

SHAFTS:

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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What the Editor Means.

Let us "act that each to-morrow,
Find us further than to-day."

MAY I specially draw the attention of my readers and subscribers to the editorial letter in the August issue of *SHAFTS*, which contains an appeal for help. In the struggle which women are making towards freedom, they have now reached a point at which the importance of a journal for women—a journal of the most advanced thought—cannot be too fully estimated. A paper which deals only with advanced, high, more enlarged thought—all that such thought has produced, and is producing—will be more and more read by enlightened, thoughtful women and men, though it must of necessity fight its way step by step.

My earnest conviction is that *SHAFTS* will eventually be very largely read, that it will wake up numbers of women and men, and will induce them to join the ranks of the brave crusaders against all injustice, cruelty and wrong-doing. I hope to succeed in impressing upon the understanding and kind intentions of my readers the very serious fact that *SHAFTS* is being carried on "against fearful odds" for the purpose of bringing hidden things to light, that earnest, intelligent light which means death to all noxious life. Through the diffusion of the knowledge of conditions of things, now existing, unknown to some, unregarded by many, women and good men will learn with astonishment and sorrow how much they might have done had they *known*;—how much they still can do when they *know*. Evil things grow in the darkness, while some enquire not, and some will not even listen. It is our duty to *know*, to know *what is*, and not to be satisfied with what seems.

While we sit at ease, day and night without ceasing, human beings are tortured, ruined, outraged; women and little children. Animals are made to undergo the most horrible tortures on the pretext of discoveries, supposed to be made, of some medical truths to benefit humanity. Much has been done by a few, whose names are household words. But the need is still great, and those who would help must not delay. To keep ourselves and our children ignorant will never speed the ploughshare of truth. Knowledge will give us strength and firmness of purpose. Knowing evil, we cannot be quite inert and apathetic as to its workings and their results.

So also will we judge more clearly of what will benefit humanity.

SHAFTS endeavours to work steadily to such ends as these; for this it needs help. It is difficult to help in large sums, but so many may do so with small sums. One lady puts away a postage stamp each day, sending them to me in the middle of every month. "Just in time to help with the printing bill," she says. Money in such small sums is not missed, and, in the aggregate, its help is great—all that is required.

New official directions are published this month. Will readers and contributors please note. The paper is reduced by one sheet, and, if necessary, will be still further reduced. This, however, will not, I think, be required. A bond of purpose between editor and readers makes a paper powerful to accomplish its work. Such a bond will be greatly strengthened by the present difficulty if met with courage and determination.

I have, to thank most gratefully those kind friends who have already generously responded to my appeal; and though not at liberty to give names, I here insert the sums sent:—F. B., £25; L. C. J., £10; A True Friend, £20; Go On, £5; M. F., £1; P. H., £2; A Reader, £2; L. S., 5s.; A Friend, 13s.; S. A., 5s. Total, £66 3s.

Meetings, Notices, &c.

The discussion meetings at this office will be resumed on Friday, the 6th of October.

Classes for Physiology (for girls) will be held at these offices during the coming season, and will commence when the names of twelve pupils have been enrolled. Terms, 15s. for twelve lessons. The teachers will be ladies.

PICTURE FOR SALE.

A kind friend and sympathiser, not rich, or able to send money, has painted a picture, to be sold for the benefit of *SHAFTS*. It is an oil painting, representing an old woman reading in church, intended to illustrate the idea that as she finds present things drawing to a close, she endeavours to take a peep into what the future life may hold for her.

Will anyone wishing to purchase apply as soon as possible; or, in the event of its not being sold, can anyone suggest a plan of disposal.

The picture is not framed, and can be seen by anyone. It is valued at £5 5s.

M. S. SIBTHORP,

Editor.

A SKETCH WITH A MORAL.

There was once a doctor, also a man of science (so-called). His laboratory was a hell upon earth—a slaughter-house "for the benefit of science."

He vivisected hundreds of God's lower creatures to make some discovery which always eluded him. To problematically obtain for some of the human species a few years longer life he metamorphosed himself into a fiend. Though it was scarcely for the human species; in fact, as he worked they were not in his mind except, possibly, in the idea of his own fame. He was a fiend simply to satisfy a craving for "science."

Once he thought he had made a grand discovery; all the world, but a wise few, lauded this great benefactor of the human race, until it was found out that the cure was more dangerous than the disease. Then those who had lost kindred had to mourn their folly.

It happened one day that he had a patient with a complicated malady. It was a difficult case, but he applied one of his so-called discoveries.

"See," he cried in triumph to the A.V.'s, "I have, by only the sacrifice of a few thousands of the lower animals, saved a human life, years probably, of happiness. Let him but take change of air and he'll be a whole man." He said so though it was only Q.E.D. in his own mind.

Nevertheless, the patient was carefully conveyed towards the South. Now, there chanced to be a railway accident, many were injured, one killed—the man the vivisector-doctor had cured (?).

"Fool," said the A.V. standing by. "Can you read the meaning, you mountain of conceit and selfishness? To save this man's life you sacrificed thousands of creatures, and made yourself a fiend in human shape, and in a second the life has been plucked from him by a higher power than yours. You think but of the body, destroying the soul. God cares but for the soul and thus declares his scorn of the casket of clay in which He enclosed it."

E. W. PHILLIPS.

Karma-Nemesis never slumbers, and never dies. Just as the name of Judas goes down the corridors of time as one of the twelve apostles, even so when the pyramid is completed, a peacock's feather engraven on stone in a dark recess preserves the lasting record and the awful Karma of the Great Accuser.

SHAFTS OF THOUGHT.

IX.

IN the August number of SHAFTS the question is raised by one signing herself "Justitia," Whence comes the greater chastity displayed by women? The writer queries, "Is it the result of a colder physical nature, &c.?" and then postulates, but not with any great confidence, the theory that though originally created alike in respect to amativeness, the two sexes have drifted on to different lines by reason of the "seamy side" of child-bearing which women have experienced generation after generation "until we have now the animal in woman checked and controlled." The letter is suggestive of many debatable points which I think cannot fail to be of interest to the readers of SHAFTS, and I will venture to discuss some of them here in the hope that I may be able to suggest to "Justitia" and others what I think is a more tenable hypothesis.

But first of all let us clear the ground, and above all let us clear our minds of cant. I think one may agree with "Justitia's" first proposition "that women as a sex are more chaste than men," without signifying adherence to her further statements "that the women of to-day have little inclination to indulge in sensuality; celibacy for them has no horrors." Here, and in the remaining sentences of the paragraph in which the above occur, I think the writer is not justified by facts, and I lean to the opinion which I believe is shared by many women doctors, and boldly expressed by Lady Cook in her article on "Seduction" in *The Modern Review* for December last, that so far as the physical part of their nature is concerned, women are neither free from temptation, nor is temptation resisted as strenuously as it might be under those social conditions which tend to make virtue social only in not being found out, nor under cover of the marriage vow. While I would be the very last to minimise woman's influence for good upon the morality of the world, as also the last to depreciate the evidences of superior self-control which social life shows her to possess, I think that, as reformers of modern society, it is the height of un-wisdom to set woman upon an exaggerated pedestal of supposititious virtue whose foundations can be readily shaken by the common knowledge of every man and woman of the world. By so doing we simply make our position untenable, and excite derision instead of rousing enthusiasm. "Justitia," I think, recognises this, and, in spite of her assertion quoted above, as I read her letter, she wishes "for justice sake" to depreciate any pharisaical self, or sex praise for what may be only a natural fact outside personal control. I take it therefore, that as a lover of justice she will not be unwilling to consider a brief, and I fear verbally inadequate, explanation of some of the questions which puzzle her, from the point of view of a philosophy whose fundamental basis is perfect, absolute, inflexible justice.

Theosophy furnishes to the student of sociology a master-key, which will be found

to fit innumerable intricate puzzles in life, and the great sex-question is one of these. Soul and spirit, says the Theosophist, are sexless; on the physical plane alone do we find differentiation into male and female with distinct functions appertaining to the pro-creation of species. When "in the beginning" Man the Thinker for the sake of experience descended into material form, became clothed with flesh—his coat of skin—and took up habitation in the physical body which was prepared for him, he accepted with all other animal functions that of pro-creation by sexual reproduction—"male and female created He them." Bringing to the animal body intellectual possibilities of attainment to the highest good he, of necessity, brought to it also possibilities of descent to the blackest evil, possibilities to which the unsouled animal must be ever a stranger. *Demon est Deus inversus.* And here I would protest against the injustice and falsity of such a phrase as "the animal in woman is checked," &c.; it is not in the animal kingdom but in the human alone that we see the abuse and degradation of the sexual instinct.

Thus far the Theosophical doctrine fits in with "Justitia's" theory that men and women were created alike with respect to amativeness, but the experience for the sake of which the souls of men entered into physical bodies, was not to be attained within the span of one human life, not even if it stretched to patriarchal length of days. The law is far otherwise—over and over and over again the soul which seeks experience returns to earth to be embodied, sometimes in male, sometimes in female form, until it has passed through every variety of human experience and struggled upwards to be re-united with its Higher Self, purified from earthly dross but rich in stores of knowledge, and "perfected." Here we have at once a belief which forbids all casting of stones by one sex at another. Those who are to-day suffering the pains of harlotry, of deserted wifehood, of outraged modesty, may in all likelihood have been the means of inflicting upon others wrongs similar to those they now endure, for according to the law of Karma, that is to say, of cause and effect, working through re-incarnation, there is no action, no thought, however secret, that can pass away without having its due fulfilment sooner or later. Harmony—adjustment—is the law of nature, and however or by whomsoever that harmony is destroyed the balance has to be made good, either in the present or some future earth life. To those, therefore, who see in this philosophy the perfection of justice the idea of regarding one sex as morally purer than the other seems grotesque. *Individuals* of both sexes are, of course, some more, some less, advanced along that path of chastity and selflessness which alone leads to perfect righteousness, and it may easily be that at certain stages of the world's history one sex may offer opportunities more favourable than the other for the development of the spiritual *ego* upon purer lines, but this is a matter which is affected by national and social considerations and Karmic effects into which space will not allow us to enter.

Coming now to a different part of the question—the physical—we have to ask ourselves whether, supposing that in a given group of *egos* there existed a tendency towards purity in thought and feeling, there is anything in the sexual differentiation of the physical body that would make it more difficult for those embodied in one sex to remain pure in action than for those embodied in the other. I would answer emphatically that taking *sex en masse*, there is no such result from differentiation (though many medical *men* preach a different doctrine with disastrous results), but coming to individuals, or to families, we meet with wide differences in the physical organism sufficient to affect most potently the ease or otherwise with which certain spiritual and pure tendencies can or can not be manifested. It will occur to many readers that heredity is here at work. This is precisely so, because heredity on the physical plane furnishes for each re-incarnating soul just that kind of body which it most needs for its further development, or for its due punishment or reward for past deeds; but heredity supplies only the suitable body, not the mental and moral qualities and tendencies which, as Wordsworth has it, "cometh from afar."

There is still another feature—the social and educational—and on this side of the question, I take it, women have an immense power in their hands. "Society," says "Justitia," "has winked at vice in men, condoned their offences," &c., &c. In so doing society has been sowing evil seed for the future to reap, and already it is coming up, but we can never forget that it is not men alone who form society; it has always been *Mrs. Grundy* who has posed as the censor of public morals, and if we are now to write "*The Grundy*" it must be surely on the understanding that the responsibility is mutual. Unquestionably the result of society's method has been to strengthen the virtuous tendency of those individuals who re-incarnate in the female sex and to make virtue more difficult for the men, but that this cause of itself is sufficient to account for the facts of social life is quite another affair.

One word as to the practical aspect. Women, those at any rate who are happy enough to be free from physical temptation or, being tempted, are yet spiritually strong to overcome, have before them the grand task of helping the weak, of making it, by resolute frowning down of the dissolute, by teaching the young a more perfect way, and by preaching the truth that strict temperance and purity* in food and drink can of itself work wonders for righteousness on the physical plane, easier for those who are less happily situated "to rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

EDITH WARD.

The people in the world who have any true conception of the living, loving, Supreme Power are few indeed; the most are idol worshippers, more or less obsessed by their idols of greed, creed, and superstition.

* Purity of food and drink means nothing short of total abstinence from animal flesh and alcohol.

THE TOWING PATH.

SERIAL TALE, BY R. O. D.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The first red hand was raised against a brother,
A brother's blood was first the earth to stain,
And to this hour the children of one mother
Are burning with the demon thirst of Cain.
—HEDDERWICK'S *Miscellany*.

But the life blood, ebbing away
From his breast, he does not feel,
For his heart is torn by a fiercer pang
Than is born of bullet or steel.
—M. DOHERTY.

PARIS was in flames! For days the dreadful scourge of fire had sped on its desolating track, sweeping away the priceless accumulations of human genius, industry and skill, the cherished possessions of France, the results of untiring love and patience, toil, culture, and the deathless hope of noble souls. The fierce frenzy of war which spareth not was working dire havoc. The unrestrained passions of the human beast were unleashed, and terrible was its senseless rage.

The people of Paris, who dreamed not of defeat, had been for a time stunned, paralysed by the news from Sedan, followed up by the approach of the Prussian army, who laid siege to the capital. How they suffered! The heroic, light-hearted citizens, while the siege dragged out its cruel length, and even after, when, tortured and weakened by long months of misery, filled with suspicions of treachery, demoralised by idleness, full of all sorts of fancies created by want and weary watching, with no employment, and too much time for quiet brooding, they contemplated the position of their beloved city and France. The very air seemed full of threatenings; all the more terrible that they were indefinite. The people passionately protested against the triumphant entrance of the Prussians; the dissatisfaction became general and culminated in insurrection and the Commune, while brothers outside the city besieged brothers within. The terrible time, with its awful experiences and influences, when people feared they knew not what, came at last to its tragic, unparalleled end. Paris was in flames. The city was sick with the blood of the slain, sick with the groans of anguish from long-suffering, parched throats, sick with the scent of her slaughtered children, sick of the incompetent government under which she had groaned. Heroic souls, heroic through the utmost endurance, dreamed of a new France, to arise Phoenix-like from the ashes of the past; dreams destined, like those of the first Revolution, to be drowned in blood. Hunger, starvation, famine, disease, and death had thinned their ranks; yet among the citizen-soldiers, resisting to the last, were many who dreamed still. Peace had been declared with the Prussians—on terms so hard that all Europe condemned, yet

made no movement to prevent—and now Paris was in flames, while the Prussian army, lying inactive, watched the beautiful city as she drank the cup of her humiliation to the dregs. For the people had gone mad in their misery, suffering and shame. Gaunt, emaciated, with white, worn faces full of fierce hate against their foes, they had resolved that Paris the beloved should be done to death by her own children rather than by any stranger's hand. When the soldiers of the Government had at last succeeded in effecting an entrance, all the worst horrors of war were let loose. While the flames raged, the people were shot down indiscriminately, innocent and guilty together. Then the Queen of Cities laid her proud head low, and bit the dust in her agony of debasement; crushed, despoiled, made desolate, by her own children under the very eyes of the foe.

Aged women and men, even strong soldiers, accustomed to war and its ravages, sobbed and wept at the destruction of the Place de Vendome, the Palace of the Tuilleries, the libraries, the many cherished, priceless possessions so dear to Paris and to France. Peace declared, yet was there no peace.

Among the many who had fought throughout the war, giving their lifeblood to the service of France, one man had been conspicuous, one man, who seemed as though he strove to blot out some inward shame by the lavish outpouring of his blood; one man who now lay slowly dying, as night, dark, gloomy, and threatening, settled over the city. A few last flashes from some smouldering ruins near, shed an occasional light upon the dark corner where he lay, huddled up in anguish, gasping and panting for breath. He was a man past the prime of life, with iron-grey hair and beard, in his eyes and upon his face a beauty which even the lines of a vicious life, unmistakably stamped there, had failed to destroy. Groans of anguish escaped from him every now and then; anguish, as appeared from his words, even more mental than physical, keen as the latter must have been.

"My wife," he cried, "my murdered wife. Murdered cruelly, though no hand of mine was ever raised against her; murdered slowly through long torture. My daughter, my Muriel, neglected through all her suffering childhood; betrayed into marriage with a scoundrel, and I—her father; I, the husband, who promised—Oh! my life, my wicked, wasted life!" He relapsed into—silence, exhausted; for the formless, pale skeleton approached nearer and nearer. Very still he lay, his open eyes, full of a nameless dread and longing, gazed through the walls afar off with the yearning gaze of a famished soul sick with remorse; a far off look—eager, intent, listening. What saw they? This—

Toiling slowly, supporting herself by every jutting wall and broken window-sill, an aged woman made her painful way through the deserted streets, slippery with human blood and portions of human remains; and many terrible trophies, reeking with abomination. Slipping in the horrible mire, half fainting from the

awful stench, a few gaunt, famished creatures, who had fought a ghastly fight for life during the long siege, had become at last ready, even eager, to give up their swords to the grim monarch, as one sword had been given up at Sedan to a monarch who seemed to them well nigh as grim and pitiless. Yet, creeping stealthily and silently along the dark deserted streets, they sought their dead, ever and anon hiding from a distant footstep or the report of musketry breaking the shuddering stillness of the night. Among them the hooded, shrouded figure held its way; bent with age and weakness, stumbling, falling, rising again—forn, dazed, half blind—on it went, like the dim ghost of a fast dying hope in the guise of despair, abroad on a ceaseless quest.

Turning a corner suddenly, she came upon the muffled, limping figure of a man walking before her.

"Jaques," her thrilling whisper said.

"Ah! dear lady," the man cried, raising his remnant of a cap; "you startled me. Have you then heard of your son?"

"Alas! no," she gasped, raising herself to her full height. "All is weary disappointment. My strength fails me. I shall not last much longer. Yet shall I seek him till I die."

"Then come with me, good mother; thou shalt at least see him; Jaques shall bring thee. Ah, pardon!" he added, with a sense of too much familiarity with one who had been his superior in social position, and whom his loyal heart held in the deepest respect.

"Nay, nay; are we not all of one blood? True daughters and sons of France, and in this desperation and despair what is rank? I grow very old and feeble, good Jaques; this cruel war, this siege so terrible, this massacre of the people—where is the good God; ah, where?"

"It is the work of the wicked one, dear lady. But say, then, do you not know that your son is in Paris?"

"In Paris—here!" She tottered, and would have fallen had not the kindly arm—Jaques's only one—supported her.

"Yes, lean on me; he is not far off."

She straightened herself firmly; the spirit of her race rising strong within her. "I can walk, I must not burden you. But Jaques, you have lost an arm."

"Yes, one of those Prussians, recreant pigs; but it is my recent wound troubles me most. It came from a French bullet, and that is hard. Still 'tis but a scratch—but a scratch," he hastily added, dreading to alarm his aged companion, already so worn and frail.

They stopped where the man lay, the man with the far-off, eager look in his eyes. He had fainted.

"Ah, *mon Dieu, mon fils!*" the mother cried. All weakness seemed to leave her. She seated herself on the floor of the ruined house, lifted her son's head upon her knee, and, taking a flask from her pocket containing some brandy and water, proceeded to pour a few drops between the white lips, handing also a small quantity to Jaques, who would not drink.

"No, no," he said, you will need it all. As for me, I shall find something where I go."

"I have kept it for months," she said, "just for this. I knew it would come, and feared I might have nothing. He is my son, as you know; my only loved one—as you have not known—for many weary, dark years. He is stained deeper than blood can stain him, but I, his mother, have never ceased to hope, never faltered during the last six years—in which I had lost him—never tired in my search for him. He has avoided me for those years. Perhaps he felt shame, remorse; perhaps he had not courage to meet the eye of the mother who loved him. Now I have found him he is dying. He will not recover, I know the signs too well. He bleeds internally; his sufferings are nearly at an end; we shall part no more."

All this she uttered with rapid breath; a strange exultation on her face and in her voice, while with gaze intent and strained, she watched the pallid face on which some signs of returning consciousness began to appear.

"I shall wait, dear lady, till he recovers; then I fear I must away, but will presently return."

"Yea, go; we shall want for nothing. He wakes—go—good-bye, Jaques."

"Good-bye, dear lady," and Jaques reluctantly left them alone.

The minutes passed. No light but the light of the smouldering fires showed to the mother the face of her son. He moved uneasily.

"Mother!" came from the white lips, while a spasm of pain contracted the face, on which the death dews were gathering.

"My son, my son, my poor son! Thy mother hath found thee."

"Mother, mother, oh, mother!" He lay quiet, looking up in her face; a little delirious, and evidently unconscious where he was, a satisfaction in her presence to which he had long been a stranger, shining in his eyes, every now and then so full of pain. She soothed him, holding him fondly up to her bosom where he had lain so often as a child, with much the same look as his face wore now in its moments of ease. The bold, bad face, on which the lines traced by a vicious career were so plainly writ, was changing as death approached to the likeness of youth; refined, sensitive, noble, strangely like the nobility of the aged lineaments, so worn with suffering, now bending above him.

When the faintness returned she moistened his lips, sparing a little to herself, for she was sore spent, and feared greatly that she might fail before the end came. Long they sat in the darkness, an occasional moan or murmur of affection from the dying man breaking the silence as the hours passed on. Then the storm clouds parted, and from the clear blue the moon shone down upon them in the same attitude—the son looking up, drinking in the mother's undying love.

"Mother, mother!"

"My son, my poor, poor son!"

"We shall go to Paris to-morrow, mother. I shall wear my new tunic embroidered with gold."

"Yes, my son," she answered, without a

falter; "we shall have gay times."

He was away in the past days, separated from him by all his evil life. But she, she had not forgotten; it did not seem strange to her.

"Mother, mother!"

"My son, my poor, poor son—my beloved, my only one!"

And so the hours went by. Faint glimmerings of dawn awoke in the East; the pure light of morning about to break over all the hideous cruelty born of earth, and self, and sin.

"Mother, mother!"

Again she moistened the quivering lips.

"My daughter—Muriel?"

"Take comfort, my boy; I have bequeathed her all."

"And I," he gasped; "oh, mother—beloved—mother—forgive."

She bent her ear down to the fast closing lips.

"Alas!" he moaned, "my wasted life—mother—forgive."

She smiled—a smile so serene and sweet; for earth and earthly troubles were fast passing away.

Placing her tender hands upon his head, she said:

"I forgive thee, my son; it is all gone—there is nothing."

It was wonderful how her touch soothed his pain, calmed and comforted him. But the mother's strength was waning as her son's life waned. For an hour neither stirred—only the unutterable look of satisfied affection was the link between them. The first beams of the sun arose and entered the desolate place; the fast glazing eyes opened; a strange light beamed from them as they gazed into the eyes that drank in their rays. A love from the old, old days filled them. The paling face below held the paling face above. The curves, the smoothness of childhood seemed to return. The eyes below saw only the beautiful, well-known face of long ago, once so dearly loved; the eyes above saw but the child always so beloved, so patiently borne with, so yearned over. He put up his arms with his last failing strength to clasp her neck as in his boyish days he was wont to do. She tried to hold him close, but her strength failed her. She took one hand in her own.

"Kiss me, mother."

"My boy, my baby!" She kissed him on the mouth.

It was the last effort of her expiring strength. Very quiet, very still, they lay, their breathing growing more and more faint. The mother leaned heavily against the wall; the son's head lay gently on her breast.

Bright rays shot up from the east. The sun rose. Daylight spread her great white wings over many scenes of carnage and death, over many dying, and many dead. The ugliness of the War Demon looked awful indeed in the fresh, pure light of morning, but peace was with Madame de St. George; her hand was clasped in the hand of the one she had so nobly, so dearly loved, and the end had come.

Jaques returned to find that both mother and son had crossed the boundary lines.

CHAPTER V.

THE SOUL AWAKENS.

Under her gentle seeing,
In her delicate little hand,
They placed the Book of Being,
To read and understand.

—Robert Buchanan.

Oh wondrous faces that upstart,
In this strange country;
Oh identities that become a part,
Of my soul and me.

—Robert Buchanan.

Through the devoted exertions of the faithful Jacques, Madame de St. George and her son were buried in a cemetery close by; but many weeks elapsed ere he was enabled to communicate with the relatives of the *dear friends*, as he proudly called them, in whose service years of his life had been spent. Then came the difficulty of finding Muriel, but, all being in due course overcome, Mrs. Heatherstone found herself in possession of an almost palatial residence in London, and another in the country, some twenty miles removed; also her inheritance in money proved sufficient to enable her to carry out the plans and schemes she had laid as the work of her future life, when the opportunity, long desired, should come. Without any unreasonable delay, she made arrangements for the new life it now became her duty to lead.

For her father, from whom she had never received any tokens of affection and rarely seen, she could not feel much grief; yet her sweet, noble nature experienced a vague unrest of regret for what might have been. Her grandmother she had always loved. The old lady had cherished a warm affection for her little granddaughter, and had long ago made her will in her favour; though this was unknown to Muriel. Later, when peace had been established on the Continent, and the thrifty French people were making strenuous efforts to pay the heavy indemnity so unjustly exacted from them, and to re-establish themselves—the successful efforts which have gained for them the sympathy and admiration of European nations—Muriel went to Paris, taking her little daughter with her in order to give her last token of respect to the memory of the dead—a simple white stone with the names and date. She lingered there awhile, driving about with her young companion to whom she gave some accounts of the war, its causes and its failures, such as suited the understanding of a child educated as St. George had been, no more. But the effect of her words was beyond what she intended, as such things ever are, and affected all the child's after life.

Leaving her home had been a sore trial to St. George, fond of change as she was. "When people get money given to them, do they always have to go away from their own places," she asked one day as she leaned against her mother's knee, trying hard to keep her tears back. "I don't like it, B'luf'd. What shall I do without Majesty and Faithful?"

The child was sorely troubled at the prospect, and roamed about discontentedly, visiting her four-footed friends more frequently than usual, and discussing the matter over with them.

"We don't want to go, you and me, do we? and I must go, you know, if B'luf'd goes; but you can't go, oh! what shall we do? You will be miserable without me and I shall be so miserable without you."

The creatures seemed to have some dim comprehension of what was going on; who knows how much? However, they watched the child with pensive, inquiring eyes.

"I fear they are angry with me about it, my pet," said her mother.

St. George had it out with them when she gave them their lunch.

"I must say good-bye to you both, darlin's, but it's not B'luf'd's fault, Majesty, Faithful. No, B'luf'd has to go. People have to do such funny things when they get rich, and B'luf'd is rich now, you know. I wish we had no money, don't you, then I would stop here for ever, now I can't fink what to do."

Majesty listened to all this with a countenance expressive of much sagacity, but the little lips that spoke trembled sorely; tears stood in the tender blue eyes.

At this juncture Faithful bent her nose to search for more carrots, which upset St. George completely; she stood between her loved companions and sobbed passionately.

"Oh! I can't bear it, I can't bear it," the child cried, heart-broken, and weeping piteously, while the animals watched her, sniffing, and rubbing her shoulders with their noses.

Whether they vaguely saw that something was amiss or, no it mattered not; Georgie herself firmly held to it that they knew *everything*.

When her fit of weeping was over, the child, as was her wont even from an early age, mustered all her determination, and having suddenly come to the conclusion that it was "too much to bear any way," she dried her tears, confided her intentions to her trusted friends, and trotted off to find her mother.

"Mama, darlin'," she shouted in her excitement, almost before Muriel could possibly hear her, "come to me, come. Mama! B'luf'd! I can't—I can't—possibly live without Faithful and Majesty. Can't we pack them up and take them wif us?"

Mrs. Heatherstone, who had by this time decided to take the pony, was somewhat startled at the thought of Majesty. However, the idea had been broached, her child's grief was too severe for one so young, and Margaret Cunningham, who came to help, and to accompany them to London, approved so highly of the plan, that Muriel's objections, not very deep, gave way. Their new home was situated amid some beautiful English scenery, having extensive grounds, and completely delighted St. George, so that when the two most important members of the family began to move about and to browse contentedly in their large enclosures or lay with a satisfied look of peace among the grasses, buttercups and daisies, the child had no wish ungratified.

It was in this home the young spirit began to learn its first real lessons of life, its first dawning sense of the inequality of things, which lesson was, perhaps naturally enough, taught through the animals she loved so well.

Mrs. Heatherstone took her little daughter upon her knee one sunny day in autumn, when they were quite alone, and gently tried to impart to her some idea of the work she had set herself to do. St. George was a thoughtful child, reflective, though so fond of fun and full of mischief. No unkindness or cruelty ever blended itself even with her wildest rompings. Her mother had so wisely trained her, so wisely chosen her childish literature, that the young heart and brain were well prepared for life's teachings.

Soon after this conversation she startled her mother by asking, "Mama, why should Majesty and Faithful have such nice fings, when other cows and ponies haven't. I saw Janet's pony when I went with nurse, and some cows, too. They have no nice fields and places, they don't look like my cow and pony. Nurse said because Janet was poor. What is that? Why is Janet poor? The man that lives with Janet, oh, he is ugly and dirty. Why, B'luf'd?"

So the why and the wherefore had begun, and Muriel gathered her forces, preparing thus for the task before her, promising to be so much more difficult than it had hitherto been. How was she to answer her child that would be a woman?

(To be continued.)

WHAT FOOLS WE ARE.

Fancy what Europe would be now, says Ruskin, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks—if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the middle ages had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time and the tooth of Time: I tell you, Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm,—we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves that abolish—ourselves who consume: we are the mildew and the flame; and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth, that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illuminate. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood 2,000 years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed with it our own ashes.

"You may perhaps think all this was somehow necessary for the development of the human race. I cannot stay now to dispute that, though I would willingly; but do you think it is still necessary for that development? Do you think that in this nineteenth century it is still necessary for the European nations to turn all the places where their principal art treasures are into battlefields? For that is what they are doing even while I speak; the great firm of the world is managing its business at this moment, just as it has done in past time."—RUSKIN: "A Joy for Ever," pp. 73-75.

"Time, that aged nurse, rocked me to patience."
—*Endymion*.

"Ein unnütz Leben ist ein früher Tod."
—*Goethe*.

Religion should enforce compassion for all beings.

"Combien il est insensé de rire des sentiments qu'on n'a point éprouvés."
—*J. J. Rousseau*.

Though the night be long and weary, morn shall bring the light and hope.

One hand cannot expiate the wrong of the other.

"Judge all men with leniency."
—*Talmud*.

"The sluggard says, I want strength."
—*Turkish*.

"Temperance is a tree which has contentment for its root, and peace for its fruit."
—*Arabic*.

"Overcome anger by love."
—*Buddha*.

THE PIONEER CLUB.

THE Pioneer Club, 22, Corr-street, Bond-street, W., which is never absolutely closed, will resume its more active life in October. The weekly debates upon any, and many interesting subjects will again be held every Thursday evening at 8 p.m. On the afternoons of each Tuesday, members meet for social enjoyment, consisting of conversation, discussion, reading, recitations, music, or aught that may please or interest, subjects being chosen by members themselves. A very marked amount of good is done. Women become acquainted with each other, interested in each other's work, learning to further each other's objects in life. A considerable sum has been collected already towards the "Club of the Future," which Mrs. Massingberd contemplates making worthy of the women of thought and energy who rest, recreate, and strengthen themselves at the *Club of the Present*. Mrs. Massingberd asks, "Give me your pennies and the erection of the Future Club is ensured." Every member should help in such a work.

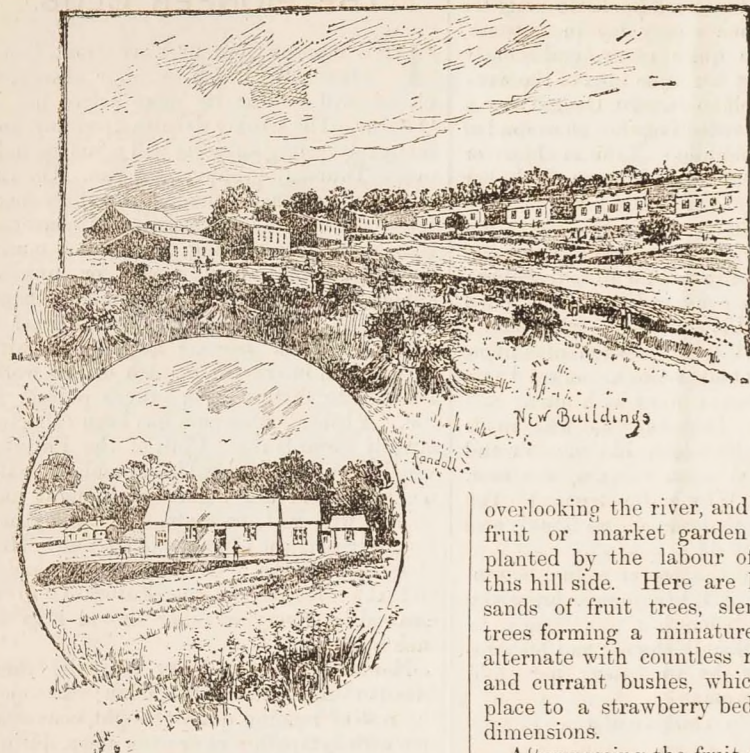
Members are at liberty to invite their friends to meet them at the Club; can enjoy the rest of reading, quiet thought, conversation with sympathisers, or even sleep, during the day at any time. Bedrooms are also to be had at a moderate charge for any member coming to town to attend theatres, concerts, &c.

Dinner, tea, or refreshment of any kind can be obtained in the Club easily. The secretary, Miss Paterson, and her staff of servants, are not afraid of trouble, always affable, considerate, and courteous.

The Club is a source of great pleasure to all the members, who look forward eagerly to the coming season, when much that is conducive both to enjoyment and that constant education ever going on there, is arranged for. Yearly subscription, £2 2s.

From the *Daily Chronicle*, September 12th:—

It is desirable to draw attention to certain statements which have been made as to the occupation which was provided on discharge for John Alexander Lewis, the man again charged, but this time on his own confession, with the murder at Limehouse of a married woman named Emily Maria Adams. The circumstances under which this crime was committed were peculiarly atrocious, if we may accept the testimony of Lewis against himself, which is certainly not without corroboration. Indeed, it was not without evident reluctance that the magistrate in 1891 discharged the prisoner for lack of sufficient evidence to ensure a conviction. Lewis had then declared that the murdered woman's husband was the culprit, as his face had been recognised during the onslaught. But Adams, fortunately for him, was in gaol at the time of the murder, so that the charge which Lewis brought against him was particularly shameful. Now, can it be easily believed that a man under such grave suspicion as Lewis was recommended, fresh from the prisoner's dock, to the post of an attendant in a lunatic asylum of all other places? Yet there he has been engaged, it is alleged, for two years past. In what asylum was he engaged, and on whose recommendation were any of the helpless inmates placed at the mercy of such a man?



A Summer Afternoon's Excursion.

THE loveliness of this magical and unique summer has attracted even more visitors than usual to our seaside holiday resorts.

Southend, that quaint little place on the Essex coast, noted from long ago for its shrimps and its Cockneys, has deservedly become one of the most popular resting places for a brief holiday. It possesses very many advantages; close proximity to the great Metropolis, very cheap railway fares, grass-covered cliffs, numerous plantations, tree-bordered streets, and a fine sea-walk or boulevard of asphalt running for a mile in the direction of Leigh, the next station on the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway.

No more agreeable walk can be taken than that which leads through pleasant fields from the picturesque fishing village of Leigh towards Hadleigh; no more interesting excursion can be made than to pay a visit to the Farm Colony, which, in spite of all hindrances, the determination of "General" Booth, with the co-operation of his admirable supporters, has established in this part of Essex. Through the untiring energy and devotion not only of the "Governor-Major" Stitt, but of the "officers" of the Salvation Army and of the many steady and patient workers, the pleasant pasture lands of this region have been transformed into a wonderfully flourishing settlement. The Farm Colony, indeed, seems to possess "all things which pertain to life and Godliness." It is situated in the midst of a well-wooded country, where the Essex Marsh gives place to undulating meadows. Just before reaching the village of Hadleigh, which stands high above the river bed, a board is perceived on the

high-road at the corner of a field, which bears the inscription: "Salvation Army Farm Colony—Visitors are requested to apply at Park House." To Park House we visitors and excursionists, therefore, turned our steps, and from thence were directed to the "office." Our way led us by a path along the high land

overlooking the river, and skirting the vast fruit or market garden which has been planted by the labour of the colonists on this hill side. Here are hundreds or thousands of fruit trees, slender young apple trees forming a miniature orchard. These alternate with countless rows of gooseberry and currant bushes, which gradually give place to a strawberry bed of most unusual dimensions.

After passing the fruit garden, leaving on your left one or two houses where the principal officers of the Army reside, you reach the main buildings of the Colony. Entering the office we at once obtained a permit, a little printed piece of pink paper, merely containing the words, "Permit bearer and friends to see over the Colony. W. S. Stitt." As the courteous "officer" handed me the little ticket he remarked "of course you can go into any of the buildings you choose." This we found to be very true throughout the entire settlement. There was no red tape, no vexatious restrictions; but gentle obligingness, ready courtesy, perfect simplicity and openness, a pleasant smile, and constant readiness to show what one might wish to see. And yet no pressing, no expectation of any gratuity. Always and everywhere to any thanks for civility shown, the words "you're quite welcome!" were given as answer.

No one accompanied us; no one hindered us. Dormitories, Library, Kitchen, Barracks (as the hall for service is called), Stores, Bakeries, Dairy—all were freely open to us and in or near each we generally found some colonist who could put us in the way of what we wanted to inspect. The cook was in the cookhouse, the laundryman in the laundry, and all were delighted to answer freely any question, about their own particular department.

The Farm Colony covers a tract of 3,000 acres, near the mouth of the Thames, at a distance of about six miles from the open sea. It extends southwards over the marsh lands, and includes the beds of two small rivers which flow side by side towards the sea. Six farms are distributed over this tract of country.

The inhabitants of the Colony number in all about 450 persons, including the families of the married colonists. Most (though by no means all) of the buildings of the Army

—all of which have been constructed principally by the colonists—are on one side of a road which leads to the hill on which the eight dormitories have been erected. We visited the largest of these dormitories—a large and airy hall with many open windows, containing 50 beds or wooden stretchers, well raised from the ground, and separated from each other by a space of about two feet, under each of which stands a solid wooden box or locker, holding the clothes of the bed's occupant. The bedding allowed is a mattress and a small pillow, both covered with American cloth and easily washed, and three grey blankets. Perfect order, cleanliness, and tranquillity reigned in this apartment. Two men were resting and reading, each on his couch.

Opposite to this dormitory, we strolled into a low stone building, which we were told by a man who had come in from the dormitory was the men's smoking room. At one end a small stage was erected, in front of which hung a canvas bearing a rough oil painting of Hadleigh Castle, behind which were two or three wings or half scenes. Some rough footlights and a semi-circle of chairs completed the evidence that *dramatic entertainments* are here got up by the men themselves. We found that our friendly informant, who turned out to be the superintendent of one of the dormitories, had himself painted the drop scene.

We next proceeded to the laundry, where a well-grown, fine young fellow, with the very bluest eyes, opened the door to us. This was as airy and spacious as all the other buildings which the colonists have erected since their settlement in this pleasant region only two years ago. Along the side of the large room, or hall, sinks are placed, which serve for washing the clothes. A mangle stood ready for use. A heap of clothes were lying on the floor, having apparently just been taken out of the soaking tub; and on a table near, arranged in rows, were countless tin tickets about the size of a shilling, with a hole in the centre, each being numbered. When the laundry-man receives a bundle with one of these tickets attached to it he makes a complete list of the clothes in the bundle and enters against them the number of the ticket. At one end of the laundry is a hot drying-room, at the other are several small bath-rooms. Our pleasant-faced host in this building urged us to go and see the hospital. This suggestion was so often made to us that we decided to visit what was evidently an object of great pride to the Colony. To reach it we had to cross some undulating meadows and to make our way towards the outer boundary of the property, which here terminates in a grassy hill, and is framed in by a row of fine old elms.

This tranquil, quiet retreat of the sick is a little detached cottage, at some distance from the other buildings. The door opened into a long, bright, cheerful room, holding 13 beds, covered with pretty blue and white quilts, all being, happily, empty. The quiet, grave, yet bright-looking woman, who acts as nurse, matron, and dispenser, cordially welcomed us and showed us the surgery and baths of the little establishment.

Some little way beyond the hospital, on the extreme verge of the wooded hill, stands one of the several poultry farms belonging to the settlement, among which are divided some 1,200 head of poultry, a source of considerable profit to the colony. After an inspection of this farm we retraced our steps, crossing the little funicular tramline which had been made for the purpose of carrying up the bricks from the brickfields down in the marsh below, and re-entered what will soon be the principal street of the settlement. Our next visits were to the bakery, the ovens of which will bake 150 loaves at a time, and the retail stores, where all sorts of useful articles are sold, such as kettles and saucepans, articles of dress and of food, walking-sticks, collars, and a great quantity of boots, the product of the boot factory. The Colony also possesses wholesale stores. Next we knocked at the locked door of a large building, which was readily opened to us, and found ourselves in a spacious hall with a flag passage running between two wide rows of pens, in which were large-eyed, gentle-looking milch cows. Quite a paradise of a stable; so airy and well kept. All the creatures looking well, in spite of the necessity for feeding them on chaff and mangel wurzel in the dearth of fresh grass caused by the long drought. At the risk of being prosy, I must once more mention the gentle manners, and the ready obligingness of our conductors through the cattle-sheds.

On our next quest we were quite unattended. We entered the library—at that hour, 4.30 p.m., empty and in perfect order. It looked extremely inviting with its many books, newspapers, and magazines, and its walls covered with pictures cut out of the illustrated papers. Amongst these I observed two portraits of Mr. Gladstone. On the table lay a fresh copy of the day's *Daily Chronicle*.

One more visit was paid to the very pretty and picturesque dairy, which stands apart at the top of a field. Here in the cool shade stood pans of delicious milk, pailfuls of cream, and many pounds of beautiful, yellow butter, looking as rich, fresh and tempting as in any nobleman's house in the kingdom.

By this time we were weary and very thirsty, though well contented with our afternoon's employment, so we turned our steps to a shed, close to Hadleigh Castle, on which were painted the welcome words, "Refreshment Rooms." There was still a great deal to be seen—wharves, brickfields, the boot factory, iron houses, carpenters' workshops, and last, not least, the piggeries, which, to judge from the photographs of them, and from the cattle sheds which we inspected, must have been *Palais de luxe* for their occupants. But the attractions of tea were irresistible, and to these we succumbed.

This large refreshment room, like all the neighbouring buildings, was built by, and is under the control of the Salvation Army. Here we partook of an excellent meal, the bread, butter, buns, and cake being all the product of the Colony. Here also we purchased some photographs of the settlement, for photography and the Terra Cotta industry are carried on on the premises under the supervision of the wife and husband

who have the management of the refreshment rooms. Here also some chairs were to be seen, sent up from the carpenter's workshop as samples, to be sold at an extremely low price. Here also we had the pleasure of a little conversation with "Major" Stitt, the governor of the Colony, who readily answered all our enquiries. From him we learnt that the Colony owns 150 bullocks, 22 milch cows, 600 sheep, and 200 pigs. He pointed out to us one of the spots where the colonists have dug down and created a water supply. I enquired from him whether the long drought had injured the farms and crops. "Yes," was the thoughtful answer, "the drought has done harm—indeed I anticipated a loss of £2,000 from it; but I don't know—we have had some rain lately."

After tea we inspected the picturesque ruins of Hadleigh Castle, and then strolled homewards in the sweet evening sunshine, deeply impressed with the energy, courage, and enthusiasm for humanity which could initiate and carry out so bold and original an undertaking, and which in spite of such great and serious difficulties could bring it to such excellent fruition.

In two short years to have transformed so large a tract of uncultivated land into a flourishing settlement; to have created a large and highly productive market garden; to have dug wells, erected buildings, established industries, and planted a colony of 450 people on this almost virgin soil; and to have accomplished all this by the aid of a body of 300 men drawn from the most helpless and even dangerous class of the community—men whose ready testimony is, "I was never so happy in my life!" bore a grand testimony to the courage, industry, and self-denial of the founders of the Colony, but is also a standing witness to the powers of that faith which can remove mountains, and that blessing which can make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

L. T. MALLETT.

The Legend of the Grey Bird

[The following has been sent to SHAFTS, to be reprinted as holding a lesson all ought to learn.]

BY JOSEPH BERTHOLD.

WIND and sea and sky were sad, and I leaned at the window watching till the clouds had spent themselves. Then a solitary bird, a lone, grey bird, silently floated across the moor—floating, floating, soaring, sinking and floating again, absorbed in the joy of perfect motion.

I watched it until it drew me to it so that I seemed one with the bird, and I, too, knew the joy it felt. But its sorrow also I knew, the sorrow of drear loneliness. How long, oh! how long did I float, float, float in that grey sky, absorbed apparently in my movements, but inwardly dwelling on one thought: "Alone, alone, oh! how much longer can I bear it?"

I sang, and while the piercing sad notes fell from me floating there, I saw beneath me passing a pair of lovers.

My song arrested the maiden, and touched a chord in her own heart, and woke again a sleeping doubt that hid there. She clasped the arm of her lover.

"You will never leave me?" she said.

"I will never leave you!"

But I saw that he would leave her; and soon it happened that he came no more, but the maiden came often, and always alone, and she listened for my song, though always it made her weep. And at last she came for the last time, and never to return, for now she had gone where deception cannot enter.

And now indeed was I solitary, and the song of the workman passing stirred me more than anything, for though he but whistled the song it was set for words, and the words and the music might not be parted. But I was as a song parted from its words, and alone in that lone place. Till on a day a wind blew, softly and gently all the day long, and to me on its bosom it bore my mate. Oh! my love and my dearest one, to you and me only is known the joy of that coming!

All that summer we dwelt together there, and all happiness was ours, and as one being we lived and worked, and I knew at last why it was I had waited solitary there for so long. In vain had that summer breeze wafted thee thither, and still more desolate had thou and I been but for that waiting.

Crack! Crack! I started from my dreaming by the window, and raised my eyes but in time to see a puff of smoke, a falling, dying bird—and another, frightened, watching from a way off, with eager, peering eyes.

A man stooped and picked up the dead bird, carelessly admiring the plumage, with a thought of his little daughter who should wear the feathers. No thought had he for the lone, desolate bird yet living, who now dashed close to him, now flitted away, and ever with piercing cries bewailed its loss, and knew it mourned in vain.

He strode off; he had accomplished his object. But I—I who had shared with the bird its joy—shared also the sorrow that held it. I watched for it day by day, as silent and alone it once more lived out its life on the moor.

"Wait, wait, little friend, all is not ended here. There is yet another life, where we shall meet the lonely maiden, and she and you and I will understand, and our waiting will be over."

And the song of the bird and my thought are one, and we two wait our time in patience.

And the sportsman's little daughter wears the feathers of the slaughtered bird, and dreams not that she is the sign of a cruel act and a broken life.

ARROWS.

The worker respects the results of labour, but the idler is ever ready to destroy.

Sin has no sex—and virtue no second price.

Man hath ruled woman by robbing one to enrich another—creeping like a coward to hide himself beneath the hatred he had fostered.

The pure woman desires a pure lover.

The fool stares and gapes at the smallest innovation, whilst the wonders of every day pass him by unheeded.

So-called "yielding" people often yield everybody's rights but their own.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

What Working Women and Men Think.

SOCIALISM.

TIME was, and that not so long ago, that no paper which valued its claim to "respectability" would have ventured to insert an article with so incendiary a title as that which appears at the head of this page.

The fact that Socialism has permeated our individualistic society to some extent, has, however, divested the name of some of its terrors; we may venture to-day therefore to ask what Socialism is without fear of unduly shocking the susceptibilities of our readers.

Our best and most valuable institutions—the post office, the railways, the water supply, nay, even our chief manufactures—are all socialistic in their modes of work; although they remain mischievously individualistic in the distribution of their profits.

Quite a number of treatises have been written against Socialism in recent years, and for this effective form of advertisement Socialists are of course duly grateful; nor does it detract from the propagandist value of these diatribes, that they have been mainly devoted to attacks upon what Socialism precisely is *not* and to demolishing positions which no Socialist ever suggested; or which would, indeed, be possible, under a Socialist régime.

Individualism means the survival not of the fittest, but of the strongest. The corridors and stairways of a theatre, on an alarm of fire, furnish a microcosm of what the world would be under unrestricted individualism.

But the very existence of society—of any society—precludes the possibility of such anarchy as would be involved in unrestricted individualism. Every policeman, every elector, every law which curbs the freedom of the individual to trespass on the rights of others, is a standing admission that pure and simple individualism is impossible.

Socialism is the negation of individualism. In just so far as we depart from the one system we must adopt the other; the whole question before us is the extent to which Socialism can be applied, seeing that the other is, in its integrity, unworkable. We claim that Socialism will serve *all along the line*.

The fundamental principle upon which Socialism is based is that the land shall be owned by the whole people, and used for the benefit of the whole people.

Under Socialism the depopulation of vast tracts of country to provide areas for deer forests—non-productive, and existing solely to furnish amusement (?)—would be impossible. Under Socialism the enormous revenues of ducal and other urban landlords—"the unearned increment"—would be restored to their rightful owners, the people. Absentee landlords (to whom we owe, amongst many evil things, the existence of an "Irish Question") would be swept away with other incubi arising from the iniquitous system which has for so many centuries been a veritable "old man of the sea" upon the neck of the people.

A moment's reflection will suffice to show that our "old nobility" have no righteous

claim to the lands they hold. Acquired in the first instance either by the simple process of *taking*, or by the "grant" of kings who equally had no moral claim to the soil, the titles are purely legal and documentary, and the State, which permitted the acquisition, can rescind, as it gave, by a mere stroke of the pen.

Of the "services" for which our county families received these lands, the less said the better. Because some barbarian led the peasants of England against the peasants of France—the said peasants having neither any cause or desire for quarrel themselves—and succeeded in wasting much blood on both sides, and leaving a legacy of hate where love might have prevailed, he received a "grant" of English land. Because the king wanted to provide for a numerous progeny—mainly with the "bar sinister" in their 'scutcheons—English land was again requisitioned. Or in grateful recognition of "services" rendered to the monarch by some high born dame, another "grant" lays the foundation of a county family.

Of such were our "old nobility" in the past. On such a slender tenure of justice is the greater part of this country held, and although the title deeds are mouldy with lapse of centuries they can confer nothing but a *legal* right, and the holders have not the ghost of a moral claim. Years cannot make wrong *right*. Decades cannot—except at law—annul the claim of the defrauded *people* to their means of life. The new democracy may be trusted to see to that, as soon as the Labor party, now an accomplished fact, is able to transform our House of Landlords into a House of *Representatives*.

Certain landed property acquired by purchase is on a somewhat different footing, and there are instances where the question of "compensation" might justly arise. One thing is certain, that whatever method is adopted to restore the land to the people, it will not entail one tithe of the injustice and hardship which the *people* suffered in their expatriation. The land restored, it would be the duty of the Socialist State to administer it for the *general* well-being. Large communal farms would produce what was required in their respective districts. The communal factories would supply all necessary products. Only so much land as each required for house and garden would be allotted to each family; and the title remain vested in the State. With communal production and the elimination of the element of *profit*, there would exist ample means to furnish beautiful homes for the *people*, instead of the present unlovely combination of stately palace with a village of miserable huts, of vast factory with streets of hideous and filthy "slums."

Opponents of Socialism assert that it would reduce all existences to a dead level of grey uniformity. That is untrue, but if it were a fact, the great mass of the people would be the gainers. Better uniformity and *plenty*,—better monotony, and freedom from the terrible strain of the present competition for bread,—better a grey sky than the lurid gleam of revolution.

But this much-dreaded "dead level" is a

figment of the individualist imagination. The human race is not moved solely by the desire for wealth, the *best* work even now is done for far higher motives. Would there be no Damians in the social state? No Florence Nightingale? No Grace Darling? Would Stephenson suppress his genius or the world lose Edison's brain in *any* condition of society. All such missionaries of humanity and science *must* work. Their message burns within them until it is given to the world. It is the present frantic struggle to *live* which suppresses hundreds of the world's best thinkers and workers. How many Newtons lie buried in slums? How much latent genius has been crushed under the weight of hunger or exhausting labour? A competitive system may produce a Jay Gould or a W. H. Smith, but a Damien rises not from it but in *spite* of it. Does the soldier fight for *money*? Nay, for he knows by others' experience that neither Balaclava or Lucknow will suffice to save him from the workhouse at last—ask the survivors of those fights to-day. Quite other motives are the moving force, and if Socialist England were assailed—which is unlikely, seeing that she would have no "spirited foreign policy," no wars of aggression to breed hate—there would be no lack of volunteers to defend her any more than there was when the ships of the Armada filled the Channel—and no lack of poets to celebrate their victory.

The suggestion that Art and Science, Beauty and Valour, must die unless we keep our "system" and its submerged tenth is as puerile as it is insulting.

With a tenth of the effort which we now make to ensure a precarious living, Socialism offers pleasant homes, food and clothing for us all, including our brethren in the slums, *leisure* to enjoy the beauties of nature and of art, State-owned railways *free* for the people's use, and producing that enlargement of mind which travel gives, freedom from the wearying care which is now pressing heavily on nine-tenths of the people, as shown by that terrible barometer, the suicide list, claiming its victims in all classes of society. The new freedom, so far from cramping genius and individuality, would give it space to *expand*, would develop *all* the mental power of the nation instead of that only which finds favourable environment.

Socialism would settle for ever the "Woman Question" and end the crying injustice under which one half the world has been subjected to the other half. It would settle the "Irish Question," the "Egyptian Question," the "Indian Question"—for they are all based upon the fundamental wrong of individualism, in some form or other.

In a word, Socialism would give us *freedom*. Nothing but Socialism can give us freedom. In so far as our society is individualistic it involves of necessity—*slavery*. Slavery of the worst form exists to-day, and every mitigation of it is due alone to such modified Socialism as we enjoy.

The world's stages have been:—
Barbarism. Serfdom.
Slavedom. Wagedom.
The coming régime will be FREEDOM.
SAGITTARIUS.

MILLIE WILMOTT.

Written by a Working Woman.

A COLLOQUY.

MUST SHE still drudge, a household slave,
While cock o' walk HE stands, sirs?

FOR male dominion, waits a grave,
Dug deep by woman's hands, sirs.

WHAT! HE to rule and SHE obey;
Shall this be ever so, sirs?

'Twill cease when womankind can say
One long, determined "No," sirs.

"WHY should I be treated worse than Jack? Will it always be 'Jack's a boy and you're only a girl?' Will he always get off doing things because he's a boy? Shall I always have to do them because I'm a girl? I'm tired of it; there isn't a farm servant in all the village that has to work as I do."

"You arn't a bit more tired than I am, Millie," her mother replied, wearily; "there's no help for it that I can see."

"Then there ought to be! It's a sin and a shame that Jack should be idling his time away while we are just slaving ourselves to death; he ought to help."

Mrs. Wilmott was silent. On this subject they could not agree; she would rather be a slave and see her daughter one than see her son with a duster in his hand. With a son brought up to scorn everything that he considered woman's work, and a husband who spent half his time at the public-house, mother and daughter had a hard time of it.

Poor Millie! Her young heart was very sore just then; more than ever was she feeling the injustice of things. She had begged hard to be allowed to attend the night-school, held in the village, so as to learn to read and write. This her mother said was impossible, she could not spare her. Mrs. Wilmott was sorry to see her daughter so disappointed; she didn't care so much about the reading and writing; she didn't see the use of it for girls. What time had any woman for reading with a house to attend to?—if she did her duty. A woman's work never was done.

"What time will you *ever* have for reading?" she said to Millie; "as for writing, that's no mortal use to anybody that lives at home; and you arn't going out to service."

Mrs. Wilmott could not understand her daughter's desire to get beyond her. "Why should any woman crave for more than her own home could supply? Her's was quite enough for her."

"Eighteen, and can neither read nor write," Millie said, bitterly, "and you were always so particular about Jack learning to read and write."

"It's different with men and boys; they've always plenty of time, women haven't."

"More's the shame," Millie retorted, angrily. "If they had to work as hard as women they wouldn't have so much time to get in mischief, though it's little women think about the scrapes that boys get into. They'd have enough to say about it if it was a girl. Just as if it was natural and proper for boys to do outrageous things. I'm sick o' hearing you say, 'Boys will be boys.' So they will," she added, passionately, "'cos their mothers lets 'em; and girls have to be girls because their mothers makes 'em. I don't believe the Lord ever meant us to be treated different, or He'd a

started us wi' different passports. And then for you to speak as you did to that lady that was so good as to offer to teach me."

"Was I uncivil?" her mother said, meekly; "I didn't mean to be; it was good of her, I know. Was I particular uncivil, Millie?"

"You're never particular civil to anybody, wash-days," Millie replied, sullenly.

"You know why," her mother said; "you know what a flurry I'm always in, lest your father should come home and see the washing about; he hates wash-days. You know how he tears and swears like mad if it's about when he comes in."

"And he'll tear and swear like mad all the same if it isn't about, just as much as if it was under his nose. I don't know that he's any worse one day than another, he's always a-tearing and swearing like mad."

"Don't forget he's your father, Millie," said Mrs. Wilmott, reproachfully.

"Aye, so he is, more's the pity; he shouldn't a' bin if I'd had any say in it; never since I could remember have I had anything but blows and hard knocks from him."

"It's the drink, Millie," her mother said, piteously; "he wasn't always so; he doesn't know what he's doing when he's drunk."

"I don't believe it. It's all a pack o' nonsense and foolin'; he knows well enough what he's doing. And if he didn't, I wouldn't excuse him for that; he shouldn't get drunk—spending money he's never earned, and then comin' home and abusin' folks that's earned it. I tell you it's all a pack o' lies; he's always sense enough to take good care o' hisself. If yer do anything as don't please him, he wants to know the reason why."

"It's no use being cross wi' him, Millie. If you'd soothe him and waited on him, he'd be kinder to you."

"I'll die first," she answered, firmly. "It chokes me to see you do it."

"You shouldn't expect much from men, Millie," her mother said, fretfully, "it's no use."

"You don't expect anything, so you arn't ever likely to be disappointed."

"The Bible says you should honour your father and mother, that your days may be long."

"I don't want my days to be long," Millie answered, promptly. "If they're never going to be any brighter, they can end quick."

For some time after this there was perfect silence between them. At last Mrs. Wilmott said, "What were you and Jack quarrelling about at breakfast this morning?"

"He called me 'carrots.'"

"What did he call you carrots for?—you must a bin aggravating him."

"He said his coffee was cold."

"What did yer let it get cold for? yer know he can't abide cold coffee."

"'Cos I couldn't help it. I called, and called, till I was sick o' calling; he wouldn't get up. The cows were going mad for want o' milkin', he wouldn't come, so I had to go myself."

"He ought to a' got up; wash day an' all! You see, he's a heavy sleeper, he can't help that—boys want more sleep than girls. If you'd have a bit more patience with him he'd be a deal kinder to you."

"He isn't kind to you, mother, and you worship him. It wasn't because he'd hurt you the other day that he roared, he thought you'd tell father and he'd get a thrashing—he left off when you said you wouldn't. What did he care about knocking the top o' yer head off wi' his foolery. What does he care about telling you

he'll 'list, if he can't just get what he wants? he knows it breaks yer heart, because yer believe him; nobody else does. You think a lot too much of him, so he thinks a lot too much of himself. He thinks the world was made for him and his kind, and women were made to wait on 'em. If women wasn't such fools they'd teach 'em a new song quick. It would be better for them as well as us."

"Millie," her mother said, solemnly, "how should you feel if Jack did 'list and get killed in war?"

"He never will get killed in war, if even he'd pluck enough to 'list, which he hasn't, he'd never get killed; he'll always find somebody broader than himself to get behind; Jack 'll always find a buffer somewhere to ride between him and danger. Jack face a cannon!" she went on, laughing scornfully, "he roars like Muggleston's bull when he's got toothache; he howled and screeched loud enough to wake the dead when he got his leg cut with a scythe. A pretty soldier he'd make, frightened o' going about in the dark, fear o' meetin' a bogie! He wouldn't 'a pluck enough to fight for himself if ever he came across one; an' he'll never see nothing wuss looking than himself."

"Millie," said her mother, angrily, "you forget he's your brother."

"No I don't. I never forget anything that I don't want to remember. He is my brother, and I ha' to put up wi' him same as I ha' to put up wi' my red hair."

"Your hair isn't red, and he'd no right to call you 'carrots.'"

"Yes, it is, mother, and nobody but you would ever think o' calling it anything else; but I didn't ask him what colour it was, so he needn't ha' told me."

Mrs. Wilmott sighed as she said: "When you get boys of your own you'll not think the same about 'em as you do now."

"I shall never have any; girls neither. I'll never marry; I'll never commit that sin. I can't help being born; I can help bringing children into the world as don't want to come. No child shall live such a life as I've had, through me."

After this there was a long pause. Millie's disappointment had made her unusually bitter. Mrs. Wilmott was sorry, but as she was in no way responsible for the order of things it was no use bothering. She knew Millie was terribly overworked; she acknowledged Jack had a much easier time than his sister, but then women were harder worked than men—she didn't know why; it was the old way, and for anything she knew it might be the right one. Anyhow, it did not originate with her, this slavery for women. It never occurred to her to change the order of things. It was the old way, that was enough for her. Her mother had waited on her boys, her grandmother had done the same, she had no desire to leave the old groove. And she had no doubt when Millie came to have boys of her own she'd do the same.

Poor Millie! There was only one way out of this slavery; and this way she would not take. She couldn't bear to think what her mother's life would be without her help. So she must stay at home, and share the drudgery; though the injustice of things cut into her very soul.

With all the perversity of easy-going people, Mrs. Wilmott kept on her way.—MADGE.

(To be continued.)

[Will the writer of "Millie Wilmott" send her address, or I cannot communicate with her, as requested. Letters have been sent, eliciting no reply.—Ep.]

A LECTURE.

AN address on "The Position of Woman in the 'Cosmos' as Understood by the Student of Theosophy" was delivered by Miss Müller, at the Buckingham Temperance Hotel, Strand, recently. The subject, the speaker said, carried one far and deep, being, indeed, co-extensive with the universe, and in many of its aspects exceedingly subtle and metaphysical; and she desired it to be understood that her address was more intended to give a clear idea of its vastness than to deal with it in detail. She had not attempted to deal with the question from a popular point of view, and made no apology for a serious treatment of it.

The authorities Miss Müller relied upon were, mainly, the writings of Madame Blavatsky—"Secret Doctrine" and "Isis Unveiled"—of Anna Kingsford, and those writings which might be called the Bibles of the world; also folk lore, traditions, especially religious traditions. Confirmation and further evidence were to be found in the present great change coming over the feelings, character, and position of women all over the world, testifying in the strongest manner to the sanity and wholesomeness of such writings.

Touching upon the evolution and growth of sex, the speaker said that the authoritative literature of Theosophy distinctly gives to woman—together with man—the highest place in the cosmos; and though sex, as we know it, does not extend beyond the physical plane, still each plane has its own manifestation of these principles, which, indeed, extend to the very throne of the Absolute. The phenomenon of sex has its *basic nomenclature* of sex, and both must be sought and studied.

A great number of references to women adepts were, she said, found in old Indian literature, many of them being mentioned by name, and their deeds chronicled. The writings of such, though not widely known, are still accessible to us in India. In an old number of the *Theosophist*, Miss Müller said an account is given of a female adept, a princess, who, it is believed, is still re-incarnating in a series of female Llamas in Thibet, this form of immortality being one of the powers of adeptship and consisting in the "overshadowing to a greater or less degree of a pure human body by the spirit of the Master or Mother," adding, "Personally I believe Christ to have been such a manifestation." The reason why these highly developed human beings do not at present come forward is, the speaker thought, because the time is not yet ripe for such action on the part of women adepts, but with the dawn of woman's era they will be known everywhere. Hints may be found in the "Secret Doctrine" of a woman who was once a Dhyau-Chohan, the highest of all the Mahatmas, but who has now passed on to a still higher development. The introduction, as far as it has been introduced, of Bhuddism into Thibet and India was due to another female adept. Miss Müller then instanced many of the phenomenal powers possessed by adepts, such as walking upon water, remaining under water for hours at a time, etc.; such performances she relegated to a very secondary place, quoting the words of Christ, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and these things will be added unto you." That which is to be sought in occult study and practice is the higher spiritual Truth, a knowledge of Divine things, and hidden laws of Nature.

The speaker next gave several interesting

recollections of such powers as seen exercised by Madame Blavatsky. She also gave a vivid picture of the great revelation it was to her on first hearing the phrase, "The Feminine aspect of Deity," used by an American woman, and the astonishment with which she afterwards discovered that such a doctrine was taught in all theological schools to the male students, which drew forth the remark that if men, after being taught these things, kept them so closely hidden, it is high time women commenced to study for themselves.

WOMEN'S EMANCIPATION UNION.

On the 7th inst., Mr. Courtney received, at the Conference-room of the House of Commons, a deputation from the Women's Emancipation Union, who asked him to present to Parliament a petition in support of the claim of women to the Parliamentary franchise, and in presenting the petition to move that it be read by the Clerk at the table.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The first speaker was Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, who, in an eloquent and courteous speech, acknowledged what women owed to the constant and earnest endeavours of Mr. Courtney to bring their cause to the front. She said that had half the pledged and plighted supporters of Women's Suffrage in the House of Commons been, like you, staunch and true to their professed principles, we should not now be pleading our cause before you, for the enfranchisement of women would already have been an accomplished fact.

Other ladies also spoke, among whom were Mrs. Sales and Mrs. Stanton Blatch.

Mr. Courtney's reply was very encouraging, though he seemed to think that success would not come soon. But the many earnest women who took part in the deputation felt that their efforts must be redoubled, and that success would certainly be the result of such efforts, and that ere long.

TERSE SAYINGS.

It is easy to philosophise upon other's misfortunes.

Being is the inspiration of all doing.

The knowledge of our ignorance is the measure of our knowledge.

Those who would avoid pain must part with pleasure, too.

A genius for perseverance is a great gift.

Science adds to the wealth of a mind; philosophy appeals to what is already there.

There is no such thing as isolation; nothing which stands alone. All events, however remote from each other by time or space, form one unbroken chain, each link dependent upon and influencing the other.

ELIZABETH A. HAYES.

WE would draw the attention of all those who have circulars, &c., to send by halfpenny post to a new envelope, patented as the "DAGONET" by MESSRS. GEORGE BECHING AND SON, of 178, Strand, which ought to be a great success. Its advantages are that it is closed with great rapidity and certainty by a diagonal gliding motion. When closed the contents are held firmly and securely during transit through the post by an automatic double lock, and Post Office officials are able to open, examine, and reclose the envelopes with great facility.

The Corset and the Lungs.

Why should not women wear corsets? Because it is impossible to do so without compressing the lungs; thereby interfering with the most important functions of the human body.

When shall we cease to act only "as custom wills"?

We allow custom to put us to the greatest inconvenience, and also to inflict upon us positive pain. And those who dare to leap the barriers of custom are denounced. Pulling at the corset-cord is but a slow method of strangling out the life. And still we meet with waists which should be necks.

Why?

Because a false conception of beauty still prevails with the majority.

But while many pinch themselves without care of consequences, the majority, we believe, do it unwittingly; and would resent any such charge brought against them. We wish that such would test themselves by taking a deep inspiration, when the corsets are unfastened; and while the lungs are thus full of air, note how far the corsets are from meeting round the body.

Tight lacing is reputed on high authority to be the primal cause of consumption and all pulmonary diseases. Therefore, the effect of the corset upon the lungs should form a most important part of all hygienic instruction to girls; and its abolition should be the *fundamental reform* aimed at by any society seeking to promote rationality in dress.

That we are capable of taking in so many more cubic inches of air when divested of clothing is a scientific fact; and it must follow that loose clothing is absolutely necessary for perfect breathing. Every person should be able to take a full inspiration without feeling pressure. And the majority of women have not had that freedom since they were children. To those who wish to develop vocal power, this freedom becomes a double necessity.

A well-known artiste, on giving her experiences in teaching singing, said, "The inflation of the chest had been found so impossible on account of the corset, that she had often been obliged to give up her pupils because they would not give up their corsets."

"Vital capacity," we are told, "does not depend so much upon the size of the chest as the mobility of its walls." Now the ribs form these walls; and being joined to the breastbone by pieces of gristle, and the spaces between the ribs being filled up with the same cartilaginous substance, the chest is allowed to contract and expand as we breathe. Within this cavity are the two conical shaped lungs; which being composed of air cells, are capable of compression and expansion, like a sponge. These principal organs of respiration demand free scope; and it is in the power of everyone to increase the mobility of the chest walls, by habituating themselves to abdominal breathing. Upon thin persons this is especially incumbent. But it is impossible for women to fulfil these conditions, while held in the grip of the corset.

On the Forward Track.

Facts relating to Women, also Thoughts and Theories, original and culled.

HITHERTO we have worked more or less on the physical plane, therefore earthly desires, animal passions, lower motives, have swayed us. "The Kingdom of God" is not outside, but within. More and more as the ages pass we become conscious of that hidden Kingdom; that inner consciousness, so powerful, yet so little heeded; that spirit divine, which will reign within us when the animal desires have been subdued, which will control material things, bringing into our power a spiritual government, creative, supreme: the TRUTH, which shall make all existence free. So long as we are under the dominion of matter we are slaves. Spirit consciousness, the TRUTH, shall make us FREE. New thoughts, new motives, new powers, powers not yet used, are stirring within us; waiting their unfolding. The vital atmosphere around us is full of these breathings, these influxes, these quickenings, waiting to inspire all who are ready to receive them—no mean or base thing, no self-seeking competition, cruelty, immorality, hatred, can breathe an air so pure as shall wrap us round when we have responded to these inbreathings, which we shall in our turn out-breathe with every thought and action. It should be ours to see that the heaviness, the debasing power of matter no longer holds our wings from their higher flight; those of us who are strong, must shake ourselves free, so freeing the race; for Old things pass, and continually all things become New.

All who would help in the onward-going of humanity, must first "onward go," themselves. Those who would benefit their fellows, must AWAKE from slumber; begin at once, using such means as they have; more strength and power, more wisdom and success will come, as right onward they go, working evermore.

Continual appeals are made in behalf of birds, yet the destruction goes on. Societies for the protection of birds are formed, yet everywhere we pass we find caged larks, linnets, thrushes, and smaller birds wearing out a weary wretched existence in cages; birds that can fly, whose very nature it is to fly, under the blue dome of air, across great space, are caged in narrow prisons where they can barely move, living in bad air, under wretched conditions, while people in their thousands pass by daily, see their sorrow and do nothing. All sorts of societies for the protection of animals are formed, yet horses are done to death in our streets, stags are hunted, hares coursed, rabbits torn to pieces, foxes destroyed with needless suffering, and cruelty is rampant everywhere.

A splendid little paper, *The Animal World*, published by S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C., appears month by month, its interesting, much-needed pages perused by few when they ought to be widely read. Trashy, silly, more

or less worthless papers go like wildfire, one sees them in all hands while papers of depth, truth and reason, are put aside. What then? Are we fools or wise? Let us see to this each for her or himself. Another good little paper is the *Animals' Guardian*, 32, Sackville-street, W. These papers should be in the hands of every child, a preparation for its coming life, a mighty weapon against cruelty.

Governments should inculcate, the Church should preach from the pulpit, common-sense should demonstrate to be wise and just. But self-interest, superstition, passion and folly oppose such wholesome doctrine. Governments do not wish to see the number of their subjects reduced; the Church alleges the command "Be fruitful and multiply," and common-sense is overpowered by the impetuosity of passion with its total disregard of consequences. And the pernicious teaching and practise of centuries have so misled and warped the judgment of mankind, that even at the present day a stigma attaches to the person who ventures to run counter to public opinion on this point. "I will never yield to animal propensities; I will look ever higher," ought to be on every tongue.

Know ye not that it was written by one of old: "Whosoever shall fall upon this stone shall be broken, but upon whomsoever this stone shall fall, it shall grind him to powder." And again, "He who would be greatest among you let him be the servant of Truth."

Sectarians understand the methods of the government of the Supreme so little that they are always waiting for God to come and coerce the people into being good. The more God-like are all forms of Government the less coercion there is in them.

There exists in Northern Norfolk a very useful and, we believe, unique institution, viz., a farmhouse college. Here, under the guidance of a lady, girls who are thinking of colonial or country life, either with relations or alone, are taught a practical knowledge of cooking, gardening, laundry work, riding and dressmaking. Many women who accompany fathers, brothers, or husbands to the colonies, or those who marry country clergymen or doctors, find themselves hopelessly at sea for lack of the necessary knowledge which this farmhouse college was instituted to teach.

In Iceland men and women are in every respect political equals. In the nation of 70,000, the representatives which govern the people are elected by the men and women together.

Oh, my brothers, you are the powers that be; but are you the powers that ought to be? Your voting does not look like it.—MRS. MARY T. LATHORP.

Don't imagine the world all darkness because you have turned from the light.—E.X.

That the air constantly passing in and out of the lungs purifies the blood, is a common and accepted fact; and we are familiar with the ruddy glow which mantles the cheek after a mountain climb. But how is the process carried on?

Those who have studied the principle of respiration tell us that the capillary vessels which convey the impure venous blood to the lungs, form a network over the surface of each of the air cells; that through this network filters the oxygen of the air we breathe, and the impure gases of the blood; and that during the circulation of the blood upon these cells, its properties and colour completely change. The venous becomes arterial, and the dark purple a bright red.

The function of respiration, then, must be acknowledged an important one.

How long shall we allow fashion and custom to handicap our vital organs?

In conclusion, to those who raise the plea of the corset being a support, I state this fact—The spinal column is so built, that we can stand erect without further aid.

ELIZABETH A. HAYES.

ANONYMOUS LETTER.

[The following anonymous letter has been sent me from someone calling himself "A Priest." Whether truly so or not is doubtful, as neither name nor address is given. It is too late to hark back to fetters when we have become free. I print the letter to show what nonsense can be written even now. If any reader thinks it worth answering let her (or him) answer it.]

MADAM,—The object of your paper, or, at least, of some of its correspondents, seems to be to exalt woman to a position other than that allotted to her by the Author of her being. The sex is tempted to be ambitious, but "by that fault the angels fell." Many women have asserted successfully their capability to rival men in spheres which used to be deemed exclusively masculine; but Nature is against them. They were not designed for this end. Woman was called into existence to be "the helpmeet of man." The perfect model of womanhood does not rest with those who have been trained into masculine exercises of mind or body, but with the faithful wife and the devoted mother. Subjection is an element in her perfection. She has promised to obey. "As the Church is subject unto Christ, so must the wife be to her own husband in everything." Physically, she differs from man vastly. Had not the Amazons to cut off their right breasts that they might have the free use of the bow? And if woman had not been designed for marriage, would she have been as she is? Does spinsterhood satisfy the intentions of her being? Does it develop all her allotted powers? "Ah!" you say, "but we will not be the slaves of men." No! not their slaves, but you cannot stand upon a level with them. "The head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man, and the head of Christ is God." The angels had the prospect of perfect happiness as long as they preserved a contented mind. They became ambitious, and fell; and there is quite as much happiness in store for the woman who "knows her place" as for the man who is in subjection to those above him; but to secure this happiness she must "fling away ambition."

Yours,

A PRIEST.

A BRILLIANT SKETCH.

IN the *Cornhill Magazine* for September appears an article entitled "Intellecta; a Character Sketch," which contains a man's protest (apparently) against the possession of mind in woman, for it does not betray a single word which supports the view that even what is popularly known as "womanliness" with mind, would be acceptable to the writer. He, for sex-bias is manifested in every paragraph, starts with the assertion that "intellect is an excellent thing," *per se*, and this is immediately followed by the statement that "some imprudent woman has been busy introducing intellect and other things into the female mind, and, like the thistle, it is beginning to spread"! "Intellecta," he says, "made her first appearance to our delighted (*sic*) vision at a certain town on the Cam, where certain young women have most distinctly and unblushingly followed certain young men. 'Intellecta' attended lectures which were not intended for 'Intellecta's' delicate ears, and we were forced to blush—merely because she would not do so." We are glad he did, and we think the blushing should have come from the recollection that medical training, as well as all other branches of knowledge, has been obtained by just such efforts as these, owing to the fact that one half of society was carefully excluded from knowledge. The courage of the "Intellectas" has obtained at last some measure of justice for women, whose "delicate ears" listen very frequently against their will to some queer things from men in the theatres and churches, where nobody "blushes" and nobody is shocked, and which teach mischief only, and nothing else. Then follows a description of "Intellecta," whom studies, it appears, render extremely "unbecoming." Her honours in scholarship are the result of "chance" and an absence of rivals, and "what she knows is not worth knowing." Her desire for "the emancipation of women" (this, of course, is a crowning sin!), "the march of intellect" is wholly bad and entirely disagreeable to the writer. And "when she speaks" (for sometimes she actually speaks in public) "she has not said much." Alas! few people *do* say much—even when they take up their pens and cater for popular magazines. There is not much depth in their lucubrations.

Finally, "Intellecta" is represented as "getting on towards middle age," and being only a "learned woman" (notwithstanding that she "does not know much") while some of her men-contemporaries have become "celebrated—leading lights at the bar, pillars of the church"—which, we may add, is generally bolstered up by more scholarship than real wisdom. And "Intellecta" despises women who have husbands and babies and no aspirations. She despises still more, perhaps, those who dream vaguely of the encumbrances mentioned; but even some whose dreams never can be realised, have not the look that "Intellecta" has in her eyes." Probably the "look" (?) is born out of the discovery that men worth mating with, and whose companionship would be worth something in the matrimonial re-

lation, are still few and far between. Kingsley was not far wrong when he said "Many a woman remains unmarried, not for want of suitors, but simply from nobility of mind; because others are dependent on her, or because she will not degrade herself by marrying for marrying's sake"—the men she could love, and who are most loveable, being, as we have observed, still scarce on the scene.

Yet "her chief aim" in life is "to forward the cause of education. She is one of the prime movers in the great schemes for bringing knowledge to the masses—instead of letting the masses come and take it." A very good aim indeed, we think! The spread of intellectual tastes will keep many a man out of the public-house, and help many a woman too, in a score of ways.

"She does not go to church very much." Another crime! She does not probably care to be taught by men who believe that women should sit "in silence" to learn that they are nobodies in particular. "She complains that the clergy are deficient in intellectual power"—not very surprising! . . . "It is often so with women. (!) One finds that as soon as they know more than the local curate they begin to look down upon St. Paul, and Paley, and good Bishop Butler, and a few others who may not have been intellectual as the word is understood to-day, but who, nevertheless, wrote some solid stuff." All of which means that "Intellecta" and many other women object to hearing so-called Scripture read out to the people in the name of religion, which teaches sex-inequality. If St. Paul ever wrote all the passages which teach contempt for womanhood, so much the worse for his writings, but we doubt it. We believe he wrote that "in Christ Jesus (the plane of spirit) there is neither male nor female," and that the rest are interpolations palpably inconsistent. But our writer of the *Cornhill* would hardly be much attracted to this plane; he wants his religion well spiced with sexual feelings, and the "church" suits him.

"She is quite devoid of any sense of the ridiculous," which is a great blessing for "Intellecta" (so let us hope for the sake of the writer and his contribution *au sérieux* are the readers of this month's *Cornhill*). At the lectures "there is no one waiting for 'Intellecta' outside—not even a *cabman!*" which obviously condemns "Intellecta" to the impropriety of walking. But the women who walk the streets for other objects do not offend our writer. Does he know anything about them?

"Being devoid of humour, she is naturally without knowledge of the pathetic, and therefore she does not see herself as others see her. She is probably unaware of that dissatisfied look in her eyes. It is a physical matter, like a wrinkle, or a droop of the lips. It is the little remnant of the woman quailing before the mind" (!) "Intellecta" is secretly craving for a man, apparently, who alone is capable of understanding a joke, or the meaning of pathos (bathos, rather), or of possessing a Mind!

"Knowledge is power," she always says when *driven into a corner* (note) by some

argumentative and mistaken man, for whom, of course, argument with the "mindless" woman would always result in a "corner" for the latter!

"Yes; but it is not happiness," Dr. Kudos replies—not to her, but to a friend of his own sex, "and we are put here to try and be happy." The italics are ours. If so, something has gone wrong with this planet, for we, at least, have heard as many groans (if not more) from the married as the single. We thought we were here for self-conquest, development through experience, the learning of the lesson of fraternity, the victory of the soul over the animal nature. There is no other way of solving the problem, considering what happens in the world, and that our little life-dramas are closed by death. So say the sacred books: "Man is born into trouble as the sparks fly upward." "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain," writes St. Paul. But this part of the New Testament does not appeal to our author. He wants his "happiness," and he would like to have the kind of happiness (?) which exists at the expense of woman, though we think there is none to be had worthy of the name, even for awhile, save in conditions of mutual affection (not lust), freedom and equality. He likes the sex-plane, and he cannot bear any other or any higher ideal of woman than his own—which one can see between the lines. "Intellecta" may not be a perfect ideal, but she is struggling out of *his*, and is on the way to strength.

"We are making progress," says "Intellecta" still; "we are putting our feet upon the ladder."

"Yes, 'Intellecta'; but whither does that ladder lead?"

Just a little way up, we answer, from the sex-miasma surrounding the folks at the foot, who don't mind the prostitute (though they are ready enough to stone her in public), but hate the woman who wills to be FREE. If "Intellecta" has her imperfections—and doubtless she has many—she is still the superior of the sort of men who believe in this mischievous and unchivalrous "flap-doodle," and who would deny to woman immortality itself if it crossed the sensual cravings that are concealed under their talk about so-called "womanliness." None are so deluded as those who delude themselves.

In the recent laying down of the telephone wires and electric light plant between La Paz, in Bolivia, and Lake Titicaca, the Government has experienced considerable trouble from the Indians, who, according to an American journal, got the idea that the much-sounding talk of the white man that could be heard thus far would disturb the long sleep of their ancestors; the damage to the plant caused by them was only put a stop to by giving some representative braves an object lesson. They were taken down to the engine house and received a severe shock from a dynamo, then they were taken to the end of the line and severely shocked again, with the result that they came to the conclusion that an enemy who could twist their muscles into kinks at any distance was not to be any longer trifled with.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

"Get you something of our purity, and we will of your strength; we ask no more."

TALKING one day of Evadne's treatment of her husband, in the "Heavenly Twins," to a girl to whom I had recommended the book, I heard with sorrow arguments against it which seemed to me terrible from one who may some day be a wife and a mother. Many girls seem utterly unable to rid themselves of the idea that they will have the power to make their husbands good. They say, "it lay in Evadne's power to have made her husband better; she neglected her duty to him as a wife in not living with him as his wife." It is a charming theory, this of supreme influence of a pure woman over a bad man; but, alas! in practice of little avail. "But he loved her, even if he was bad," they continue. Well! What of that? Is a good woman's life to be spoiled because a bad man loves her. His love is worthless, unworthy of consideration, merely a passion!

There are girls who know so little of the existence of this evil that they have no power of selecting a fit husband; and there are those who, from various sources outside the home, have learnt of, and become blunted to, the immorality surrounding them. Such act, unknowingly it may be, as a drag upon the wheel of progress. The former, by knowing nothing, and therefore becoming easy victims; the latter by having acquired their knowledge from wrong sources, resulting in an erroneous impression of what is right and wrong, and so, bye-and-bye, becoming used to the idea that men must sow their wild oats, that they cannot help it, it is necessary to their health; and what does it matter, if they reform after marriage? From these there is no hope. Once admit immorality is a necessity and it is useless to try to do anything. Such women tacitly encourage men to do wrong by allowing that it doesn't matter so long as they have not been through the marriage service. We want one and the same moral code for men and women; not one for one sex and one for the other. We want to see equality between men and women, and this can only be secured by the elevation of the man, not by the degradation of the woman. Men, no less than women, must lead pure lives before marriage, and afterwards remain true to one wife.

Women need a healthier, sounder education than they have had heretofore. Only then can we hope for true and perfect equality between the sexes; only then will the existing inequality disappear. When women are taught physiology and the relation of the sexes, from childhood by their mothers, they will cease to regard the "sowing of wild oats" as something all men must indulge in; they will expect their bridegrooms to be pure as they are. If only women as a whole would acknowledge this evil of immorality, and opening their hearts to a deep feeling of pity for posterity, join hands for its suppression, they would soon find a means of bringing their work to a

successful issue. We must act; we must protest; we must bring our influence to bear upon our brothers and sons so that they submit their lives to the law of reason.

Our greatest care must be given to our children; here the most effectual stand can be made against evil. Only in the family circle can the reaction take its rise; time and education are the leading factors, motherly love and patience the chief agents. In educating our children we must direct our attention to their morals from their earliest years. We all know—we who are mothers—how the moral growth of a child may be injured by excessive food, the example of persons unfit to be in charge, and by the lack of that physical bodily exercise which is so necessary to its healthy development. With the regeneration of family life, an equally desirable change will, little by little, be effected in the life of the outer world. As our children go forth armed to resist temptation, pure, not through ignorance, but through knowledge, the world will become purer—for what is the world but a collection of families—and the general tone of society better. We must teach our sons that it is a wrong to the women they may marry, a wrong to the children who may call them "father," to indulge in immorality before marriage. We must teach them to look upon women as their fellows—human beings having equal rights with themselves in all things. We must teach our daughters the relation between the sexes. This can be done best by a mother, who will soon find how much wiser it is that the instruction should come from herself than from school-fellows, or other sources so calculated to do serious harm, to deaden the perceptions to a sense of purity, and to prepare them for the acceptance of evil as a necessity—an infamous doctrine, yet frequently preached. Ignorance is not purity! Knowledge and strength to withstand temptation is the only true purity. We must look at life as it is, without exaggerating its good or bad qualities. Men who have, thanks to their parents, been brought up with no idea of what is right, and know nothing of moral restraint, will probably go astray. Who is to blame? They seek in a wife one who can know nothing of their past, they want something in her that they have lost. Evadne, in leaving her husband on her wedding-day, only did what was right. She had married him under false pretences, believing him to be pure and good as she was; that promise, therefore, could not be binding. As for neglecting her duty, which is said by some, what duty had she to one who was unfit to be her husband, and who, had she lived with him, would have probably been untrue. To have lived with him would have been a wrong, not only to herself, but to the children. We have no power to make men good by marrying them; but we have the power to insist upon pure men as the husbands of pure women. Does not the solution of this question lie almost entirely with the mothers? We must teach our boys and girls ourselves; send them out into the world armed with that knowledge which is both power and purity.

MARY FORDHAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMEN AND THE PARLIAMENTARY FRANCHISE.

DEAR MADAM,—I ask your kind permission to place before your readers a few facts of which I was forcibly reminded by Mr. Courtney's words to the deputation of the Women's Emancipation Union on August 31st. We do well, indeed, to be as hopeful as Mr. Courtney would have us—that we shall gain the Parliamentary Franchise at no distant date—so long as we base our hopes on our own determined efforts to win, but the facts I have to adduce, a few only out of a multitude, show clearly that we must not dare to be lethargic lest we should speedily lose more than has been already achieved.

For it is by no means true that legislation during the past 60 years has been uniformly favourable to women. Witness the Reform Act of 1832, which, whilst extending the Parliamentary Franchise to a far larger number of voters, for the first time introduced into our legislation on this subject the word "*male*," and thus made of the new franchises then created an exclusively masculine privilege.

Witness again the disfranchisement of women in our Municipal Corporations, by the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, a disfranchisement which lasted for 34 years. The Municipal vote, restored by the Municipal Franchise Act of 1869, was not, as Mr. Courtney (in addressing the deputation) seemed to suppose, a boon then conferred on women for the first time, but the *restitution* and development of our* ancient right, withdrawn rather by the carelessness, than the malice, of our male legislators.

Witness again, the infamous Contagious Diseases Acts of 1866 and 1869, introduced and carried into law by two Liberal ministries, of the first of which Mr. Gladstone was a distinguished member, and of the second the controlling chief. Nor was this nefarious legislation repealed even when the agonising efforts of devoted women and men had made its cruel and wicked character plain to all, till the roused conscience of male voters made that repeal a political necessity.

At this very moment we are in danger of retrograde legislation, even in the much-vaunted Local Government Bill, since the present Ministry appear to think that it would involve too much trouble to conserve the ancient parochial rights of married women.

Nor is it true that in other forms of social progress women have been permitted to advance *pari passu* with men. The judgment of the Court of Common Pleas in the case of "*Chorlton v. Lings*" (1869) confirmed and extended the deprivation of voting rights, first partially effected by the Reform Act, 1832. The judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench in 1872 ("*Reg. v. Harrold*") declared that a married woman was *not a person*, and could not therefore exercise civic rights.

The great uprising of labour has, for the most part, passed women by, and they have been left in the greater number of occupations at the same low level of wages as before, or driven down still lower.

Two-thirds of the children in our elementary schools are girls and infants, and three-fourths of the teachers in those schools are women, the salaries of a vast body of whom do not exceed £1 per week. Our Educational

*There were women burgesses in some of our oldest towns before the Norman Conquest, and there have been women burgesses in corporate towns ever since, except during the years from 1835 to 1869.

Department employs for the inspection of these elementary schools, at a present cost of £170,000 a year, a large staff of male inspectors, but finds work for only one woman inspector for needlework, and one for laundry-work and cookery. Mr. Acland was recently memorialised with regard to the opening of inspectorships to women. His reply is interesting: "The appointment of properly qualified women as inspectors of elementary schools for girls and infants is a policy which, while there may be much to be said in its favour, would obviously involve large changes in the organisation of the department. For such changes Mr. Acland thinks the department is hardly ready at present." Of course not; the slight, temporary inconvenience of the department outweighs, in the official balances, all the gain to the education and well-being of the children which would result from the application to the work of school inspection of trained feminine intelligence.

So, too, although the overwhelming majority of the subjects of Poor Law Administration are women and children, we have still—as 20 years ago—but one woman Poor Law Inspector.

The condition of many classes of our women workers is appalling. Their surroundings insubstantial, their labour excessive, their wages a pittance, scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and the number of these hapless ones is steadily increasing. The present Ministry makes a great vaunt of having appointed two women factory inspectors, two caretakers to all this multitude of helpless toilers, and does not seem inclined to increase the number.

I could, did time and space serve, give innumerable instances of the stationary or retrograde condition of women; whilst the condition of men is steadily improving. But I forbear. The lesson is the same throughout. Women cannot effectually help themselves, their suffering sisters, or the world at large, without the power of the Parliamentary vote. This power men have and use. But our modern official Liberalism, in defiance of all avowed Liberal principles, resists its bestowal upon women. Without it, however, women are not only less effective for good, they are powerless against renewed aggression, and against the withdrawal of the few rights already achieved by so much and so painful effort. As a matter of wise and just economy of force, therefore, women who seek to conserve their own liberties, to remove the countless wrongs and injustices from which their sex still suffers, to advance public morality, or to promote social and international justice, ought now to concentrate all their energies on the acquisition of the Parliamentary franchise. This charter of their liberties once secured, this force once in their possession, the really prodigious efforts for good which women are now putting forth will no longer be wasted, but will produce visible, beneficent, and permanent results. —I am, dear Madam, faithfully yours,

ELIZABETH WOLSTENHOLME ELMY.

THE DREADEST SCOURGE OF ALL.

DEAR MADAM,—By way of supplement to the notice in *SHAFTS* of my articles in the *Modern Review*, bearing the above caption, for which I venture to tender my thanks, I trust that you will consider the ensuing of sufficient interest for a portion of your space on behalf of the poor foreigner of the islands and districts where there is no proper system of representative government, or any means of procuring a

revisal of what I consider unjust and tyrannical legislation.

What saith Shakespeare?

"The leprous distilment, whose effect Holds such an enmity with the blood of man, That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through The natural gates and alleys of the body; And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset And curd, like eager droppings into milk, The thin and wholesome blood."

Then, as now, this stands good.

This terrible scourge of humanity is reported on the most trustworthy evidence from all parts of the globe to be seriously spreading. Sir Andrew Clark said recently at a dinner in aid of the National Leprosy Fund, that leprosy was a "real" question, and added: "He could produce overwhelming testimony of this fact, and the evidence was conclusive not only that leprosy did exist in large measure in recent years, but that new germ centres were springing up in various quarters, and the old centres were widening. Before England and the civilised world there was looming a condition of affairs which might, by growth, threaten civilisation."

Many people are disposed to make light of the grave possibilities of spreading the disease of leprosy by means of arm-to-arm vaccination as practised in countries where it is endemic—as asserted by Mr. William Tebb, F.R.G.S., in his remarkable and interesting volume, published by Messrs. Swann Sonnenschein, and Co., entitled "The Recrudescence of Leprosy and its Causation," and others who are agitating for reform in the interests of the public well being. In view of this, perhaps I may be permitted to cite the evidence adduced by Dr. R. Hall Bakewell, the late Vaccinator-General of Trinidad, before the Vaccination Committee of the House of Commons.

Dr. Hall Bakewell, in his "Answer" No. 3,563, page 207, V.C. report, observed:—

"There is a very strong opinion prevalent in Trinidad, and in the West Indies generally, that leprosy has been introduced into the system by vaccination; and I may say that, as Vaccinator-General of Trinidad, I found that all medical men, when they had occasion to vaccinate either their own child or those of patients in whom they were specially interested, applied to me for English lymph; and that was so marked that in one instance a man, who had never spoken to me before, wrote me quite a friendly letter in order to get lymph from England when he had to vaccinate his own child. It is quite evident that the only reason for wanting lymph from England must be that they consider it free from contaminating the system by leprosy, because, of course, there is an equal chance, and probably a greater chance in England, of the lymph being [otherwise] contaminated."

Question 2,564, and Dr. Bakewell's answer is as follows:—

Question.—"Have you had experience of any case in which leprosy has been introduced?"

Answer.—"I have seen several cases in which it seemed to be the only explanation. I have a case now under treatment of the son of a gentleman from India, who has contracted leprosy, both the parents of English origin. I saw the case of a child last year, who, though a creole of the Island of Trinidad, is born of English parents, and is a leper, and there is no other cause to which it is attributable. Sir Ranald Martin, who is a great authority on these points, agreed with me that leprosy arose from vaccination" (Ualics-mini).

Mr. Tebb has travelled far and wide to gain information as to the invaccination of leprosy, and his deliberate conclusion, as given in the preface of his most useful treatise, is: "Unless vaccination is disestablished and discontinued, and sanitary amelioration substituted for the inoculation experiments, drastic drug medication, and nerve stretching, practised in various Leper Asylums, I am convinced," he strongly affirms, "that this dreaded disease will march onward with accelerated destructive force, and its ultimate extirpation will be rendered well nigh impossible."

It is obvious that the law enforcing vaccination in all leprous countries is unreasonable, unequal, cruel, and, therefore, unjust and inexpedient, and, as Mr. Tebb says, the rite of vaccination (which has been shown by Dr. Charles Creighton, Professor Edgar Crookshank, Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, Dr. William Gayton, Mr. William White, Mr. Alexander Wheeler, Dr. H. A. Allbutt, Professor F. W. Newman, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, Mrs. C. Leigh Hunt Wallace, the Countess De Noailles, Mrs. Josephine Butler, Mrs. E. C. W. Elmy, Miss Caroline Goldsmid, Mrs. Jacob Bright, Mrs. Sarah Heckford, Mrs. Annie Besant, Lord Clifton, Mr. J. T. Biggs, Dr. A. M. Brown, Mr. Henry Strickland Constable, Mr. George S. Gibbs, Mr. C. French Hensley, Mr. Richard Hodgson, Mr. Thomas Burt, Mr. Joseph Burt, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the late Right Hon. John Bright, the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, Mr. J. H. Levy, Mr. Alfred Milnes, Professor H. N. Mozley, Mr. Isaac Pitman, Mr. Howard Williams, Mr. Josiah Oldfield, Lieutenant-General Phelps, Lieutenant Colonel A. T. Wintle, Dr. Alexander Wilder, Dr. Herbert Boins, Dr. Heidenstam, Dr. G. F. Robb, Dr. Collins, Professor Lawson Tait, Dr. Leon Colin, and other able authorities before the Royal Commission on Vaccination, now sitting under the presidency of the Lord Chancellor, and elsewhere, to have not the least effect in preventing or mitigating small-pox, the former of which was the primary object, and the latter the subterfuge by which it is upheld, or, on the other hand, since it is an unsettled opinion, that there is no right by which it is justifiable to impose it upon the body of any upright citizen) should be discontinued and discouraged by medical officers, and, indeed, by all who are concerned with the public health, leaving us far removed from the iniquitous régime—by which I mean Stately-enforced and Stately-endowed medical fanaticism, arrogance, and bigotry—of a bygone age, and faithful to the principles of personal freedom and humanity so often disregarded in such matters. Vaccination is an unscientific practice that cannot be shown to rest upon the slightest basis. Therefore, the medical dictation that is everywhere rampant to-day is usurpation; and the law—it is an unendurable usurpation, and, to use the words of Emeritus Professor F. W. Newman, creates the right of resistance.

What says Mr. Gladstone?—

"I regard compulsory and penal provisions, such as those of the Vaccination Act, with mistrust and misgiving, and were I engaged on an enquiry, I should require very clear proof of their necessity before giving them my approval."

What said the late Mr. John Bright?—

"The law which inflicts penalty after penalty on a parent who is unwilling to have a child vaccinated is monstrous, and ought to be repealed."

There are, of course, limits to a Press letter, therefore but the following reference:—During the recent debate in Parliament, Dr. G. Clark,

September, 1893.]

M.P. (a well-known physician, who formerly accepted the office of public vaccinator), in a speech supporting Mr. C. H. Hopwood's (Q.C.) resolution for the abolition of compulsory vaccination, took the opportunity of calling attention to the danger of inoculating leprosy in the process of vaccination, and to Dr. W. T. Gairdner's (Glasgow University) well-known cases—well-known medically. These cases of Dr. Gairdner's adduction are to be found at p.p. 139-144 in Mr. Tebb's volume mentioned above.

In anticipation, yours faithfully,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

WAS MURIEL RIGHT?

MADAM,—In reading "The Towing Path" in this month's number, I feel compelled to write and express my opinion as to Muriel's conduct. To me it seems it would have been wiser when she discovered her husband's baseness and treachery to have told him of it, and given him a chance of reforming. If he refused, of course her way is clear; but should he recognise the wrong of his actions, and be willing to amend, what happiness would have been hers, when she felt that she had helped her husband to a purer and a better life. It may be truly said that he did not deserve it. Granted; but if we all got our deserts, and nothing more, life would be a hard thing for many of us.

I myself feel very strongly on this question of immorality; but if all women ran away from their husbands as soon as they found them guilty of this terrible and disgusting sin, would it in any way tend to reform them? If so, by all means let the women who are unfortunate enough to have such husbands follow Muriel's example; but if not, what are they to do? Can anyone answer that question, or throw out any suggestions? That there are thousands of women so suffering we all know, and it behoves every true woman to rise up and help her sisters wherever possible. Let us discuss this question freely and fully, and see if, by doing so, we cannot arrive at some helpful conclusion. The other side of the question might be discussed later on, namely, the girls who are the victims of these husbands' unbridled desires.

Before closing, I would like, Madam, to ask my fellow readers to deny themselves some small luxury each week—say, for instance, a little fruit, cake, sweets, &c., and put the money so saved on one side for the purpose of helping our paper. If only 6d. a week sent at regular intervals, and all of us would do it, your burdens would soon be lightened, and the paper would gain thereby, as it is impossible for any one to be at their best and brightest when crushed by pecuniary troubles.

Another way of helping would be for each reader to try to increase the number of your subscribers.

Yours faithfully,

BERKHAMSTED.

[Had Muriel taken the course here suggested, would it have been productive of good? What answer will women make who have tried? What answer is made by the centuries during which women have sacrificed the highest and holiest things, have put aside brave, noble careers of usefulness, to place themselves absolutely at the disposal of men whose lives were a shame to themselves, and a dishonour to the women who had in ignorance become their wives, and who, under a false sense of right and honour, maintained that

relationship? Reverse the situation. Say that the husband lay hid in the ante room, that he saw his wife enter in the company of prostitutes, that he heard their conversation, that he found out the life his wife was leading with other men, that he had to consider his own purity, and that of his child endangered by the life of the wife and mother. What was likely to have been the conduct of the man in such an instance? Would it not have been just what the wife's was? Aye, and more severe. Who would have blamed the man? No one; he would have been justified by all. Why not then the woman, who had so much more to consider? Our code of honour and morality between the sexes is false, and full of rottenness. When are we (women) going to alter it? Is a woman justified in bringing into the world child after child with a moral stain upon it? Is it not nobler and better to refuse to do so. When will women see this, and see to this?—Ed.]

NEEDFUL OR UNWISE?

DEAR MADAM,—I rejoiced to see that you were so just and unprejudiced as to give place for insertion to Miss Clapperton's ideas on the restriction of large families. She is an earnest, open-minded thinker, and surely it is best to know any remedy which may be proposed which promises, or may suggest, some possible remedy for the great evil of too large families. I do not myself agree with the remedy proposed in this instance, nor, I observe, do you; but it is worth consideration. Self-restraint is undoubtedly the only right way, but are we all able to receive it? We will be, no doubt, eventually, but in the meantime what is to be done for those into whose lives trouble comes so fast? Many poor women are ruined in body and demoralised mentally through having too many children. This should not be; *must not be*; we must find some cure. What shall it be? Can the subject be discussed in *SHAFTS*, as you say, with modesty and moderation?

Yours truly,

AN OPEN EYE.

CAN ARBITRATION SETTLE STRIKES?

DEAR MADAM,—The article which appears in last issue under the above heading demands an answer. It bristles with inaccuracies, and is unjust to both master and man.

"George Bedborough" states that the collier wishes to occupy the same position as the colliery owner's horse, as far as reductions are concerned, whereas it is known that they have willingly accepted reductions in the past when circumstances have necessitated it; while the horse theory, as far as increases go, is held not to be good under any circumstances. The miners claim that wages should not go down now, but do they ever admit they have enough, and will not ask for more? The Federation says:—"Wages as at present;—until prices are as high as 1890"—when, I suppose, they will want another rise. Now, in fairness to the masters, if prices are to govern wages at all they must hold good all the way round, and reductions in value must be followed by a decrease in the wage department.

Your correspondent is manifestly unfair to the masters when he says they demand, "without much pretence of proof" (an uncalled-for sneer), that wages be reduced 25 per cent. I do not think such a large reduction necessary; but they have great proof of the fall in prices between 1890 and 1893, for coal in the former year was worth in the Thames 22s. 6d. per ton,

and at ports of delivery for export 13s. 1½d. per ton. In June, 1893, it was worth 15s. and 9s. 4½d. respectively. The men say they did not experience the full benefit of the high prices in 1890, and I hold that the difference of opinions between masters and men, being one of intricate detail, should be settled by some outside body.

The coal supply affects the whole community. It is a matter of vital import to trade in general as well as to the domestic consumer. The strike system is essentially a warlike struggle in which both parties, but especially the employes, are impoverished, while thousands of poor women and children bear the hardest brunt of this conflict between poor suffer alike because of this conflict between a few coalowners and 250,000 men. To settle this question then, under present conditions of labour, what could be more appropriate than some such Board of Conciliation as proposed by the present Government, and, I am sorry to say, opposed by the landed gentry of the Conservative party. Your correspondent's only suggestion is a fund for the strikers.

Considering the multitude of homes affected and the magnitude of the interests at stake, I am surprised that Mr. Bedborough should dismiss, in a few cynical sentences, a scheme likely to bring peace in place of strife, and a prospect of permanent trade instead of the constant succession of disturbances which strikes have brought about.

There are two sides to every question, it is true, but I trust your readers will throw their influence into the peace-maker's scale rather than that of the war-makers.

Yours truly,

RICHARD CRANFIELD WREN.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

DEAR MADAM,—In your last issue is a letter on domestic service. It is certainly true that many girls prefer life in a factory; can we blame them? What work is harder than that of the ordinary general servant? Were a man (who claims superior physical strength) put to do it, how many days do you think he would remain? Considering her isolation, is it any wonder that the girl, who in most places has no one to speak to, seizes any chance to flirt a little, or that, giving way to temptation she adds to the list of unfortunates? As to her liberty, a servant is at a disadvantage not merely on week-days, when she may be fortunate enough perhaps to get time to rush home and back again, but the shop girls have all the Sunday, whilst for her it is often the hardest day of the week. Again, a shop or factory girl knows, to a certain extent, what is required of her; whereas the servant cannot judge at all, some mistresses being so thoughtless in regard to giving needless work. As regards giving notice, the servant is again at a disadvantage. Directly the notice is given on either side—though the mistress can be on the look-out for another servant—the servant herself has no chance until she is entirely out of the place. For, in order to secure another situation, she must be at the registry-office, and during the hour or two she may have at night the offices are closed. Then comes the question of a character, which depends on the caprice of the mistress. Many mistresses who get a bad or incapable servant, not liking to deprive them of the chance of gaining a living, give a good character when not merited, so that the girl is turned over to torment someone else. As to the remedy; is it not possible in many cases to

give them a full half-day's holiday once a week, and, when possible, to let them sleep at home that night, returning in the morning. They appreciate very much the privilege of sleeping at home occasionally. We must also try to raise their social standing, so that instead of being a disgrace to be a slavey, a servant's will be as honourable a calling as any other. But until we get the fulfilment of Edward Bellamy's book, *Looking Backward*, we shall always have the same trouble, though it may be modified a little, with the assistance of the two "bears," viz., bear and forbear.

Yours truly,

UNE MAITRESSE.

CHASTITY.

DEAR MADAM,—Your correspondent, "Justitia," has with much ability and grasp of the subject set forth an important question, and asks for testimony as to the relative power of the sexes to lead chaste lives. I do not advance my testimony as that of "Justitia's" "competent person," but having been a wife and mother for very many years it has naturally come that I have had the confidence of many good and suffering women, and I have also for a long while, in a public capacity, been brought into contact with many unfortunate women of the lower classes. In my opinion three dominant causes have fostered chastity in women. First, men have ever chosen chaste women for the mothers of their legitimate children. The old, coarse proverb "It is a wise child that knows its own father" bears testimony to the fact that on the question of the parentage of their children men are at the mercy of women. Therefore, such men as desired children to succeed them naturally selected modest women as wives. Secondly, nature by the burden of child-bearing has made it much more hazardous for women than for men to indulge in immorality, and thus women have been led to prefer love constant and sustaining in preference to transient brute passion. And, thirdly, the law of heredity acting through countless ages has made the self control of the virtuous mother come all the more naturally to the virtuous daughter, and thus women are less cursed than men by sensual desires. But chastity is not the easy virtue to all women that "Justitia" supposes. To many it is a virtue bought at a great price, and many women become prostitutes through strong animalism, linked with weak moral powers. All prostitution must not be laid on the shoulders of men.

There is a great amount of quiet immorality in the middle classes; and I doubt if the middle class man is much more pure than his West or East End brother. Our wide-spread prostitution bears testimony to the immorality of men, but prostitution in the ordinary acceptance of the term by no means represents the number of women supported, or partly supported, by the sensual appetites of men.

It therefore seems almost ironical to say, with the French proverb, "that the chastity of women has been the device of men"; nevertheless, there is much truth in it. When women publicly insist on the same standard of morality for men as that accepted by society for themselves, then, and not until then, we may hope that men will become purer. "Justitia" says, "Celibacy is no horror to a vast number of women." Perhaps not, but to the majority of my sex the desire to be loved with a pure love is a passion that burns until death; and women experience much misery from the fact that the love passion in most men is so

greatly based on animal instinct. Were I given the power to have a wish granted I would chose that the love of men should equal the love of women in its purity and devotedness. No change would bring more happiness to the world. I cannot call to mind the exact words of that true friend to women—and wretched women in particular—James Hinton, but he desired to be remembered as the man who said that men *could be chaste*. That chastity is at present more easy for women than for men there is no doubt. Chiefly because both nature and society punish the woman so much more than the man. Men rule the world. Adulterers and fornicators (let us call spades spades) sit in our Imperial and Social Parliaments. Male constituencies return such men with their eyes open! Why? Because there is a conspiracy of silence among men as to the code of male morality.

Yours faithfully,

TRUTH.

DANGER AHEAD!

DEAR MADAM,—Will you kindly insert in your next number the following extract from the report of the proceedings of the Trades Union Congress, at Belfast, on Thursday, the 7th inst.

It may interest your readers to see that the fact of being voteless is likely to entail, in the not distant future, yet another disability; while it is also evident that we are approaching a state of thing in which *any* limitation of powers or capacities for the male, will be regarded as but little short of high treason.

Your very truly,

HELEN NEW.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

Mr. J. H. Wilson moved: "That this Congress is of opinion that the time has now arrived when the law relating to the empanelling of juries should be so amended as to allow all workmen entitled to vote at Parliamentary elections to become jurymen; that all jurymen should be paid for their services the sum of 10s. per day; and that the jury list be arranged alphabetically. Also that a person charged with misdemeanour shall have the right to object to 20 jurymen, the same as persons charged with felony; also that the present system of calling the grand jury be abolished; and, further, that the Parliamentary Committee be instructed to bring a bill forward next Session seeking for an alteration of the law in this respect." Why should working men, he asked, not be allowed to enter jury-boxes to try their fellow-men, as well as the employers of labour? If they went into the jury-box they would take the time and pains to try the case. When a shipper's case came on, those who had the providing of a jury took good care that only ship-owners were on it. It was the same with the manufacturers. This state of things should be done away with. He (Mr. Wilson) had drafted a bill which he intended introducing into Parliament next year, whereby all who were entitled to vote at a Parliamentary election should be allowed to serve on a jury, that the names should be alphabetically arranged so as to prevent jury-packing, as at the present time, and that jurymen be allowed 10s. a day and travelling expenses to and from assize courts. (Cheers.)

Mr. Russell (Hull) seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

(*Daily Chronicle*, of Friday, September 8th.)

A YOUNG GIRL'S IDEAS.

DEAR MADAM,—May I say a few words about some things in your clever paper: little things, perhaps, you will say, but—

Little drops of water, little grains of sand, Make the mighty river and the pleasant land. So we will begin with the christening. Why should a girl be called Lilly, or Violet, any more than a boy? If we want to see how silly such names look, let us call men and boys Rose, Lilly, Violet, Pansy. Fancy a man of 50, called Violet; yet women are so called often. When we see a nice-looking young woman we call her a "pretty girl," but we would be laughed at did we call a nice-looking young man "a pretty boy." We should picture him as a soft empty-head. Why! how stupid it is! I have made up my mind to use the word pretty to men until we have done away with it as describing women.

Again, Miss should only apply to very young girls, as Master does to boys, until we find a better word. "Miss" means nothing. In the meantime Miss should be changed to "Mrs." when grown up people are spoken of. I hope we will soon all call each other by our christian names. If either sex ought to show they are single or married, surely the man should be most obliged to do so, also by wearing a wedding ring. I am resolved not to wear one unless my husband will do so also. I hope all women will make this resolve, and refuse to marry if the man will not consent to wear a ring. This would soon bring a change. In names also why should the woman always make the sacrifice. The only remedy I can see is for daughters to take the father's name and sons the mother's; while the parents take a name made from the names of both. If I should marry before this, or some just state of things is arrived at, I shall give my husband my name. If he does not love me enough to take it, then I shall not have him at all, which is often the safest plan. However, I shall not marry till I am thirty, so perhaps all will be changed by that time.—Yours truly,

MARGARET MAY.

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

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