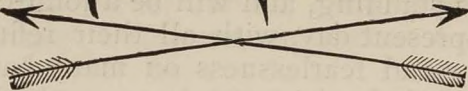


"SHAFTS"



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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

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No. 4.

What the Editor Means.

MRS. JOSEPHINE BUTLER, in a letter addressed to the Conference of her Society, in 1897, said:—

"I must speak a word particularly to women, and let me confess it to you, my fellow women. For some years past I have felt in my heart that this Abolitionist war has been passing too exclusively into the hands of men. Do not misunderstand me. For years I was always inviting and urging men into the war (for at first we had more women than men with us), and men responded nobly, and we were grateful and content—too content, perhaps. We continue to inherit, even now, to some degree, the legacy of many past generations, in the tendency to believe that men are superior in all things of a public nature to women, and to shift off the burden of our responsibilities for the country's good to the shoulders of good men, our friends and brothers. Most people applaud that tendency, and it may be fraught with no bad consequences in some cases. But the case before us is exceptional. The cause we are fighting for is, primarily, the cause of women, a long way primarily, the cause of women, and one of the deepest convictions of my soul, planted there when I was only twenty-five years of age, is that in *this* question, this question of moral life and death to individuals and to nations, justice will be overthrown and evil will overcome good, unless women continue to be the heart and soul of the movement, unless women make sacrifices, and labour for the cause. My conviction goes so far as to embrace the necessity of woman having a foremost place in the battle. She must be heard and seen in this holy cause. When her sisters are vilely outraged and oppressed before her eyes, and august assemblies of men promote and praise and recommend that oppression and that outrage as they have done in the House of Lords, is it a time for women to sit still, and only to urge their men friends to speak for them? No. Women must cry aloud; they must appeal to meetings of other women through the length and breadth of the land; they must be seen and heard, and they will prove again in this matter to be a power. A holy anger is needful—a just wrath against injustice and oppression—the oppression of the weak by the strong, and against all the abettors of the devil's unlawful and indecent work in this matter. There is too little of that holy anger. Certain public events seem to me to point to a decay in the English nation of the spirit which prompts to a defence of the weak, and to practical protests against wholesale acts of murder and lust. Alas, for England, if it is so! Let me remind you of the words of William Lloyd Garrison, the great Anti-slavery Leader, when he was accused (as we are) of using too strong language and showing too much indignation. He said: '*I will speak strongly and I will be heard; the wrong against which I make war is enough to call up the dead from their graves, and to make every statue in this hall leap from its pedestal.*' These are my words to-day. A greater victory in this matter awaits us than we have ever yet seen, but on one condition—on condition that we be found faithful and that the smouldering love of justice and of indignation against foul wrong be fanned again into life until it becomes a devouring flame."

Such words ought to rouse the souls of women from the very deepest sleep. It is a standing, and will be a long-continuing reproach to the women of the present day, with all their refinement and culture, with all their bravery and fearlessness on many battle-fields, that this terrible degradation of their sisters at home and abroad should stir so few to active, earnest work. To each living woman, the fact that other women are outraged to extremity, and in such vast numbers;—are debased to the vilest purposes by the vilest passions of man, should be felt as a personal insult, should strike with a hot, stinging shame, every heart, every cheek, of every living, breathing woman in the world; especially the women of these islands, which claim to lead the nations. It should rouse every woman to instant, determined action. Those women who know of these terrible crimes, repeated from hour to hour,—who know and understand, and do nothing, are drugging themselves to sleep with excuses for their men, and for their own apathy, which they must *know* to be false; they are partakers in the sin of our armies abroad and at home; in the sin of our city merchants, our nobles, our statesmen; in the sin of men in high places; of bad men everywhere; they are permitting the foulest outrage the world has ever known; and are in no one whit clearer from the sin, than their sons, brothers, fathers, friends, or fellow-creatures, who commit it.

You are not angered?
The blood stirs not
Within your veins;
Nor passion reigns
In surges hot?
The evil deed—the cruel word
Is by your placid ears
To placid heart conveyed;
Nor are the sluggish courses stirred,
Nor the red flush of righteous anger stayed
Within your cheeks—a holy flame.
Out on thee!—Shame—
For shame!

Leaps not the gleaming tear-drop
To your eye,
Nor fast the pulses of your heart
In anger bound and throb?
As if they fain would vault
Some barrier high
Of evil—loathed and hated—
No, calm and slow they beat
Their sluggish round,
Nor stir in impulse warm,
Nor in most holy anger sound
A battle cry—of throbbing blood—
Against unholy wrong.
Where is that righteous flame?
Out on you! Shame—
For shame!

For the sins of our public life, the sins of the nation to which we belong, of the Government under the laws of which we are regulated, of the world in which we live, are *our* sins; and our share in them will be our greatest condemnation. Of what avail are our culture, our refinement, our learning; of what avail our pleasant homes, our personally pure lives, when our fellow-creatures are forced into lives abhorred, because of our silence, while the life of so many thousands at home and in all parts where our dominion extends, is "an undiluted shame"? When we permit others to sin with impunity, we are sharers in their guilt:—every woman of this great city of London, of England,

Scotland and Ireland, who is able to protest and keeps silent, joins in the sin. There is no excuse for us, none, though many are urged. Here and there, earnest, noble women gather, but how few compared to the women who are quite able to do so? Here and there men come forward bravely to their help, nobly doing the good work, but oh, how few, how thin their ranks!

Instead of these few, we ought to have every society of women in existence, every club of women ever founded, every drawing-room gathering of women that ever meets, all joining together with a voice so determined and unflinching, with a zeal so great, with souls so on fire with indignation, love and pity, that no impediment could stand before them. But we are cowards all. FEAR, that awful monster, holds us in check. Self-interest binds us down; cowardice of the basest kind crouches us behind the doors we make to hide our shame; yet the sin goes on, the holocaust is offered at the shrine of Impurity, its altars are fed unceasingly—and our silence continues. Papers, that write openly denouncing this awful iniquity, are quietly put away and not allowed to appear on the tables of our homes, our clubs, our places of meeting, lest a passing glance might catch contamination. Meantime, contamination is filling the thought atmospheres; the disease is manifesting itself in many forms, is simulated in many ways. It breaks out in advocacy of ever-increasing forms of sensualism in the guise of purity, grotesque and hideous; in ever-increasing subtleties of iniquity from apostles of a pretended better life, who, deceiving others and self-deceived, are laying the axe to the very root of the tree of our social and national life. It breaks out in forms of cruelty that make the whole being shudder even to hear of. Cruelty is twin brother to immorality; and vivisection, that vice of vices, that cruelty of cruelties, that culmination of iniquities, is the child born to immorality and apathy—the silence of women and the vice of men. Between apathy and vice there is nothing to choose, the one is passive, the other active, both equally and horribly guilty. The work of the dethronement of vice, and the restoration of virtue—or rather accession of virtue—can never be done unless women bestir themselves, and that everywhere, and in every relation of life. Of what are we so afraid? What could be said against this society, or that, this club or that, this drawing-room gathering or that, this Federation or that, if everyone of these, without exception, should join in the work with a boldness that could not be questioned, with an emulation of each other, the most laudable ever practised. What is there to fear from the cry of the outraged pretence of purity, if all women without exception, refuse to "howl with the wolves"?

Of what avail can be the will or the actions of men, if women everywhere, without exception, positively refuse to permit the laws of purity and mercy to be outraged? Why, we hold the will of men in our own hands. *We make the world.* We have not known our power, let us wake up to a sense of it, and let us remember, to whet our resolves, that not one woman can be degraded throughout the length and breadth of our empire if we refuse once and for all time to permit it. We have "reflected man too much." We have not understood. Through an ignorance, for which there is no excuse to be found, in all our out-reachings, man has kept us to heel; while we have encouraged and permitted his vices, until the prospect before us of growing sons steeped in cruelty and immorality is awful to contemplate. We have been apathetic. "I would," said the Spirit to one of the seven Churches, "thou wert cold or hot. Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

There is but one thing for every woman to do. She must refuse to receive into her company her son, brother, husband, father, every male relation or friend whose life holds the taint of Impurity in word, or deed, in acquiescence or act; everyone of these also, dear as they may be, whose life holds the taint of Cruelty in word or deed, in acquiescence or act. Doctors who practise or acquiesce in Cruelty or Immorality must be shunned. Clergymen who practise or acquiesce in immorality or cruelty must find no women in their churches. What would be the result? The mortal sickness and death of Immorality and Cruelty would be the result. We say we are under the dominion of man! Not so. Woman is the latest and highest development of evolution, the culmination of all gradations of life on this plane. Shame upon her! that she has lain quietly down to be kicked and cuffed, to be degraded and outraged, to be made the slave of those she should have led—led up the heights. She must be a leader, not a tyrant; an inspirer, not an autocrat; a teacher, not a despot; a mighty influence for good, not an aider and abettor in evil. She must rise to the rescue, awaken to the work, for great is the need! pressing and immediate the call! and it cannot brook delay.

So will woman fulfil the great dreams of past ages, as they have tried to see her, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun;—yet terrible as an army with banners" to the evils that oppose her conquering path. So will she fulfil the great though indistinct dreams of the earlier utterances, which tell the allegorical story of a Creator's pause, ere the latest evolution arose, to do its work of helping all previous creations on the upward path. She, the Help needed, the Help most meet for all life, the Help to all that had gone before, Womanhood: not the ruler or superior, not the slave or inferior—these are terms only of earth, the spirit knows them not—but Womanhood, the culminating stage of all stages of life, the last the spirit passes through on this earth-plane, ere it enters the spirit life that holds all physical powers in leash.

Life from the rocks and stones has been struggling up to this point; the spirit that knows not earthly distinctions, passing through all stages on her way to that light and glory of freer, higher life which draws us, as the moon draws the waters of the great deep, as the higher draws in power most blessed, the ever aspiring lower; as the furthest outpost is ever a goal to those stationed for the time,—behind.

The important lesson we must all learn is the meaning of Love in its fulness. We must distinguish LOVE the DIVINE from Passion the Earthly. We must not use the sacred word in any lower sense. Passion is not Love—Passion leads too often to lesser aims; to vice itself, even to vice in its worst aspects. It breeds hatred, destruction and death. We lose sight of the evil it may end in, because we do not recognise its true nature. We call it by a name to which it has no claim, and so we veil from ourselves its downward tendencies. Thus we are responsible for the awful depths to which it will sink. The reproduction of the race needs no passion to help it in its work. It needs only Love, tender, pure, cognisant of the evermore higher, wise in foresight of all that reproduction implies. God-like in self-conquest, Love must in the end conquer Passion. Passion will crumble and decay when Love the triumphant, the deathless, takes her throne.

It is the work of the human spirit to bring this to its consummation, it is specially the work of the spirit, when having passed through all other stages, it reaches its last manifestation, the plane of Woman-

hood, where the heel of the human is to give to all evil its final wound, its death-blow.

We have in our experiences many varieties of Love, the love of mother, father, lover, child and friend, each has within it somewhat of self; and, even in its highest appearing, holds some incompleteness. The latest love to be manifested in this life, and the highest, will be love of woman for woman. It will be the noblest, the purest, the truest love the world has known, for it will be free from the impulse of sex, of relationship, of selfish leadings—it will be the love of the spirit for the spirit which will speak to it ever of Divine things. It will be the untrammelled love of the being who, having put all things under its feet, will throw off the latest binding ties of flesh, and seeing clearly the heights before it, will set its face thitherward.

The highest "form" in school remains the highest "form" in spite of the incompetence, even possibly the vices, of many of its occupants. Womanhood cannot be removed from its place in the scale of gradations because many are not worthy to be women;—but the human race will not attain its utmost development until the ideal of woman, which only is true womanhood, has been reached; until every human being has passed through it.

With such a belief as this, can we tolerate the condition of things which degrades woman from Womanhood? We hold ourselves in too slight esteem, and deem ourselves honoured when there is, instead of honour, that easy contempt which defers to our whims, but not to our righteous demands,—and calls itself chivalry. We are afraid to set any estimate upon ourselves, and that wondrous power we hold and debase to lower wieldings. So we have our reward, our own deprivation of all freedom, our dishonoured lives and homes, and the damnation of thousands and thousands of our helpless sisters to a fate the most awful the world has known, or ever can know. Who can reckon the numbers that have gone through all the past ages to pile up the offerings to the Monster of iniquity and darkness, the Abomination of Desolation? Who is to answer the shuddering angels of light when the count is made? We! women! must answer. We hold it all in our hands, for the domination of man is a myth which exists only because we shut our eyes and ears; a myth which will melt away like a blinding mist, when women with one consent, awake.

Then FEAR will crouch and flee. The Grundies will fall to dust; a thousand barriers which seemed too formidable to mount will vanish, like a dream, when one awaketh. Life immortal, divine, will throb with tumultuous joy in every breast. But this, some will say, will mean man's suppression; and women are so foolishly afraid lest man should lose anything of his power. No, it will be gain to man, not loss; man will not be displaced, womanhood will simply be exalted to its true place, the latest and highest stage, through which we all, man and woman alike, shall pass. In this exaltation, every living creature will partake, for then, and not till then, we shall perceive the Link of life, Power and Love, which is Evolution! which joins all life in one chain as it passes onwards to heights unlimited.

Our thoughts limit our powers. If we are content to believe ourselves unworthy, and to accept from the hands of man, what he—knowing us not, and only waiting our teaching—chooses to give, we may be sure the whole world, looking to us with sad eyes, will be kept in bondage, tortures, degradation, and despair: until we recognise our power and use it. True power never degrades, it helps; the woman

power, when used as it ought to be, can be, and will be, will help the whole race—hourly, daily, year after year, until, after the passing of a time no seer can limit or define, as it will depend upon the activities used, there shall come a glad era, when human beings and animals will dwell together in happiness and peace, in equal freedom for development, in mutual recognition and mutual Love. We must labour and love and cease to criticise each other's work. Rudyard Kipling expresses this beautifully:

“Here's my wisdom for your use, as I learned it when the moose
And the reindeer roared, where Paris roars to-night.
There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And-every-single-one-of-them-is-right.”

Someone remarked but yesterday, “SHAFTS is too mild, it does not speak out straight enough.” Then I felt that the cup of SHAFTS' trials had been drained to the dregs, and could never be refilled; that the last stone had been hurled. For SHAFTS has now run the gauntlet of every possible accusation of faults, journalistic or otherwise, and may expect for the future to hold up its head in peace, and go on to easier days. The present issue represents May and June for reasons financial, as on other occasions.

Funds; funds; oh, that some noble, generous woman, wise and wealthy, and willing—percipient also of the need, and the importance of the task—would bring SHAFTS, by timely help, out of the struggling waters of its existence, and so enable it to carry its work into wider fields.

SHAFTS does its own work as best it may—as so many do; tries, as so many do, to bring forth some poor reflection of the soul's dream, some faint echo of the dominant note it hears in the silences. Alas, how poor is the work compared to the intent! Could we but show to each other the grandeur and glory of our dreams, there would be but little wonder that many of us throw up our hands, and with them too often our efforts, in despair. Listen, courage! for, ever to our ears the air around is filled with the songs of souls, who discover from our feeble words, our humble endeavours, some gleamings of new truths—truths which glow within them with the rapturous sense of an everlasting, upward trend, an immortal destiny. As we do our little part in earnestness and in good faith, who dare say it is in vain? No struggle of the soul, in its efforts to live, is in vain; and no one of us may condemn the other's plan of work. The sentiment conveyed in the quoted lines above, is happily and profoundly true:

“There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And-every-single-one-of-them-is-right.”

This knowledge, held close to our hearts as we work, will save us from wasting time in searching for motes in the eyes of others, which might be much more effectually spent in freeing our own eyes from their blinding beams. When all human beings have learnt to keep themselves as individuals, pure, noble, clean from all defilement, they may rest from that part of their activity which consists in trying to cure the faults, follies and sins of others. Meanwhile it may comfort us to remember, that there is absolutely nothing too great or high, to be beyond the power of the human spirit to accomplish, either potentially or actually. There are possibilities within us all of an ascension in the scale of being to which there are positively no limitations.

[EDITOR.]

Women as Essayists.

IT is remarkable that among the numerous women writers there should be so few essayists. To put beside the names of Bacon, Lamb, De Quincey, Macaulay, Emerson, Pater, Stevenson, or even Henley, Birrell, Symonds, Huxley, Morley, Karl Pearson, Henry James, Myers, Dowden, Noble, and many other men who have written good essays, we have only, among women, Mulock, Miss Sewell, George Eliot, Miss Thackeray, Webster, Ouida, Lady Jeune, Vernon Lee and Meynell. We may as well state at once that the world thinks very little of women's essays, entertaining a fixed idea, along with Mr. Pater, that our system of education still, to a large extent, limits scholarship to men; therefore women, not having a full mind, are not likely to excel in a kind of composition which demands wide knowledge and learned allusions. Thus women's essays very rarely get into second editions; they remain uncut, in an encysted state, in our great libraries, and do not exist at all in the free libraries of our big towns. But this neglected plot of the literary domain is not so worthless as it seems, and a good deal of valuable information is to be gleaned from it, as to the progress made during the century in the widening of women's horizon. This can easily be seen by comparing Mulock's *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, 1858, with Meynell's *Colour of Life*, 1896.

As regards Mulock's three other volumes of essays—*Sermons out of Church*, 1875; *About Money and Other Things*, 1886; *Concerning Men and Other Papers*, 1888—they are remarkable for the well-berthed cheerfulness which thinks that human lots are pretty even; that we must never complain. These essays abound with platitudes, such as bishops are fond of when they visit workhouses and talk of “thrift” to the unfortunate occupants. There are all the limitations of the mind saturated with class feeling—an air of infallibility, a vivid sense of the inferiority of women to men, combined with a feeling of the necessity of keeping the employments of the sexes rigidly apart. If a man wishes to know or help in any detail of the household arrangements, Mulock stigmatises him as “small-minded,” though why a kindly thought to help the over-taxed mistress of the house is so denominated is hard to see. Mulock says the lady must never make disclosures when she is in a domestic crisis: “Never pester a man with things that he cannot remedy and does not understand.”

Households would collapse much oftener than they do if the men of the family were never to be called on in a crisis for aid. It is not astonishing that Mulock considers men “selfish beings.” She harps a good deal on this. But if you do not allow human beings to help you, it is rather cool then to call them “selfish.” This excessive cleavage between the pursuits of men and women is a survival of the dark ages, a kind of Stonehenge which rises up darkly against the sky of the future. Mulock is also severe against women. “Very few women can take care of themselves,” she says. She prefers children to husbands, “When the duties clash, the mother is to choose the children.” This also is an antique way of thinking. Far oftener, even for the children, it is better that the husband should be attended on before they are. Nor does Mulock ever leave us unconscious that we are being addressed by a “womanly” woman. We can even discern the middle-class-ness of the author. Now in reading a really good essay one is not drawn to think about, nor can one glean much of the author; the *subject* which is treated is rather thought of. There has been, till quite lately, no such impersonal essay by a woman.

Miss Sewell, like Mulock a successful novelist, has also written four volumes of essays quite free from the Zeitgeist. Her mind is more analytical, more hair-splitting, with a good deal of old-fashioned culture. She also has a strong clerical aroma in her writings, and has moved in what is called "good" society. Hence she has acquired quite an abnormal sense of the proprieties. She can tell you to a hair's breadth what you ought to do, and how you must behave in all trying circumstances. For instance, she writes: "If social laws are not observed, you are not to be angry, but you may be annoyed." She has many acute remarks about girls' High Schools. Her sympathies are curiously limited. For instance, as regards widows, she says: "We cannot make special laws for them." Why not? It is a disgrace to Christendom that widows with young children are thrown penniless on the world.

To continue the list of women essayists who write as "womanly" women, there is Miss Thackeray, who published *Toilers and Spinsters*, in 1874. Miss Thackeray has a jaunty style, with the usual note of her period, that of looking at life from the platform of £300 a year at least. Then there are Mrs. Webster and Lady Jeune, the former with *A Housewife's Opinions*, 1879, and the latter with *Lesser Questions*, 1894. Both books are clever, Lady Jeune's is the writing of a fashionable lady, and the peeps of high life which she gives, with the plethora now prevailing and spoiling everything, are not at all calculated to make one wish to enter titled society. A notable product of Mason College was Miss Constance Naden, a native of Birmingham; she died in 1889, aged 31, having produced a few poems and essays from scientific and metaphysical standpoints. Her portrait prefixed to her book is a very remarkable one. She opened out an entirely new vein of thought in women, but her circumstances were too unæsthetic to bring her to the front. We can hardly agree with one of her remarks: "The first step toward knowledge is the exclusion from our search of all that we cannot know." This seems rather to be the last step, or at any rate an advanced one.

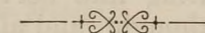
George Eliot was the first woman who departed from the "womanly" style, or rather no style, and her masterpiece in essay writing, *Evangelical Teaching and Dr. Cumming*, 1855, is remarkable for the virile manner of writing at that early date. It is anything but pleasant, but there is genius in it. This new departure has been followed up several years after by the latest women essayists, who have drunk deeply of the beauty of Italy, Vernon Lee and Mrs. Meynell. The wild briar of English thought becomes much sweeter when mixed with Italian lemon blossom. Shakespeare and Milton were deeply tinged with Southern romance, and it is a great mistake in women's education to substitute German for Italian, as is now done in all schools. The later women essayists throw off entirely the didactic, preaching, infallible note of the half-educated woman of former generations; or rather, on account of possessing far more information, they lay down the law less. In fact, Mrs. Meynell hardly objects to anything, except that Shelley is always sculptured recumbent as being drowned, and that flowers are outlined on grates, and then blacklead. Ouida might be counted in this group if she were not so peevish and pessimistic in her essays, *Views and Opinions*, 1895. But she objects to everything modern, and especially to Women's Suffrage, on the ground of women's moral and mental inferiority. She seems to detest women because they persist in wearing dead birds and skins.

Vernon Lee is the first (after George Eliot) who comes very near

to real literature in her essays, *Euphorion*, 1884; *Juvenilia*, 1887; *Belcaro*, 1892; and *Limbo*, 1897. This is her description of the earliest days of the Florentine spring (*Juvenilia*): "The banks were full of fennel tufts, of sage, marigolds and all manner of herbs that leave an aromatic, spring-like scent upon one's hands; between the leafless vines the paths were powdered with daisies; on the hill sides the peach and the almond blossoms made a pinkish, whitish mist upon the silvery olives, the coppery sere oaks, and everywhere in the sprouting bright green wheat flamed the scarlet and purple anemones, the light playing with them as with gems. The pale blue sky was washed by recent showers; the air of delicate cold crispness, . . ."

Mrs. Meynell's best essay is *A Remembrance*, which is presumably a portrait of her father (?). She thus describes him: "Of himself he has left no vestige. It was a common reproach against him that he never acknowledged the obligation to any kind of restlessness. . . . The delicate, the abstinent, the reticent graces were his in the heroic degree. Where shall I find a pen fastidious enough to define and limit and enforce so many significant negatives? Words seem to offend by too much assertion, and to check the suggestions of his reserve. That reserve was life-long. Loving literature, he never lifted a pen except to write a letter. He was not inarticulate, he was only silent. He had an exquisite style from which to refrain. The things he abstained from were all exquisite. They were brought from far to undergo his judgment, if haply he might have selected them. Things ignoble never approached near enough for his refusal, they had not with him so much as that negative connection." Such writing as this shows that women have chipped the egg, and that the preachments of the womanly woman are things of the past.

DOLE.



PROPOSED SETTLEMENT FOR GREENWICH.

A SETTLEMENT, social and educational in its aim, and democratic in its methods, is being formed in Greenwich. It is proposed to make a beginning with women settlers, and one good house has already been secured and partially furnished. The Settlement will not be connected with any religious denomination or political party; and it is hoped that people of all shades of opinion may find it possible to take part in the work. The neighbourhood is a densely populated one, and educated women, who can give the whole or a portion of their time, to constructive educational work among their less fortunate fellow-creatures, will find here abundant scope for their energy. Funds are needed to put the Settlement on a satisfactory footing; and to form, in connection with it, a students' lending and reference library. This is especially needed, as there is no free library in the district. Many promises of books have already been received.

Mrs. Bridges Adams writes:

DEAR MADAM,—I have been strongly advised to ask you if you would kindly notice our movement in your paper. Next winter we shall have Sunday lectures and Sunday concerts in large local hall, but under the auspices of the Settlement. Before long we shall have baths and picture exhibitions, and other good things.

I have ten Board Schools in the neighbourhood under my immediate charge, and I much want cultivated women, to act as managers for those schools.

Friends willing to help are requested to communicate with MRS. BRIDGES ADAMS, M.L.S.B., Hughenden, Coleraine Road, Westcombe Park, S.E.

Reviews.

The Showman's Daughter. By Scott Graham. (London: Hurst and Blackett.)

"It was shortly before the close of the Second Empire, ere the Napoleonic bubble had been pricked by the sword of the Teuton, and burst. Easter had come and gone, and fashionable Paris was in the full enjoyment of the gaieties of the season.

"On this particular evening many hostesses of all ranks, from the Empress downwards, were receiving guests. But the most noteworthy fact in the eyes of the aristocratic portion of society was that Madame la Marquise de Montenville de Kerbennes had issued cards for a large reception at the family mansion in the Faubourg Saint Germain."

So the writer launches her readers into the full swing of Paris fashionable life.

"To relate all the achievements of the illustrious De Kerbrennes' family would be," we are told, "to give an epitome of the history of France."

We are grateful, therefore, to Scott Graham that she spares us a list of their wonderful achievements, and instead introduces us at once to the handsome rooms, the dignified mistress of the house and some of the guests.

Madame de Kerbrennes' circle comprised "all the bluest blood of France." The Emperor (Napoleon III.) "vainly tried to attract her to his court . . . She rarely deigned to call him anything but *celui-ci*. When he died he became simply *celui-là* to the old noblesse of France."

At the reception now given by Madame la Marquise, we meet a young Englishman, Mr. Piers Luttrell, one of the principal characters of the story, and allied at an early date to the blue blood of the de Kerbrennes by a marriage with the youngest and most beautiful daughter of the house, Mdle. Marcelline, who is described as

"A charming girl of seventeen, dressed in white tulle, a row of pearls encircling her slender neck."

The tale is written evidently by one of those always more or less rare souls who, feeling bitterly the cutting into nerve and sinew of the binding cords, strives bravely to free her thought, and all human thought, from their trammelling power. It is well, even cleverly told, though somewhat on conventional lines, and upholding ideas and habits of life now passing away. It recalls the novels of Anthony Trollope, who revelled in the aristocracy and churchocracy of this much befogged island, which—under the free breezes of all-conquering seas, within sound of the dash and roar of their strong, salt spray, telling of a brave life of liberty—harbours a people, tight-bound in old creeds, fashion-clad to mental and physical distortion—a people, a so-called power, which in its feeble struggles for freedom, is a spectacle for the laughter of gods and men. There is much promise for the future, when the writer, having learnt to shake herself free from all that binds and hinders, will look deep into her own heart, and write what there she sees; will listen to the voices within her own consciousness, and in spite of FEAR, the "dweller on the threshold," will write with steadfast pen and true, what these voices teach. The promise meets us in every three or four pages, and fills the tale with additional interest, though rather too much on the surface.

Yet the promise rescues, and bids us hope that ere long she will send from her facile pen words that will sting and slay, or gladden and awaken to larger life those who read. Many write; some amuse and help to pass an idle hour. The best author's works become a part of us, and there seems in these pages every now and then to gleam a desire to rise to the highest ranks, and a possibility of so rising should the desire remain and work into being.

Here and there are words that speak of a power beyond the present work, a growing power with many possibilities.

The character of Bessie Loader is touched with a true tone, and the

writer is brave to have so sketched her. Marmaduke Luttrell's peculiar characteristics are also well drawn.

"I am the heir," is the foundation upon which the tale is constructed.

"Gerald Ransome had married a beautiful girl, whom he adored with all the intensity of his strong nature. Proud of her loveliness and social gifts, he permitted her to gather a little court about her in the little garrison towns where he was stationed."

This sentence sounds weak where it might have been strong, it is apparently not of much count, but on the idea conveyed in it the weak parts of the book are built. The remainder of the career of Gerald Ransome is singularly consistent, however, with this beginning. The reader can expect only what follows from a man who *permits* a beautiful and gifted wife to gather friends about her. In taking all *character* from the wife, the husband also is weakened. His story as connected with his daughter is stronger, though more stormy.

The book, though fairly well written and holding the interest to the end, wants power—a power which, unless we mistake, is latent in the writer. Readers will await anxiously further developments of the talent of this young writer.

A few quotations of the nature referred to will serve to show the occasional dips taken into deeper waters.

"Why is it that our most awful temptations always occur in the very form, and at the exact moment most certain to prove our undoing?"

"If any one entertains a doubt that there are far too many people in the world, let that person try to obtain a situation as secretary, governess, clerk, in London. When will a genius arise from the inarticulate mass of toilers, and describe the heart-break of the honest man out of work, in burning words which shall echo through the world? The poets still hammer on at the threadbare themes of love, war, nature and destiny; and marvel that their audience is so small. But whoever will truly depict the feelings of a London clerk, governess or secretary out of work, starving, in search of employment, will have an audience such as no singer ever found before. . . . Why cannot somebody grow eloquent upon the pathos of the unemployed clerk, or governess, or secretary?"

"He told no lies about his social position, and people hesitated to employ in a confidential capacity the penniless *protégé*."

"How anxious one is to set the whole world right at twenty odd."

"I've travelled a good deal, but I've never found a place where fine names go further than in England, and I expect I never shall."

"He had caught a glimpse revealing how exceedingly thin a crust separated his wandering feet from the dread Inferno peopled by the outcasts of society. . . . And yet we are always so outraged and indignant, when the incautious foot of any friend of ours slips through the fragile flooring."

"He irritated Wentworth every hour of the day, yet the latter could not but feel a kind of admiration for the showman whom so many years of public life had not made a humbug."

"Stanley found himself talking to young Luttrell as if he had known him all his life; deceived by his open, candid manner, which marked a nature sophisticated to such a degree that it had nearly come back to simplicity again, through sheer excess of worldly wisdom."

"Imagine him telling me—that politics have been the ruin of this and every other nation—that theologians are not half so much needed by the Church at the present day as Christians!"

"I remarked that if truth is immortal and unchanging, it is absurd to imagine it can be contained in any one set of narrow formulas; that in my view whatever might have been Mahomet's errors, he had at least proclaimed one grand truth—the Brotherhood of Humanity—that one glimpse of eternal truth entitled him to rank as a prophet."

"Surely it's a pity not to see all we can, when we pay for our places with our lives! Some have seats in the stalls, others only standing room, but the play goes on all the same. If we find the piece too tiresome, we can get up and go—but then the grim check-taker never lets us come back again. So most of us think it best to sit the play out."

"She did not know how to tell him how he had lifted her from an atmosphere of prose and soup-kitchens, and shown her something of the glory of a new world."

"Stanley lifted his face, radiant, transfigured with a great joy too seldom seen on a human countenance. If we all looked happy, we should all be beautiful."

Why the author has named her book *The Showman's Daughter* it is rather puzzling to discover, though it would be equally difficult to find another name, since no one of the characters takes a specially important place. The showman's daughter is really more in the background than any of the others. The book has many faults, and serious faults. When next the author writes, we hope she will take rather a higher standpoint, also that she will free her mind from personal, patriotic and sex-bias.

It is a pity that makers of books, with so few exceptions, write of woman as of a creature to be judged according to surface appearances—to her claims to beauty, to youth, to position. Few, indeed, recognise the grandeur of the years as they pass, and what they *should* mean to all human beings, or understand the meanness of making age a disparagement to woman, when it ought to be an added glory, or realise that a woman at sixty ought not to be sneered at as a grandmother, while a man at sixty is looked upon as still in his prime.

The character of Marcelline is maintained consistently; it is not badly drawn, and the evident recognition that "as the mother, so follow the children," is brave and percipient. But why dwell so much on age? Why not let a beautiful woman be a beautiful woman! Surely beauty is not confined to youth?—that is the idea of a barbarous, untaught past.

There is much that is pleasing and interesting, also piquant, in the relations between the mother, still in her prime and beautiful, and her two grown-up sons. It suggests in its very imperfections also what that relationship might be with a different mother, though none the less young and beautiful, young in herself even though old in years by the world's short-sighted judgment. It is good to see the mother and sons go out together, and it pleases even as it is, with all its drawbacks. We dream, however, and we have visions of something more pleasing that may be realised in a future day; perhaps from this pen we may obtain such a picture, when present mistakes have been overcome and a grander view, also a truer, of human possibilities, has dawned upon us in imagination, already on the look-out for the greater heights.

Scott Graham's book makes the reader think of these things, however, and it is perhaps her intention that we should ask, as we read, why things are so and so? Should the book enthrall persons to send out their strength to help in producing a fresher, stronger tone of thought, of new conditions, of unalienable understanding, surely such is the desire of its writer, whose power to take a higher standpoint peeps out here and there in spite of mannerisms, some prejudices, and a creed now too assured where it stands, instead of looking onward for light. A creed, however, which sees a gleam and grow broader, deeper, higher, with each attempt at expression.

The Theatres.

"**The Conquerors**," ST. JAMES'.—Mr. George Alexander and "The Conquerors" have suffered somewhat from the pen of Mr. Clement Scott, and from other mistaken criticisms. Going there with Mr. Scott's words in our ears, it was difficult at first to be uninfluenced by a slight amount of prejudice. This disappeared as the play went on, and the characters spoke for themselves. The scenes were well arranged and on the whole pleasing. There was much that could not be applauded as desirable of course; there always is, and always must be while the Drama represents life as it *is*, and no one could rejoice at the

representation of evil. But does anyone rejoice? It is remarkable, but a fact, that persons, themselves living very unsatisfactory lives, will heartily condemn vice when represented upon the stage. Might we not represent a higher life through the drama sometimes? Life as it should be, instead of life as it is; the life at which we aim, instead of the life we actually live? This is a question many ask, and which many will ere long answer. Comparing Mr. Alexander's play with the plays of Shakespeare—by common consent seated on high as our greatest dramatist—it is only possible to give the palm to "The Conquerors" as the higher, in some respects—on the score of purity of expression and suggestion. As literature the plays of Shakespeare are the works of a genius; but, ethically, it would be hard to find, even among play-writers of a past age, anything more coarse than the expressions with which Shakespeare's plays abound, nor have we discovered in them many very high ideals. As a rule his highest reachings, with one, or perhaps two exceptions, are very mediocre. This is, of course, to a great extent, due to the age in which they were written, but while we excuse the dramatist we must not fail to draw our pens through all the coarser parts, before Shakespeare's plays can be a source of real enjoyment and satisfaction.

Whatever fault may be found with Mr. Alexander's representation of "The Conquerors" is redeemed by the deeper intention under the delineation, which seems to be, to show the difference between passion and love, between a silly desire most coarsely thought out—a desire for revenge on a woman, because of an action of hers, hurtful to the merely vulgar pride and bullying arrogance of the young man who cherished the design—and the respect and reverence dwelling deep within the heart of the young man for that same young woman when love entered and, as conquerer, took possession of the field, until then occupied by base passions.

The attitude of the Prussian officers, *The Conquerors*, occupying a French castle, is not of the highest type, certainly, but has the conduct of besiegers often been of a high type towards the conquered?

The scene where the young woman, Yvonne de Grandpré, conquers, by her higher nature, the designs so nearly completed against her, and frustrates evil armed and strong, by her goodness unarmed, save by its own innate steadfastness, is *the* scene of the play; it is full of power. Mr. Clement Scott, racing over his critique, calls it under-played. Certainly it is under-played, as all things must be when the plotter is not base enough to be the villain he meant to be. Even before the scene he falters; he is not *bad enough*, he has conscience callings. So when Yvonne stretches out her hands to him and says that she is there, helpless, she is not armed as he is—when she reminds him that he is a gentleman and a soldier, seeking renown from the enemy—when she, with earnest eyes and face drawn with agony, tells him that *she* is the enemy, and asks him to go and tell his mother and sisters at home of the renown he has won in his encounter with her, surely Mr. Alexander teaches a lesson of morality, and puts the hideousness and utter meanness of such conduct as that contemplated by Eric von Rodeck, before his audiences in a way more powerful and compelling than it is often put on the stage.

Voices.

HARK to the voices of the dawning day,
The voices whispering through the rustling reeds,
The voices surging through the swirling spray,
The voices murmuring in the swelling seeds.
One song, one hope they hymn,
Though song and hope *seem* dim.

A voice I hear of toilers in the heart
Of city's gloom, who crave for leave to live,
And work, and die like men; who claim their part
In this world's heritage. Shall we not give
An answer to that cry,
Lest patience in them die?

Another voice I hear—a Woman's wail
For sister women trampled under foot
Out of God's likeness; crushed outside the pale
That shelters happier ones. Lo! at the root
Of womanhood's ideal
Creeps the low real!

After it come in surging waves of sound
The women's voices *all*—with "Set us free!"
"Too long the slave of slaves; too long the round
Of sacrifice *unconscious* daily we
Invoke. We too would rise
Through *conscious* sacrifice!"

And then I hear the voice of Israel old,
Singing of country and of home, in tones
That stir the nations. . . Echoes that enfold
Soft yearning visions of her very stones.
Ah! voice of Israel, say,
Dost hail the dawning day?

Forth from the wilderness it calls thy race
Who, having kept their fathers' faith alway,
Still long for Palestine, for mother's face,
And for Jerusalem still hope and pray;
Their harps once more are strung,
And hope again is young.

Ah! voices of the weak and the despised,
Break forth in singing, for your day has come!
The darkest hour is by the dawn surprised,
And those that wander, *they* are nearest home.
Sad voices sob and fall,
But never cease to call.

For do ye not throb with the sacred strain
That calls on man to join in brotherhood;
And do ye not rise on strong wings of pain,
To save true woman through her motherhood?
Ah! brothers, sisters, greet
These voices strange and sweet.

Greet every trembling voice of dawning day;
The voices whispering through the rustling reeds,
The voices swirling through the surging sway,
The voices murmuring through the swelling seeds.
One song, one hope they hymn,
Though song and hope *seem* dim.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

The Higher Education of Women in Scotland.

REMINISCENCES OF ITS DEVELOPMENT.

BY CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

IN spite of the fact that English writers and speakers on the subject of women rarely mention Scottish education at all, and never correctly, there is some interest, even to those not directly concerned, in the progress of affairs in the north. The whole cannot be justly treated in the course of a magazine article, and it has seemed to me wiser, even at the risk of being misunderstood, to tell its story as a personal reminiscence. A soldier in a campaign gives a different kind of picture from that of a telegraphic correspondent. While there is something of limitation in the horizon of an eye-witness, there is a better opportunity of exactitude in detail, within that limited sphere, a chance of local colour, and an opportunity of adding anecdotes to dull statistics.

Ever since the Reformation in the sixteenth century, at least, Scotland had schools in every parish, open to girls as well as boys; with High Schools in the greater towns and Burgh Schools in the smaller towns. Some of the former and all the latter were open to girls. I have not learned the exact date of the foundation of the Normal Schools or Colleges for the training of teachers—but these also with their examinations and certificates were open to women. On the disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843, the parish schools were greatly multiplied, and new Normal Schools for teachers were founded by the Free Church. This may be considered as the earliest form of the Higher Education of women in Scotland. The pioneer in the modern system of the secondary education of girls was Mr. Oliphant, who in Charlotte Square opened his well-known school in 1846. There were mixed classes in the lower forms, but the boys were drafted out to a special education in the High Schools about twelve; and above that age Mr. Oliphant concerned himself with the education of girls alone. Many imitators, and even rivals, arose as time went on, but the demand was great and there was opportunity for all. Girls came from all parts of the world to be educated in Edinburgh, and there were a number of high class ladies' schools that received boarders. But the chief teachers were all men, "visiting Professors," as they were called.

The chief points I wish to note at present are the comparative *dates*. For every statement I make I have contemporary authority, printed or written, to support my memories. The first great event that I can remember was the opening of the Edinburgh University Local Examinations to *girls* as well as to boys, in 1865, the same year as they were opened tentatively in Cambridge. Many girls took advantage of this opportunity, and the proportion that passed was creditable. In that same year a "literary society" was started by some young girls who had just left Mr. Hunter's school. Their central idea was the co-operative support of a little magazine, as a voice for their opinions, and an opportunity of improving their style. In the second year, in which I joined, discussions on various subject were arranged. I remember that the very first debate was on the subject, "Ought women to be strong-minded?" Many interesting remarks in favour of education were made by some of the older women, who, however, all made it clear that there should be a *hedge round the sphere of women*. It was very near the end of the hour that my neighbour gave me a gentle push and whispered "You say something!" Immediately many eyes

turned on me. With a heart pounding like a pair of sledge hammers, with trembling knees, flushed forehead, swimming eyes, and a voice, that though faint seemed to suffocate me, as if a tennis ball had stuck in my throat, I made my maiden speech, "Ought women to be weak-minded?" That was all. I could say no more. But it was a beginning. In that society, in the hospitable rooms of Mrs. Mair, 25, Abercromby Place, we persevered and helped each other. *Nothing* does girls so much good as discussing a subject. Not only does it induce previous study and consideration of new ideas, not only does it help one to express one's own thoughts, but it has the far higher moral advantage of inculcating patience while opponents do their best to support the other side of the question; patience to hear leads to calmness in judging, and the art of seeing both sides of a question. Many women, since famous, joined that society. It filled a gap many of us had felt in our lives. The attendance was regular, and one may say that the discussions were always more or less good, though the habit of having not only two opposing papers but two seconding papers, left comparatively little for mere speakers to say on the more prominent points. These discussions made me feel all the more bitterly the exclusion of women from the University. Why should it be open to my brother, who did not care to enter it, and be closed to me, who wished so much to go? This was the first case of inequality that roused in me the sense of the injustice dealt out to women. Nothing in my home life had suggested it. But I felt that few or none of the young men I knew were equal mentally to the women I met at these discussions, and yet things were made so much more advantageous to men, and their opinions were thought necessarily superior.

At the close of one of our discussion meetings, in 1867, a chance came to us all. Mrs. Crudelius, with her friends Mrs. Daniell and Mrs. Rankin, had conceived the idea of securing at least University classes for women, had formed an association, and had received cordial promises of co-operation from various University Professors, chiefly Professor Masson and Professor Lawrie. She came to tell us of her hopes and plans. It was not a subject for discussion. Nobody spoke much afterwards; I believe some had heard of it before, and others were thinking. She seemed to me to look sadly and appealingly around. But the thought had been smouldering so long in my soul, it burst into flame at her words. I slipped round by the back of the benches to the little table by which she stood, and on which she had some papers and announcements, "Put my name down as a student, and I guarantee to bring a dozen at least along with me!" The gleam that shot over her pale face kindled my heart with gratitude and admiration. Very soon a long list of ordinary members of the Association for the Higher Education of Women, and as long a list of honorary members, were drawn up. The first public meeting of the Association took place in October, 1867. The prospectus opened with the words:

"Notwithstanding the numerous educational appliances existing in Edinburgh, young ladies who have completed the usual curriculum of private schools have no way of obtaining the higher education in Science, Philosophy and Literature which our Universities offer to young men. This Association has been organised to supply that want."

It differed from all previous organisations in having, from the first, a determination to have no different standard in lectures or examinations from that of the University, and no lecturers except University professors. Indeed, it shortly changed its name into the "Association for

the University Education of Women." The subjects necessary for a Degree in Arts at Edinburgh were "Latin, Greek, Mathematics, English Literature, Logic and Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy and Physical Science." Any of these subjects, being "inside Arts," Mrs. Crudelius was content to commence with, but it was the unanimous opinion that English Literature should come first, and as Professor Masson had been invited by some other ladies to give them a course of lectures on that subject the two centres combined. Mrs. Crudelius felt that she was nearly sure of twenty to twenty-five students. On enthusiastic days she even dreamed that Professor Masson's renown *might* attract eighty or a hundred. The delight of all concerned may be imagined, when *two hundred and sixty-five* ladies enrolled themselves as students, besides occasional visitors admitted under certain restrictions. I do not know if even yet, in any University, a larger class of women has come together in any year. And they did not disgrace themselves. The reports of the examiners were most encouraging. Professor Masson pointed out how well his better students must have been trained previously to have done so well now, and Mr. Nicholson, the University Examiner, said he felt sure many of the ladies would have taken a high place in a degree examination, and "their answers contrast with the general run of the University students, in being more succinct and to the point, with less verbosity and long-windedness for the mere display of knowledge or clouding of ignorance, and in the best of them by more entire freedom from confusion or error. The Association is entitled to be regarded, so far as it has gone, as a splendid success."

Mrs. Crudelius, who refused from the first to be President of her own foundation, became its indefatigable Honorary Secretary. Its very success caused a great increase in her work. Letters from all parts of the country came pouring in, giving encouragement, or asking advice. These had to be answered. In a letter written by her to Madame Kunz on June 5th, 1868, she said:

"My aim is the throwing open of the University to us, not the organising of a special college for women. Hence my wish to go cautiously."

At the opening of the second session in November, 1868, she wrote to Professor Masson:

"I like the idea of the Professor's gown being worn very much indeed. I think it will give it quite an academical air. . . . Is it the case that most of the Professors here are in favour of opening the University to us? . . . I have felt all along that progress in education should be the leader in the trio (*i.e.*, educational, industrial, political). . . . It is best that we women should do the organising and so forth, but the declaration of men, without its being claimed openly by us, that injustice has been done us, and the time has come to rectify it, will do us service."

In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 21st, 1868, was an article concerning our classes that exasperated Mrs. Crudelius, and she felt that justice to the whole movement demanded a reply. But in a letter, January 7th, 1869, she expresses her pleasure at the article written in *The Queen* the week before, warmly acknowledging the superiority of our system. On January 12th, 1869, she again writes:

"Dr. Young, of Glasgow, has written me. Their scheme is faulty in all respects but one. . . . It is a point worth a good deal that Glasgow has admitted women within the walls of its University. There are 100 students in Professor Nichol's class."

The three classes selected for our session, 1868-9, were English Literature, Logic and Psychology, and Experimental Physics. Professor Masson had 129 students, Professor Fraser 65, and Professor Tait 141. Professor Masson was for a second time highly pleased with

the work of his class of "Literature." From Professor Fraser's report I may quote a few lines :

"I opened the class with a very obscure future. It was the first attempt of the kind in Great Britain to induce women to exercise and strengthen the higher intellectual powers by a systematic study of logic and the other sciences comprehended in mental philosophy. I allowed no abatement of academical severity in lectures, examinations or other exercises."

But he found that women were not inferior to men in work, or even in enthusiasm, and believed that many of his students could have graduated in Honours.

Professor Tait was at first a hesitating supporter. A private friend met him going northward over the North Bridge in academical hours.

"Hullo, Tait! How are you? Where are you off to now?"

"Oh, I have come down in the world," said he, with a dubious expression.

"How, my dear fellow?"

"Oh, I have taken to lecturing to women!"

"I had heard of that! Are they so *very* inferior?"

"Not so much as one would have thought, after all. They are mostly fools, of course, but then the men are mostly idiots!" This would seem to be but a variation of Mrs. Poyser's opinion.

Professor Tait put us through a severe test. Instead of the printed papers hitherto offered to us to be considered at leisure in a quiet class-room, we found him on the platform at the first examination, and as the hour struck, he said, in a rasping voice, "I am going to read you out the questions. I do not want long answers, so I shall just read one at a time. Exactly in ten minutes after the first question I shall read the second." Much of our nervous energy was used up by this method, and we were denied the benefit of unconscious cerebration concerning the later questions while we were writing the earlier ones.

It is quite certain none of us did our best. Miss Lumsden (afterwards known at Girton) was so disgusted with her work she was taking her paper away with her. When I understood this, I snatched it out of her coat pocket and gave it to the Secretary :

"Only think how many marks you would lose if you did not give in the first paper!" said I excitedly.

"I do not think I would lose many through that paper. I am glad we have numbers instead of names. I am ashamed of it," said she.

But she won the second prize, and I always felt proud of the maternal share I had had in her success, by capturing that first paper. For Professor Tait was surprised into satisfaction. He said he had undertaken the lectures with considerable hesitation, but he "looked upon the experiment as a very successful one indeed. A considerable number passed with great credit, and there were a few whose answers could scarcely have been improved."

At the close of the second session Mrs. Daniell had a long talk with me. Miss Davies had written to her to see if she could induce any of our students to join her venture at Hitchin. She offered me £300, which would take the form of a bursary to defray my expenses for three years, if I would go. I refused, not only because I did not wish to leave home, but because I thought our affairs in Edinburgh were more promising. Thus I had the chance of being one of the first Hitchin half-dozen, as well as one of the Edinburgh pioneers. The beautiful Hopetoun Rooms where we had commenced our classes had been bought by the Merchant School Company. The great founda-

tions of George Heriot and others had increased in wealth so much that the trustees wished to make them of public benefit. Hence they opened large secondary schools provided with a full curriculum at very low fees, examinations, prizes, bursaries; and everything was opened to girls as well as to boys—though in separate buildings. I *believe* that 2,000 girls entered Queen Street School alone in October, 1869, the precursor of girls' High Schools. This great scheme ruined many of the *smaller* preparatory schools; good of their kind as they were, they could not compete with endowed schools. Later the proprietors became masters in the Merchant Schools at good salaries. These did our Association some good, however, by advising their pupils to study in preparation for our classes, thus suggesting, for the first time, a continuity of aim in a girl's life. On account of this purchase of the Merchant School, our Association had to take a set of lecture rooms in 117, George Street, where our next session was opened. The health of Mrs. Crudelius, always delicate, failed under the hard work, and Miss Hamilton and Miss Dundas assisted her and allowed her to go abroad. Mrs. Daniell found it her duty to go and live at St. Andrews with her mother; Mrs. Ranken also had to retire from the post of Treasurer, but other willing workers took up the duties of the three founders. Other classes were opened in the winter session of 1869-70, and still satisfied the examiners. One student obtained full marks in mathematics; and the first student in experimental physics gave in the best papers Professor Tait had ever seen. It is so long since, that I may be pardoned for stating that she was Miss Dunlop, afterwards the wife of Professor Lindsay, of Glasgow. Some of the professors were too busy to help. On the 11th of March, 1870, Mrs. Crudelius wrote to Professor Masson, "The simple solution of all our difficulty would undoubtedly be mixed classes, but that cannot be mooted in the Association. You in the University will have to work that." There was a class of botany held also in the summer at the Botanical Gardens, with whose work Professor Balfour was well pleased. Mrs. Crudelius, writing on the 10th of January, 1871, to Professor Masson, says :—

"If the meeting of the Senatus next Monday goes against us, the Association will again be the great hope, and advancing 'slow and sure' may get us really all that can be desired."

But the University action in regard to female education was disorganised through a new element. Some ladies had come to the city with the intention of studying medicine under the leadership of Miss Jex-Blake, and with the warm support of Professor and Mrs. Masson, and the Misses Stevenson.

The *Scotsman*, the leading paper, was just, and inclined to be friendly, till an event occurred which I think I may now relate—it is all so long ago. Miss Jex-Blake, as a general, commanded her forces with a certain amount of discipline. One of the ladies, Mrs. Helen De Lacy Evans, a sister of Mrs. Daniell's, had attracted the editor so seriously that he asked her to marry him. She was afraid to answer him, and referred him to Miss Jex-Blake. Mr. Russel called on her and in his humorous way, gravely asked the general "if he might ring his own *K'hnell*?" After some consultation Mr. Russel retired content, but Mrs. De Lacy Evans received the following short letter from her aggrieved commander, "Oh! Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Evans, Oh!" echoing Thomson's line, "Oh Sophonisba, Sophonisba Oh." Thereafter the tone of the *Scotsman* was more than friendly. I know that the non-success

of the lady medicals has always been written large against Edinburgh. But one ought to take into consideration certain extenuating circumstances. At that time *no University* in this country admitted women. The Edinburgh medical professors had already very large classes, were exceedingly busy, and were not inclined to double their work. They *might*, of course, have had mixed classes, but to that some of the professors and nearly all of the male students objected.

Men take a certain time to make up their minds to a certain course of action, when a new idea is suddenly presented to them. If they think their hand is likely to be forced they are almost certain to give a negative answer. So it was in this case. Few of the professors objected to the Arts classes and a liberal education for women, to the idea of a degree even, but the professional classes—there were complex issues bound up in them that could not be settled off-hand. Meanwhile the lady medicals were being taught by friendly professors, and some extra-mural lecturers. Miss Peachey's papers should have won a prize. But the male students objected that the prize was not open to those who had not matriculated; and that if extra-mural teaching was to be good enough to admit women it must be made good enough to admit men also. Inflammatory declamations in the lads' discussion societies proved that they had a real grievance, and stirred an *esprit de corps*, so that when one excited youth over-stepped the mark, most of the others felt bound to support him. To restore peace, the medical professors decided against the women, and were set upon their guard against all future advances. It is not too much to say, that the over-early appearance of the medical ladies in Edinburgh delayed the opening of the University to us of the Arts classes for twenty years. But all our sympathies went out to them (only we could do so little). We combined in such classes as botany, so as to lighten their burden as much as we could. It was at the botanical class I met them and made their acquaintance.

I may give a little anecdote that shows the relation the mere average man held to the movement. At the time of the British Association meeting in Edinburgh in the autumn of 1871, I was escorted to one of the conversaciones by my uncle, Dr. Walter Scott Carmichael. In the University library there were refreshments, and he courteously secured ices for two ladies who stood near us. Returning to my side, he said: "By the way, I want you to point out Miss Jex Blake to me. I have written a song, and called her a man."

I made frantic efforts to silence him, but he was a little deaf.

"I beg your pardon, what did you say?" asked he.

"Get me an ice, please!" I replied, nearly at my wits' end. Following him towards the table, in a clear space, I whispered in his best ear, "Uncle! those ladies you assisted were Miss Jex Blake and Miss Peachey!"

"Those! why they are just like any other women! Why did you not introduce me?"

"I did not know you wished me to do so till it was too late!"

"Come and introduce me now!" said he firmly, marching off towards them with a cup of coffee in each hand. I had to follow. I performed my duty modestly, for Miss Jex Blake was a very great person in the horizon of an ordinary student. But I saw she was gratified. Man-like, however, my uncle dropped off with the younger woman, and left me to discuss with the senior the characteristics of woody fibre and the chivalry of Professor Masson. Some months after-

wards I met my uncle. "The lovely Edith called upon me!" he said rather excitedly.

The elderly bachelor uncle was still a bit of a beau, and I supposed he referred to some pretty miss he had met at a dancing party. I ignored his remark, which he repeated, adding, "Miss Peachey, I mean!"

"Miss Peachey called on you?" I said astonished.

"Yes; she is canvassing for votes to admit women to clinical study in the Royal Infirmary. I said if I had twenty votes I would give them all to her!"

"After all? Then will you put her into your song about the medical women?"

"No! I burnt that. It was rubbish."

I give this as an illustration of one method of altering the current of a man's opinions about women.

The classes carried other advantages with them.

(To be continued)

Women's Suffrage.

AN important drawing-room meeting has been arranged through the kindness of Mrs. Roberts Austen, to take place at the Royal Mint, Tower Hill, Mark Lane Station, on June 30th, at 3.30. A large number of speakers have been invited to address the meeting on the subjects: the importance of making an effort to secure the Suffrage during *this* century and in *this* reign, the methods best calculated to secure this, and the urgent need of heroic efforts being made to supply funds, the sinews, not only of war, but of all peaceful progress and social improvement. Tickets may be had from the Suffrage Societies.

Mrs. Roberts Austen has long interested herself in women's needs. It was she who first suggested the idea of a woman's department in the great Jubilee Exhibition. She even held a public meeting at which the arrangements were discussed, but it drifted into other hands later on.

She has just come out at the head of the poll, both as Parish and as District Councillor, at her country home in the Guildford District, and she intends TO WORK.

Some of the readers of SHAFTS may not know that it is at the *residence* of Mrs. Roberts Austen that the meeting is to take place. Most will know well that Mrs. Roberts Austen has often given her drawing-room to such noble use, and would have done so earlier this year had not her election, as referred to in the notice, necessitated a postponement.

Mr. Roberts Austen, C.B., F.R.S., Hon. Sec. of the British Association, is also the chief Metallurgical Chemist in the country and chief official at the Royal Mint.

An Unspoken Speech at the Grosvenor Crescent Club.

THE Grosvenor Crescent Club is great on celebrities and we gathered in crowds one Tuesday night to see and hear Mr. Zangwill.

Some of us were celebrities ourselves, such as Janet Achurch, Mr. Charrington and, possibly, a poor young man who tried to make a speech, but unfortunately out loud and not to himself as I made mine.

As well as the crowd of the celebrated and uncelebrated, there was another little crowd of reporters, who all fled incontinently as soon as Mr. Zangwill closed his lips. Now, why did they offer that gratuitous insult to the rest of the debaters, who might also be celebrities? or might become such at any rate by a five minutes' letting off of fireworks in the atmosphere that Mr. Zangwill had left bubbling with his fantastic efforts to prove that "Fiction is the highest form of truth"?

I myself, for one had intended, fully intended, to become celebrated by a speech—which I did not make, of course, after the reporters were gone. It would have been waste of time.

For that and more reasons all the other speeches were waste of time, *e.g.*, Mr. Charrington's, burdened as usual with rather heavy repartee, as though one were to parry the fencing of Mr. Zangwill's needle blade with a shillelagh. It was Miss D'Estre Keeling who announced that she had meant to use that weapon however. I do not know that she did, in spite of the valorous announcement; she also, as usual, contented herself by dropping Irish remarks with that plaintive intonation which is so piquant when the character of the remarks is aggressive and the countenance of the speaker innocent and impassive. This speech also was waste of time. The illuminative power of lightning is defective by reason of brevity. Why are smart sayings like lightning? Because they are, illuminatively, waste of time—waste of very little time of course, each one, but when they set the air *ajerk ad infinitum*, then equally of course one has waste of time *ad infinitum*—*i.e.*, eternal waste of time.

Now for a couple of hours on Tuesday night we lived in the jerky atmosphere of fireworks—an environment of smart things, crackers let off by Mr. Zangwill and others. It was *very* disconcerting. I, who am a most serious person, was most disconcerted—dizzy with the excitement of this smartness. It affected my intellect as a switchback ride affects my lungs—my brain becomes breathless and I could not make that delightful though serious speech I had contemplated making—to the reporters and the rest of the audience.

I want to make it now—now that my brain has got its breath and now that even the smoke of the fireworks is lost to identification.

My speech is this—I have made it many a time, and I know it by heart:—Why are we so reluctant to be serious—to allow anybody else to be serious even over metaphysics, even over morals, even over truth?

We were supposed the other night to come to the shrine of Truth—and Fiction, in one. Mr. Zangwill, long-haired, broad-headed, oriental, of non-committal countenance, was to officiate at the shrine—with dignity, with reverence, in earnest, as a priest, worthily—or how?

Well, I am sorry, but the shrine of Truth—and Fiction, in one—was approached by Mr. Zangwill as if it were a Tom Tiddler's ground—he danced up to the altar with delicious audacity (it was very amusing to watch him) and retreated, still on the dance, afraid to be caught by the deity of Truth or Tom Tiddler, in case, yes, in case people should not laugh any more! It was for the same reason that I did not make

my speech; I was cowardly enough to be afraid that I should not make people laugh, being a serious person, and not in the least smart like the rest of the debaters.

And yet, Mr. Zangwill really had an offering to lay upon the altar—and that a good and great one—moreover he managed to lay it there in all his dancings to and fro, back and forth about the dreaded shrine.

It was the offering of that faith which I wish more of us had, in the ideal as real truth, in art-expression as the lofty forerunner perhaps of act-expression.

But why smile and smile and smile to cover the villainy of being a high priest of the beautiful, which is most beautiful when serious? Why act upon the pattern of ancient Israel and dance before the altar. To please deity? or priest? or people?

Ah! *do* let us be serious. For—yes I know, great, great is the satisfaction of being smart. But how much, much more that of being serious—that one may take the trouble to write a speech instead of speaking it.

E. H.

The Fool's Prayer.

THE royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel down for us and make a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis by our guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and light, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from Heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth that we have kept—
We know how sharp it pierced and stung;
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no blossoms for mistakes,
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed. In silence rose
The King, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

From "Wit and Wisdom."

Progress by Proved Worth.

BY MRS. HARRIET STANTON BLATCH.

[*Read at the recent Congressional hearing on Woman Suffrage*].

It is often urged that women stand greatly in need of training in citizenship, before being finally received into the body politic. This argument is usually put forward, in a tone of weighty wisdom, by the opponent who thinks his demand is only prompted by a question of national welfare, when in truth it results from never taking cognisance of the fact that women are the first class who have asked for the right of citizenship, after their ability for political life had been proved.

I have seen in my time two enormous extensions of the suffrage to men—one in America, and one in England. But neither the negro in the south nor the agricultural labourers in Great Britain had shown, before they got the ballot, any capacity for government; for they had never had the opportunity to take the first baby steps in political action. Very different has been the history of the march of women towards a recognised position in the State. We have had to prove our ability at each stage of progress, and have gained nothing without having satisfied a test of capacity. The history of the conferring upon women of the right to vote for and to be elected members of school boards in England, illustrates this point, and is typical in women's political achievements in other lines. Before the Education Acts of 1870, women were appointed here and there as school managers, because some local circumstance made the need of them felt. When the new departure in education was made, and election boards established, it was but a natural development, a conservative recognition of their usefulness, for women to become elected representatives on the new educational bodies. By proved worth in the first position women gained popular assent to the exercise of a further privilege of citizenship. And so in America, after having been appointed or elected to small township offices, they have passed on to wider spheres in county or State, and finally have been elected to legislatures. In England there are to-day over 2,000 women sitting as popularly elected representatives on School Boards, Boards of Guardians and Parish and District Councils. These women are elected to perform these important duties of citizenship time after time, and are almost invariably returned at the head of the poll. All this surely is a quiet, steady, reasonable verdict upon how women carry out their work as administrative officers.

The right to vote has always been considered more sacred than the right to be elected to office, and has consequently been more guarded and more cautiously conferred. Therefore, to urge that women have proved useful to the community as officials does not convince a political student that they are fitted to be electors. Nor do I wish to claim their fitness on such grounds. I rest our demand here, as in the other case, upon the safe foundation of proved ability. We were given a small local vote here, or the school suffrage there, and wider and wider duties were conferred only after capacity for government was shown in the narrow sphere. Nowhere has complete enfranchisement been conferred on women as it was on negroes, with a stroke of the pen. Slowly, step by step, women have gained every vote in England except the parliamentary suffrage; just as slowly in America they have made their way until, in a few States, they are now full citizens. The last franchise in England will be conferred when public opinion is fully convinced

of the conscientious manner in which women are exercising the rights they have, and the older and more conservative States of the Union will give vote after vote to us, as we prove the value of our work in political life. The contention of our opponents then, that we must get political training before claiming citizenship, is but a display of ignorance regarding the history of our emancipation; for our political evolution has not come through abstract reasoning about man's natural rights, but as the result, if I may be permitted the phrase, of a civil service examination of a searching nature, into our capacity for citizenship.

Now, as proved worth has been the rule of our progress so far, it is evident that along that line future efforts must be made. The value of a voter depends largely upon the conscientious manner in which he endeavours to inform himself upon public questions; and, therefore, such associations as the League directed by Dr. Jacobi and Mrs. Sanders, in New York, in so far as they are forming a scholarly habit in the study of political questions among women, are building up a class which will have on that account an irresistible claim to citizenship. When the various clubs of women the country over have developed more thoroughly their study of political and economic problems, they will have educated all their members into seeing that a republic must have from each and all of its citizens self-denial and devotion; that there is no room for the shirk except under a Russian despotism.

The public demand for proved worth suggests, too, another, and what appears to me the chief and most convincing argument upon which our future claims must rest. I refer to the growing recognition of the economic value of the work of women. I intentionally do not say an increase in their work; for it is a popular mistake to suppose that women are rushing in large numbers into gainful pursuits. This false impression has come about by women of the well-to-do class taking it for granted that the doings of their tiny body are of great importance and typical of all classes. For instance, because women architects increased from one to twenty-two in the years between 1870 and 1890, chemists, assayers and metallurgists from nothing to forty-six, and women in the ministry from 67 to 1,237, it has been hastily concluded that these enormous percentages (though, mark you, absurdly small absolute numbers) were characteristic of industrial employments. But no less an authority than Carroll D. Wright truly says: "The proportion of women labourers is increasing a little less than three per cent." However, although it is a mistake to say that women are adopting gainful pursuits in largely increased proportion, and although we cannot claim for them any great advance in efficiency, there has been a marked change in the estimate of our position as wealth-producers. We have never been supported by men; for if all men laboured hard every hour of the twenty-four, they could not do all the work of the world. A few worthless women there are, but even they are not so much supported by the men of their family as by the overwork of the "sweated" women at the other end of the social ladder. From creation's dawn our sex has done its full share of the world's work. Sometimes we have been paid for it, but oftener not.

Unpaid work never commands respect. It is the paid worker that has brought to the public mind conviction of our worth. The spinning and weaving done by our great grandmothers in their own homes was not reckoned as national wealth, until the work was carried to the factory and organised there, and the women, who followed their work, were paid according to its commercial value. It is the women of the

industrial class, the wage-earners, reckoned by the hundreds of thousands, and not by units, the women whose work has been submitted to a money test, who have been the means of bringing about the altered attitude of public opinion towards women's work in every sphere of life.

If we recognise the democratic side of our cause, and make an organised appeal to industrial women on the ground of their need of citizenship, and to the nation on the ground of its need that all wealth-producers should form part of its body politic, the close of the century might witness the building of a true republic in the United States.

Reprinted from The "Woman's Journal," Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

A Man's Word for Woman.

By this we hold:—no man is wholly great,
Or wise, or just, or good,
Who would not dare his all, to reinstate
Earth's trampled womanhood.

No seer sees truly, save as he discerns
The crowned, co-equal right;
No lover loves divinely, till he burns
Against her foes to fight.

That Church is fallen, proud as Lucifer,
God's bolts that hath not hurled
Against the tyrants who have outraged her,
The priestess of the world.

That Press whose minions, slavish and unjust,
Bid her in fetters die
Toils, in the base behalf of pride and lust,
To consecrate a lie.

Once it was Christ whom Judas with a kiss
Betrayed, the Spirit saith;
But now, 'tis woman's heart inspired by this
That man consigns to death.

Each village hath its martyrs; every street
Some house that is a hell;
Some woman's heart, celestial, pure, and sweet,
Breaks with each passing bell.

There are deep wrongs too infinite for words,
Men dare not have revealed;
And, in our midst, insane, barbaric hordes
Who make the law their shield.

Arise then, O Woman, grasp the mighty pen,
By inspirations driven;
Scathe the sophistries of cruel men,
With voices fresh from heaven.

Man smiting thee, moves on from war to war;
All rights with thine decease,
Rise, throned with Christ in his pure morning star,
And charm the world to peace.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

Helpful Societies.

THE Maternity Society of England is doing a good work. The Executive Committee will be glad to receive new members, and any aid such may be able to give. All information can be obtained from the Misses Cole, Hon. Secs., 6, Southampton Street, Strand.

Victims of the Potteries and of "Phossy Jaw."

THE disgraceful conditions under which the poor workers in the potteries are suffering, are again made out to be a case for special interference with *women's labour*. Again, knowing the entire single-hearted justice which my friend, the Editress of SHAFTS is anxious to mete out to men and women alike, I write to ask her to fight against the proposed attack on women's work. It sounds of course all that is fair and right and honourable, that women should be protected, but pause! why should women be protected at the expense of men? No, once for all, let us put aside all sophistries and boldly state what is bad for a woman, even if it be less bad, *is bad* for a man, and we refuse to take part in any agitation which, according to a contemporary, would be voiced as follows, by Mr. Asquith if he were Home Secretary:

"You shall either use harmless glazes or cease to employ women or children. Make your own choice."

I say, certainly protect the children in which everway is most expedient, and as to the adult workers of both sexes, absolutely forbid, as the Government could do almost by the stroke of a pen, the use of lead in the enamel trade, which a manager asserted lately was not necessary to be used *at all*.

Insist on the employers rendering their work as innocuous as it is possible to make it, and the same argument applies to the match trade—insist on healthy conditions.

Do not set about tinkering at the reform, by trying to get women and children out of it—get it made healthy for all workers.

When these pitiful victims are brought before us, don't let us be so selfish as to say, how terrible for women, we must get this altered; but how terrible for the workers, we must claim for them the right to be treated at least with the consideration with which slave-owners would treat them—even they, in their own interest, endeavoured to keep their slaves in health, but with us in Christian England, our great manufacturers seem as if they would answer, when they are confronted with their victims, "There are more where they came from." Alas! for the hardening of hearts made hard by the curse of gold!

MADELEINE GREENWOOD.

"It may be doubted if the people of the West ever overcome the impression made upon them by the first view of a camel equipped and loaded for the desert. Custom, so fatal to other novelties, affects this feeling but little. At the end of long journeys with caravans, after years of residence with the Bedouin, the Western-barn, wherever they may be, will stop and wait the passing of the stately brute. The charm is not in the figure, which not even love can make beautiful, nor in the movement, the noiseless stepping, or the broad career. As is the kindness of the sea to a ship, so is that of the desert to its creature. It clothes him with all its mysteries; in such manner, too, that while we are looking at him we are thinking of them; therein is the wonder."

"To begin a reform, go not into the palaces of the great, go rather to those whose cups of happiness are empty—to the poor and humble."—From "*Ben Hur*."

"RIGHTS ALL ROUND. Have men rights? Have animals rights? And, if so, how do these rights stand related to each other? Such are the questions propounded in the course of representative lectures organised by the Humanitarian League. The humanitarian feeling of the people of this country has gradually developed, until now there is hardly an animal which is not more or less protected by a clause in some Act of Parliament. The object of the Humanitarian League is not, however, confined to the protection of animals other than man, and those who support it will be doing something to lift and elevate the whole human race. Animals should be regarded as having been made primarily, like ourselves, to express some aspect of the nature of God; and secondarily, for themselves just as we for ourselves."

—From a Lecture by The Rev. W. A. Lilley

A Glance Round the Field.

BY C. S. BREMNER.

IRELAND is going ahead in the matter of widening woman's sphere. It was only in 1896 that it became legal to elect women as Poor Law Guardians. Forthwith eleven were elected and served for a year with much benefit to the different Boards which accepted their services. During the recent elections, the Hon. Secretary of the Dublin Women's Suffrage and Poor Law Guardians' Association, Mrs. Haslam, reports that ten ladies were re-elected and six new ones elected: in all sixteen. A fresh election is to be held at Glenties and another at Rathmines, so that the roll is not yet complete. Several ladies headed the poll and one or two were elected for more wards than one, as was the case with Miss Megahey, Belfast. The returns for England are much more difficult to collect, but women are steadily taking up this work. Six years ago, Hull had no woman guardians; now it has six. Southport has five, Manchester and other places has also considerable numbers. The returns may shortly be hoped for from the Women's Local Government Society.

Women owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Louisa Hubbard, who this year edits *The Englishwoman's Year Book* for the last time. (Mr. F. Kirby, Bouverie Street. 1s.) In the preface, Miss Hubbard tells how in 1873 she began to glean hints in all directions to help gentlewomen to obtain remunerative work. In these bad old times women seem to have been ashamed of doing anything but teaching; we are told that *The Handbook of Women's Work*, which appeared first in January, 1875, contained, amongst masses of other information, addresses of depôts where "fancy needlework could be sold under conditions of profound secrecy." The *Handbook* had its title changed to *The Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory* in 1881, the name it has ever since retained. The labour of compiling it has been very great, and most of it has been voluntary. Indeed women may well ask themselves whether they have sufficiently supported and rewarded Miss Hubbard, in not buying a cheap and excellent little book like this by the hundred thousand.

Miss Janes, the well-known Secretary of the National Union of Women Workers, will edit *The Year Book* for 1899, to be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. The price will probably be raised to 2s. 6d., but as the work will be greatly extended and entirely re-written, the sum is anything but exorbitant. Indeed, those who are not personally acquainted with the old *Handbook* and its carefully compiled lists of institutions existing for the benefit of women and children, can have only an inadequate idea of its handiness, usefulness and completeness. Hospitals, schools, colleges, lists of examinations, philanthropic societies to help the deaf, the dumb, lame, halt, blind, religious societies, clubs and boarding houses, all is there, and so methodically arranged, that you cannot fail to find what you seek. Even now the work Miss Janes is editing will largely owe its existence to voluntary help.

The meeting held on May 20th, at Lady Wimborne's house in Arlington Street, on behalf of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, was crowded to overflowing. The Rt. Hon. Jas. Bryce, M.P., occupied the chair, and was assisted by Mrs. Creighton,

wife of the Bishop of London, Sir Robert Giffen and Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc. Mr. Bryce made a strong point of the necessity for not superseding individual effort, but helping people to help themselves. Whether the society can be self-supporting remains for the future to show, but just at present the Committee plead for some £400 or £500 per annum to get the work of the bureau under weigh. Mrs. Creighton alluded to the fact that Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham have recently started bureaux for the employment of women, and stated that the Central Bureau would make a point of exchanging lists with these at regular intervals, so that applicants might have every advantage.

Sir Robert Giffen spoke practically and seriously on the point of "spheres." No question of the sort was involved. Commenting on a speaker's allusion to the fact that women did not wish to take the bread out of the mouths of men, he observed that one half the world had as much right to live as the other, and for his part affirmed there were cases where a half was better than the whole. One half of a good trade or business was better than the whole of a small monopoly. The speaker had no fear of competition between men and women. The auxiliary forces needed to be enlisted, and the wealth of the country, Mrs. Bryant added, would not be lessened by the addition of women's work.

Yet another Hall of Residence is to be opened for women students at a University College, this time at Liverpool. An excellent family mansion has been taken at 163, Edge Lane, an exceptionally healthy part of the city; the rent is guaranteed for two years by a kind friend, Miss Holt, and promises of furniture and donations have been received. Wives of professors and others interested in women's education have for some time held the opinion that lack of a recognised place of residence has deterred women from taking advantage of Liverpool College facilities, and have exerted themselves successfully to establish one. The house in Edge Lane is being altered and decorated by Mr. Simpson, Director of the Art School, and the system adopted will be that of study-bedrooms, as at Newnham College. At present there are sixty women studying at Liverpool; fourteen resident students can be accommodated in the Hall, which it is intended to open in the autumn. The resident wardens will be Miss G. L. Broadbent, M.A. (Victoria), herself a former student of University College, and Miss L. M. Roberts, of St. Hilda's, Oxford, and the Ecole des Chartes, Paris. It ought not to be forgotten that the late Principal of Liverpool College, Professor G. H. Rendell, now Head Master of the Charterhouse School, by his policy of throwing everything open to women, prepared the way for this fresh development.

Although interest in Armenia is no longer what it was a couple of years ago, the Women's Armenian Relief Fund still continues to send out money for the support of Dr. Raynold's industrial bureau at Van. The bureau was begun by a brave American missionary, Dr. Grace Kimball, who now holds a medical appointment in Vassar College, U.S.A. Dr. Kimball, after witnessing the terrible massacre at Van in the summer of 1896, in which day and night she attended to the wounds of the suffering Armenians, had the misfortune, on her way home to the States, to witness the terrible massacres in Constantinople in August of that year. The Women's Relief Committee (Mrs. Cole,

r, Trebovir Road, Earls court) have now sent out nearly £16,000, and every week have as yet been able to make remittances to Dr. Raynolds.

The Belgian Labour Department has just published the result of an inquiry into the industrial employment of women and girls at night in certain countries, undertaken by desire of the Minister of Industry and Labour, M. Maurice Ansiaux. France, Switzerland, the United Kingdom, Austria and Germany, are the countries from which information has been collected. It is grouped under the following heads:— (1) An analysis of legal enactments bearing on night employments; (2) methods in which such enactments are enforced; (3) their effects on society as a whole, upon industry, morality and domestic life; and (4) proposals for extending or restricting these regulations. The Netherlands Law of 1889 regulating the employment of women and children, and the New Zealand Law of 1894 for the regulation of factories and workshops are also quoted and examined.

William Ewart Gladstone.

TICKETS for delegates belonging to the various Liberal Associations were given out at the National Liberal Club on the morning of Friday, the 27th, to view the lying in state, at Westminster Hall, of one of the greatest statesmen this country has ever produced. This ticket entitled the holder to pass the public barriers to the lower slope of the Victoria Embankment, and so punctually at 5.30 I arrived, and found a huge procession of men and women standing patiently waiting till the hour appointed to move on towards Westminster Hall. I was struck by the sad expression and sense of irreparable loss on the faces all around me. What is it that has made the feeling of the nation what it is in the loss of Mr. Gladstone? Is it his gifts as a writer, or his wonderful power as an orator, or his deep sense of religion? No, I think all these have been factors in attracting to him different minds, but what has so touched the hearts of the women is his simple goodness in his home life, and his deep pity for those, who have, through the harsh judgment of the world, perhaps for some lapse from virtue in early youth, been shut out from the companionship of the good and true and joined the ranks of those "mistaken and gone astray"; this will ever be remembered of him by women. It is only a man as pure as he who could have dared to touch this rescue work, and risk, as he risked, his own reputation in consequence. A clergyman who was at Oxford with him told the following story of him: "A number of young men were making merry and drinking toasts; one of them in the excitement of the moment proposed a toast of an improper description, and Gladstone sat there, young as he was, with an expression of disapproval on his face, and turned his glass upside down; not one word was spoken, but that silent protest won the day, and shamefacedly the man who had proposed the toast sat down." It is this simple purity of ideal, accompanied by this Christ-like pity for the sinned against and sinner, that is the characteristic which drew together so many women in that crowd. His life, as the *Westminster Gazette* said, is beyond reproach.

Therefore, as the representative of all that is great in statesmanship and oratory, combined with "homely virtue" in private life, we women of the Liberal Associations mourn his loss, who, having "served his day and generation, has fallen on peace." The cross at the head of the bier was lent by Canon Wilberforce, at either side of the absolutely plain coffin were lighted candles in tall silver candlesticks swathed in crape. A white silk pall was arranged at the foot of the coffin. The delegates walked four abreast on either side of the catafalque. A plain cross is carved on the lid of the coffin, with a simple brass name-plate. When I reached the top of the steps I paused to gaze down the dimly lighted Hall, and such a touching sight I have never seen before; men, women and children, men of the working classes who held up their boys to see, women with sad eyes holding up infants in their arms, so that someday they should be made to understand what they went to see. Among those who have worked for him and with him, I saw, standing at the top of the stairs, Miss Cons and Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes, Mrs. Bamford Slack, Lady Trevelyan, who walked with the sad procession, Mrs. Fisher Unwin, Mrs. Bryant, D.S., Countess Alice Kearney, Miss Annie Leigh Browne, The Hon. Mrs. Henniker and Mrs. Fordham. Lady Harcourt had kept vigil in the early part of the day for some hours.

MADELEINE GREENWOOD.

Daily Paper for Women.

For the last ten years it has been my desire to start a woman's daily paper. My hope seemed hopeless, nothing is ever really hopeless if the spirit of determination is abroad. I waited. When France set the example, I thought it was time to make the first move in slower England. Consequently some meetings have been held, and it has been found that very many thoughtful, clever women, highly approved of the plan, and were ready to give what help they could towards it. It is a familiar saying, "Rome was not built in a day." No, nothing of importance is ever done all at once, the point for us is that Rome was built. So will our work be done, whatever it may be, if with unflinching hearts, and steady purpose, we set forth to do it, never looking back. Progress moves now with much more rapid strides than it had strength to do fifty, even twenty, yes, even ten years ago, especially progress among women; so that now the position is more promising by far, than when my thoughts first travelled in the direction of a woman's daily paper. What is wanted now is either that two or three women with capital should come forward and start the paper at once, or that we should hold meetings, infuse into the people the spirit of the thing, and make a strong endeavour to gather women in large numbers to support the paper. Each should, I think, have an interest in it. It *must* be a paper that will deal with all questions that concern women specially, while printing also all the news and movements of the day; political, certainly, but not party, discussing questions arising from all discoveries, new truths, etc. But these are details, which belong to preliminary arrangements, and which must be published in programmes later on. Meantime I have sent out the idea; I am leaving it to grow, am holding meetings and trying to induce others to do so. I am glad to see that two very earnest workers, Madame and Mlle. Veigelé, have taken up the cause, and are, I believe, holding meetings. It will not be done in a day, but it will be done, and my hope is that all women will join in hastening its advent. Shortly I shall publish in *SHAFTS* the proposed programme.

Revue de Morale Sociale.

THIS is a new international paper, now in contemplation, of which more will be said in next issue. Its programme is broad, pure and good. If it be carried out as it promises, it will be a great gain to the cause of women, and of a high, noble, social life. Its motto is—*Pro Iustitia*. Several persons of note are interested in it, and we heartily wish it success. Anyone desiring a programme may obtain it by application to this paper.

MANIFESTO.

Nous prenons la liberté de vous informer que nous nous proposons de commencer prochainement la publication d'une Revue internationale dont vous trouverez ci-inclus le programme.

La nature des questions que traitera la *Revue de Morale Sociale* ainsi que les noms des personnes de tous pays qui ont bien voulu prendre avec nous l'initiative de cette œuvre, vous convaincront aisément de son utilité.

Connaissant l'intérêt que vous portez à tous les efforts faits en faveur de la justice et du progrès social, nous venons solliciter votre collaboration financière. La *Revue de Morale Sociale* a besoin de se constituer un capital d'environ 30,000 francs pour assurer ses moyens d'existence, conformément au devis estimatif que nous avons l'avantage de vous soumettre avec la présente.

Veillez nous faire l'honneur de vous inscrire au nombre de ses souscripteurs.

Si, comme nous avons lieu de l'espérer, notre Revue se développe à tel point qu'elle puisse non seulement se suffire à elle-même, mais encore réaliser quelques bénéfices, ceux-ci seront affectés en tout premier lieu au remboursement des sommes qui n'auront par été souscrites à titre de don.

Lorsque le capital nécessaire (30,000 francs) aura été entièrement souscrit, et seulement alors, nous prendrons la liberté de faire encaisser, par les soins de M. A. Galland, Consul d'Angleterre et banquier à Lausanne, la somme que vous aurez bien voulu nous promettre.

Tout souscripteur (ou donateur) d'une somme de 250 francs aura droit à

un abonnement gratuit jusqu'au jour où le montant de sa souscription lui aura été remboursé.

La *Revue de Morale Sociale* paraîtra tous les deux mois en fascicules de 120 pages environ, au prix de 12 francs par an.

En vous priant de nous retourner rempli le formulaire ci-joint et en vous remerciant de l'appui que vous voudrez bien nous donner, nous vous prions, M

, d'agréer l'expression de nos sentiments très distingués.

La Comité de la Revue :

LOUIS BRIDEL, Prof. ; A. DE MEURON,
A. DE MORSIER, H. MINOD,
Mme. PIECZYNSKA, Mlle. C. VIDART,
W. VIOLLIER.

Medicine—VIAVI.

This is a subject seldom treated of in SHAFTS, but we are now on the verge of great changes; and the time has come when women are coming forward here and there with claims to do better for themselves in this study of physiology, in the administering of medicines and the alleviation of suffering, than has been done in the past. It would certainly be difficult for them to do worse, and it seems a little puzzling that women will contentedly allow experiments to be made upon them with the knife by surgeons and with drugs by physicians, will allow this with little fear and great trust, and yet be afraid to try a harmless remedy recommended by women who have tried and proved its efficiency. Viavi is the name of a new medicine offered to the world of women, by the women of the Viavi Company. It is asserted that it acts upon the nervous system and the blood, restoring power to the nerves, and free circulation to the blood, so enabling nature to perform her curative functions. It seems harmless and full of promise. Personally, I do not know sufficient of its action to warrant me in saying, "Go try it," but I think I am fully justified in saying that what is recommended to women as a cure for most of their suffering lives, every woman should make it her duty to examine into. These things are not to be passed lightly by.

The Company, besides caring in this way for women's health by offering their "carefully selected and delicately prepared" medicine, also declare that through it they offer to women a means of lucrative employment. Great care must be exercised in recommending any medicinal agent or alleged commercial employment, but this is no reason why women should not assure themselves of what this is, and all it means.

Correspondence.

IN REGARD TO WOMEN'S PAPERS.

DEAR MADAM,

My heart beats sympathetically with your generous defence of Henrietta Muller's "little venture." You were right, it was not a little venture, but a generous and noble one prompted by love of womenkind, and having their best interests at heart. That it did not succeed financially, detracts nothing from, but rather enhances the value of the generous impulse to which the *Woman's Penny Paper* owed its birth, and the awakening it caused. I for one shall always feel grateful to its founder.

I wish I could help you efficiently with SHAFTS, but my purse is a slender one and the demands upon it infinite.

UNIT.

Window Cleaning.

"BIMBO" is a patent for cleaning windows and other things, for which, see advertisement. I do not as a rule recommend any special advertisement, as I seldom have had the opportunity of fully proving any. This, I *have* tried; I find it excellent and quite up to the standard of its own representations. The great advantage is its dryness, as it saves the hands, also the use of many cloths.