old grudges, hasty human judgment, human passions—greed, ambition, pride, hate, the satisfaction of the blood, agony and death of fellow creatures—what could this Highlander know of these; or of that scene in a far distant land, where groans of anguish

filled the air, mingling with the moans of bereaved ones under the open sky, beneath which a king knelt, and thanked God for triumph, gained at the expense of these heaps of slain. It would have been curious to have heard the opinion of the Highlander about such famous victories, could she have formed an opinion, or known anything of the fell deeds being enacted, while she lay calm, content, ruminating quietly, as though her thoughts were at rest on that and many other points. For a long time she ruminated, and nothing disturbed the stillness save the low of the cattle in the distance, the bleating of sheep on the mountain side, the curious cry of the seagulls speeding oceanward with white, glistening wings outspread, or the faint caw-caw of rooks on the homeward track; all nature stirring gently, preparing for rest. The twilight shadows deepened, a star twinkled faintly, the air was so clear and still that sound travelled far. Presently the Highlander lifted her head with bright eyes watching, listening, as the sweet, thrilling sound of singing came stealing up the slope. Nearer and nearer it came in rich, full tones till the words of an old song were discernible, accompanied by the ripple of a child's laughter and a note now and then in clear childish treble. The Highlander pricked up her ears, and turning her head, gazed down the gentle slope behind her. Footsteps were distinguishable; she rose to her feet, and with a vigorous shake of her whole person, proceeded in the direction of the voices, giving vent as she went to low after low of delight. A lady and child appeared.

"Oh! 'Majesty'—Oh! you naughty, naughty cow. Come inside the fence. See, Mama, she has got out."

"Take care, St. George, don't stand right in front while she's so glad to see you, or she might push you down the hill, though she is so gentle."

"Oh, Mama, B'luf'd, see how she looks at you, she knows what you say; see B'luf'd, how she looks at me, so 'fectionit; she won't hurt me, will you Majesty?"

"Not she if she can help it, but you are a little frisky at times, aren't you, Beastie," said Mrs. Heatherstone, gently stroking the Highlander's nose and resting her handsome head on her shaggy sides.

"D'you think, B'luf'd, that she likes bein' called Beastie? I think she likes Majesty best. She looks Majesty you know, you said so, Mama, 'specially when she stands on the very edge of the cliff looking down at us; but she never looks Beastie!"

"Well, I beg her pardon, dear; I do indeed." More patting was consequently bestowed, while the Western Highlander, "Majesty," stood looking at her human lovers—especially on the little one standing so fearlessly close to her—with large, intelligent, tender eyes, that seemed indeed to comprehend what was passing; and had such an unaccountable depth of expression, which St. George learnt to know well, and in later years to wonder at and study.

"Now we're goin' home, Majesty: B'luf'd and me."

"And I, dear."

"Yes, B'luf'd and I are goin' home; we've been ever such a way. Come, Majesty."

The child and her attached fellow creature trotted on gently, the lady following slowly, watching them with loving eyes, or picking little wild flowers and sprays of heather from the rocky sides of the cliff. A sound made her look up to the cliff brow, rising to the height of many feet, above the sheltered spot where she

walked. Two persons, a lady and a gentleman it seemed, stood there looking down. She turned quickly, and passed round the corner, beyond which the child and the Highlander had already disappeared.

Mrs. Heatherstone was a human being. It is necessary to make this explanation, as it is not generally remembered that women are human beings; they are supposed to be wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, and helpmeets. From whence comes this general want of comprehension of woman on the part of man? Is he too high up to understand, or too low down? This is one of the enigmas which the immediate future must solve for us, and solve well. Mrs. Heatherstone, then, was, first of all, a human being; she was also a woman, a mother, a wife; stood, and had stood, in other relationships to the world of human beings in which she lived. She was a woman of culture, refinement; of a noble range of thought, advanced views and theories, well read, full of sympathy and tenderness for every living creature; with a hatred of injustice and wrong-doing. She was bringing up her child to share in and develop these qualities and attainments, educating the young life entrusted to her, in faith and hope, little dreaming then, how great, even beyond what she dared to hope, was to be the result. She had married while still not much more than a child—at the express desire of her father—a man of wealth and position, a man of the world, a man of pleasure; one who allowed no law, divine or human, to interfere with what he dared to consider his rights. Human laws, or rather men-made laws, supported him in this, and no whisper of other or higher possibilities ever penetrated his prejudice-encrusted understanding. Man-made creeds had taught James Heatherstone from boyhood that the sex to which he belonged had prerogatives not to be shared in or disputed by the other, that to it belonged by right of birth and Divine decree, power, domination, strength, wealth, opportunity; that for it every door was open, to honour or pleasure, that for its use all things were made. This teaching suited him, as it suits those for whose benefit it is preached, and very early he learnt to apply it.

When his young wife, full of hope and trust, began to find what her life was to be, as the wife of such a man, she was at first staggered, crushed by the revelation of the great degradation forced upon her. Her self-respect shuddered to its centre, and rebelled against the new life. When she discovered her husband's creed and began to see all it involved, she suffered cruelly, growing more and more estranged as more fully the man's real nature was revealed to her, through the fading on his part of the feeling some men call love, which is only passion, only a thing of the senses. After her child was born, the life she had to live became even more distasteful to her; in vain she tried to rouse some spirituality in him. She elicited only jeers. For another twelve months she bore with him, then came a great revulsion of feeling, a strong conviction that such a life was not a duty but a sin, that her child would, as it grew, be profaned, destroyed by it.

One day, one cold, chill day in January—how well she still remembered it—wrapping the baby and herself up warmly, she had stolen away quietly, taking only with her, money of her own, a gift from her father before her marriage which some instinct had induced her to preserve. She had walked to the station, and, taking a train north, had gone straight to the little village where her old nurse lived,

in comfortable circumstances, told her story, and sought protection. This she gained without stint, for the good woman was devoted to her. In her cottage, "The Hollow," built on the edge of a wild stretch of purple moorland, Muriel Heatherstone dwelt for two years undiscovered.

St. George and Majesty had reached the homestead before Mrs. Heatherstone arrived, to find the cow and Faithful, St. George's pony, being carefully attended to for the night by Robert Winter, under the child's own superintendence. Five years had this picturesque spot been the retreat of mother and child; and here in the peace of this happy home a little heart grew strong and deep; little eyes learnt to love the smile of the sunlight, the wonder of the moonlight, the stars, and the feathery snow; learnt to look with tender pity and love on everything that lives. Little ears learned to listen in childish delight to every note in the scale of Nature's harmony. A little brain grew, developing, as the years went by, signs of great possibilities. Love was the teacher, and did its teaching well, moulding and preparing the strong young soul for its life work.

So St. George had danced and laughed away seven years, while cloud after cloud had passed from the blue skies of Muriel Heatherstone's life.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOMESTEAD.—AN OLD FRIEND.

Oh, it's nought but the lilt o' an auld sang,
As auld as the hills, may be;
But there's mickle sooth in an auld sang,
And the hills they daur na lee.

OLD BALLAD.

"Mama, a lady wants to see you; she came down the slope with Faithful and me."

"A lady, love," exclaimed Mrs. Heatherstone, rising up hurriedly, white to her lips, "who can it be?"

"I don't know, B'luf'd. She says she knew you when you were a girl, and—"

"Oh, darling, I cannot see her. Ask Nurse to come here; tell her—"

"But she says she loves you, B'luf'd, and—oh, here she is—"

As St. George spoke a lady entered. "May I come in?" she said, looking earnestly at Mrs. Heatherstone. "Yes, I am right—Muriel!"

"Margaret, oh Margaret!" then the two ladies were locked in each other's arms, and one of them was sobbing piteously.

"I heard you last night," the new comer said when they were calmer, "you sang; I felt I could not have been deceived. I never could forget your voice; and, besides, our favourite song with the very semi-quavers you and I introduced, do you remember?"

"I remember well," Muriel replied, between smiles and tears; "oh! those were happy days."

"Happier than now, dear?"

"Well, no, not happier, save for my constant dread of my child being taken from me; but Margaret, do you know that I left my husband, do you mind?"

"Yes, Muriel, I heard something; you shall tell me the rest when you like, not if you object. Do I mind? You have forgotten me, surely. Have no fear either; I saw your dread as I entered, and understood. No one knows I have come here, and no one shall know. I arose early and went off on one of my solitary rambles; they will all conclude, I often do so. Now," she continued, smiling, and turning her tender, comforting face towards her friend, "are you going to ask me to breakfast? I have

already made your child's acquaintance, and if you will invite me I will come back, and stop with you for a whole week; during which we can hear all we have to say to each other."

"Can you come easily?"

"Quite easily; I am my own mistress and mean to remain so."

"Was it you on the cliff?" Muriel asked, suddenly.

"Yes, I noticed you looked up, but by the time I had my field glass adjusted, you had turned, and were off."

"I had been using it to have a good look at a bonnie Highland beast," Margaret added, just as St. George was seen returning with Mrs. Winter.

"Yes, it's all right, nurse; this is a very old and dear friend of mine, Miss Margaret Cunningham. You remember her, I think?"

"Surely she does," laughed Margaret. "I remember Mrs. Winter well."

"Aye, fine, I mind ye; ye're here for guid if here at a', that I ken," Mrs. Winter replied, glancing curiously at Muriel.

"I hope so, Nursie, I have much to tell after breakfast, and much to hear."

"St. George, Miss Cunningham has been spying Majesty with her field glass last night and wants to know about her."

"Majesty's my own cow, same as Faithful's my own pony—I told Miss Cunningham this morning, Mama, about Faithful—Majesty," turning again to the stranger, "was brought to Mama when she was a little calf very sick and ill. Mama made her well. She's not quite a cow yet, she's quite young; but she knows everything. She loved Mama so much for making her well, and has always remembered it though it's five years ago—she's such a grateful cow, and so wise."

"Then both your pets are wise?"

"Yes, they are my friends; they know everything I say."

"How can you tell that, dear?"

"I see by their eyes that they know; Majesty wanders about, but she comes back at night herself, and always to be milked."

"Here comes breakfast, love. Margaret, come to my room and take your hat off. I expect we're all hungry."

"I am dreadfully hungry," said St. George, sitting down to table.

(To be continued.)

LOVE.

LOVE is the only true motive power in human affairs, if they are to be carried on in harmony. All else is warfare. There is no real justice but love. Without this principle as a propelling power, without kindness as a lubricant, this weary old world of ours will always rumble along like a belated broken-down coach, or like a vehicle without springs, jerky and uneasy.

But what is love? There is so much that goes by that name! There is a love which loves money, but that is *Avarice*. There is a love which loves to add house to house and land to land, but that is *Greed*. There is a love which loves sexual pleasure or intercourse, but that is *Lust*. There is a love which loves rank and position, but that is *Pride*. There is a love which loves finery, dress, petty distinctions and attentions, but that is *Vanity*. There is a love which loves to be talked about, which loves fame or notoriety, but that is *Ambition*. There is a love which

loves the delicacies of the table or the wine collar; but that is *Gluttony* or *Drunkness*. There is a love which loves Revenge; but that is *Death*. The love that I am interested in is none of these. It is LOVE! And what a grand thing is Love! If everyone felt its power—its saving power—it would make of the earth a New Eden. In imagination I see a universe of human beings loving and living for each other and for all: and by the same imagining I see a PARADISE, inasmuch as world-wide love is world-wide rest. When every human creature in purpose and in effect says, "All that I am, and have, and can do or say, is at others' service, at everybody's command, a common good, as opportunity occurs," then will the wilderness blossom as a rose and the desert as a green bay tree, and the dark places be bright with a superabundance of happiness. No longer will a portion of the human family rise early and go to bed late, and spend their days in grinding toil and anxiety, with never the proper thing to eat, or to wear, or to shelter in; that another portion of God's family may take its unearned ease, fare sumptuously every day, and luxuriate without stint. No longer will gaols, asylums, hospitals, work-houses, and gin-shops be crowded with the criminal, the mad, the diseased, the poor, and the drunken. Even the animal kingdom and the lower forms of life or sentient existence, will benefit by the change, when the wand of love is waved as a sceptre over a mad world. Under the new régime there is not a beast of the field, or an ox in the stall, but will grow more sleek and docile. Not an insect but will be filled with a diviner life. Every flower will be more beautiful. Every tree more luxuriant! With humanity, so soon as Love controls it, every living and, indeed, every *inanimate* thing will be in harmony. In fancy I hear the twittering of the birds in that coming time expressing gratitude for the change which Love has wrought. For the first time since the days of the lost Eden, they feel themselves to be recognised co-partners with you and me in Mother Earth's plenitude. The cattle, with their brown coats shining in the sun, betoken by their pleasant loving the existence of a kindlier regard than of yore. All the shy things of the forest and the brake, and the wild things of the field and woodland, have become companionable; and Human beings (reclaimed and redeemed by Love) see in them a beauty and utility, a fellow-creatureness, they never saw before. The beaten dog and the kicked cat, like the half-starved child, welcome the reign of love, for blows and kicks, starvation and neglect, are done with; remembered only as an evil nightmare. The tall elm and the sturdy oak, indulge in kindly whisperings which all interpret as a benison; and the music of the rustling leaves in the woodland sanctuary, the sweet breathings of the gentle zephyr, and the rippling rhyme of the brooklet, touch a responsive chord deep down in human nature when its diapason is love. Nor is the fury of the tempest, the harsh recoil of the ocean wave on the shingly beach, or the mournful murmuring of the autumnal winds through the quivering leaves unmusical to those whose heart strings are set to harmony. Verily, it is a New World that Love has created! Love! The mightiest, gentlest, most magnanimous, most God-like power imaginable and attainable! The world is full of poetry under its spell. The goal is found, and with it supreme happiness. Yes, Love is the key—the "open sesame"—to every conceivable good!

R. HARTY DUNN.

Lay Community Life For Women.

(Continued from May.)

WHAT I would propose for the collecting, organising and training of this scattered labour, is to establish lay communities of women who are willing to work, who are willing to be trained to work, and who are willing to lead a simple socialistic community life, bound necessarily by as few rules as are consistent with such well-regulated community life. Our beginnings, like all beginnings, would have to be small; but our aim should be to establish centres throughout Great Britain and her colonies, America, and the Continent, to be sisterly in our hearts, cosmopolitan in our instincts, and scientific in our organisation and methods. There must at this present time be among us many women who would be fitted for the task of founding such a lay order, and who would find in the superintendence of a department, or the organisation of a branch, more congenial work than often falls to the lot of women in their usually miscellaneous and uncertainly defined duties. Community of goods and co-operative work would, of course, be the two underlying and vital principles of this lay order; the instruction of the young would be the work taken in hand, and that this instruction should be carried out as perfectly and as consistently as possible, the same class-books should be used in every institution of the order, so that a pupil going from an English to a French branch, or a French to a German branch, might all the time continue her education without a break on the same lines. Needless to say, every effort must be made by those at the head of the order to provide the best possible instruction, and of a character thoroughly up to date. As the different applicants presented themselves for admission to the order, they would be examined as to their capabilities, tastes, and willingness to submit to community life; they would then be allotted their work, be required to sign a form promising cheerful obedience to certain rules, and be admitted (as in sisterhoods) as probationers. Every detail of work in each establishment would be carried out by the different members of the community with the aid of the probationers, who would work under them, and the principle should be inculcated that no work which contributes towards the welfare of the community should be considered derogatory. Those who had been trained for teachers, and *who could prove that they had a real vocation for teaching*, would naturally superintend the education of the pupils; others would undertake the correspondence and clerical work, others the linen room and the care of the pupils' clothes; others, the household work, one being at the head of the kitchen, another of the refectory, another of the bedrooms, and so on. If, as is desirable, many of the branches were established in the country, it would be advisable to have garden, dairy, laundry, and poultry farm work added to the various departments; and if the parents of the pupils wished it, instruction in the work of any of these departments might be added to the usual routine of education, and might prove of more profit and comfort to the pupils than the learning by heart of dates and the study of English grammar. Finally, as to the real aim of these lay sisterhoods, they should, it seems to me, possess a distinctive character of "home"—a home for those who are anxious to preserve their inde-

pendence, who are willing to work, and who will consent in the place of receiving pecuniary recompense for their work, to share all things in common with their fellow-workers. All that is best and wisest in the rules and organisation of the convent should be appropriated for reproduction in the lay community; the rest should be discarded. It need scarcely be remarked that no vows for life would be required of the members, but it might be desirable after the term of probation was over, to promise service in the community for a certain number of years, as it would be a guarantee of greater stability in the method of teaching, and would militate against that obnoxious idea that the teacher only takes to her work until such time as she shall get a husband to support her, when she will at once throw up all work in the world. This idea is too often the cause of half-hearted, grudging work amongst those who have really no true vocation for teaching, but only take to it as a temporary means of earning their living; and it is the despair of all those who are at the head of modern teaching establishments. In the event also of marriage not presenting itself, after all, to the lay-sister, her home is always assured; and care should be taken that, in the drawing up of the rules and constitution of the community, increased comfort should fall to the lot of those who had laboured longest in the vineyard; so that the labour given in youth and middle age should be like an insurance fund, providing the comforts and home surroundings of old age. The worker would then, when failing health and faculties showed that the time for rest had come, be comforted by spending the last years of her life among the scenes and interests of her life's work, and surrounded by dear and familiar faces—a far more pleasant prospect than at present usually awaits the worn-out teacher—the alternative of a forlorn lodging and a solitary life eked out on a pound or thirty shillings a week; or of ending her days dependent on official charity in a home for "decayed gentlewomen."

I was much struck a short time ago, when visiting a sisterhood belonging to the Church of England, with the amount of work that community labour can accomplish, and I could not refrain from the remark, "Why, you are the real practical socialists of the day." I don't know whether my involuntary remark was appreciated by the good sisters, but from that time the germ of the idea which I am at this present time trying to place before my readers, took root in my mind, and I said to myself, "What opportunities we women, who are of the world, who believe in and aspire to help in the progress of the world, are daily letting slip of helping forward that progress in a practical way." The education of the young has been for centuries the stronghold of the Church, especially of the Roman Catholic Church; and in the studied hold which they keep on the women of their flock they recognise and bow before the principle that those that "rock the cradle rule the world." What work are we, who recognise how far the Church teaching has wandered from Christ's teaching, and who aspire towards the morality of constructive socialism, doing in the same field? Are we trying by example and precept to inculcate simpler and less self-indulgent habits of life among the young who fall under our care? Are we teaching them aright the lessons of history and of evolution, pointing out to them through the study of the past, the finger-posts which shall guide them in the present and the future? Are we teaching them at a time when their minds are plastic and easily moulded that

"morality is what is social, and immorality what is anti-social"? Are we waging warfare against the mass of obscure and ignorant ideas which, like dust, are constantly settling down afresh on the mirror of truth, and which, like dust, must be constantly swept away? What a field lies open before those women who recognise that—

"The old order changeth, giving place to new;
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,"

in the training of the women-children of this generation, who will be the mothers in the dawn of the twentieth century! And on what better plan can a lesson be taught than in the form of an object-lesson? A young girl who has constantly before her eyes, who is, in fact, being brought up in an atmosphere of simple community life; who is surrounded by women who have entered on that life, not with the hope of any future reward in the other world, but because they have learnt, perhaps, "through tears and much pain, that holiness is an infinite compassion for others, that greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them, that happiness is a great love and much serving," that young girl would have, we might trust, a truer conception of her social duties, in the new order of things which is coming, slowly perhaps, but very surely; and would be more fitted when the time came for fulfilling the duties of motherhood than the young lady fresh from the selfish and anti-social teaching of the fashionable "finishing school" (of which abominations too many still abound, and which yearly turn out by the hundred what Karl Pierson aptly calls "the shopping doll, the anti-social puppet, whose wires, well hidden under the garb of custom and fashion, are really pulled by self-indulgence").

The entire mass of ideas of women, as a class, on the question of work require readjustment; there still lingers about them too much of the old superstition that work in the home is honourable, but work outside for the community is derogatory; few women at present will seek work in the world unless forced by circumstances to do so. These lay communities might form the bridge in our present transition state, whereby those might pass over who felt their courage fail them when the moment came for the plunge which was necessary in order to ford the river.

Even to the eyes of those who most deprecate the woman movement, it is apparent that the emancipation of women is making steady progress; and it is always a matter of the most vital importance, that those who are to exercise power of any description should be educated up to the sense of their responsibilities—educated, I mean, not in the sense of a certain routine of book-learning, but educated to think for themselves, to be able to form reasonable and wholesome opinions on any of the social and political questions of the day, to be fellow-workers with men—educated, in a word, to be worthy of their emancipation. The writer whom I have before quoted, Karl Pierson, thus writes on the failure, so far, of what is called the higher education of women, to implant good social morality in the mass of women:—"The assumption by women of definite social and political responsibilities would revolutionise the sight which meets our eyes between three and four in the afternoon in any fashionable London thoroughfare. Hundreds of women—mere dolls—gazing intently into shop windows at various bits of coloured ribbon! The higher education of women, so far as it has gone at present, has hardly touched the fringe of this great mass."

From their childhood, through their girl-

hood, up to womanhood, women *must* learn the lesson, which most men have had to learn, and which, under better social conditions, *all* men will have to learn, that idleness and the frittering away of time in useless labour are not honourable, but that all must, according to their several capacities, do some good and useful work for the community at large. If women only realised it, their independence, and their position as regards men, would be immeasurably improved by the practical, frank adoption of these ideas. The old theory was that women existed primarily for men's comfort and gratification, secondly, for the duties of motherhood; and thirdly (if there were a thirdly), for her own self-development. With this theory in view, the training and education given to women for several centuries have been admirably suitable, but they have scarcely tended to elevate the character and ethics of women, taken as a class. Any power she could hope to obtain must be obtained by persuasion and blandishments. With this aim in view, she must learn above all things to charm; therefore education must be given with a view of rendering her charming. That this idea of the *raison d'être* of the existence of women, and of the duties of womanhood, has not died out even among some of the most enlightened men of the day is proved by some quotations which were given lately in a French paper from the writings of Renan. Here was a man, fully able to appreciate intellect and largeness of views in his sister, of whom he wrote so nobly, and yet he is unable to shake himself free from the superstition that, as womankind, as a whole, exist to charm, it would be impolitic and unwise to allow them to share in the opinions and views of men, for fear that thereby they might lose part of their charm. "Let them cling to their belief," says this writer, who did his best to smile away belief, "because the sign of the cross made by a graceful hand has a certain charm of its own." The education and training that should be given in these proposed lay sisterhoods should be more in accord with modern ideas that woman is a reasonable, thinking being, who exists first for herself, whose duty it is to render herself economically independent, and to be able to give a reason for the faith—both religious and social—that is in her. She should be taught to simplify her tastes, correct all anti-social habits and tendencies—which till now have been encouraged because they have been considered as in some way adding to her charm—and be shown the value of co-operation and co-operative work. It is one of women's great weaknesses, their inability to co-operate, to sink small personal likings and differences where a great work has to be carried out. That is one reason why it has been possible to keep them so much longer in subjection than it would otherwise have been. They have forgotten, or have never learnt, the lesson of the bundle of sticks; they will have to learn it, and also the lesson of being loyal to each other.

A few weeks ago the death was announced of Mr. Vansittart Neal, who for forty-four years worked for, and devoted his life and fortune to the principle of co-operation as a solution of the Labour question. Though a man of large property, he lived in lodgings in Manchester, and for sixteen years acted as General Secretary to the Central Union, "giving for nothing aid of a kind which could not have been obtained for money." His disappointments and failures, of course, were many—what pioneer does not meet with them? But we are told that such disappointments neither soured nor daunted him, and he died

REVIEWS.

"Mrs. GRUNDY'S VICTIMS." By Mrs. George Corbett. (Tower Publishing Co.)

Mrs. Corbett explains the *raison d'être* of her story in a short preface, in which she adopts as her motto an assertion of the Rev. J. W. Hartley, that Mrs. Grundy is "the devil's best handmaid." She says, further, that the picture "here introduced to the reader. . . . is an attempt, undertaken from the purest motives, to enlighten and forewarn young girls and their guardians"; and she asks, "Is it not time that we cease to pander to the debasing tendencies of the age by confounding ignorance with innocence?" The story thus precluded opens with the dismissal of two orphan sisters who occupied the positions of governess and mother's help in the family of a rich and vulgar parvenue, who, in spite of their excellent conduct and the admirable way in which their relative duties have been discharged, sends them adrift at a day's notice in consequence of some slander about their family which is told her by a chance visitor who poses as a devotee of Mrs. Grundy. The poor girls, in spite of their pitiful protest that they have striven to do their duty, and that they have no home to go to, are sent off "characterless," to make their own way as best they can. For lack of a reference they are refused at the Governesses' Home, where they apply on their arrival in London, and later on in the day they encounter at Waterloo Station an elderly lady of imposing appearance, who enters into conversation with them, and not only promises to recommend them to a suitable home, but offers to escort them there in her own carriage. The girls, not without some misgivings on the part of one of them, gratefully accept her proposals, and she takes them first in order to give them some refreshment, after their journey, to her own house, which proves to be a luxuriously-appointed mansion in an aristocratic neighbourhood. Here they are joined at the tea-table by two young ladies of fashionable and rather fresh appearance, who are introduced to them as "Lady Flora" this and "Lady Matilda" that. The two girls, Eva and Amy Forest, are detained on various pretences from going in search of a "home" until it is too late to leave the house that night, and they are invited to remain. They are to occupy separate rooms, and Amy, after affectionately wishing her sister "good-night," never in the course of the history sees her again; for the mansion proves to be a house of ill-fame, to which by a dastardly trading on their helplessness and ignorance, the poor girls have been decoyed by a wretch not deserving the name of woman, and it is only with great difficulty that Amy, the younger but cleverer of the two, escapes her toils. Eva is never heard of again, and of her miserable future little doubt remains. Amy only escapes one danger to fall into others, almost equally ominous; but at last she surmounts all difficulties and marries the man of her choice. The book is a sad and painful revelation of the hideous secrets of the darker ways of our large towns, and it suggests the question: Is such a revelation as this story affords, the best way of arming the young and innocent against the hideous snares which are lying in wait for their ignorant footsteps? Such is certainly the praiseworthy intention of the author; but we feel grave doubts whether on any pretext it can be desirable to present to the imagination of young girl readers such

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

The Moral Reform Union.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of this society was held on June 28th, by kind permission of Mrs. Miers, at 74, Addison-road, London, W. Mrs. Charles, Poor Law Guardian for Paddington, presided, and addresses of the deepest interest were delivered by Dr. Kate Bushnell and Mrs. Elizabeth Andrew, who moved and seconded the following resolution, which, together with a memorial to five of her Majesty's Ministers, was carried *nom. con.*:—"That this meeting hereby records its indignant protest against the outrages upon Indian women and the degradation of English lads and men, carried on in defiance of Parliament, under the East India Contaminants Act of 1889. And that this our protest be forwarded to the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone and to the Right Honourable the Earl of Kimberley, along with the expression of the determination of the majority of those here assembled in meeting to-day, to use all lawful means to unseat from power every man, without distinction of party, who continues to permit our country and its Queen to be disgraced by these iniquitous practices."

Mrs. Fischer-Lette, who represented the Moral Reform Union at the Congress of Representative Women and the Congress on Public Morals at Chicago, gave an account of both those gatherings. Miss Conybeare and Miss Abney Walker spoke to the annual report. Miss Frances Lord, Miss Emily Hill, and Miss Goff took part in the votes of thanks, that to the Chairman being put to the meeting by the Secretary of the M.R.U., Miss F. E. Albert, from whom, at 2, Leinster-place, Cleveland Gardens, W., the society's literature may be obtained.

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pictures as are furnished by the inner life of a brothel, or by that life which is to be met with behind the scenes of a foreign music-hall. Such pictures, we fear, are more likely to excite the curiosity than to act as a guiding and warning power.

[In a word, teach children the truth about themselves, and the beauty and power of purity, then they will be armed against all wrong. As they grow older teach them that there is danger; give them a large idea of it, without the sickening details, they will soon learn to discern what is pure and true from what is impure and false.—Ed.]

"IN A HOT-BED OF FEVER." By Mrs. Warner Snoad.

Mrs. Warner Snoad, with the courage which characterises her actions in behalf of suffering humanity, urges in this little book the need of a fever hospital at Plaistow, in the parish of West Ham. In cases of scarlet and other fevers, there are no means of isolation. When children are taken ill, the condition of things as presented by Mrs. Snoad is appalling.

"West Ham Union," she says, "includes all the poor dock district below Poplar. Moreover, these people, who are constantly on the move backwards and forwards through London, must materially increase the number of scarlet fever cases in our metropolis and suburbs. Picture to yourselves two children with scarlet fever, the husband and two boys warned not to go to work! All means of present support thus taken away."

She appeals to all, even the poorest, for help, in sums however small. She says: "I have nothing to say against dinner parties, nor concerts, nor tennis—far from it; but the cry of human anguish is more than the finest song that was ever sung, and the wail of human misery a weightier matter than the best chosen menu of the season.

"And lastly, to those who honestly and to the best of their ability help others to their utmost—the claims upon whom are heavy, many and faithfully fulfilled—I say give! yes—this once more, if it be but a trifle; there is no need to tell you help will repay you with blessing."—For further information, address Mrs. W.S., office of SHAFTS.

"ROSE, SHAMROCK, AND THISTLE." By R. M. Mackenzie. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Quis separabit?" "For each man, and for each woman, there is one twin soul, and only one. They may never meet on earth, or they may be for ever separated after meeting and recognising each other's affinity. Other ties may be formed from expediency, even from inclination—time may strengthen these bonds, or lighten the endurance of enforced isolation—but there is only one heaven-made marriage, only one heart-breaking severance." It is a relief to meet with the frank declaration that sexual attraction does not consist solely in animal passion, in spite of the cynical writers who can only secure obedience to the seventh commandment by violating the sixth. Readers of SHAFTS will enjoy the refreshing purity of thought breaking through the author's graphic pages of womanly friendship overcoming masculine strife only too typical of Saxon prejudice.

THE EDITOR'S APPEAL.

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

How We Amuse Ourselves.

"A world where all was great,
Paths trodden not, but seen,
Light streaming through an open gate,
The world that might have been."

AYE, and that may be; yet it often happens that our amusements are more than enjoyments; they are, in the fullest sense of the word, re-creations. They wrap the worn, weary spirit about, with a glamour that shuts out the facts of life sometimes hard and cruel, leaving the mind to revel in possibilities. We see stretching before us a track along which the sunshine lies; the tired heart ceases to ache, a smile steals into its depths, and, as we wend our way homeward, or workward, we are prepared to take up the burden again where we laid it down,—prepared to struggle on as bravely as ever; once more we are glad and free, and life is full of goals to be attained for humanity's sake and our own.

This great pleasure and benefit was ours but recently, as we sat in Collard and Collard's concert-rooms, listening to Miss Rose Seaton's clever recitals. The pieces were well selected and especially well given. Several amateurs present declared, they had only learnt that day what a good recitation meant. "Sister Helen," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was uttered in a manner so thrilling, so eloquent and suggestive, that we felt one with Sister Helen in the intensity of her passionate revenge. "In the Fierce Light," by Miss Seaton herself, is a powerful piece, and her wonderful delivery gave to each piece a power and passion which few can give. It seemed as if she might have herself been the author of each. Her humorous selections, "Mr. Butterwick's Horse," "Marriage," and "Rubinstein's Piano" were excellent; and elicited rounds of applause. "Marriage" was uncommonly good, but if it were possible to make a selection we might do so in favour of "Rubinstein's Piano," which was simply splendid. Surely any writers might hear more in their words than even they meant to give, when interpreted so well, and with such originality.

THE PIONEER CLUB.

The last debate of the season took place at the Pioneer Club, on Thursday evening, July 14th. This club promises to become a success; it is well-attended and supported by some of the first women, among those who may be styled thoughtful and progressive women: women who live for something besides society; something, even, besides home and friends—FOR THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY. It is to be hoped they will keep firm, strong, and true to each other and to their club, for a long pull and a strong pull, must be given by all, to ensure ultimate victory for the club and for women.

"SHAFTS" DISCUSSIONS.

Meetings for discussion and to prepare women as speakers are held at the offices of SHAFTS every Friday evening from 5.30 to 7 p.m. All who can come will be welcomed.

Shakespeare's Ideal of Woman.

PART I.

AMONG the English-speaking races, no writer approaches Shakespeare in influence and reputation. The works of the "bard of Avon" rank, on the whole, next to the New Testament, and are regarded by the average mind as being altogether beyond criticism. We know little of what Shakespeare was as a man. The few and fragmentary records left us which possess any historical value, do not convey the idea that he had attained any special moral or spiritual elevation; in many respects he must have been merely a man of his day, by no means a saint, if he missed being a sinner. That he possessed an extraordinary intellect of a certain type, a capacity for creating dramatic situations, writing occasionally almost winged verse, and uttering truths which have passed into proverbs, few of us will deny. That his pen was considerably purer than the pens of other dramatists living in or near his period, we are also willing to concede, notwithstanding that it failed to attain that standard of purity essential to a great writer, essential to make a man a power for good, as well as a power on other planes.

Much has been said with regard to Shakespeare's women, concerning their strength, their marked characteristics, or their purity, as the case may be, and writers are never weary of quoting Beatrice, Portia, Rosalind, Olivia, Queen Margaret, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, and many another, as serving to show that his heroines were living women, capable of ready wit, remarkable deeds, great self-sacrifice, tragic resolves, sweetness, or the usual devotion which is the be-all and end-all of a woman's life, according to many minds. With all this we are not concerned. It is a thrice-told tale. What we want to know is the kind of direct influence or teaching this glorified man, with his host of worshippers century after century, has sent forth with regard to womanhood *per se*. Had he any great ideals? Did he believe in free womanhood? Had he any appreciation of woman when she was exceptionally heroic, noble, and great? His own pages will disclose. The reply is given by the hand of the poet himself.

A little more than four centuries ago there arose in France a young girl whose soul glowed with such fiery devotion to the sacred cause of her country's freedom, that she braved almost insurmountable obstacles and all the dangers of a rude age, in order to lead her soldier fellow-countrymen to what she foresaw would be sure and certain victory. History records no story more sublime and touching than the brief life-tragedy of Jeanne d'Arc. Her being was an altar on which ever burnt a sacred fire, the fire born of stainless purity, of single-hearted devotion to an unselfish cause, of an unconquerable will. She was a Power who drew to her all the powers and forces which work for human progress. She fought for more than France—she fought to deliver human souls from the woes which arise from cowardice, from vice, from weakness of all kinds. They followed her as men will always follow an embodiment of righteousness which neither

condemns nor judges, but points onwards by its own strength. Hers was a life of action; her words were few, but they were heroic. When, after raising the siege of Orleans, she was basely betrayed, and faced all that ingratitude, insult, and torture could inflict upon her, she was consigned at last by ecclesiastics to her tragic fate—death at the stake—she breathed forth neither appeals nor words of hatred to her enemies. She died as she had lived, a heroine of heroines.

For all his wondrously-spun dramas, his spells of song, and his skill of thought and expression, it might truly be said of this girl of 19 years that a greater than Shakespeare was here! And when, in the course of his writings, the story of the maid rose up before him, how did his soul respond to a vision of womanhood almost matchless for strength and nobility? Turn to the play of *King Henry VI., Part I.*, and the answer greets you.

After describing her through the mouth of the *Bastard of Orleans* as a "holy maid" who has received a "vision from heaven," he represents her as being guided by "fiends," and finally, in the closing scene in the camp of the Duke of York, paints her as suing for mercy by declaring that she is about to become a mother! In her own language,

"Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in every thought."

Yet, notwithstanding all her high-souled courage, she declares in the same breath that she has been guilty of loose conduct! And, finding that her unworthy strategy fails to prevail, she curses York, who in his turn calls her a "strumpet" and a "foul accursed minister of hell."

Nothing more is added. Joan of Arc is dismissed from view: her execution and the triumphant words which legend asserts escaped from her lips in the final agony—"My visions were of God!"—of those who she had told her foul tormentors "needed no apparel," since they were clothed with Light—the impression left upon the soldiers, and the restoration of her fair name, a name ever since beloved of France—all are dropped out of sight. They make no appeal to our insular Shakespeare. He turns from her as a possible brazen and troublesome creature, who was perhaps "no better than she should be," and was well got rid of. He is not on her plane of being—his is intellectual, hers inspirational and intuitional; his is earthly, hers is spiritual; his is that of a man of the world, hers is that of a martyr and reformer pledged to sacrifice life itself for a sacred cause.

And thus the "bard of Avon" with a few strokes of his pen defaces a life to the comprehension of which he could not rise, and drops it into the mire of the most commonplace and vulgar ideas of his time. Perhaps he did not care for a woman who had the courage to wear armour. We have known men, even in these days, whose sex-bias forbade them to welcome one who rose above sex into the realm of spirit, and who cavil at her because her memory rebukes

* Coarse and insolent questions had been asked her with regard to the appearance of those who guided her.

still the life that exalts sex at the expense of all that is most pure and divine in our natures, whether we be women or men. It is the old worship of Venus, the love of the form that perishes, and the indifference to the Eternal Soul which must manifest itself in thoughts and deeds which will trample out lust, and ever most strongly through woman.

Let us pass on to the stray passages in other plays of Shakespeare's, wherein he considers and imagines himself, forsooth! to have solved the vast problem of sex.

He represents a woman as declaring that she is—

"A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears,"
(*King John*)

thereby teaching that cowardice is the natural condition of woman, as one reduced to such weakness that without a man she is hardly a human being at all.

"Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible."
(*King Henry VI., Part 3.*)

"Alas! Sir,
In what have I offended you
Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance: glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire
Or made it not mine too?
Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience
Upwards of twenty years."
(*Queen Catherine, in King Henry VIII.*)

Behold ideal wifehood! the slave of a seraglio, one would say, and these speeches are addressed to the English version of a capricious and lustful Turk. Such specimens of womanhood explain polygamous instincts in men, who are without real companionship in the other sex or respect for it.

Hear also what he again puts into the mouth of a woman. Shakespeare, like other men, is fond of self-depreciation on the part of woman. It flatters masculine vanity. But the opinions are nevertheless—*his own*.

"There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Endued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords."
(*Luciana, in The Comedy of Errors.*)

This is looking downwards for lessons in morals with a vengeance! Had Shakespeare been taught the laws of sexual selection through which male creatures acquire their colours, plumes, manes, horns and other appendages not always shared by the females, he would have learnt that even in the animal world the latter exercise a power of choice which has potent effects on form, and that numerous males remain unmated because of their inability to please. This lesson, of female is withheld, may well be taken to heart by human beings. But there are higher laws than those that relate to the animal kingdom, whether good or bad, and sexual operations therein are hardly on a

plane to accord with human feelings worthy of the name, and those laws declare, in the plainest and most unmistakable language, that the domination of one sex by the other has been produced by disobedience to them, and by the triumph of the material over the spiritual nature; that it is false to all that is elevating and ennobling in human life, the parent of a thousand evils, the cause and the consequence alike of the lowest and most selfish passions, of lust, and deep-rooted disease. To all this, involving the very keys of life, Shakespeare, like Aristotle and the early Fathers, is blind. He perceives only the surface view, even misreads that, and sits down contentedly in the midst of the horrors of his time, when heretics were even burnt alive for their beliefs, without a word of comment. His "great mind" never rebels against the cruelty and injustice of his age, and there is abundant evidence in his dramas, of sympathy with licentious words and deeds. He is no prophet; his philosophy is that of his day and generation; reforms do not touch him nor evils oppress him. His rôle is that of the play-writer, and womanhood is a thing to string his dramas about, his love-scenes, kisses, quarrels, jealousies, devotions, tragedies; nothing more.

"Frailty, thy name is woman."
—*Hamlet*.

He writes, and believes it.

There are various passages in the plays of Shakespeare, and among his poems, so coarse that we decline to quote them; and his sonnets, the greater number of which are addressed to an unknown youth, and may possibly be personal, betray a frankness in the matter of feeling and expressions worthy of the Latin rather than the Anglo-Saxon race.

The above quotations are clear enough. But the play in particular which turns upon the question of the relation of a woman to a man, and which finally stamps the attitude of Shakespeare with regard to womanhood, is, of course, *The Taming of the Shrew*, which we propose to deal with in a future paper.

Meetings.

BY the kind arrangement and co-operation of Madame de Pallandt, 36, Bryanston-street, W., a series of meetings are being carried on at her house, for the purpose of discussing the advancement of women along the lines of progress, and other prominent and important questions of the day, such as "Theosophy," "The Co-education of Girls and Boys," etc. Discussion proceeds with great courtesy, but no one is hampered in speech, each feels free to speak out as thought and conviction dictate, and some very interesting experience in the fields of thought is the result. Madame de Pallandt acts the part of hostess with grace and kindness and takes the chair *ex-cathedra* with perfect impartiality. Several interesting subjects have been already discussed; many more are on the programme. Ladies and gentlemen will find it a pleasant and profitable way of spending an evening now and then during the coming autumn.

The meetings are arranged for every Wednesday evening from 1.30 to 10.30 p.m.

What Working Women and Men Think.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

A GOOD deal has been said against Women's Suffrage. It is, therefore, necessary to know what can be said in its favour. The phrase, in its fullest and most natural sense, means giving freedom to the female part of the community—freedom, or liberty, to women, to vote at the Parliamentary and other elections—freedom, civil and political, identical with what the male portion of the population is entitled to and in possession of! A section, however, of the members of the Women's Suffrage and Liberal Associations (swayed, probably, in their views by designing or unsympathetic male friends) have narrowed down the meaning of the term. According to this section, "Women's Suffrage" signifies the enfranchisement of those women only who possess the same property qualifications as men, and are not under coverture. To combat this latter idea a new phrase has come recently into prominent use—viz., the expression, "Womanhood Suffrage," which implies for women what "Manhood Suffrage" implies for men. Between these two extremes (the irreducible minimum of a vote for single women with property qualifications, and the unexceedable maximum of a vote for every woman, *as such*, whether married or single) is what we may call "the EQUAL Franchise for Women." Under Equality of Suffrage, women who are conjointly householders with their husbands, or are widows or single women "keeping house" themselves, or are lodgers or lodger-householders, would, each and all of them, be entitled to voting power the same as if they were men. So much by way of definition!

Why do we claim for women the same civil and political rights that are granted, or are to be granted, to men? Because every individual who is expected to obey the laws of a community should have a voice, a free voice, in the making of those laws. All else is tyranny! And if it be *women* who are excluded from legislative functions, then it is tyranny on the part of the men.

But why should woman have a voice in the making of the laws by which she (equally with man) is to be controlled—judging from experience rather than from abstract right? Because experience proves that, exclusion from law-making, is equivalent to exclusion from impartiality; and, as a rule, means injustice. This is evidenced by the laws of our own country, and of other lands. These laws were made by men, and are so framed as to suit the purposes of men, regardless of what is right. Take, for instance, the laws which regulate marriage. They are always more favourable to men than to women. If a woman commit adultery she may be put away, divorced, on that account simply. But let a man similarly transgress, and the law says, not for that sin alone can he be divorced, his wife must prove cruelty as well. Just as if the one crime was not cruelty enough. Again, because men like to give the rein to their lustful propensities, an outcast class of women may be legally maintained, which class of women is a standing temptation to every mother's son, and a disgrace and menace to true womanhood everywhere! And, until Mr. STEAD's proscribed "Tribute of Modern Babylon" roused the lethargic conscience of the nation, worse things than those mentioned were legally

winked at, and granted leave and licence. Then, as regards the *property* of married women, (though much has been done through the exertions of noble women and men) much remains to be done. If a man, possessed of personal property, dies intestate, his wife gets a third (or, if no family, a half) of that property. But should a wife, with separate possessions, die intestate, the *whole* of those possessions goes to her husband. And so it is in other respects! The law in regard to employment and wages is always more favourable to men. From many occupations and positions women are debarred; while in regard to such employment as is open to them, they are paid considerably less than men would be paid, for doing the same work. The reason is because they have not been permitted to help to shape the laws regulating employment, trade, and commerce. If a woman had a Parliamentary vote she would, ere long, vote only for those who would alter the laws, and the administration of the laws. In cases where she did accept employment, her wages would be higher because of the knowledge that she was the repository of a power capable of revolutionising the conditions of employment. We find an illustration of this in the present position of the agricultural labourer. Before he was enfranchised it were madness on his part to expect a higher average wage than from 7s. to 12s. a week. Now, he may hope that his wages will average from 12s. to £1. At any rate, they will never again be as low as they used to be. In 1883, the Marquis of BATH (a not ungenerous landlord) was paying his farm labourers 7s. a week, and 9s. a week in harvest time, so one of his "hands" told the writer. The day has gone by for that sort of remuneration, and the Franchise is the cause. It will be the same with the wages of the "weaker" sex—why weaker?—when voting power is equalised.

It has been urged as a reason for not conferring the Franchise on women that they are largely illiterate and uneducated. But who should be blamed for this lack of education? Are not the men to blame? They have wilfully and systematically kept all higher education out of the reach of their wives, their sisters, their daughters, and their female dependents generally. The educational facilities which our daughters possess to-day were won for them, in spite of great opposition by women like Dr. GARRETT ANDERSON, Mrs. FAWCETT, Miss BUSS, and others. Our Universities, great public schools, and even many public meetings, have till quite recently been closed to women. How ungenerous, how unjust, then, to twit woman about her ignorance. But *is* she ignorant?

What does a kind, good, wise mother know? She knows that her children, like ULYSSES of old, will be "a part of all that they do meet," and, with a view to their being happy, she would create for them happy surroundings and happy opportunities. She says to herself and to her neighbours, in Dr. W. E. CHANNING'S words:—

"I defeat myself, if I neglect the moral state of the community of which we are part, under pretence of caring for my family. How little may it profit you, my friends, that you labour at home, if in the next street, amidst haunts of vice, the incendiary, the thief, the ruffian, is learning his lesson or preparing his instruments of destruction. And how little will it profit me that I am striving to educate my children, if around me the children of others are neglected, are contaminated with evil principles or impure passions! Where is it my sons may often receive their most powerful impulses? Is it not in the street, at school, or from associates? Their ruin may be there sealed. Their first oaths may be echoes of profaneness which they hear from

the sons of the abandoned! The first glass of intoxicants they drink, or the first cigar they smoke, may be traced to the instigation or example of some young frequenter of the liquor saloon! What is the great obstruction to our efforts for educating our children? It is the corruption around us. That corruption steals into our homes, and neutralises the influence of home. We hope to keep our little circle pure amidst general impurity. This is like striving to keep our particular houses healthy when infection is raging around us. If an accumulation of filth in our neighbourhood were sending forth foul stench and pestilential vapours on every side, we should not plead, as a reason for letting it remain, that we were striving to prevent a like accumulation within our own doors. Disease would not less certainly invade us because the source of it was not prepared by ourselves. The infection of moral evil is as perilous as that of the plague. We have a personal interest in the prevalence of order and good principles on every side. If any member of the social body suffer, all must suffer with it. This is a merciful ordination. It is thus that we are called to watch over one another for the good of one another. Especially in this country, where our children are taught chiefly in mixed schools, and afterwards in mixed gangs, all parents have peculiar reason for seeking that all classes of society be improved."

Is such a mother to be denied the means of protecting her home and family against outside evil influences? Is it not desirable and right that she should have the power to cause to be taught in our schools the elements of goodness, temperance, and thrift, such as should be taught at home? And ought she not to be empowered to put away the seductive influences of the public-house, the horse-race, the card table, and the gambling-hell, to say nothing about the licensed prostitution which prevails? It is all very fine for men to say that "a woman's duty is to stay at home and cook the dinner or mind the baby." Her duty does not end there, and she might retort, with equal force, by saying to the men: "Mind your shoemaking, or farming, or whatever your business may be, and let politics alone, for they do not concern you!" Why should not the home (the mother's workshop) as well as the factory, or the field, or the mine, or the brewery, be represented in our parliamentary system? The home is the unit of society, and it is essential that its best elements should be faithfully voiced in our national Witenagemote. Therefore, we claim for woman a vote!

Again, a woman should be enfranchised because by means thereof she may be able to advance her own education, and to protect those near and dear to her from evil surroundings sanctioned or winked at by a male Legislature. But we do not admit, even in regard to matters outside of a woman's supposed domain, that the sex is, as a rule, illiterate and uneducated. In most homes (even in most of the humble working-men's homes) we find the wife and the daughters the best educated of the inmates. They can read better, write better, and converse better. They certainly read *more* than men, as any public librarian could testify; and they have (partly by natural intuition and partly by educative reasoning) a better grasp of public questions of a moral nature than men have. At least, that is what I have found—that is *my* experience; and I have been in many homes, and spoken to many women and men in every county in the kingdom. Nor must we forget the great literary faculties displayed by many women, as, for example, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, GEORGE ELIOT, Mrs. FAWCETT, CARMEN SYLVA, Mrs. BEECHER-STOWE, Lady BRASSEY, Mrs. BESANT, Mrs. SYDNEY WEBB, and a host of others.

(To be continued.)

THE LABOR OUTLOOK (II.)

IT cannot be too often repeated that the workers, as such, have few friends outside their own ranks. "Philanthropy" disburses, in hospitals and soup-kitchens, a percentage of the wealth it has previously retained from the worker's earnings. Well-meaning people distribute in "charity" a portion of incomes about the origin of which in labor other than their own, they never stop to think. In the aggregate quite a large sum of money is annually returned to the workers out of the amount wrested from them under our commercial system. But to participate in these doles the *worker* must assume the role of *pauper*. Charity, as exemplified by its exhibition in relieving the "fotsam and jetsam," stranded by the fluctuating tide of British trade, is simply a fence between commercialism and revolution.

Not *charity* but *justice* is wanted. Let the workers have what they produce, and "charity"—except in the higher and nobler sense—will become impossible, for the idlers will have *nothing to give*.

No less a change than this, then, must be the object of Labor, and it is manifest that no help can be anticipated from "the other side," because every improvement in the condition of the workers can be obtained only at the cost of one or other of the classes which now prey upon Labor—Land or Capital. Occasionally these classes may be "played off" against each other, to the worker's advantage; but that day is nearly, if not quite, past; now Labor's own right arm must bring salvation.

Clearly, so complete a revolution as this can only be effected by united effort. So long as Labor is divided, and in the political camp is fighting the sham battles of the classes under the synonymous names of Liberal or Conservative—a suicidal proceeding which means really that the *workers' forces are battling against themselves*, just so long must the exploitation of Labor continue.

The greatest need for co-operation, of course, lies in the direction of political action. Trade-Unionism has unaccountably neglected this line of work. Strikes may or may not be justifiable, but they are often most unwise; and the enormous amounts expended in strikes would very soon obviate their necessity altogether if laid out in acquiring political power.

Even the forces now existing and working toward Labor emancipation are not in that harmonious relation which is essential to success. Between trade-unionism and co-operation we find jealousy and antagonism where there ought to be common striving for a common end. Happily there was some indication at the recent Bristol Co-operative Conference of approximation between these Labor forces.

Consider, now, what might be done by co-operation, even in so difficult a matter as the building of houses; difficult, because it involves much larger sums of money than would be necessary in such enterprises as co-operative bakeries or the manufacture of clothing. Suppose 2,000 men connected with the building and allied trades agree to form a co-operative working union at a weekly subscription of one shilling, that means a weekly income of £100 or £5,200 per annum. A good six or seven-roomed house, fitted with bath, hot and cold water, tiled hearths, and every modern convenience, can be built at a cost of about £200. Such a house lets readily in the London suburbs for sums varying from 10s. per

week inclusive, to £28 or £30 per annum, exclusive of taxes.

Let the Union commence operations by acquiring freehold land, by means of a loan from one of the existing societies, such as the Co-operative Wholesale; there would be no difficulty in getting the money for this purpose. The land acquired; the Union proceeds to business by appointing capable members, as the building committee.

Let it be understood that the objects of the Union are:—

1. To initiate a system which would ultimately involve the collective ownership by the workers of the workers' homes.
2. The retention in the funds of the Union of the sums which would otherwise pass into the pocket of the middleman or contractor.
3. The provision of work the year round, for the Union's unemployed, at full wages, for reasonable hours.

Many advantages would accrue as "bye products."

With regard to the question of building—interjecting by the way that there is no need to suppose that the writer's ideal is a number of streets of *small barracks*, every house the *replica* of its fellows—as many different plans and styles of architecture might be introduced as would be found necessary to give pleasing variety.

At £200 each, one house would be erected every fortnight, or 26 in one year. As the houses were finished they would be offered for occupation to the members of the Union by ballot at a weekly rental of 7s., inclusive of taxes. Seven shillings a week is £18 4s. per year; and, allowing £6 each for rates and taxes (as a matter of fact paid by the Union in one sum and compounded, they would not reach that figure); £5 each for repairs (again more than they would cost, seeing the facilities we should have for executing them); and £3 4s. each for ground rent, or repayment, as the case might be, we should realise a profit of £4 per annum on each house.

How does this figure out:—At the expiration of 10 years the Union would own 260 houses; its annual income from them would be £1,040; its total income during the 10 years would have been £5,720, and the capital value of its property would be £52,000 (ignoring the "unearned increment" which would undoubtedly have accrued). That is to say, that each member's share is worth £26 in capital value.

Now as to the land question. At the rate of £3 4s. per annum per house, the Union would pay in 18 years £10,827, which, after allowing for each house a plot 100 feet deep, with a frontage of 20 feet, would represent £902 per acre—a sum quite sufficient to buy the land and pay a very handsome interest upon the money lent. We need not complain even if we pay this rate for a longer term than 18 years. The ordinary ground rent on such a house would be quite £4, and for the usual term of 99 years would total up to £98,280, *i.e.*, £27,453 more than our suggested arrangement, and not a rod of land or single brick the property of the Union after the ground landlord has received this handsome present!

But, the reader will say, what of the position of those members who have been unsuccessful in the 260 ballots held during this period? The income of the Union during the ten years from the *profit on the houses* has been £5,720, and this income might be utilised after two years by holding yearly ballots to pay out to members the amounts they had paid in, with interest (It would, of course, be under-

stood that success in the withdrawal ballots did not prejudice a member's chances in the fortnightly house ballots). These ballots would form a sufficient inducement to members to keep up their regular weekly shilling payments.

So far as the members were concerned, then, the matter would stand thus:—260 would have acquired comfortable homes, possessing far greater convenience and a lower rent than they could have otherwise obtained; many would have obtained a refund of every penny subscribed; the remainder would hold shares of the value of £26, represented by real property upon which, of course, they could realise at any time by transferring to other members. About £30,000 would have been expended in wages, which would be sufficient to furnish an ample guarantee against the existence of unemployed members. Taking it altogether, not a bad result for an expenditure of one shilling a week each. Of course, we are not suggesting that our fellows would become millionaires under this system. Millionaires are not made by honest means. It would be something if a sensible approach were made to independence in this one important particular. And no one is called upon to *sacrifice* anything by this plan. The unsuccessful in the ballots have still their chances to come, and those who wish to leave the Union can sell their holding.

In accordance with Socialist principles no member would be permitted to acquire the title to any land *individually*, or to sublet any house.

If such a plan as this were worked Labor would soon be in a very different position from the present. In 30 years this parent "Building Union" would own 780 houses producing annually £3,120, and of the cost value of £156,000. The value per member would be £78 and £17,160 would have been distributed in refunded subscriptions.

If a certain amount of *self-sacrifice* could be relied upon, and the *entire resources* of the Union be directed to the acquisition and holding of property on collective lines, the ball so set rolling might have far-reaching effects indeed. We must not wonder if the worker demands at least twenty shillings for his pound; the example of those who fatten upon his labor is not conducive to sacrifice for the sake of mere abstract principles.

SAGITTARIUS.

FREE RAILWAY TRAVEL.

ONE of the most pressing needs of the present day is the abolition of the system through which all our population is congested in one district; while the woods and the meadows waste their sweetness in regions where every prospect pleases, but humanity is absent. Crowded within the unhappy confines of a smoky city, the workers spend their working day. Night comes, and they gather together their tools, and hie them to what is frequently a more dreary corner of the same town. In London, of course, the homes of the workers are chiefly in dreary suburban jerry-built terraces of monotonous six-roomed houses.

But in the provinces these monotonous residences are usually situated in the midst of the smoke of the chimneys, and in the shadow of the walls, of the very factories where the daily toil proceeds. A short railway ride would in most cases open the door of a veritable paradise; but the little preliminary parley with the booking-office clerk bars the way. How can a worker, receiving 18s. to 24s. per week, with a family to support, afford to spend sixpence a day for railway fares? Besides, a

An Appeal to Girls' Teachers.

By T. C. L.

(Continued from May.)

MOST girls naturally like to see their homes pretty and comfortable. This is as it should be; but why waste breath in telling them it is their particular work to sew and cook? Any good girl will do so in moderation, and, as to lazy girls, no amount of talking will turn them into good wives unless the laziness is quite overcome. But to put the matter plainly, to tell them that cooking and darning, etc., is their special mission is equivalent to telling them that they ought to be their husband's unpaid housekeeper, from which they infer that their husband will in all probability be a sort of parlour boarder. Rather teach girls that domestic work must be done while their husbands are at work, and that, if they have too much to do while alone, let them expect help when the husband comes home. At present our ideal woman slaves far into the night for the man who—though not a whit more tired, or worried, or anxious—will expect her to bring his slippers, supper, etc., and finally retire into an armchair to read or sleep while she is drudging, he, of course, never thinking of helping, or even darning his own socks while she is mending for the rest of the family. Let our new ideal see to her home by all means, but let her also cultivate her mind, for few men would allow their intellectual equals to be alone in the kitchen when they came home; and if wives would take interest in the world at large more than they do, husbands would treat them better. In many cases the fault lies with the wives, and our teachers must try to prevent this.

The details of talks with girls must, of course, depend on the kind of girls in the school; but with slight adaptations the idea is the same.

Now, suppose a head-mistress thinks it wiser to speak to her girls as if not one of them should marry, does she tell them, when they go out into the world, that in almost every walk they will be paid less than men for doing the very same work, telling them at the same time that tradespeople, landlords, railway and omnibus companies, etc., do not charge them less because they are women? Would it not be better to read a few advertisements such as the following, which appeared in the *Schoolmaster* for April 22nd, 1893 (which is by no means exceptional):

"Kingston-upon-Hull School Board.—The above Board requires the services of Certificated Assistant Teachers of boys, girls, and infants' schools. Commencing salaries: Males, £70 per year, maximum £120; females, £60 per year, maximum, £75. . . ."

Let them understand that both males and females have equal terms of apprenticeship, equal examination papers, two years' training, at the end of which they have the same papers, with the exception of needlework and domestic economy for the females and mathematics and Latin for the males, that the classes are of the same size, and that the children are to be prepared for the same examinations—and it will be surprising if the girls do not draw certain conclusions for themselves. A head-mistress might also tell her girls what they would get should they become post-office clerks, etc., and with this she ought to tell them what men get for exactly the same work. Let her do this with many occupations open to both sexes, and the

girls will then get a fair idea of the way in which they will be remunerated. The teacher ought well to impress upon them that a man may *voluntarily* marry, but many and many a girl has mother, young sisters—in fact, also a family—depending on her through no wish of hers; consequently marriage is no reason why a man should have a larger salary than a woman for the same work equally well done.

Girls are generally told how nice it would be to have a little money of their own, just as if it were pocket-money: but a veil is drawn over their brothers' salaries until the girls really get to believe, as many men do, that it is necessary for a man to have more salary than a woman! Men may wish to marry; then let them wait until they are rich enough to keep a wife who is an equal, instead of marrying a girl because it is cheaper to keep a wife as drudge than an ordinary servant who wants wages. Let the economic position of women be the same as that of men; then girls need not degrade themselves by marrying without affection, and we shall see that fewer precious lives will be wasted in unsuitable matches; and those who do not wish to marry will no longer be sacrificed for the sake of those that are waiting for a husband.

But suppose the head-mistress has not the time to talk in this way, there are other ways in which something can be done. For instance, how many girls are there who say that mathematics are good for boys, but who do not see why they should trouble about it. What scope does this not give for a slight digression, which is not waste of time. Again, in history why not trace the growth of our laws to the present day, and let girls know the laws which affect them personally—laws concerning woman's property, her property if she dies intestate, the guardianship of her children, etc? Most girls know of such a phrase as "No taxation without representation"—do they understand what it means for them? Do they not long to die for their country like soldiers (for children are always taught about "glorious" wars)? and why are they not told that women die for their country just as much, but no laurel wreaths are theirs? Do they not hear of men being raised to the peerage for their deeds—where are the women who have received equal recognition? Why not teach girls about poor-law guardians, and School Board members, etc., and show them it is their duty to take interest in these matters and to vote if they are qualified? Teach them what men have done by trades-unions, teach them their duty to their fellow-creatures; this would be wiser than to ruin their eyesight over microscopic stitches that nobody wants to see.

Few teachers know how girls say to themselves, "Oh, if only I were a boy, shouldn't I do this, that, or the other!" and if they do know it they often think it unladylike, and are utterly unconscious whence comes this desire. Why will they not see that a life still freer than we have yet attained is necessary for our girls, that they ought to be out enjoying themselves in their own way, as boys do, in flying over the country on bicycles, and becoming strong, healthy women by practising athletic sports?

Do teachers not see that the idea that a girl is inferior to a boy is being fostered by such apparently trifling causes as the use of the masculine pronoun in the prefaces of books, "The student . . . if he should not succeed," &c., &c.; by having sums badly worded—for instance, "If the work done by a man, a woman, and a boy be in proportion of 3, 2, 1, &c. . . ." by being told in French and other languages that, given a whole string

of feminine nouns, one masculine noun alone is sufficient to alter the agreement of the adjective, &c., &c., &c. Now, it may be objected that this is making a mountain of a mole-hill, and girls know that books are meant for them as much as for boys; but surely experienced teachers know how literally children understand what they see and hear, and would it not be better to tell them plainly that we have no pronoun to use in such cases, and not imagine that they take this for granted? Let their sums be worded with feminine pronouns sometimes (*e.g.*, problems relating to stocks). It is marvellous what an effect these little things have on children.

Much good might be done by introducing good books in school libraries. Why should not each school have a copy of John Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women," and of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women," &c.?

Great harm is done both by parents and teachers by allowing the idea that it is grander to be taught by a man than a woman. This is especially the case when girls are sent to be "finished" by a master in music or foreign languages.

Even if it be granted that, owing to the superiority of man's education, he knows more than a woman, does it follow that he can impart knowledge better? Is it not well known that it is the elementary ideas that are so difficult to impart?—and scarcely ever do we find a master willing to teach a little child from the beginning. No, the drudgery is done by the patient, under-paid woman, and when the pupil is just beginning to do her credit, she is handed over to the master, who reaps all the glory and good salary, while he has but little trouble if the foundation has been properly laid. How often does not a governess superintend the preparation for the master's lesson, doing all the real work, which the pupil fondly imagines is being done by him! It is a remarkable fact that none but elementary masters obtain real technical instruction in college, and yet it is considered that these untrained men can teach better than properly qualified women.

These remarks deal with school education; but teachers are *in loco parentis*, and what they say should supplement what is taught at home. Let parents treat their daughters as they treat their sons, let teachers of mixed schools (and even kindergarten teachers) begin to instil mutual respect, and let all girls' teachers help their pupils to free themselves from the bondage which deadens the girl who supposes she was created man's inferior. Only break this chain, let a girl realise that if she develops all her faculties she is inferior no more; then will she rise step by step to fulfil the highest duty, to be a living ideal—if married, her husband and she companions, the very life of home; if unmarried, doing quite as good and noble work in another way. Let teachers inculcate by every means in their power the doctrine which at first may seem selfish—that it is not right for girls to sacrifice their powers for others, but to develop them to the utmost. In so doing, we shall all "let our light so shine" that our good work shall be seen and shall influence others, so preparing the way for a brighter and happier future for all humanity.

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

Alone.

"NO one understands me!" I said bitterly to myself; "no one enters into my interests!" and, seizing my hat, I went hurriedly out of the house, longing to be away from everyone, alone with Nature.

My feet carried me down to the seashore; the tide was far out, and I wandered amongst the rocks, until, worn out, I sat down on a boulder to think.

I sat there for a long time, my face buried in my hands, nursing my wrongs. I thought I was all alone, but when I looked up I saw dark masses all along the beach—crowds of human beings. As I raised my eyes to the cliffs, I saw that they also, far as sight could reach, were crowded with those same dark forms. My eyes turned to the great rolling waters; ship after ship came sailing towards me until the sea was covered; and on all the ships, on the cliffs, on the shore, wherever I looked, I saw dark forms in multitudes, and a strange awe fell upon me. Suddenly it seemed as though the rock upon which I sat was carried up into the heavens, so high that I could look down on the millions and millions of human souls below.

They had seemed close pressed together; but when I glanced more attentively at them, I noticed that, near as they were, one to another, an indefinable something, a faint circle of vapour, surrounded, isolated each. So that, although in the midst of numbers, they were alike unapproachable, each soul terribly alone.

"What a solitude is every human soul! every one," I thought wistfully, and my eyes travelled over the countless masses below, then were arrested by a group who stood upon one rocky headland. They were but a small band, but a thousandth part of all, yet I noticed that about them the isolating circle was absent. They stood on the roughest ground, that small band, and were surrounded by dangers and difficulties. Lightnings quivered in the sky above them, strange creatures crawled up out of the sea towards them, the sands kept drifting from beneath their feet, and the rocks they stood on were shaken.

But oft as one of the forms fell down, or was like to be engulfed, helpful hands by the score were stretched out, so that no evil happened to them, and in turn each zealously helped all who were in danger.

It troubled me to know what this might mean—this little band surrounded by difficulties, struggling bravely on, and those others, cold and alone, unhelpful and unhelped. What were they doing? What did they want? Then, as though in answer to my wonder, a faint sound stirred the silence, a faint far-off vibration, and as I bent down to listen I found that the great concourse of souls had raised their voices and were sobbing forth a long, monotonous chant.

Though it was all in one key, the words that each one uttered well-nigh alike, the discord was terrible; and, as I was wondering how it could be that words and tune so much the same should ring so out of harmony, I noticed that the isolating vapour was trebly dense around the ears of each dark form, doubly dense about the eyes. It came to me all at once that each one was so wrapt up in self that it never heard the monotonous plaint of its neighbour, so like its own. When the discordant wail had rung forth for some time, I grew accustomed to the strange noise, and by degrees I distinguished meanings. A curious thrill passed over me as the sense of the words was borne in upon my

brain: "Come and listen to ME and I will tell you how great and sweet a nature I have; how I am filled with lofty aspirations; how I long to be noble and good, and how well-disposed I am towards others. But no one understands ME; I am waiting, waiting, waiting, but no one comes to help ME."

Involuntarily I glanced over towards the small band, with rising expectation. They were silent! They were looking about them with wide-open, loving eyes, *listening*—listening to the chanters nearest them of the great surrounding phalanx. As I looked closer I saw—for all passed swiftly as a dream—how the souls in the small band with cheering, vigorous touch pressed away the isolating vapour from about the others' ears, and began to sing to them a low, soft melody—a sweet, sweet harmony of sympathy and love wedded to words of tender kindness and fellow-feeling; and as they soothingly sang, the vapour drifted slowly away from the eyes of those others, the isolating circle by degrees melted into air, the discordant plaint ceased.

The murmurers were silent for a while—they learned to listen! Then they in their turn began to minister to the outer row of inharmonious singers, who also took up the tuneful melody. Gradually the influence of that small centre spread and increased, and I saw that those others, too, if glanced aright, would all learn to listen and to shew fellow-feeling.

I wondered no longer what the vision meant. With a flush of shame I lowered my eyes and I saw that I myself was surrounded by a dense haze. But the eyes of my understanding were opened; sorrowful regret overmastered me, and the fog began to thin; presently it drifted quite away. When I looked up once more, the dark forms were all gone. I was alone on the shore, alone in the glory of the setting sun.

I stood still till the golden radiance died away; a little breeze sprang up, the winds blew softly on my face, and seemed to say—

"Myriads of sorrowing human souls are waiting as you are waiting, waiting to be understood, longing for sympathy. Do not wait for others to sympathise with you; rise and act, give sympathy to them, and the tuneful melody will echo in your own heart to all eternity."

O. ELSIE-NELHAM.

A POOR WOMAN, who was charged at the Thames Police-court with illegally pawning two pairs of trousers, urged in excuse that she did so in a fit of desperation, inasmuch as she was going to be turned out of her home because she could not pay the rent of her home. Her employer, in his evidence, admitted that "She had to put on 12 buttons, the band, put lining in, fell the bottoms and tack them, put in seat lining, tack the pockets, put in white cotton, work six button-holes, hand-press top seams and bottoms, for all of which defendant received 3d. She had to supply the thread." It is surely not possible for anyone to read this proof of man's "inhumanity to woman" without a heart-throb of indignation. But until women are unanimous in demanding the vote—and when they are unanimous they will get it—sweating will continue to flourish, and the comparatively few who are wearing out their lives in order to get justice for their oppressed sisters, the weak ones who need it so much, and yet seemingly care so little for it, will be obliged to stand by torn with agony, in witnessing the sufferings they are powerless to prevent.

housekeeper must come into the town at times for the sake of the markets. The State purchase of railways is a necessity; the issue of gratuitous tickets between home and the place of work ought to be a corollary.

Take the pottery towns as an instance. Staffordshire is a county of more than average rural beauty, and it would be an extremely simple thing for the potters, women and men, to possess homes in centres of loveliness, where, after the day's hard work amidst grimy smoke and disease-laden dust, they might turn to the evening recompense in scenes of refreshing delight, haply finding there besides rest the inspiration of art, without which the potter's work is toil and pain. The gospel of the redemption of the evening is the only good tidings we can suggest to the workers, while they are labouring under the present curse of daily exploitation. It is quite useless to suggest cheap season tickets as a remedy. A very large proportion of those who most need help in this matter, are women and girls in receipt of such wages as make the suggestion of a payment of even a shilling per week ridiculous.

The writer is well aware of the economic difficulties which are bound up with this comparatively simple question of free travel, but as the object of SHAFTS is mainly to stimulate thought for the benefit of the race, it is well, perhaps, to leave the case for free travel as it stands. Granting it to be necessary, it will be a strong argument in favour of a speedy settlement of the rent and wages questions, which block the way.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

SOME MOTTOES FROM THOSE SELECTED FOR THE PIONEER ANNUAL, 1893.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."—*Henry IV.*

The righteous being dead shall condemn the unrighteous being living.

Hearken to the soul of Nature.

"When change itself can give no more 'tis easy to be true."—*Scdley.*

Time flies, they say, in truth it is not so—time stays—we go.

Life's forward footstep has no returning.

"To avoid sin is better than repentance."—*Arabic.*

"To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage."—*Confucius.*

"Chain anger lest it chain thee."—*Hindu Cural.*

We win forgiveness by forgiving.

"It has never been the case that he who possessed genuine virtue could not influence others."—*Confucius.*

"Stagnation is the inevitable result of a too monotonous employment."—*Max Müller.*

"Oh, while you live, tell truth, and chain the devil."—*Henry IV.*

Impudence is not courage.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

"Truth liveth and conquereth for evermore."—*Esdras.*

LADY ABERDEEN is quaintly reported in the *American Press* as having made many speeches at the World's Fair with great "acceptance."

A MEDALLION portrait of Jenny Lind will shortly be placed under the monument of Handel in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. This is the first time an honour of this kind has been conferred upon a woman vocalist.

Pluvia's Adventures.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"OH, dear, what is going to happen! I feel so strangely. It seems just as though I was being drawn up into the air away from all my playfellows. My pretty blue-green dress has faded quite away, and I believe—yes, I, myself, have become quite invisible. Mother, tell me, what does it all mean?"

It was a tiny water-sprite, or water-atom that spoke, one of the myriads that formed the crest of a wave on the broad Atlantic Ocean. As long as she could remember she had danced along on the billowy deep, her arms entwined with those of her companions; hundreds of miles had they traveled and wondrous sights had they seen together, forests of seaweed, towering icebergs, giant whales, minute animalcules; these and many more had they passed on their travels.

"Don't be frightened, daughter," said Mother Ocean. It is all right. You have had enough play for a time, and now are going to do a little work. Just show the world that good players can make good workers; and then I shall not feel ashamed when you come back to me, as you will some day. Perhaps you will meet Hectoria up in cloudland.

"Good-bye, mother," said the water-sprite, but her voice sounded faint as she faded away in the distance.

Up she went, up, up towards the blue sky; borne aloft by a current of warm air and Pluvia (for that was the name of the water-sprite) found she was leaving her watery home so far beneath her that the ships began to look as small as nautilus shells.

"Where are we going?" she asked the Air Current, "and what are we going to do when we get there? Are we going to visit the Sun?"

"No, no, little lady," laughed the Air Current, "and it is a good thing for you that we are not. Why, you would have had enough of travelling before we had gone a fraction of the distance! Fancy you starting on a journey of over ninety-three millions of miles!"

"Why I am carrying up a few millions of your sisters and brothers now with you. They are all round and about, only you can't see them. You are all going to be turned into raindrops, and you shouldn't grumble at the cold, because as soon as ever it is cold enough, you and the rest of them will be able to talk and play with one another."

Pluvia was much comforted by this prospect and bore up quite bravely for another mile or two. Then they met another air current going in a contrary direction. She had come from the North Pole, and her breath was so icy cold that as she passed by, Pluvia felt a great shudder go through her frame; and lo! in a moment she could see herself again, just as she had been when she danced and sang on the waves, only now she wore a half-transparent white dress instead of the blue-green; and all round her, just as the Air Current had said, were numbers and numbers of other Water-sprites, all dressed alike, but with very different faces. Pluvia looked eagerly from one to the other, but found she did not know any of them, so she kept quiet and listened.

"I had just remarked to the Air Current that we had gone high enough up," observed a rather pompous old Water Sprite, as he stroked his long white beard, and looked very learned. "We are travelling in a north-easterly direction now; we shall pass over Ireland soon if we go along at this rate, and if we get clear across the

Welsh mountains we may come down in London, and some of you young folks will have a chance of seeing the grandest city in the world."

"Shall we?" cried a young Sprite eagerly. "I suppose London is all white marble and green porphyry?"

"White?" repeated the first speaker doubtfully, "I don't know about it's being white."

"I should think it was built of pearls and red coral," suggested another, who had evidently gained ideas of beauty in the tropical seas.

But the ancient informer kept his eyes tightly shut till his questioners had tumbled, and jumped well out of ear-shot. Then he half opened one eye, and Pluvia, who had kept close to him, said:

"You have been this way before then, sir? You must know a great deal?"

"Yes," he said. "I suppose this is the third time I have been along here during the last thousand years. Look! there is Ireland, that bright green patch you see rising out of the water, and those dark-looking spots are towns and cities."

"Oh!" said Pluvia, rather disappointed, though she did not quite know why. "I suppose," she continued, after a few moments, when they had come nearer the earth, "that those are men down there; they look like sailors only they are differently dressed. I think they are watching us, don't you?"

"They cannot see us," he answered. "Their sight is not so good as ours; if they happen to glance up and remark, 'How quickly the clouds are moving,' they think themselves remarkably observant."

"Is that what they call us?" asked Pluvia, "Clouds?"

But whilst she asked the question a sudden breeze carried her old friend right away from her, and once more she found herself surrounded by strange faces. They were strange to one another apparently, as they were exchanging notes as to their source.

"We have just come from the melting snow on Snowdon," said one of a small group who were evidently very self-satisfied.

"I was drawn up from a fountain in the gardens of a royal duke," said another, holding his head very high.

"I came from a glass of water a celebrated artist was using," said a third.

"And I from a puddle outside a baker's shop," volunteered a fourth.

"What a low origin!" cried the others, and turned their backs upon her. Pluvia turned her back, too, because she thought, as the daughter of the Ocean, she was grander than all the rest; and, therefore, could not associate with one who had anything to do with puddles; but she was rather sorry, because the last speaker had such a pleasant voice and kind eyes, and she would really have liked to talk to her.

She looked round after a few minutes, and found her chatting very happily with a girlish-looking water-sprite with a round face and a turned-up nose.

"She has no taste, evidently," she said, to herself.

Just then an electric shock seemed to pass through the clouds and knocked all the sprites, both young and old, on to their backs; but they were soon up again, and after rushing about a good deal began to gather into groups large enough to form a Rain-drop.

Pluvia did not like to stand idle whilst all the others seemed so busy, so went to the cluster nearest her and asked if she might join them.

"Oh, you are of no use," said the Snowdonians, brusquely, "you are too small!"

"You would mar our scheme of just proportions," exclaimed an artistic sprite.

Poor Pluvia thought that as everyone had heard what was said no one would have her now, and as she turned away from the egotistical group she felt the tears rush to her eyes, but before they had time to fall a strong arm encircled her and drew her into the midst of a splendid raindrop, and a cheery voice said:—

"Come along, little one, we just want you to make up our number. Now we can start."

Pluvia felt rather ashamed when she saw that it was the sprite from the puddle that came to the rescue, and she said, quite humbly:—

"You don't think I am too small to help you?"

"Too small? Why of course not! You are little and good, that is what you are. Just hold on to me pretty tightly, because this downward motion may make you dizzy till you get a little more used to it."

The other members of the Rain-drop were very chatty and pleasant, but Pluvia clung to her first friend, and thought her the best and cleverest sprite in the world, as she explained to the others how all the time they were in the cloud they had been keeping the earth warm by preventing the heat it had received during the day passing off into space at night, and so on.

"Now we have rather different work to do," she continued. We must gather up all the soot and dust we meet on our way down to the earth and absorb all the ammonia and salts that we can, so that we leave the air behind us quite clean and fit for breathing; and she made, as she spoke, a dart at a large piece of carbon that was sailing by.

"I do not like to touch these ugly black things," said Pluvia, "they will spoil my hands."

"Ah, but if you do not use your hands, they will dry up and drop off," she answered. "You must do as much work as you possibly can with them, if they are to be really beautiful."

Pluvia did not want her hands to drop off, and still less did she wish her friend to despise her, as she saw she would do if she shirked her duty, and so she began her soot chasing forthwith. Her motives were not particularly high ones, I am afraid, still they helped her to make a start, and soon she entered quite into the spirit of the work, and when she saw a particularly large black would race with the others and try to get there first.

"What are we to do with all this?" asked Pluvia as they neared the ground, and she was beginning to feel quite choked by the quantity they had collected.

"We give it to the soil," the Puddle Drop replied, "which it will help to make rich and fertile."

They dropped down soon afterwards in a beautiful meadow on the banks of the Thames, and deposited their burden at the foot of a hawthorn tree, that was covered with fragrant snowy blossoms. Part of the Rain-drop sank into the ground and was sucked up by the roots to help make the red berries of which the birds are so fond, but Pluvia and her friend rolled down the bank and fell into the river. They found plenty to do there, first they joined a current that was floating a boat down the river containing two lovers, and pushed so well that the happy ones could rest on their oars, and talk over all the grand schemes they were going to try together, then helped along a barge that was carrying grain from the country to the city,

later, helped to speed a river-steamer bearing some light hearted embryo botanists home from Kew, laved the river-front of the Houses of Parliament, and washed the feet of the merry ragamuffins on the Temple stairs. So ever working, ever helping together, they sped out from the mouth of the river till they joined the salt waters of the Channel, and floated onwards to the mighty ocean.

"So you have returned to me, my children," said Mother Ocean, "welcome, thrice welcome to your home! And Hectoria, my daughter, your long wanderings have borne good fruit, for you have learnt the blessedness of helpful work, and there is no region through which you have passed, whether of earth, sky, or sea, but has been the better for your presence. Rest then, on my breast, till once more with fresh vigour and wider knowledge you start forth on your work."

"So you are Hectoria!" exclaimed Pluvia. "But I thought you were born in a puddle?"

"Not so, little sister," she answered, "I came from thence to the cloud, but trace back the origin of all and any, far enough, and there ceases to be high or low, all are in truth equal, and all may be, and should be—Noble!"

AUGUSTA E. MANSFORD.

"A Play—and a Moral."

"THE Second Mrs. Tanqueray," now being played at St. James' Theatre, and more especially by those feeling deeply on the woman question, which, of necessity, embraces all kinds and conditions of women, good, bad, strong, and weak. This play, being acted splendidly throughout, will, I hope, do good to many of those who are crowding to see it. In the first act we see the hero, Aubrey Tanqueray—Mr. George Alexander—a middle-aged, saddened man, at dinner with two or three friends, whom he informs that he is to be married on the morrow. His companions, astonished at the news, and naturally anxious to know the name of his future wife, learn from him in broken words that she is a lady whom their wives may not, perhaps, care to visit. "Mine is not an ordinary marriage," he says, and from these words the rest is easily imagined.

The horror of the bachelor friend, Cayley Drunle, on hearing that the lady is a certain Mrs. Jarman, well-known to him and his friends, is acted with power. From the conversation between the two men we learn that Aubrey Tanqueray has determined to make "a good woman" of the unfortunate creature whom he and other men have dragged down to their depths. "A good woman!" How the words jar, coming from the man who has helped to make her bad; and now as a sop to his conscience thinks to wipe out his wickedness and hers by giving her his name—by marrying her. In vain his friends protest, and endeavour to persuade him of the unfortunate results which will be the outcome of this "folly." His mind is made up, he will take her into the country, and devote himself to making her happy; his daughter is living away from home, she will not be with them; there will be nobody to be contaminated by her presence (why not by his equally?)

They marry; and the second Mrs. Tanqueray, proud of bearing her husband's name, proud of being his wife, thankful to him for his goodness in making her such, lives happily enough for a little time. Then comes the reaction, and we

see them together—he disheartened by his vain attempts to make her happy and contented—she weary of her country home, sick of their quiet life, hurt that no one will call on her, and madly jealous of the stepdaughter (who has unexpectedly returned from abroad), who is as devoted to her father as he is to her, while detesting her stepmother, who tries, in her wild, impetuous way, to win the girl's love.

She is a fine type of woman, this second Mrs. Tanqueray—affectionate and refined, with a strong character; a good lover and a bad hater; keenly on the defensive, and not un-naturally, considering the life she had led. It is pathetic the way she admires the purity and goodness of Ellean as something she has lost years ago.

Cayley Drunle—apparently the only friend who remains to Aubrey Tanqueray after he takes the step which brings death in the eyes of society—admirably acted by Mr. Cyril Maude—plays mediator between the unhappy husband and wife, and induces her to give back the letters which she has waylaid, written to him by his daughter, now abroad again. The plot thickens. The miserable woman understands from the delight with which he lets his daughter leave home that he considers her too good, too pure, to be with his wife, and fears her influence will contaminate the girl's innocent nature. Let us pause to consider why he was so fearful of contamination between his wife and daughter and not between himself and his daughter. It is the same story, the same horrible idea, the difference with which the world views a bad man and a bad woman, believing that a fallen woman is unfit for anyone to associate with, except those who day by day are making her what she is; unfit to meet, aye, and unfit to be even mentioned. Yet the very men who are intimate with her are gladly welcomed into society and everywhere. Are they free from the contaminating influence? Are they fit to mix with pure men and women? Can they come from their wrongdoing unscathed, unspoiled? Can they, having destroyed their manhood, be fit husbands for our girls, who are brought up frequently with no knowledge of the existence of this evil, and no knowledge to guide them in the right choice of a husband.

No! a thousand times no!! The man who has fallen is as much to blame as the woman; and if she is to be an outcast, he must be also. The influence of a bad man is as damaging as the influence of a bad woman, even worse, for the man, knowing all, chooses a good woman as his wife, while the girls he associates with, knowing nothing, have nothing to guide them in the right selection of a husband. Aubrey Tanqueray, as a fallen man, was as bad a companion for his daughter as his wife, a fallen woman; they had committed an identical wrong, there was nothing to choose between them, only this—she, a woman, in the blind eyes of the world, was an outcast; while he, a man, was accepted, his faults thought lightly of—condoned.

One of the letters which Paula, on the intercession of Cayley Drunle, returns to her husband, contains the news of Ellean's engagement to a young officer, Captain Hugh Ardale. Receiving no answer to her entreaty to her father for his consent, Ellean returns home unexpectedly with her chaperon, Mrs. Cortelyon, and her fiancé. Paula sees him and recognises one of those men with whom she has lived. Then she rises and becomes a true woman, feeling that anything is better than that he and Ellean should marry, knowing that he is unfit to be a pure girl's husband.

Captain Hugh Ardale entreats her to say nothing. "Nobody will know," he cries. Ah! many a man has relied upon that, and married a good woman. And so it will be until women, knowing all, can judge for themselves the man worthy to be a husband.

Paula is firm, and a few minutes after her interview with Ellean's fiancé, she tells her husband of his past life, and they decide that Ellean must be told that her marriage with him is an impossibility.

Aubrey Tanqueray, throughout the painful scene with his wife, while blaming her, never in any way seems to look at his own part in the same light as he views hers. It is not her fault that her old lover desires to marry Ellean; she cannot be blamed for it, neither can she take the whole of the blame of the marriage between herself and Aubrey, for he had proposed and desired it.

Captain Hugh Ardale thinks fit to disappear hastily, and Ellean has an interview with her father, in which he endeavours to make her understand why she cannot marry Hugh Ardale. The girl, in her madness, lights on the truth, and in a passion accuses her step-mother of being what she is, laying unjustly all the blame on her. The father, with bowed head, listens, and Paula shrinks from the room, her beautiful face full of despair and agony for the life she has led, and the misery, unknowingly, she has brought on the pure young girl, weeping passionately. A short talk between Cayley Drunle and Aubrey—and Ellean, with blanched, terror-stricken face, bursts upon them. "Father—go—go to Paula!" and as he leaves the room, "Ah, she has killed herself!" she cries, and faints upon the floor.

Throughout this wonderful and well-acted play one is made to see that immorality in a man is of very little account in comparison with a woman's. Certainly Aubrey Tanqueray suffers, but not through his own wrong-doing; that is nothing, but because of his marriage with "an outcast." The woman suffers all the way through—she is not accepted by her husband's friends, male or female (with two exceptions); she is thought to be unfit to associate with Aubrey's daughter, and is made in every possible way to feel the awful difference between herself and good married women. Aubrey, who has led a bad life also, has no trials to bear in consequence; he is fit to go anywhere, fit to be with his daughter and with other women; while she cannot mix with either sex.

It is a play—a rather outspoken play—showing the feeling of the time, the awful difference with which men and women will ever be treated until we take up the question for ourselves, and educating our girls and boys together on this subject, teach them to know all, to fear nothing, and if they marry to choose upright, honest comrades as wives or husbands. I know not if the play appears to others as it appeared to me; nor whether it is meant to point a moral in the way I have endeavoured to show. This I do know: purity in women and men will never be obtained as long as one sex is allowed to know nothing, treated and educated apart from the other; while boys and men, knowing all, can take advantage of women's ignorance, and marry—dissolute men to pure, innocent women. When both sexes know all, men will be forced to be pure, or remain as women do now—unmarried, outcasts. It is much more important to teach our girls and boys about themselves, about the dangers they may meet with, than it is to teach them to read and write.

MARY FORDHAM.

DISILLUSION.

BY MARY LEIGH.

A YEAR had passed since Margaret Lowther's wedding day, and she had just awakened to the fact that her dreams of a perfect life with the man she loved were but the most shadowy of myths, with no promise of fulfilment. The disillusion had been gradual, but not until now had she fairly lost faith and hope. She had told herself week after week, month after month, that the perfect sympathy she yearned for *must* come. But when the twelve months had passed by, finding them in all that constitutes true union as far apart as ever, Margaret attempted no more to deceive herself. She knew that the man she had loved so dearly, and in whose keeping she had blindly placed her life, regarded her as nothing more nor less than a pleasant companion for idle hours; a useful and ornamental piece of household furniture; also as the possible and legitimate means whereby *his* name could be handed down to posterity through her children and his.

She had married him in blind faith, never dreaming but that they would be closest friends and companions, the recipients of each other's ambitions and hopes—in fact, equal to each other in all things.

She had broached the subject of equality and perfect sympathy, between woman and man, several times during that year, but he was always too preoccupied to listen, and may be her efforts were too weak to attract his attention. But the crisis had come at last, as it was certain to do sooner or later, and as Margaret pressed her hands against her throbbing head she knew it must be one thing or another. It must either be close friendship and perfect sympathy between them, or she must go her way alone. The past year had been one of bitter disappointment and disenchantment; now, the shadow of a great physical trial lay before her, perhaps the shadow of death itself, and she shuddered as the thought passed through her mind that she must meet this trial, at which even the strongest and bravest among us tremble, *alone*.

She had lived with him a year; she had been his plaything and submissive slave for twelve months, and the mischief was done, but it was in her power to prevent further sin, for sin such was she now knew; sin against herself and her individuality.

She would leave him ere she brought other innocent beings into the world to be brought up and educated in their father's creed, and to witness their mother's degradation.

Margaret rose to her feet, bathed her face and smoothed her golden hair, then went down to her husband's study.

In answer to his "Come in," she entered, and he looked up with a smile.

Hugh Lowther was always pleased to see his wife; he loved her after his selfish fashion, and was proud of her physical beauty.

"You are surely a witch, Margaret," he cried, laughing. "I was wishing you were here to listen to my lecture on 'The Sagacity of Spiders.'"

"I cannot listen now," she answered, steadily. "I want you to listen to me instead, if you will."

"What is it?" he asked, good humouredly. "Is it a new dress, or something fresh for that wonderful nursery of yours?"

"Neither. Do you think my wants and desires are limited to dresses and babies?" she said passionately. "Hugh, if I am to live

with you another year there must be a different footing between us, a complete understanding."

Mr. Lowther gazed into his wife's white, resolute face in amazement.

"What is it, Maggie?" he asked. "Do I not allow you sufficient pocket-money or liberty? or what is it?"

"Money and liberty!" she echoed, her voice full of passionate pain and scorn, "can you think of nothing else that I may require? Does it never enter your thoughts that I may want sympathy and consideration, and that I am a human being like yourself, with finer, more delicate feeling than perhaps you have ever possessed or ever will possess?"

She paused, breathless, trembling with physical weakness.

"Margaret!" her husband cried sternly, "you are talking wildly and extravagantly. Have I ever used you cruelly or unkindly?"

"You have not struck me with your hand," she replied, "but you have hurt me infinitely more by your indifference."

"In what way?" he asked, "I told you when I married you that I was a busy man, and could not pay you the attentions some women would expect, and you said you would be contented."

"Attentions!" she echoed. "Remember you are not talking to a girl of eighteen, but to a woman who has suffered much from the hands of the world, and who, when she married you, dreamt of a life that could compare with Heaven. A life where wife and husband should stand soul to soul as well as hand to hand, on an equal footing, with nothing between them but the most perfect sympathy, good fellowship, and purest friendship. Should I have married you, do you think, if I had known how it would be?—I, a woman with a brain as strong and intelligent as yours, and a will as resolute, to use it. Marriage is not essential to a woman's happiness, but if it could be as I once dreamed it was, there would be nothing on earth to compare with it. I cannot imagine anything more blissful than two souls bound together in such sweet harmony and sublime kindredship that the bonds are not felt or known. Oh! those dreams!"

She pressed her fingers for one second to her throbbing eyes, then again turned her white resolute face towards him.

"Which is it to be, Hugh?" she said. "Shall we be as little children and start again, learning our lessons together and helping each other with the problems of life? You are my husband. I am your wife, and as such, what could we not do, not for ourselves alone, but for the whole world, if we worked side by side? Hugh, think of our child if it lives; for its sake let us join hands over the ashes of the past and start afresh."

She paused and looked at him expectantly, but he kept a stubborn silence.

"Then I must leave you before the child is born," she said. "Have you no answer? Is it to be so?"

"My mother was a contented and happy woman," he replied slowly. "I was one of a large family, but she brought us all up faithfully and conscientiously, and I shall always bless and reverence her memory. Is it likely that the teachings of such a mother, and the practice and experience of a lifetime can be forgotten and abandoned in an hour by the caprice of an hysterical woman? Margaret, I have done my duty by you, I cannot do more, and if you are not satisfied, I do not hold myself blamable." "Then I must go," she said, regarding him steadily. "I shall pass out of your life in a very short time. How can

it be otherwise, when I am nothing nearer or closer to you than a machine, a toy, a living breathing statue? You can engage a secretary to collect your notes and listen to your lectures, you can buy a type-writer to do your correspondence and copy your manuscripts, and you will go for your pleasures elsewhere. I shall be forgotten."

"My mother was happy," he repeated, "other women are happy, and why cannot you be the same?"

"Your mother!" echoed Margaret, with pitying scorn. "In those days women were as much slaves as if they stood manacled in the market-place for sale. Their day is past, and another is dawning, a day that I may see, and my child assuredly benefit by, if it lives; a day when woman shall take her rightful position in the first rank as the *mother of the world*; above all else, as a woman, a human being. Men will come second."

"You are wrong," he said, coldly, "but it is a question I do not care to discuss, especially with ladies. I fail to see where I have acted wrongly towards you, and, therefore, cannot remedy it."

Margaret stood for one second, then turned and left him alone.

Hour after hour passed by, and still Hugh Lowther sat in his study meditating deeply.

Margaret had opened a fresh field of speculation for him, and presently he arose and went to his book-shelves.

The question of relationship between woman and man had never troubled him, like thousands of other men, he had never inquired into it, but had been content, as long as his wife was submissive, to let it pass by unexplored. He was, however, well read, and fairly well-informed upon most subjects, so after a slight hesitation he picked out a few works by Herbert Spencer, Professor Huxley, John Stuart Mill, and others, all of whom he remembered had written largely upon the subject. He bore them to his table, and then sat down to look over them. He marked the pages and paragraphs he wished to study another time, when he had leisure, and when he had finished this, the sun had risen in the summer sky.

He had only partially satisfied the interest and curiosity his wife had aroused in him, but his brow was clear as he rose to put out the lamps.

"Margaret will help me with the rest," he said to himself. "After all there are subjects more interesting than Natural History."

He crept softly upstairs in the beautiful dawn, and entered their room.

One glance at the empty bed told him that his wife was not there.

The pillows impressed by the golden head lay smooth and spotless, but where Margaret's head should have lain, a note was pinned. Hastily, with hands that trembled, he opened it and read:—

"I am leaving you, but when it is all over, this awful trial, when my child is born, if I am still alive I will send to you. Do not come, however, if it is to be the same life over again, for I cannot return to you in such a case. If you can give me what you refused this evening *come*. If you are as anxious to work with me as I with you, come; if you acknowledge my capacity and equal human rights as freely as I acknowledge yours, come—not unless."

* * * * *

The days and weeks slipped by, and during that time of anxious waiting and expectancy, Margaret's husband employed himself with thoroughly reading up all the authorities upon

the subject he had commenced the night his wife left him.

He was anxious to arrive at some definite conclusion, the study helped to pass away the time, and it seemed also to bring him nearer Margaret.

He went deeply into Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Mill, Sir Julius Vogel, &c., and even searched the Bible for the information he required, and at the end of the month he received the summons for which he had been waiting. He went at once to the address given in a London suburb, and was shown into a room, where the doctor, an elderly man, joined him.

"My wife?" inquired Margaret's husband, and the doctor replied briefly—

"Is in a critical condition, but would insist upon me sending for you."

"Will she die?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders as he replied—

"That is a question I cannot answer just yet; women often die in childbirth, but I have had worse cases than this. I will go and prepare her for your visit."

Left to himself, Hugh Lowther paced the room in an agony of mind.

Margaret die! Was that to be the ending to his mistake? No chance of expiation.

"But why should she die?" he argued presently. "It was nothing unusual after all; other women got over it, why not this woman?" This was like Hugh, only yet in his alphabet of wisdom. He learnt ere many years were over never to use that expression a wife so often hears, "Other women." He learnt to feel ashamed that he had used it.

A few minutes passed, then he stood by Margaret as she lay white and weak, her beautiful face still bearing the impress of the agony she had passed through. She looked up to meet her husband's eager gaze, and read his anxious eyes. She was very calm. "You have come," she whispered.

"Yes," he replied humbly. "I have come to tell you that I see my fault, that I beg you to let us be together again; that all shall be as you wish; that I will never again make even the faintest attempt to dominate, if you will only forgive."

"Yes, I forgive," Margaret said, "and I am willing, and will be glad that we should be together, dear Hugh, but we must have a little talk first, when I feel a little stronger, this evening, perhaps."

The nurse entering that minute, banished Hugh, but early in the evening, while the sweet scented summer air blew into the room, fanning their faces and filling their hearts with hope, Margaret, holding her husband's hand, said:

"My deep conviction is that in the household the mother must be first. My little boy I must educate."

"Dearest, say no more; all shall be as you wish. You shall do as you say; it is right you should, and you will have two to educate, for I also, my wife, want teaching badly."

"Dear Hugh," she replied, smiling upon him: "I am glad you see it so soon and so thoroughly, but pardon me if I wound you, there is still a word to say—"

"Every woman ought to have the complete control of her own person. I am determined to begin. You know what I mean by that. I have not gone through these months of suffering and experience, this time of agony, for nothing; it has taught me many things. Men, in their great desire for the first place, and for self-gratification, shut their eyes to many things. I have learnt and mean to proclaim

them. I shall bring up my boy to be different to other men. If you are not willing to join with me heart and soul, dear Hugh, in all I say, in all I demand, for the sake of myself, other women, and my child, say so now: you understand me and what I mean. I see you do. You know that I have discovered that the parent nearest to the child is the mother, not the father; and the one most fitted to educate and control its life is the one who gives it birth, therefore under no circumstances will I submit to be deprived of that child, or prevented doing my duty to it. If you cannot agree fully and gladly to all this, I will not again agree to join our lives together. What do you say, Hugh?"

He knelt beside her pillow, his eyes filled with tears. "My darling," he said, "you have made another fellow of me. I have thought much while you were away, and more light has come, as you have spoken; more and more will come as we go on our way; life without you would be blank. I never thought before; I never dreamed of this. Now I will help you in all you desire. You will teach me; I swear solemnly that I will never take advantage of unjust laws and prejudices, to deprive you of what I now see is yours in justice. All, and more than you ask, I agree to, most gladly."

So they were reunited, and as they sat talking quietly in the summer twilight, life stretched fair and glad before them. New hopes, new ambitions filled their hearts, existence meant something more to both, at last.

Women's Duties to Women.

PART I.

"Doth he thank that servant, because he did the things that were commanded?"

THE text above cited is the fit heading for this essay. Let not the one who covets profit, admiration, or good fame from men seek it in the service of women. Ask in company, "Who is your favourite heroine?" All the men name either a Lady Russell, or a Lady Hamilton; and what say the women? How they would be laughed at if they named the founder of Girton, or of the Zenana Mission! They seek about for some name which has brought them credit in *men's* eyes, one with which they can disarm the satirist. "Was not this, indeed, a deserving woman?" Our greatest benefactor has so far failed in her work if she has not obtained the esteem of *men* and women. Women, for their common credit, backing each other up to behave well to men, have combined to hush up offences which concern themselves only; and it is to this peculiarity we must ascribe any seeming carelessness in regard to the spite, petty jealousies, hardness towards each other, with which women are so lavishly accredited, and not to any inherent mutual dislike or ungettable antagonism. These are faults which the satirist will censure us for committing, but which he will never praise us for avoiding. It is, however, not true that good deeds of women to women "do not pay." Naomi will bless the devotion of Ruth, and Boaz, who knows Ruth personally, will be drawn to her by the report of that devotion; but it does not appeal to men's hearts so directly and so universally as does the *wifely* sacrifice of an Eleanor of Castile or a Gertrude von der Wart. It makes a prettier picture to them when they have a woman and man together. In family portraits we group together, "mother and son," "father and daughter."

Divines tell us that the division of duties into two, or even three divisions, duties to God, to our neighbour, and to ourselves, is but a surface division for convenience sake; and that every sin contains, in varying proportions, the three elements of self-demoralisation; harm to ourselves, harm to the community, and offence against righteousness. So the division of certain duties to women, and certain to men, is merely a surface one, for nothing can really benefit good members of the one class and not of the other. Perhaps the first duty of a woman to her fellow-women is to be a credit to them; the second, to make herself respected of the men about her, and to show them that they cannot injure any woman without injuring her. Women will never know, while the world lasts, how much they owe to other men's wives and sisters. "It came into my head at once," wrote General Marceau to his sister, after he had protected a girl in a stormed town, "that she was of your sex, and, perhaps, she had once had a brother who adored her."

But we are now considering the direct and obvious duties of women among themselves.—"Why is it?" asks the perplexed heroine of the American novel, "According to St. John"—love-making is the great thing in life, and Christ tells us almost nothing about it." That is just why, because it is of this life only. Scripture gives counsels for the married state and for the unmarried, but for the process of changing that state, none in plain words; and yet any Christian in a love difficulty can find the very text that suits his or her case, as if it was made for it. In like manner Scripture gives some precepts for women and men reciprocally—(1 Cor. vii.)—and they are much more equal and reciprocal than some codes man-made and man-modified. (Christ gave but two, "Go and sin no more" to the penitent, and the gentle rebuke to the too cumbered housekeeper). And yet, any Christian who, in the words of the Church of England baptismal service, fights manfully as "Christ's faithful soldier," who follows the plain rules in which no one disputes that the word man means the feminine and the masculine—"Let *him* deny himself," "To *him* that overcometh," will (if a woman) be a better one and more womanly in any good sense of the term, than if she had taken up all the grievous burthens of minute rules of conduct which men preachers have bound and laid upon women's shoulders from St. Jerome's day to Frederic Harrison's.

Let us, on the principle of assuring our own ground before attacking, deal first with the reproach against women of failing in their duties towards each other. Our first retort may be that so terribly much is expected of us. "Surely woman's cruellest enemy is woman!" exclaims Whyte Melville, inveighing against Queen Elizabeth for "sending one of her own sex to the scaffold." Why, men have sent their own sex to the scaffold—from Cain's day till now, we may say; but they never think of it in that light. Nation rises against nation, creed against creed, faction against faction; but all womankind is expected to agree like birds in one little nest. Well, it is flattering in a way to find ourselves deemed capable of so much; but it is a hard standard to live to. When Greece and Troy fought for Helen, all the world blamed Helen; but when two Duchesses fought with swords for Marshal Richelieu, nobody laid the blame on Richelieu. There have been female Othellos and female Cassios whose disputes have led to bloodshed; but no one writes a tragedy about them. Have we, then, not found out how to *look heroic* when we are *quarrelling*? A member of Parlia-

ment once in our hearing poured out his griefs against the opponent who had caught the Speaker's eye before him. "Oh! how I should have liked to take that toad by the ear and lay him sprawling on the floor of the House!" How men would make merry about "feline amenities" if one of us were to say half as much against her rival! Moral for us when, through human weakness we quarrel, and when, as is most probable, our quarrel is with a woman—we can only clash with those who come in some contact with us; there is little merit in keeping peace with the Antipodes—let us keep it close, and smile inwardly at the thought that men are just as bad in their own way. "Wretches hang that jurymen may dine," soldiers bleed to feed a monarch's ambition, campaigns are made fruitless through generals' jealousies; nay, read the record of wars, duels, law suits; look round upon the police force, the armaments, the coast defences.

"Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, armed, by night?"

Not against an army of Amazons?

Women possess a mighty weapon of defence in their union if only they will have the sense to use it. "Offend one monk, and all cowls will flutter as far as Rome," says the mediæval proverb; so, let a man forget honour towards one woman, and he will earn the resentment of all her fellow-women and of all the men whom those women have power to influence. The distressed damsel fleeing to the court of King Arthur is doubly protected, because all the ladies feel for her as a sister, and all the knights (in an ideal state of chivalry) feel themselves absolved from brotherhood with the man who has thus shamed them. When my blood boils as I turn over history's record of dragonings, noyadings, requisitionings, deeds which "heaven and hell alike would hide"—villains for policy, and honest men for very shame—then have I felt no doubt that there exists an *esprit de corps* among women, and that it can over-ride, at need, all barriers of kindred and tongue, people and nation. But then, as the moralists say of family quarrels, what a pity that those who would die for each other should bicker about trifles. Partly indeed, as in our families, we put up with the bickering because we know it is *only about trifles*. The sister, or indeed the brother, who says, "Mary, don't be a goose!" will be a truer friend at need and protector in danger than the Sir James Cheetham who always replies "Exactly." The notion is as old as the ballad of "Hughie Grime," that a jury of women would be more lenient to a male offender and less so to a woman. To my mind, all that women would lose in this way would be amply compensated by the greater severity of women jurors towards a male offender against women. Strict in their code of honour, indeed, women must ever be if they have a code of honour at all. The deserter dreads no eye so much as that of his comrades who have remained faithful; the dishonest servant looks for harshest judgment from his honest fellow servants; and this, not as shallow critics would say, because they are not tempted, but rather because they are, and only by maintaining a horror of dishonesty can they withstand the temptation; and again, because the defaulter brings discredit on the rest, and suggests to outsiders that they, too, might fail in honesty. So we cannot be expected to like a woman who gives men occasion to quote "Frailty, thy name is woman"; and well is it for the world when this repulsion manifests itself in avoidance of

sin, and earnest work in reforming the sinner; also in removing the occasions of sin. So, again, women must have the right to maintain discipline among themselves. I can imagine receiving meekly and with profit a reproof from a woman which from a man would either rouse my resentment or crush me with shame that I had given him the right to make it. It is true that, with small delinquencies, our experience is apt to be that of "naughty Nancy Lake."

"No Drury-lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said, "Pooch, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she shan't!"

But this masculine indulgence has its origin in contempt; in a notion that women and little girls will be silly, and that it is no good being vexed with them. Let a daughter commit a really serious offence, one by which men consider their families dishonoured, and she will probably find that the stern father spurns her and the tender mother takes her to her home and to her heart.

PARTHUS.

NOTES.

THE pioneer of woman's suffrage in America, Miss Susan B. Anthony, is of Quaker ancestry. She is a lovable, gentle woman, who forms her views on love for her fellows. She has endured for years scorn, jeers, and ridicule, which she has borne with immovable courage. Happily, this is now all changed.

THE Florence Nightingale of America, Clara Barton, was an object of much admiration at the Woman's Congress. In the days of the American Civil War she brought comfort and life to the soldiers, just as her predecessor did to the men in the Crimea. She is very aged now, but her utterances still ring with the fire of the enthusiasm in her that can never be quenched.

THAT splendid tragic actress, Helena Modjeska, was an interesting figure at the World's Fair. During the sessions of the Woman's Congress she gave an address on Dramatic Art, and also a report on the position of Polish women.

PREVIOUS to the arrival of the Infanta Eulalie of Spain at Palmer's Hotel, Chicago, an enterprising member of a commercial firm there called upon the hotel manager, and asked to be allowed to send in, for the use of the Princess's child, a beautiful cradle. They wanted no payment, he said; but just to mention that his house had been the donors of the gift. It was in vain that the manager assured the young man that they already had a child's cot. "Surely," the commercial burst out at last, "you will not think of putting a *Royal baby* in an old bed!" And this, too, in the land of the Great Republic.

ACCORDING to a revelation given to the founder of Mormonism, a woman cannot be eternally saved unless she has a husband. Judging by the knowledge most of us possess of the Mormon economy, we should say a fraction of a husband. On the day of the marriage, a new and secret name is given to the bride. It is whispered in her ear by the bridegroom, but revealed to no one else. Unless this name be spoken in her dead ear on the morn of the Resurrection by her spouse, she will never arise!

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

SUCCESS TO "SHAFTS."

DEAR MADAM,—I am not relaxing my vigilance in doing all I can for your clever paper. I was quite cheered yesterday by the frequency with which my eyes were greeted by the pink cover, and sweet strong figure with its bow and quiver, on the many bookstalls I passed in a long journey on the Underground. I do hope it is a good omen of increased circulation. I envy the success attained by the writer of the letter, "A Conversation and a Deduction"; but I wish more readers of the paper were as much in earnest as she is. I am sure that if her spirit pervaded even a part of them, your anxieties would be over, and the fear that there will come a day on which SHAFTS will cease to be would no longer exist to grieve us. I, too, have given many copies to railway travellers, but so far no one has ever handed me a subscription. There may be something in the fact that my journeys are all short ones and in crowded carriages. The question asked by your correspondent's fellow traveller: "Had she any pecuniary interest in handing the paper about?" has more than once been put to myself. In fact, just the other day a lady with whom I am slightly acquainted remarked—with perfect kindness, it must be confessed—whilst accepting a copy of SHAFTS, that she sympathised with my anxiety to make the paper known, as its discontinuance would doubtless cause me some inconvenience; the especial "inconvenience" indicated, I did not find it difficult to infer. There seems to be a not inconsiderable number of one's fellow-creatures quite unable to grasp the fact that when our hearts are in a cause we work better for the love of it than for money.

I sent a copy of the *Lady's Pictorial* for June 24th to you, dear Madam, not because I think it interesting, but it is really useful sometimes, and I hoped that it, at least, might amuse you a little. Do you know if Mrs. Lynn Linton really *hates* women? I have read several of her stories, and the characters she bestows upon her women make me miserable. I must send her sketches of the Josephine Butlers and others to prove to her that women are often good and great. SHAFTS is really a *splendid* number this month. Do let me thank you, dear Madam, with all my heart for it. How much non-readers of it miss!

I hope the heat is not trying you too much, and that you are quite well while pursuing your arduous work.

Very faithfully yours,
O. B. D.

HARE-BRAINED VIVISECTORS.

DEAR MADAM,—It is indeed deplorable to remark the prominent currency that is being given to the false and foolish paragraph in many leading and well-meaning journals about a "remarkable" operation recently performed in one of the largest London hospitals, which operation has had a very successful result, as reported by a "medical" correspondent. The story, so far as I can recall it, runs somewhat in this manner:—Some five years ago an artisan, about 30 years of age, fell and severely injured his arm. A surgeon operated upon it at the time, with the result that either

the operating surgeon, by misadventure, had divided the nerve, or it had been torn in the fall. Be that as it may, the injured limb never recovered its former appearance, and ultimately became quite useless. Subsequently it was decided to lay open the nerves of the arm and explore, with the result, as anticipated, that the particular nerve was found to be divided, or at least partially divided. But here, I have unearthed the original, which concludes:—"Two fresh ends were made, and a live rabbit having been obtained, it was rendered unconscious, skinned, and two sciatic nerves were extracted and stitched to the two ends of the divided nerve in the man's arm. The wound was than stitched up, and the patient placed in a bed. It is now seven weeks since the operation, and the result is most favourable. The man has perfect power in the right arm, which is rapidly regaining the original bulk, and he is now able to follow his employment."

Now, in the first instance, I would have your readers observe that the following data, which are essential in order that the accuracy of the statement may be verified, are absent; the name and address of the artisan who is alleged to have undergone the operation which has proved successful, thus enabling him to pursue his employment, together with the name of the "leading London hospital" where it happened, and that of the operator, likewise the date of the operation, and the source from whence the Press got the story, or the name of the "medical" correspondent. Failing these particulars, the story is, in my opinion, only a variant of others which have probably emanated from the wags of the dissecting rooms, and which, times out of number, have been shown to be spurious. But, in the second instance, why should "Brer Rabbit" have been sacrificed when, if the man's nerve was only partially divided, it could have been united without it? What the doctors could have wanted with *two* sciatic nerves in such a case is beyond the divining of even the "common or garden" surgeon. I willingly admit that the narration is pre-eminently typical of the happy-go-lucky school, possibly interesting as a curiosity for a column under like heading, but otherwise it only illustrates the fanciful notions of the "superior" intellect of the physiological laboratories, which is so eager in the "sacred cause of humanity." Jenner never practised what he preached, but it would be well if the hair-brained vivisectors adopted what he gave ebullient utterance to in speech and elsewhere. "Truth, believe me," he wrote to Dr. Ingen Housy, "in this and every other physiological investigation which has occupied my attention, has ever been the object which I have endeavoured to hold in view!"

Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH COLLINSON.

THE PERIODICALS' REGISTRY.—AN APPEAL FOR SECOND-HAND LITERATURE.

DEAR MADAM,—May I venture to hope you will kindly insert the following plea on behalf of the "Periodicals' Registry," just started for the benefit of the aged and invalid annuitants of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association? These gentlewomen have been reduced from luxury to an annual income never exceeding £50, and averaging £30. So your readers will easily understand that they cannot afford to buy books. Many ladies have volumes of magazines lying unused, that are above the appreciation of inmates of hospital and workhouse, but which would cheer many

a lonely life in London lodgings or country cottages. What a pity that one-half of the world is ignorant of how the other fares; when, as Dean Stanley said, "it is a good kind world." "For, what do we live for if not to make life less difficult to others?"

Unfortunately, many worthy people seem to think that loss of money involves loss of brain power. For the wife of a wealthy City merchant recently wrote offering me half-a-dozen parish magazines and tracts, that servants would contemptuously toss into the waste paper basket. Knowing the lady to be famed for the extravagant floral decorations of her dances, I told her frankly that I had been asked to supply high-class literature, and suggested some of her friends might be willing to send the *Illustrated English Magazine* to an invalid suffering from spinal neuralgia, who is "as fond of pictures as a child, and who pathetically adds, "it is very depressing to read of misery in the slums, that one is unable to relieve."

Perhaps some readers of SHAFTS, may like to redeem this missed opportunity of cheering a weary sister; if so, I will gladly send address on receipt of a postcard.

Yours obediently,
E. L. CAMBIER.
Southgate House, Chichester.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF CRUELTY.

DEAR MADAM,—It is a curious and noteworthy fact that comparatively, very little notice is taken of the terrible tales of cruelty which reach us continually, from many sources. For instance, in regard to the horrors of vivisection, we elect either not to believe them or to think they are necessary for the more skilful treatment of human disease and pain. Why do we adopt this attitude? Because we know that when we have realised that hour by hour, day by day, while we work, enjoy life, laugh, rest, even when we sleep, animals are enduring unceasing, excruciating torture, inflicted by human beings on the pretext of *benefit to humanity*; we will not be able to enjoy our life or rest; our thoughts will be full of them. They are many women now (and possibly men also) whose lives are made a constant suffering because of the cruelty that is in the world, who work hard and accomplish so little because of the apathy of their fellows. If we felt the force of the truth on these points we should also feel that we must act; and we are mentally so slothful, so fond of our ease, we prefer to remain under the pleasing delusion that all is right, rather than rouse ourselves to facts, because such action on our part would mean that we *must* go forth to do, and dare to face the bayonets of other people's opinions, and possible ridicule, rousing ourselves to act in spite of it. We are too lazy and too ease-loving. In order to wake women and men up to certain conditions resulting from habits indulged in, will women especially rouse themselves to this work, and begin by contributing out of the funds of their own knowledge items of importance for insertion in the columns of SHAFTS? It is said that the cruelties practised to obtain kid-skin, sealskin, feathers of birds, etc., is so great, that did women but know of it, all demand for these things would cease. It is possible that the accounts of cruelty given may be exaggerated, but it is not probable that this is so? In any case it is most certainly the duty of every woman and man, girl and boy, to do their utmost to prove them. If reliable, it then follows that all who do what is right will cease to use in any way what is obtained through so much suffering to our fellow creatures. What

would be the result were a number of women to cease wearing sealskin, kidskin, feathers, etc.

Most interesting and useful papers are published bearing on this subject—the *Animal World* (beautifully illustrated), the *Animals' Guardian*, and others, which all mothers should put into the hands of their children and encourage them to read. Many adults might read them with benefit. Here is an extract from a daily paper:—

"THE CRUELTY OF FASHION.

"And speaking of this immunity from the fear of man, says a writer in *Cornhill*, one is reminded of the miserable fate that awaits many a beautiful little egret just when, in its fairest dress, it sits on the nest. One feather firm, we are told, has as many as fifty men employed in the nesting season to secure these feathers that milliners calls aigrettes, which are so much worn in women's bonnets. Some will tell you that these are chiefly manufactured from goose quills. That is true of the cheaper ones, but the aigrette in a lady's bonnet is the crowning beauty of an egret mother. The collector waits till she is on her nest, her little breast full of peace, and the young just hatched, so that the mother will not leave them easily, though alarmed. He ruthlessly seizes her, tears off her crowning plumes and her wings, and then throws her down, gasping, torn, and fluttering, to die beside her little ones, who, deprived of her fostering care, die also miserably."

Let women read this and act upon it. It is only want of thought, the result of false education into false ideas, that has hitherto kept women silent. Now everywhere they are on the alert. Soon the action for which the world waits will be the result.

Can you, dear Madam, through SHAFTS, start some anti cruelty society?

Yours truly,
DI TEMPEST.

A FRIENDLY WORD.

DEAR MADAM,—Your June number seems the best yet issued. I am considerably surprised that you are not so helped by women as to free you from all anxiety, for SHAFTS is a splendid paper, and has a great work to do. It is the best woman's paper yet issued. Will not women help to support it? will they quietly let such a paper die? I much admire your open, bold, yet perfectly pure way of dealing with some delicate matters. Do not doubt; be of good cheer. SHAFTS is too fully alive to die. I am a poor man, but I will send you the first pound I can if you will accept it. I am proud to do something to help the great cause for which you so nobly work in your capital journal. I enclose stamps for one dozen copies to distribute here, and 4s. for myself as subscription for a year.

I am, dear Madam,
With profound reverence,
Faithfully yours,
JOSEPH WHAITEMAN.

CARNEVALE.

DEAR MADAM,—It is with great pleasure that I send you my subscription for SHAFTS; also that of my friend Mrs. W.

It is a perfect woman's paper according to my view. Miss A. has, I hear, made your acquaintance; she has been with me for many weeks, and is one of the most enlightened women I have ever met. Her views are most wonderful on religious topics. She and I do not eat meat, and I felt inclined to answer one of your contributors on this point; but have been too much occupied lately. The term vege-

tarian is not a correct one, as we take milk and eggs. It ought to be *carnevalists*, from the Latin—Farewell to meat! Carnevale!

I have had a great deal of trouble in making the simplest inquiries as to a rational dress for women. I hold the doctrine, strongly, that women are equal to men, so to copy them in attire is absurd and very unbecoming, and especially unfeminine.

A woman should not be dressed like a man. For instance, the cap and gown as worn by students and by Portia in theatrical representations is, to my mind, more suitable.

I am now occupied in grounding the poorer classes in religious belief, also cookery; and I speak at the Salvationists' meetings, as they only admit womankind; and teach others to rise, I am thankful to say.

Yours faithfully,
A. H. D.

THE VIVISECTORS AND THEIR SUPPORTERS.

DEAR MADAM,—There is a class of minds which seems to be the outcome of so-called scientific education, but from whose instruction the equally, or more important element of ethical education has been apparently omitted.

Keen and cultured, high even in aim in some directions, they nevertheless fail essentially because of the lack of a nobler knowledge and perception. They are even so far inhuman, because unimpressible either by fact or argument, however weighty or cogent, which deals with truths beyond their grasp or apparent power of recognition.

To this class, it would seem, belong not a few of the writers in support of vivisection. To refute their arguments, or attempt to reason, in the true sense of the word, with minds of this calibre, is almost as futile as to play a grand symphony of Beethoven's to those musically deaf. It seems that the only alternative is to return in kind the ridicule with which they so plentifully besprinkle their opponents. Yet even this would probably penetrate no further than water does on the back of the proverbial duck, because of the ineffable conceit which makes many of these writers alike invulnerable to satire, however just and keen, when hurled at the system they have elected to uphold—hatched though it were in the brain of devils—and, as in the case of vivisection, whose true nature neither the great name of Science nor her so-called exponents can alter or conceal.

"NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRA."

FOR THE SAKE OF THE DOGS.

DEAR MADAM,—The weather is hot, and the timid are in daily dread of rabies, adding its horrors to those of the various pestilences now raging in the Metropolis.

For the sake of the dogs, no less than of those who fear them, I would like to draw the attention of your readers to the Buisson cure of hydrophobia. This, in fact, is as simple a process as a carefully and properly managed vapour bath—perfectly harmless to the patient and incurring no torture to the dog.

M. Pasteur inoculates the sufferer with cultivated virus, the production of which causes cruel and prolonged agony to a number of animals; most of all to the dogs which he keeps for the purpose, and which, as of course they are continually dying of the disease he implants in them, have as often to be replaced by other victims. "It is," as has been remarked, "never to cease."

From beginning to end, M. Pasteur's system disgusts. The eternal torture of helpless and

unoffending, while highly intelligent and sentient creatures, to produce a poison which is finally to be introduced into human beings on the chance of their having been bitten by mad dogs—what could be more repellent? Is it not better to expel any poison there is in the system than to add more? In the event of the dog which bit one not having really suffered from true rabies, M. Pasteur introduces disease where none was before.

I enclose several papers giving full particulars of this interesting method of cure (Dr. Buisson's), and if your space affords, I think it would be of use to append a list of the establishments in England where rabies can be treated in this way.

All information on the subject may be obtained by inquiries from F. E. Pirkis, Esq., R.N., The High Elms, Nutfield, Surrey, which gentleman also generously "guarantees the payment of charges to any needy sufferer."

Yours truly,
E. M. BEEBY.

Patients in danger of, or suffering from hydrophobia, are received and treated under Dr. Buisson's method by—

Mr. Metcalf, Priessnitz House, Richmond.

Mr. Thomas, 16, Pepper-street, Chester.

At Constantine's Baths, 23, Oxford-street, Manchester.

At The Limes Hydropathic Establishment, 51, Bath-street, Southport.
Hydro and Spa, Old London-road, Hastings.

The Caversham Baths, West-hill, Bournemouth; and by the Medical Staff of Smedley's Hydropathic Establishment, Matlock.

Also at Bartholomew's Baths in Bath, Bristol, Worcester, Birmingham, Manchester, and Leicester-square, London.

WELCOME TESTIMONY.

DEAR MADAM,—If the enclosed verses are of any use for SHAFTS, they are at your disposal; if not, do not trouble to return them. I grudge to give you trouble, busy as you are.

SHAFTS is doing some of my women friends, as well as myself, much good. The greatest effect it has on me is to make me very much ashamed of my weak laziness. I do hope you will be able to hold out against your difficulties.

I was sorry to notice in a contribution by a friend of mine that he had not even ascertained that the editor was a woman.

Yours faithfully,
A. E.

A CONCERT was held on Wednesday evening, June 28th, at Addison Hall, for the benefit of Miss Helen Kenway's Orphan School for the Daughters of Musicians, 10, Darnley-crescent, Notting Hill. The performances on this evening were well worthy of the object for which the entertainment was given. Some of the singing was of the very first rank of merit. *The Japanese Fan*, executed by children, was wonderfully pretty, and the children entered into it with an abundance of delight that contributed much to make it a pleasure to the audience. Miss Oattie Chew's violin solos deserve notice, also Mr. Gabriel Thorp's rendering of "Father O'Flynn." *The Spanish Duets* were exceedingly well given, with guitar accompaniment. Mrs. Trust's songs, and those of Miss Fannie Moodie were enthusiastically received.

LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extraordinary spell of sunshine, prize day at the above school was shorn of much of its attractiveness by the very unfavourable weather. Rain came down in torrents and prevented the usual pleasant practice of students and their friends taking tea in the gardens adjoining the school. The Hon. Maude Stanley was to have presented the prizes and certificates, but was prevented at the last moment by illness. In her absence the list of scholarships, etc., was read by Mrs. Garrett Anderson, dean of the school, but no formal distribution of prizes took place. The present financial position is most satisfactory, considerable contributions towards the building fund having been received, and it is hoped ere long the work of rebuilding will be undertaken. Fourteen women have qualified during the past year for the medical profession, and three who had already the M.B., have taken the M.D. degree, one lady, Miss Bernard, after several years' work in India. Among the honours won was the second gold medal at the University of London, in Obstetric Medicine, by Miss Hatch, this being the fifth taken by a student of the school. Though eight had been earned, the other three had not been awarded owing to the rule disqualifying students after the age of twenty-three. Miss Aldrich Blake took 1st Class Honours both in Medicine and Obstetrics. Miss Knowles gained the School Scholarship of £30; Miss Rachel Mackenzie, the Dufferin Scholarship of £25 a year; Miss Lathan the Gilchrist Scholarship of £50 a year for five years; and Miss Bertha Webb the St. Dunstan's Scholarship of £100 a year for three years. Several appointments of former students to hospital and other posts were announced. Miss Alice McLaren, M.B., formerly house surgeon at Leith Hospital, has been appointed house surgeon at Belgrave Hospital for children, and Miss Waterston, M.D., visitor to two lunatic asylums at the Cape of Good Hope. In the case of some of these appointments, a woman had already held the position, and it is gratifying to know that the governors were not disappointed in their work. The past year has been marked by one distinct step in advance as regards the position of medical women, the British Medical Association having repealed a resolution excluding women from membership. Some formalities have to be gone through, after which women will be free to share in all the benefits the Association confers upon its members. Applications for prospectuses and information respecting scholarships should be made to the secretary, Miss Heaton, at the school, 30, Handel-street, Brunswick Square. J. E. T.

OFFICIAL REGULATIONS.

All copy sent to this Office must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only. Persons desirous of remuneration for MSS. must make previous arrangement in writing to that effect. Such arrangement cannot be made after the article is in print. No copy will be returned to senders unless stamped cover be enclosed for the purpose.

All tales, articles, &c., must have the name and address of the sender on the back of MSS. (not necessarily for publication,); also the title of such article, &c. Poetry, or short articles introducing any speciality of the writer, or reports of meetings, notices, &c., will not be paid for.

In writing articles, tales, &c., the use of the masculine noun and pronoun must be avoided save only when that sex is to be denoted. The plural, which signifies either, may be used, but if singular, pronouns and nouns of sex must refer to the sex alone, not to the race, which is of both sexes.

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