

SHAFTS

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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What the Editor means.

WHICH ARE YOU?

THERE are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
That the good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No: the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labour, and worry, and care?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I REJOICE to inform my readers that the circulation of SHAFTS is increasing rapidly, and that the horizon looks clear and promising. It is my intention next month to open a subject for discussion in these pages which will, I trust, be earnestly taken up. It will be under the head of "Distinctions," and will include all distinctions, such as sex, age, position, capacities, etc.

As this is holiday time I have—I hope with my readers' approbation—arranged that the size of SHAFTS shall be slightly reduced for August and September, thus saving some expense and enabling me, though I cannot at present have a change, to have some rest. I have always found my readers exceedingly generous in this respect, and so I owe to them a great deal of help in overcoming my many difficulties, very few of which now remain.

THE root of ignorance is bigotry; and its products are crimes, diseases, disasters and death. The root of Wisdom is love; its products are happy thoughts and good actions and conscious Immortality.

NEVER do human beings portray their own character so vividly as in their manner of portraying another's.

RICHTER.

Pioneer Club Records.

THE last debate of the season, "The Censorship of the Stage," opened by Edward Rose, Esq., Miss Whitehead occupying the chair, was well sustained and evoked much interest. Below is given the list of debates for the coming Session. They seem to have been excellently selected and great satisfaction has been expressed that many of the debates—thirteen out of sixteen—are to be opened by women and by Pioneers. The women who gather in these rooms are gaining strength to stand against injustice and cruelty, and to hold up the flag of progress. I give, according to promise, some short details.

One of our earnest Pioneers, Mrs. Budd Scott, last week in Westminster saved a poor horse from gross cruelty, and brought his inhuman owner to punishment, by her fearless conduct, never flinching from her self-imposed task, though she exposed herself to being followed to her carriage by a boy, evidently hired for the purpose, who threw flints at her, hitting her over the eye. Were each observer of cruelty to act in this way, it could not fail to produce an effect.

Another of our Pioneers, Mrs. Warner, has recently been elected Poor Law Guardian, and is already devoting herself with ability and generous warmheartedness to making the position of women in workhouses and almshouses more endurable, even to bringing into their lives some sunny rays of warmth and light. Mrs. Warner is a woman of culture and refinement, full of gentleness and consideration, and it is to such women as she, when placed in public positions, that we look for the entire remodelling of the Poor Law system as it at present stands, and the establishment of something more worthy of the age of the world, and the experience of humanity.

Lady Harberton is already well-known to the working and thinking portion of the community, and probably to many not coming under either category. She has long worked with ardent, unwearying zeal, to bring about a change in women's dress. She holds that women can never be healthy, strong, have vigorous views on matters already demanding their attention, nor yet be well employed in public life, as long as they hold to the cramping, enfeebling dress they at present wear, though it is considerably modified from the dress of the past.

On this subject she writes:—"I think a point that must strike most of those who undertake any work which is exclusively to concern women, is their want of power to take the first step in helping to bring about any alteration in the existing conditions of life. No matter what the subject may be, whether it be for obtaining votes to ensure bare justice for themselves in the making of laws; for obtaining a greater measure of health and comfort by the adoption of a better method of dress, the general feeling of the mass of women is always the same, *viz.*, one of dislike at

being asked to show in any manner that they think a change is desirable.

"This has been strongly forced upon my notice during the years I have worked with those who are trying to bring about a (much needed!) reform in dress. Yet there seems little doubt that now the majority of women are mentally convinced that their dress is constructed on a wrong principle. Nevertheless they continue to refuse to give any help in the cause of reform. It is difficult to understand what the exact mental peculiarity is, that leads to this sort of inertia. Why will women form an opinion and nurse it all their lives without ever making the least attempt to carry it out to its logical consequence. That is, to bring it to any practical result.

"This is the true stumbling block that bars the way to almost every endeavour to raise women generally to a better position. And it is of course peculiarly detrimental to dress reform. To make any alteration in their dress would let the world see that women thought improvement possible, therefore they shrink from it. To say they think it desirable would on the other hand be to convict themselves of inconsistency in making no effort to carry out their view. The encouragement given to those who work, by consistent action on the part of other women, would be enormous.

"Dress reform does make progress, however, though much more slowly than it would do if the intellectually convinced did not deem it desirable to keep their views concealed. The French women at once saw the absurdity of cycling in petticoats. We in England are still too devoid of humour for this, but as most fashions in dress have hitherto come from France, let us hope this one will be no exception to the rule. In time, the further incongruity of playing tennis, walking, and even carrying trays, coals and babies upstairs and about a house while attired in a trailing dress to trip up the wearer, may perhaps become so patent to all that a reform will become general.

"At present, women and the wearing of petticoat dresses are so synonymous, that the creature is entirely subservient to the dress. So that what is considered suitable for women, is not a question of sex at all; but merely of what looks foolish or ungainly in a human being so dressed, as to be unable to have the ordinary use of its limbs. This is altogether unsatisfactory, and places women at once in a position of undignified and artificial restriction. Until we can bring ourselves to acknowledge plainly that our wishes and views of life generally are of more importance than keeping up an old mistake as to clothes, we shall remain in a position more or less humiliating, and a butt for various disagreeable jokes. These last, on reformed dress, are only what are made over every new fashion. They lose their point and are therefore abandoned directly it is adopted by sufficient numbers. It will be the same with regard to Rational Dress whenever the majority choose to acknowledge that what is really absurd and incongruous about the dress of women is its unsuitability to every sort of exercise or movement.

"In the meantime we must remember, that the habit of women taking up any work together, no matter for what object, invariably tends to their individual awakening. It just enables them to realise that opinions that are never to see the light of day are worthless. Nay, more; an opinion so buried is an act of cowardice. When once women begin to meet together and work, they feel more clearly that the power which moves the world is the determined expression of strong convictions. They then begin to perceive that a senseless repetition of *non possumus* is not the best way of meeting the burdens of life. Nor is it in the least either noble or womanly, to pretend to think reforms of any sort uncalled for, from a desire to escape the slightest trouble to oneself or any other unreason. However, even this habit of mind is less absolutely universal than it used to be, and it is possible that as women become freer agents, they may gra-

dually become also more awake to what a much pleasanter place the world might become for them, if they would each do what they can to bring about those changes which they know to be desirable."

An interesting account of a Greek Play appears in the *Norwood and Crystal Palace Chronicle*, in connection with the Grange School. It is specially interesting to Pioneers from the fact that Miss Maud Reep, the daughter of Mrs. Reep, one of our well-known members, has distinguished herself as "Creon the King" in this play, *Antigone*, as given in another column.

F. W. HARBERTON.

AUTUMN SESSION, 1895.

Thursday Evening Lectures, Debates, Discussions, &c., 8.15 p.m.

Sept. 26th.—"Is Legislative interference with Public Entertainments desirable." Debate opened by Mrs. Ormiston Chant. Mrs. Holroyd Chaplin in the chair.

Oct. 3rd.—"That the advance of Civilisation is favourable to the production of Poetry." Debate opened by Mrs. Parsons. Mrs. Turner in the chair.

Oct. 10th.—"What do we mean by Failures?" Debate opened by Mrs. Sibthorp. The President in the chair.

Oct. 17th.—"A simple Man's Idea of Woman." Debate opened by Anthony Lucy, Esq. Mrs. Franklin in the chair.

Oct. 24th.—"That a Woman Guardian owes her first duty to Women." Debate opened by Mrs. Warner, P.L.G. Mrs. Fordham in the chair.

Oct. 31st.—"Music." Debate opened by Bernard Shaw, Esq. William Wallace, Esq. in the chair. Pioneers only.

Nov. 7th.—"The Novelist as Teacher." Discussion opened by Mrs. Leighton. The Viscountess Harberton in the chair.

Nov. 14th.—"The Democratic Machine." Debate opened by Graham Wallas. Honor Morten in the chair.

Nov. 21st.—"A Plea for the old fashioned Heroine." Debate opened by Miss Adeline Sergeant. Miss Cooke in the chair.

Nov. 28th.—"That the Highest Influence has always been exercised by those living the Contemplative Life." Debate opened by Miss Butler. The President in the chair.

Dec. 5th.—"That a wholesome neglect is desirable for the modern child." Debate opened by Miss Henderson. Mrs. Morgan Dockerell in the chair.

Dec. 12th.—"Is the New Woman a Myth?" Debate opened by Mrs. Morgan Dockerell. Miss Whitehead in the chair.

Dec. 19th.—"Temperance Legislation?" Debate opened by the President. Mrs. Ward Poole in the chair.

It is proposed to hold the next Evening At Home, November 27th, at 9 p.m.

Subjects for Debate may be sent to the Convenor before Oct. 12th.

Entrance Fee, £3 3s. Annual Subscription, £3 3s. All Candidates for admission must be proposed and seconded by Members of the Club.

"At Homes" every Tuesday, 4.30 to 6. "Guest" Cards (for the friends of Members) 6d. each. Members' Tea Tickets 4d. each.

Debates, Discussions, and Lectures on Thursday evenings.

Gentlemen are admitted to the Front Drawing-rooms only, from 2 to 7.

Present Membership 570.

The List of Members is not published but may be seen at the Club by intending Candidates for election.

Mlle. PAULINE DE GRANDPRE probably knows more of the prison life of Frenchwomen than any one else in France. She lived in the St. Lazare prison as the housekeeper of her uncle, who was Chaplain there during the Empire. In the twenty-five years that have elapsed since he died, she has devoted herself entirely to visiting female prisoners and obtaining situations for them when they have undergone their sentences.

Socialism! Revolution!

FROM the above title it would almost appear as if I were intending to write an article on those two subjects. However, that is not the case. What I intend is to protest against the fear of those two words, Socialism and Revolution, which holds the minds of so many thinking people. Take the word Revolution for instance. If we would recognise that the word means complete change, but does not necessarily mean violence and bloodshed, we should cease to have an unreasoning dread of the mere sound of the word.

It is this blind, unworthy fear, which, when we once start down-hill, lashes us on to full speed, but which acts as a dead weight to prevent our going upwards. Fear it is which makes us sit shivering by the road-side, lest if we walked onward we might tread on a snake, or fall into a pit. Fear it is which magnifies tenfold the failures of those who have before us struggled for freedom, and by so magnifying the failures it hides the meaning of the struggles.

The terrible French Revolution is often cited as an awful warning. It is indeed a warning against falling into the errors of that noble, blind, unfortunate effort; but it is not a warning against all further effort. That some in climbing a mountain should fall over a precipice is terrible; but their very fall points out the place of danger to those who climb after them.

All strivings after freedom are equally great, whether they succeed or whether they fail. We could not afford to tear from our English history the pages that tell of the revolts which our peasants made against oppression in the Middle Ages: even though the revolts were begun in ignorance, and ended in blood and failure.

Many say that changes should be slow and gradual. That is true only in part. This slow and gradual change is always with us and within us: nothing can stand quite still. Doubtless a chrysalis changes slowly and gradually during all its chrysalis life; but there comes a time when it must struggle, push, and wriggle itself out of its skin, before it can allow its crumpled wings to expand. If it were to keep in its skin for fear of the unknown world outside it would die.

Many fear that, under socialistic conditions, culture and refinement would be stifled by utilitarianism.

My faith in the good of human nature will not allow me to entertain that idea for one moment. This thing, however, is certain—that when one remembers the multitudes of cramped and diseased bodies, and worse still, the multitudes of cramped and diseased souls, which are the direct outcome of our present conditions, it is enough to make one absolutely ashamed of what little culture and refinement one may, as an individual, possess. The spirit rises and says, "this must be changed, changed thoroughly: and the sooner the better." Are we to be for ever bound hand and foot by the ropes of the past? It is not enough that we should loosen them from time to time, when they become unbearably tight; for the words "bonds" and "slavery" go suspiciously well together.

Let us, therefore, study Socialism, its aims and objects, and not condemn its disciples before hearing what they have to say.

Women especially should know, should help, nay indeed, should lead whenever there is a striving after a fuller and freer life for all; so that, if a time of great crisis should arise in the social and political life of our country, womanly influence may be there in the midst, ready to counteract all tendencies to violence and injustice.

The Sabine women did not save the lives of their dear ones by staying at home and wringing their hands.

Let women join in the cry of "Liberty! Equality! and Fraternity!" and let them see to it that the last word of the

three is not forgotten. The French people forgot that word, and so lost all chance, at that time, of realising the other two. I should like to substitute "Humanity" for "Fraternity." We are not all *brothers* but we *are* all humans.

If the attitude of socialism towards women is unsatisfactory, it is a sure sign that there is some education needed in the matter, which education can only be done by the women. Let them do it, commencing with the useful preliminary of educating themselves, lest they be blind leaders.

To those who wish to know something of what socialism means, may I suggest the perusal of Blatchford's *Merrie England*, Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, W. Morris' *News from Nowhere* and the same author's *Signs of Change*. I will close with a quotation from the latter.

"The experiment of a civilised community living wholly without art or literature has not yet been tried. The past degradation and corruption of civilisation may force this denial of pleasure upon the society which will arise from its ashes. If that must be, we will accept the passing phase of utilitarianism as a foundation for the art which is to be.

"If the cripple and the starveling disappear from our streets, if the earth nourish us all alike, if the sun shine for all of us alike, if to one and all of us the glorious drama of the earth—day, night, summer and winter—can be presented as a thing to understand and love, we can afford to wait awhile till we are purified from the shame of the past corruption, and till art arises again amongst a people, freed from the terror of the slave, and the shame of the robber."

TIMEAMUS.

Aspiration.

"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;

To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;—
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;

But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realise our longing."

J. R. LOWELL.

Bad dreams and nightmares come from over-eating, smoking, avarice, jealousy, etc.; and they are the result of intemperance as much as are the snakes seen by one with delirium tremens; and they are just as much to be deprecated. Those who corrupt their imagination often see in dreams what will be an actual existence for them after the dissolution of the body; for in the spiritual existence we must live in what our minds have created for us. If we have not cultivated pure, spiritual thoughts, while in this life, the spirit world is not open to us, and we must, therefore, live in these corrupt physical imaginings until we develop sufficient will force to outgrow them. The life, until this will-power is developed, is a nightmare of the evil thoughts.

High concentration of steady feeling makes men and women dare everything and do anything.

BULWER LYTTON.

A Humanitarian Thinker and Worker.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

THE occasion of the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Emeritus Professor Newman is a fitting moment for some notice, brief and inadequate as necessarily it must be in the space at our disposal, of the highly meritorious labours of so exceptionally distinguished a humanitarian. For it is as a social and moral reformer, rather than as a scholar—indisputably eminent though he is, among his contemporaries, at once by the sincerity, the accuracy, and the depth of his inquiries in all the departments of learning to which he has devoted his attention—that he is appropriately commemorated in the pages of *Humanity*.*

The claims of Francis William Newman on the respect of all lovers of the Just and the Right are patent to all who are acquainted with his writings; and we are justified in affirming that no writer of the present day—or, indeed, of any time—has devoted himself more constantly and more ably to the cause of Right and to the denunciation of Wrong, regardless both of popular applause and of pecuniary profit. During his long career he has frequently denounced the barbarity and the horrors of war; the iniquity and corrupting influences of human slavery; the wrongs of women; the innumerable evils proceeding from the uncontrolled drink traffic; the enormous injustice and injury inflicted on the nation generally by our present land laws; the tyranny and uselessness of compulsory vaccination; and last, not least, the innumerable wrongs and atrocious cruelties to which the lower animals are subjected through the general indifference of the public, its religious teachers, and its legislators, to so unpopular and unremunerative a charge.

As a sociologist, one of his chief titles to honour has been his earnest advocacy of a reformation in diet. For twenty years, and until advancing age made the retention of the post difficult, Professor Newman presided over the councils of the Vegetarian Society. In that capacity he delivered several addresses, characterised—as was to be expected—by sound argument, reasonableness, and depth of thought. These truly admirable lectures, which treat chiefly of the economic aspect of food-reform—a phase, we will add, second in importance and in interest only to that of humaneness—have since been collected in a small volume, under the title of "Essays on Diet" (Kegan Paul and Co.).

In everything which he has written upon education, the most important of all subjects that can engage attention, may be discerned the superior wisdom and common sense of the writer. In political science, attaching himself to no party, he has constantly exposed the inevitable mischiefs of party government, in particular those which are due to the culpable indifference of the so-called representatives of the people, who exercise no sufficient or proper control over the Executive, and vote away millions with a light heart at the mere demand of the Government, without due consideration, and usually at the "fag end" of the Session. In home politics the conduct of the Government of India especially has engaged his interest; in foreign politics the misgovernment of the House of Hapsburg, as it was at least in the earlier days of his friend Kossuth, excited his special aversion.

* Yet we cannot refrain from a passing tribute of admiration for the many important contributions made by him to the various provinces of literature or of science—equally in Greek and Latin studies; in Historical Criticism; in Political or, rather, National Economy; in the English Language, with regard to a reform of its orthography or spelling; in Theology; and in Mathematics, where his criticism of the Euclidean Geometry is especially noticeable. Fellow of Balliol, Oxford, where he won the highest "honours" to be acquired in that University—destined to win far nobler honours in the true *Humaner Learning*—Mr. Newman for many years held the Professorship of Latin in University College, London. The complimentary honour of a Fellowship of Worcester College, in the University of Oxford, has also been conferred upon him, in just recognition of his distinguished place in Literature, and (as may be presumed) of that *vivida vis animi* which, in so exceptional a degree, inspires his admirably logical, concise, and accurate style.

We shall conclude this sketch with a brief quotation from one of the most admirable of the writings of Professor Newman upon that highest of virtues, the possession of which is his best title to renown, Justice:

"For the full growth of Right, faith in Righteousness, as the true end of man, is essential. In heaven or earth is nothing more divine than Righteousness. . . . Between men and men, or between men and lower animals, Justice is Righteousness. Where Justice has no claims, Expediency is rightly followed; but, where each makes a claim, the Just is always to be preferred. Lower animals, as men, have their Rights; and there is a Justice due to them. . . . As without Knowledge there is no Justice, so without Justice there is no Wisdom. To be first Just, and then Loving, is to advance towards fulness of Virtue."

—From *Humanity*, the organ of the Humanitarian League, of which Professor Newman is a member.

The People's Library.

79A, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON.

THE People's Library has been formed in connection with the educational work of the Humanitarian League as a centre for the circulation of enlightened and wholesome literature, not only on humane and current social subjects, but also of a more general kind, whether for instruction or amusement.

It is believed that, at the present time when so much attention is being directed to social subjects, there are many persons in our towns and villages who will welcome an opportunity of obtaining access, at moderate cost, to books which are not to be found in ordinary circulating libraries.

The People's Library aims at providing School and Village Libraries, Working Men's Institutes and Clubs, Reading Rooms, and also private persons, with a constant supply of varied literature, and will enable the representative bodies, which have come into existence in every considerable village and hamlet in the country to carry out that provision of the Parish Councils Act, which empowers them to supply each parish with a village library.

The Elementary Schools are turning out multitudes of girls and boys who will have to be wisely guided if they are to reap benefit from their reading. A recent writer has shown that the result of the compulsory education has not been, as might have been expected, to increase the demand for books, but to give an unforeseen impetus to newspapers, magazines, and periodical literature of a scrappy character.

The promoters of the Library believe that the direction taken by this new reading public has been due greatly to the want of help in the choice of books. Failing to get literature suited to their capacities, the new readers naturally drift into the easiest kind of reading. Is it not time for all who have the charge of young people, to do their utmost to stem the tide and direct it into humaner and more profitable channels?

For this object they will find the People's Library invaluable. The Librarian, who has had a wide experience in the selection of books for untrained and inexperienced readers, will be happy to advise and assist as far as it is possible to do so. Prospectuses, with the Terms and Regulations, will be sent on application.

SANDALS.

ONE of the many signs of progress in dress-reform is the increasing use of the sandal, which gives far more freedom and vitality to the foot than is possible in the usual cramping shoe-gear. Some of our readers may be glad to know that sandals such as are worn in Cashmere can be ordered from Mrs. Salt, 79A, Great Queen Street, W.C., price 10s. 6d.

Choice Bits from Choice Pens.

"Oh, pleasure has cramped dwelling in our souls
And when full Being comes, must call on pain
To lend it liberal space."

— "I am only glad;
Being praised for what I know is worth the praise.
Glad of the proof, that I myself have part
In what I worship!"

— "What is fame
But the benignant strength of one,
Transformed to joy of many?"

— "Seek the woman you deserve,
All grace, all goodness; who has not yet found
A memory in her life, nor any end
Beyond fulfilling yours: the type abounds."

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE NEW WOMAN.

SHE does not "languish in her bower,"
Or squander all the golden day
In fashioning a gaudy flower
Upon a worsted spray;
Nor is she quite content to wait
Behind her "rose-wreathed lattice-pane"
Until beside her father's gate,
The gallant Prince draws rein."

The brave "New Woman" scorns to sigh,
And count it "such a grievous thing"
That year on year should hurry by
And no gay suitor bring;
In labour's ranks she takes her place,
With skilful hands and cultured mind;
Not always foremost in the race,
But never far behind.

And not less lightly fall her feet
Because they tread the busy ways;
She is no whit less fair and sweet
Than maids of olden days,
Who, gowned in samite or brocade,
Looked charming in their dainty guise,
But dwelt like violets in the shade,
With shy, half-opened eyes.

Of life she takes a clearer view,
And through the press serenely moves,
Unfettered, free; with judgment true
Avoiding narrow grooves.
She reasons, and she understands;
And sometimes 'tis her joy and crown
To lift with strong yet tender hands
The burdens men lay down.

E. MATHESON.

"The Child in the World."

(On a picture by Gotch in the New Gallery, 1895.)

DEAR child, who standest with thy infant feet
Enfolded by the scaly heaving coils
Of the world-dragon—symbol ever meet
Of lurking low desires, and all that soils
The young soul's lustre. Thou shalt safely tread
The worm beneath thy feet, and with the aid
Of the blest Atmic ray, for ever shed
On those who love and pray, shalt, as 'twas said
Of old, e'en bruise the serpent's head. For, taught
By thy rapt gaze, we learn the mystery sweet
That communing with Good makes Evil naught.
With pure eyes fixed on the Unseen, thy feet
Shall safely tread the Path. . . . Thee naught can soil
E'en though the dragon spread his loathly coil.

D. B. M.

CHOICE BITS (continued).

"It is a mistake to be for ever looking back to the past for precedents. The past has its charm, but it is the dead past, and what was good for one age is bad for another. It is absurd to cling to old customs that are dying a natural death. Learn of the past if you like, but live in the present, and make your laws to meet its needs. It is this eternal waiting on the past to copy it rather than to be warned by its failures; to do as it did, under the impression, apparently, that we must succeed better than it did; following in its footsteps though we know they led to ruin once, and, because the way was pleasant, being surprised to find that it must end again in disaster—it is this abandonment of all hope of finding new and efficacious remedies for the old diseases of Society, that has checked our progress for hundreds of years. I feel sure sometimes that we are all living on the brink of a great change for the better, and that there is only one thing wanting now—a great calamity or a great teacher—to startle us out of our apathy and set us to work."

"NOTHING is more disastrous to social prosperity, or more likely to add to the criminal classes, than families which are too large for their parents to bring up and educate comfortably, in their own station. If the higher education of women is a natural check on over-production of that kind, then encourage it thankfully as a merciful dispensation of Providence for the prevention of much misery. I can see no reason in nature or ethics for a teeming population only brought into existence to be removed by famine or war."

"I HOLD that all men who have felt or inspired great love will be sanctified by it if there be any true nobility in their nature."

"HE would have given her the natural joys of a woman—husband, home, children, friends, and only such intellectual pursuits which are pleasant. I had always hoped to see her at work in a wider field. But she was one of those rare women who are born to fulfil both destinies at once, and worthily, if only circumstances had made it possible for her to combine the two."—SARAH GRAND in *Ideala*.

To believe that all the better and more generous hopes of our kind are to be lost and ineffectual, that genius is finally wasted, and goodness an exotic to be trampled under foot in the blind movements of Nature—that requires more faith than I can muster. Once believe that thought is the main factor, the motive force of the Universe, then everything settles into its place, and we have room for hope; indeed it insists upon admission; it falls into the shadow of our life like that blessed ray of sunlight.

Hold fast to your own colours, don't take sides, above all, with the powers that have oppressed you. They are terrible powers, and yet people won't admit their strength, and so they are left unopposed. It is worse than folly to underrate the forces of the enemy. It is always worse than folly to deny facts in order to support a theory. Exhort people to face and conquer them.

It is very lovely, it is very lovely—the world is a miracle but it is all like a taunt, it is like an insult, this glory of the world. I am born a woman, and to be born a woman is to be born exquisitely sensitive to insult and to live under it always, always.—MONA CAIRD in *The Daughters of Danau*.

EVEN were the immortality of the soul a fiction, I should be sorry not to believe in it. I confess that I am not so humble as the atheists. I do not follow their thoughts; but for myself would not barter the idea of my immortality for the happiness of to-day. I delight to deem myself immortal as God himself. Independently of revelation, metaphysical teaching gives me a confident hope of eternal happiness, which I would not willingly abandon.—MONTESQUIEU.

Reviews.

BEHOLDING AS IN A GLASS. By Mrs. Virginia D. Young. (Boston: Arena Publishing Company.)

Mrs. YOUNG is a woman of considerable power, an earnest worker and a thorough believer in the right of woman to an equal position with man in the State, in the Church, in society and in the home; in her right to equal opportunities irrespective of sex. She holds a high place as President of the Equal Rights Society of South Carolina, and Vice-President of the International Women's Union.

This tale keeps up its interest to the end, and introduces us to some rather striking characters. The two, who make each other's acquaintance during the painful experiences of a railway collision, while together they skilfully and tenderly minister to the wounded and dying, are Vivia Lemuir, the heroine, and Dr. Evans, a physician.

The "three unities" are supposed to be outraged by the introduction of a heroine whom the writer does not scruple to call "unpretty;" but the reader will considerably modify this opinion ere the book is closed; for the author, with the courage of her opinions, quietly but convincingly shows how powerful is the control of spirit over matter in inspiring perception and affection, demonstrating, moreover, how mightier far is character than any other endowment in the life of a human being. Dr. Evans possesses the undoubted advantage of a handsome exterior united to a spirit equal to that of his travelling companion, yet the "unpretty" woman exercises all unconsciously an influence that holds over the handsome man.

The depression felt by Vivia when at last she notices the man who has long been observing her, the depression arising from the contrast she cannot help making between the gentlemanly, well-equipped stranger and her own poorly dressed weary self, united to the instant change of attitude when, the accident having taken place, she jumps out of the carriage ready, prompt, cheerful, to give her help, yet with no haste, her own quiet, unobtrusive self—gives us the clue to a character destined to be tried as by fire. The incidents are told graphically and with much expression.

From this encounter, amid scenes which, overcoming conventionality, raise the mask, letting soul look into soul, Vivia and Dr. Evans later continue their journey on a different footing. Face to face with suffering and death, they have learnt more of each other's nature than many months of ordinary intercourse could have revealed.

They tell each other their story of past experiences and present hopes, and have gone far on the way to friendship ere the time comes when they must say goodbye.

The author of this book shows herself to be an intelligent, high-souled, yet eminently practical woman, filled with that sense of justice leading her to advocate the cause of all living creatures, animal as well as human.

In her new home Mrs. Lemuir, the sister-in-law whom one cannot help wishing the author could have made a better and nobler woman, proves one of the hardest facts in Vivia's life, in spite of the genuine kindness of her brother, Captain Lemuir. The conditions

"created an atmosphere in which the girl's sensitive spirit was never at ease."

A morning with the negroes on the plantation is an amusing and characteristic incident, in which one of them "Uncle Pompey," describes "gruff old Cæsar" as a "washfoot Baptist," and tells Vivia—

"I've knowed pussens to be put clean under de water an' den go down to the lake wot bu'ns wid fire and brimstone."

Cæsar, questioning Uncle Pompey's authority for this statement, brings a shower of indignant eloquence upon his devoted head. After a storm of words Uncle Pompey goes on—

"I tell you 'cepting a man be born again, St. Peter neber let him in, not ef his foot wash ebery day in the year. Now, Uncle Cæsar, what does you say to de looks ob your hoss? Dat hoss ob Uncle Cæsar's is most ready fur de buzzards to pick; dat hoss ain't watered onct a week. He ain't fed on corn onct a month. Uncle Cæsar leadin' man in de church! I say he ain't got no 'ligion 'tall. De mussiful man 'gardeth de life of his beast, ain't de Bible say so, Miss Viviar?"

Uncle Pompey is evidently a believer of the fire and brimstone order. He gives his audience a vivid description of a dream of Hell which he has had, and revels in the hideous tortures and misery which he describes. He is able, however, to depict mercy and forgiveness, and with eyes dripping with tears exhorts—

"Oh my dyin' frien's, tu'n from de error ob your ways, an' b'lieve me, now is the 'scepted time."

Vivia, who perceives the genuine feeling under all this, is much affected and shares her brother's kindly feeling towards the poor ignorant souls groping, groping, as best they can.

Vivia possesses great literary aspirations, which have a hard fight for life in this house, where she has to endure all the disadvantages of a woman's lot. Her first effort finds a place in a newspaper, and is brought home, read and loudly praised by her unsuspecting brother.

"If my first effort is so praised," thought Vivia, "I will work, work, work, and see if I cannot place my name beside Charlotte Brontë's and Miss Burney's."

She and her brother have some interesting conversations. He declares that "Science sheds no light on the hereafter." He does not, he tells his sister, "propose to be the slave of any creed." He prefers, "to study Nature, and look with his own eyes into the revelations she makes of herself."

Against all this Vivia argues; she is much troubled about her brother's unbelief, yet the hours she spends with him are the happiest she knows, save when she is busy writing her novel, or reading letters from her beloved sister Mary. There are several interesting characters in the book. Mrs. Pryor, whose good-nature and cheerfulness combine with her volubility to "make things hum," is one of these. The description of the death of Emma Pryor—her daughter, much loved by many—is very touching, and causes Vivia to dwell sadly on the problem of death, as she stands thinking it all over outside, where she has sought a moment's relief.

The sympathy of these neighbourly people, taking so kindly an interest in every little detail of each other's lives, in work, in sorrow, in joy, is given with the skill of a pen that has known such lives.

Vivia, who remains in Mrs. Pryor's home, now made desolate by death, until the sad mother can somewhat recover herself, shows the unselfishness of her nature as well as its power, she—

"resolved to give up the writing so dear to her"

while she was so sorely needed, and—

"in that silent but effective manner of hers went about putting things to rights."

At the same time she learns much:

"She went about the farm with her hostess and got from her many ideas about planning for a crop."

She (Vivia) was a good listener, but only at times a talker. When the spirit moved her she fairly overflowed with speech, conveyed in a vein that sparkled with fun or feeling, humour or originality.

Now, however, she devotes all her powers to making life more tolerable to the bereaved ones, and succeeds in bringing out all the strongest and most hopeful side of Mrs. Pryor's character. In this home of love and appreciation she thrives;

here she also enjoyed the society of her friend Noisette Miln, more on her own plane, and met one of the characters of the book, Mr. Esau, whose capacity for lying was only equalled by his repellent appearance.

Throughout the book the author seems to endeavour to show what can be done to benefit and raise her fellows, by one quiet little woman, who is not specially brilliant, and works principally in one groove, and much on the old lines.

One very important part of the book, however, and introducing perhaps a more progressive character, is the account given by "Sister Mary," in a letter to Vivia, anent the "interesting experiences" taking place in the life of Mrs. Dorsay (Laura), whom she calls her "good angel," and would like, she says, to see "so superior a woman in a position to use all her executive ability." It would seem as if the writer had held her strongest desires in leash, save in this chapter, where she lets them go, and with good effect; for though the chapter is not long, and the words on this special matter few, they are to the point and tell. Calhoun Logan is laying siege to the heart of Mrs. Dorsay. On some points he wants satisfying, evidently utterly unaccustomed to think that there may be one besides himself, who may also require certain points settled. Laura, however, soon changes his ideas. We are told—

"The subject on which she felt most deeply was woman's equality, and her right to a voice in the government."

Also that

"She made a point of bringing her opinions forward on every occasion."

"Don't we call this government democratic?" she asks. "What does that mean except a government by the people? Yet it is not, for are not women people? Yet they have not a voice in it. If I pay taxes to maintain the government, where is the justice of excluding me from representation by my vote?"

"The Bible," Calhoun replies, "says, 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.'"

"Mr. Logan, that is simply a prediction—note the shall—it has come to pass long ago. Look at the state of woman in the barbarous ages. But where love is, each strives to outdo the other in effacing self; that is very far removed from the tyrannical spirit which exacts obedience from a wife."

"But what about 'Love, Honour, and Obey' in the Marriage Service, Mrs. Dorsay?"

"Well, Mr. Logan, my honest sentiment is, that whenever a woman promises to obey a man, she either does it in ignorance of what is implied, or she stultifies herself. No woman of mature sense can afford to promise to obey another person, a man is not a superior, not a master, but simply another person. Those who make that promise always break it. . . . Just think of the married women you know, who, by hook or by crook, have their own way. Some women revolt openly, but more resort to subterfuge. Being as it is an incentive to vice, 'obey' should be left out of the Marriage Service."

Calhoun Logan begins to see the truth of her arguments,

"Certainly," he says at last, "obedience puts a woman in the attitude of a slave."

He ends by studying the question and by saying—
"I have decided that when I ask a woman to marry me, I shall not ask her to obey."

The book is worth reading, and more than one lesson of quiet heroism may be learnt from it by those willing to be taught. Its ending is as true to life as the grades which lead up to the ending. Many interesting characters are introduced. Colonel Loper who, suffering from yellow fever, was nursed back to health by Vivia, is described as in the deserted city

"Bringing out almost single-handed a sheet of the *Daily Messenger* twice a week. He sounded the tocsin FLEE! the only safety is in the depopulation of the city. He, however, remained inexorably at his post, until his force was so reduced by death and desertion that he had to do everything himself, from editing to setting type."

The wildest consternation prevailed in the city, but

"This man with massive head and nerves of steel sat in his office, organized committees, bands of workers, tar burning, quick-liming, while still doing newspaper work."

The story of Mattie, "The Lily flower of the Black Death," is full of pathos. Also several episodes of Vivia's own life, which thicken as the tale approaches its ending. Some words which decided her when her coming to the fever stricken city was under consideration, tell well upon what high resolves her life was ordered.

"'Tis the toil and not the burden,
That shall win the precious guerdon,
'Tis the spirit, not the fruit, thy Lord perceives:
Whoso faithfully hath striven
Unto such the crown is given
Though the gleanings only yield the scanty sheaves."

Many joys were hers besides the final and crowning one; especially dear to her was the proof of her brother's conviction at last of the soul's immortality. Mrs. Virginia D. Young's book has more in it than the mere interest of the tale, and will help and guide many. Yet we trust she will write next time more boldly. She is capable of better than she has here given us.

SENTIMENTAL VIEW OF VIVISECTION, by Mona Caird (price 6d.).

This book is characterised by the high-souled love of truth and justice, the utter absence of morbid, unhealthy tone of thought, which characterises all that comes from Mrs. Caird's pen. It becomes an earnest duty, an obligation binding upon all of us who know that vivisection exists, to find out what vivisection is, to find out the truth about it. Mrs. Caird makes the research easy for us in this work. She has spared no pain and no trouble, to make herself acquainted with the truths she lays before us, nor does she shrink from any misunderstanding, however cruel, so that the highest moral ends may be reached.

THE MONEY LENDER UNMASKED, issued by the Roxburghe Press, is a capital production and strikes a blow at one of the most villainous institutions of our social conditions. It takes the money lender's victim through all the stages of his infatuated, perilous path, leading to his almost inevitable ruin. It shows up the system in all its trickery and deceit. The money spent in the purchase of the book, and the time spent in its study—its very careful study—will not have been spent in vain. If the book be read by business men and women generally, and by private individuals hoping to relieve their anxieties by borrowing, it will do a great deal to hasten the much desired day when the utter extinction of the money lender—that dread paralysing of the lives of many thousands of human beings—and all his wretched brood, will be as a foregone conclusion. All can assist in hastening the advent of so desirable a doom, by purchasing, studying, and spreading a knowledge of this admirable work. The author in the preface says,

"True, the system has assumed gigantic proportions; true, it has worked incalculable mischief in the commercial world; true, also, it has brought about the wreckage of homes and the downfall of men and women in their struggles to retain a means of livelihood—but, by the writer, it is regarded as equally true that by individual and combined effort the system may be purified and placed on a just and equitable basis."

"The reader will be invited to view the subtleties of this financial snare in successive stages. His attention will first be drawn to the tempting baits offered by the Money Lender to entrap his victim, whom, having allured, he persuades to part with an entrance fee,—at length secured and the door closed upon him, the trapper proceeds by various devices to prevent escape. The reader will then be asked to view the victim in his captivity, to hear his cries and witness his struggles for freedom, often unavailing, sometimes, at great cost, effective. Finally, he will be made aware of the extent and profits of the process, and the ensnarer's reasons and excuses for his artifice."

"The picture has in no respect been over-coloured. Imagination has no place where facts are all-sufficient, and in this case the facts are overwhelming."

"The writer is of opinion that the question which he has ventured to introduce to the public, forms a grave social evil, and that the Legislature should be urged to deal with it, and at once."

WOMAN REGAINED. By George Barlow (issued by the Roxburgh Press, 3, Victoria Street).

Our first exclamation is: Woman Regained! Has woman then been lost? If so, how? and if so, how and by whom regained? and to what end? Our second exclamation is, What is this artistic temperament about which so much twaddle is talked, not only in this book but in Society generally? Are we not all potential artists, poets, sculptors, painters, writers, everything; possessing these powers, latent, if not in actual use. What morbid stuff is talked everywhere on this subject. What morbid lives are lived under the influence of such ideas. Hence, perhaps, this evil thing before us, that has just passed through the press. In prostituting the meaning of words, in applying meanings to words of which they are not worthy, in belying words by attributing to them a meaning for which they are too worthy, in giving to certain qualities, feelings and instincts, names they do not merit, we all sin; we are all, more or less, therefore, responsible for such a book as this, which the author has dared to write, which the Press has dared to publish, because Society, through the attitude and actions of its men, and the culpable, unutterably shameful silence of its women, has given both author and Press reason to believe that it would be read, and would not be condemned.

What does it mean? Why was it written? In ordinary cases the advice would be "Read the book!" In this case, both tongue and pen refuse to utter the words. The book ought to be boycotted; it is a moral blasphemy. Will women gather together their forces against such literature as this? It is to be hoped the large libraries will boycott it as they boycotted a book of really worthy import (*Esther Waters*), a book which taught its own lesson, and that a worthy one.

What, it may be asked, does this story teach?—this novel of artistic life! Its hero (?) teaches that what he is pleased to term "the Divine Passion" is all important, all sufficing, that woman must ever "give herself" that man must ever "win woman." Yet he never seems to learn from experience, or to discover his dire mistake, even when he proves in his own person, that as soon as the pursuit ceases, the longing ceases; that as soon as the feeling he dares to call "Love" is, what he describes as "consummated," it ceases to exist. He is not convinced of his awful mistake even when his insanity has brought his gentle little wife to suicide, driven his first love—if the first—to an elopement, and his second to poison herself. His third takes the law into her own hands, and finding him on the moor with the fourth victim, shoots both him and her, then turns the pistol to her own heart. So the tale ends with an awful tragedy; in the starlight three corpses lie staring upwards to the silent, unrevealing skies. The ease with which this man overcomes one woman after another—and these not bad women—is preposterous, and without its parallel in life.

The book has some degree of merit, in the fact of such characters for instance as Margaret Jackson, who sincerely desires to do her duty in life, and for some time strives against temptation. Whether the author seeks to do good, as has been suggested, by disgusting his readers with the type of man Robert Perceval represents—and sad to say he exists—is difficult to determine, for he condemns himself, in the fact that he is not able to depict one really noble woman. He does depict one man who, though not actually noble, is at least moral and sincere, namely, "Henry Ozanne." The author calls him "a generous enthusiast" because he has joined *The Puritan Crusade*, and considers woman to be a much misunderstood and injured being, oppressed by the dominant animal, man, for centuries, and compares her case to the case of Ireland (a very true comparison by the way).

All these things mix up with the tale and might deceive many; forgetting that in the worst books, as in the worst lives, some good is mixed up with the evil. Robert Perceval

declares that Stanislaus Jackson—who certainly is of the stuff of which vivisectors are made—dissects human bodies, but that artists vivisect human nature. Humanity be praised, it is not human nature that Robert Perceval and such as he vivisect, but their morbidly evil idea of it.

In fact, throughout the book the deplorable mistake is made, that is made in our lives, and in our thoughts, by our idea of the love existing between woman and man, which is a joy and a blessing in its pure conditions, and which ought to be a motive power for improvement. We call that thing love, which is not love, which is merely a physical attraction, and therefore perishable eventually, which has nothing to do with love, though it may exist where true love is; which exists where love is not, where what was falsely supposed to be love has died out—which we are outgrowing and throwing off as the spiritual more and more dominates the physical. Let us, therefore, in our words, in our thoughts, in our outgiving of thought, no longer desecrate the sacred name of Love, by confounding it with an instinct—more or less a blind one—which though not evil in itself, ought only to have one purpose, and so be sanctified. Default in this particular has filled our streets with iniquity, and our homes with dread and shame and misery. Tolstoi in his *Kreutzer Sonata* has not uttered a more deadly and dastardly lie, in respect to woman, than this author under the veil of specious words utters here. If some of the young men into whose hands we fear it may fall, are filled with detestation, and so deterred from unworthy lives, possibly it may redeem somewhat of the evil, but for ourselves we would say, Let all such books be ANATHEMA. It is not so, that the work of purifying our social life can be done. Whether the writer had any such motive in writing *Woman Regained*, through which title I draw my pen, cannot be fully known. The preface would seem to imply so, but he condemns himself in its pages, over and over again, therefore without finching, *I turn down my thumbs*.

Everybody by this time has surely seen that the conventional relationship of the sexes—based, in too many cases, on the dependence and necessities of the weaker—gives rise to abominable tyrannies and cruelties. Hence much discussion has raged round the conditions of the union of men and women, and many changes have been suggested by eager reformers. Let women be first assured of decent, independent conditions of existence, and then, it has seemed to me, the marriage question might very well arrange itself.—*Commonwealth*.

"The earth holds nothing more divine
Than high prophetic vision."

"The faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends, to order, justice, love,
Means our completeness; means effect as sure
As roundness in the dewdrop."

GEORGE ELIOT in *A Minor Prophet*.

THE WORLD'S ONE NEED.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Plato's Ideals and their Present Application.

IN THREE PARTS.

By PIONEER 363.

Part III.

PLATO espouses the wage question in so far that he cautions against allowing the workman to suffer or to endure injury. The modern cry that the price of labour should govern the price of commodities is quite in accordance with his ideas and principles. If an employer prove false to his bargain and refuse to pay the wages at the time agreed upon, let him be sued for double the amount. On the other hand if any operative injure the interests of his employer by spoiling his work, let him be compelled to pay the value of the damage he has committed. Proper tribunals (which at the present day are so urgently needed) should decide such questions, and enforce what is right.

As in the Platonic system women were to have a voice in all these matters, the arbitration tribunals of the ideal Commonwealth were intended to mete out the same justice to women as to men. For, as Plato observes, a legislator is but half a legislator if he have care only for the male sex, and so leave to the State but the half instead of the double of a happy life. How much the woman's voice is required in legislative questions, and how men legislators have cared but for one half of the population of the State, are matters on which there can be no two opinions since the publication of the "Report of the Lady Commissioners of the Labour Commission." It is nothing short of disgrace that British women should be working under the conditions reported by Miss Abraham, conditions that a kindly disposed person would think unfit for a dog. As one studies the record of women victims to bad sanitation, to defective ventilation, and above all to the evil results of adulteration, the remedy of the whip for the violation of adulteration laws, advocated by Plato, doubly commends itself. Referring to the Lady Commissioners and to the adulteration of cloth by steaming, *The Daily Chronicle* says:—"This steaming is a cruel business. It is a case of sacrificing life (the lives of women) for the purpose of adulteration, as the only object in steaming cloth is to make it hold more size, and the only object of holding size is to add to the weight of the cloth, as it is sold by the pound." A good deal more might be said on the deadly occupations of women. Enough, however, has been said to point a moral:—the good sense of Plato in seeing that, if health and happiness are to be the lot of all, women must share in the business of Government; must at the very least have not only the municipal but the Parliamentary franchise despite the objections of politicians of Mr. Labouchere's stamp, who has been represented as avowing that he would as soon think of allowing rabbits to vote as of allowing women, from which lefthanded compliment it might be supposed that women had been weighed in the balance and universally found wanting.

The laws of marriage are, in Plato's estimation, of such vital importance to the well-being of a perfectly governed community, that he fines yearly and disenfranchises a man who refrains from marriage after he is thirty to thirty-five years old. As Englishmen are said to be showing themselves averse to marriage, perhaps Plato's alternative—the loss of political privileges—will have to be put into practice.*

Marriage being beneficial to the State, a man ought not to consider what is most pleasant to himself, but view it as a duty to take upon himself the responsibilities of a parent. The greater stress is to be laid on this matter since it is

* Some concern, according to the *Scotsman*, is already felt in Canada on this question. It has been proposed that there should be a bachelor tax.

requisite, says Plato, to hold fast to ever-producing nature, that by leaving behind children of children we provide continually servants of God in place of ourselves. In support of this natural and sensible view of marriage Plato deprecates marrying for money. He does so on the ground that a wealthy husband will exhibit insolence to his wife, and a rich wife will make her husband an abject slave. A prudent marriage will be the converse of all this. All things will be equal and in harmony; bride and bridegroom will devote themselves to an intelligent interest in their parental duties, a proper knowledge of which is imperative in the Platonic economy.*

The procreation of children is a question in which the State is deeply concerned, and therefore it is for the good of the State that Plato limits this particular object of marriage to ten years. In contemplating this restriction of child-getting or child-bearing the philosopher may have taken into account woman's powers of recuperation. His philosophy, too, may have considered, as it opened all employments to women, the loss working-women would sustain by being detained at home in a perfectly dependent condition for an unlimited number of years. For so long as women are fulfilling their maternal functions they are unfit for the same employments as men, as evidenced by insanity being produced by hard rough work during pregnancy. This result is said to be specially apparent in Scotland among Highland women, who at such times frequently engage in severe field-labour. It is not, however, to be inferred from Plato's solicitude for the well-being of the mother that women are mentally weaker than men, because statistics prove the contrary. A *Contemporary Review* article on insanity (June, 1883) alludes to this fact. It says:—

"As regards the sexes it appears that three-fourths of the cases of insanity are males, which shows that if the female intellect be less powerful than man's, it is at the same time better balanced, or at least more capable of standing against reverses of fortune, and facing the battle of life."

Some further confirmation of the woman's better balanced brain is forthcoming in a paper appearing in the October number of *The Nineteenth Century* of the current year (1893), wherein the writer points out that in the year 1891-2 the total number of male convicts received into our convict prisons under fresh sentences was 613, and the total number of female convicts so received was 49. The proportion of males to females was, therefore, rather more than 12 to 1. After this evidence of a higher intellectual balance in women we may safely agree that Plato was not so very wrong in his social philosophy when he assigned to them a share in the government of the State.

Another prolific cause of insanity is said to be pleasure and extravagance. The pertinacity with which Plato dwells on the folly of yielding to luxury and mere animal gratification, in effect affirms the same thing. He plainly says that a nation eager after pleasure is in danger of becoming filled with disease. Men, he declares, ought to so educate their desires as to regard the body as a thing of secondary importance in comparison with the soul. Even where the affections are concerned a man should know how to govern himself so as to honour the moral feelings of the object of his love.

In these modern days we can hardly say that men are very strongly exhorted to exercise this absolute self-control.† To

* In substance the same ideas about marriage have been quite recently put forward by Dr. Russel Wallace, who believes that in a future reformed society no woman will be compelled by hunger or social compulsion to sell herself in wedlock. On the contrary, marriage, as the most important relationship in life, will be the result of true love and esteem, and therefore of natural selection.

† In our Australian colonies men are said to have been so completely intoxicated with prosperity as to rush into every kind of extravagance.

take but one more instance of our national failing in this respect. Every year 10,000 young soldiers are sent out to India for five years, and until the other day, when two heroic women exposed the horrors of our national defilement, these 10,000 British soldiers were provided by the State with convenient means for indulging their lowest and most repulsive desires. Surely while confronted with such a condition of things the teachings of Platonic philosophy ought not to be shelved and regarded as pagan and unpracticable. We may smile at the philosopher's notion that women should be trained on the same lines as men, for wrestling contests, etc., and for war; but so long as women are found capable of travelling alone and unprotected from one end of the world to the other, of exploring Thibet, and regions where no man has ever yet dared to set foot, we cannot say that they are not adapted for gymnastic exercise and for military service. Just now we have in our midst a woman (Miss Jessie Ackerman) who has travelled over 100,000 miles, visiting on the way 500 cities, and holding and attending somewhere about 3,000 meetings as an advocate of the Temperance cause. This is the kind of woman Plato dreamt of in his philosophy. This is the kind of work he would have had her fortified and fitted to perform, that she might in every sense of the word be a moral and useful force in the development of national life.

And now to sum up as briefly as possible the general views of Plato. He was against the destruction of ancient institutions; he was in favour of a just division of labour, and of an equal distribution of land as far as possible, though he saw that it was impossible that each person could possess other things equally in common. He was also as severe as the Hebrews in his views of the violation of property; sedition in a State he conceived to be the seed of destruction, and a love of the pure and the beautiful, as essential as the breath of life.* For all to have the opportunity to enjoy the beautiful, Plato saw that it was necessary that the State should organise labour and define a certain degree of leisure for the people; thus he was in heart an advocate for an eight hours' day. All teachers he decided should be paid by the State, a theory we have yawned and slept over and at last sluggishly carried out in a manner not altogether discreditable to the nation, the London School Board alone paying teachers salaries to the amount of £1,000,000 per annum. To Plato, selfishness appeared a hindrance to all happiness, whether of the individual or the State; but justice and morality as true stepping-stones to divine joy, after which every one should go in search, and on finding it distribute it broadcast. The danger of class oppressing class was, in his eyes, as great as it appears to some of us to-day; for, keeping the masses in ignorance and saturated with superstition only fosters in them the grossest instincts and aspirations. Government of the people should be firm yet mild, and the laws of the State made conformable with temperance in all things. That these and other social ideals of Plato are altogether impossible of fulfilment is disproved by what we hear of Japanese manners and customs. A writer thus describes Japanese society:†

"The reasons why Japan has no poverty are manifold; one is the land system, which has given to every worker a holding and encouraged him to supply his wants by his own labour; effort has thus been developed and wants are limited. Another is the national taste for the beautiful and for the country; country life has its own interest and men do not (at present) crowd the cities for the sake of excitement. The Japanese are also without a love of ostentatious luxury, the habits of living being much the same in all classes. The equality of manners is a final reason; the governor lets his child go to the common school, and sit next to the child of the casual labourer, certain that he will get no contamination in thought or in person."

* This belief in the wholesome influence of the beautiful seems to have suggested itself to a society designated "The National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Beauty and Interest."

† See *The Christian* for Aug. 24th, 1893, "The Poor of the World," p. 9.

Here we have almost a perfect picture of what Plato had in his thoughts when constructing his laws and ideal commonwealth. The whole community was to be so pure and moral that a lawgiver's child could sit and share side by side the education of the labourer's child, without the slightest risk of defilement. That this order of things is conducive to general happiness in Japan, we have only to consult Sir Edwin Arnold for an ardent and willing affirmative.

In conclusion, one further suggestion may be made, though it may sound improbable. Was Jesus Christ acquainted with the philosophy of Plato? That the writings of Plato and other Greek philosophers prepared the way for Christianity has been frequently acknowledged. Clement of Alexandria, in declaring that God is the author of everything that is good, expressed his conviction that the philosophy of the Greeks was directly inspired; that as the law was a schoolmaster to the Hebrews, so in the same manner was philosophy a schoolmaster to the Greeks, to bring them to Christ. There seems to be evidence that some such view as this existed in the mind of Christ when He told His disciples, who had informed Him that certain Greeks had come to hear Him (John xii. 20-3), that the hour had now come that the Son of man should be glorified.

Be this as it may, we cannot study Plato without feeling that he had a grand perception of the need of Unionism in the State, the need of a just and sympathetic treatment of humanity, without respect of persons, and that he deeply revered, as Christians do to-day, the idea of the Creator of all being; whom he expresses as,

"The beginning, the middle, and end of all things."

Carlyle's House.

Those who are interested in places where our great men have lived, should pay a visit to Carlyle's old house, No. 5 (now 34), Cheyne Row, Chelsea; it is one of those houses of the true old Chelsea style, built in the solid but unpretentious manner affected by the builders of the late seventeenth century, and already many personal effects, books, engravings, etc., have been collected and placed, as far as can be, in their old accustomed places. It is curious how little interest is shown by average Englishmen in the homes of their great men, indeed, so much is this the case that Besant is completing a list of the venerable houses that have been destroyed. Happily, in the case of Carlyle's house, there has been an awakening before the desecrating hand of the modern builder has had a chance of ruining the old structure. It is hoped that £3,500 may be raised, the price asked for the freehold being £1,750. Here for forty-seven years, Carlyle lived in comparative privacy, save for the companionship from time to time of such men as Leigh Hunt, Edward Irving, Thackeray, Dickens, Kingsley, Ruskin, Tyndall, etc. Each room holds memories full of human sufferings and human joys. Here is the "warm little parlour" which Mrs. Carlyle enlarged and the little room behind where she died; above is the "sublime garret" where, surrounded by his maps and plans, he wrote *The Life of Frederick the Great*. Then there is the garden where this great mind in frail body digged and "delved to compose himself." So let anyone who is not too imbued with the modern spirit of utility go, and pause when he wanders over the house, for surely this is holy ground, and he may fancy he hears still the echo of voices long since stilled.—M. GREENWOOD.

"He never had a doubt that such Gods were,
He looked within, and saw them there."

GEORGE ELIOT in *The Legend of Jubal*.

Reports, etc.

A REPORT recently prepared for the Labour Department by Miss Collet, one of the Labour Correspondents of the Board of Trade, on the Statistics of Employment of Women and Girls in England and Wales, gives the following interesting particulars as to the main differences in the different trades so far as the employment of married women is concerned:—

In the cotton mills in Lancashire and Cheshire 67·2 per cent. of the women and girls employed were women over 18 years of age, and of these adult women 32·9 per cent. were either married or widowed.

In the woollen mills in Yorkshire 83 per cent. of the women and girls employed were women above 18 years of age, and of these adult women 29·8 per cent. were either married or widowed.

In the mixed woollen and worsted mills in Yorkshire 76·9 per cent. of the women and girls employed were women over 18 years of age, and of these adult women 23·6 per cent. were either married or widowed.

In the worsted mills in Yorkshire 62·9 per cent. of the women and girls employed were women over 18 years of age, and of these adult women 21·2 per cent. were either married or widowed.

It appears from the report that the average weekly wage of women and girls working full time, according to the returns in 1886, was:—

14s. 5d. in the cotton trade in Lancashire and Cheshire.

13s. 2d. in the woollen trade in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

11s. 5d. in the worsted and stuff trade in Yorkshire.

10s. 8d. in the woollen trade in the West of England.

The average weekly wage of half-timers (girls) in cotton mills ranged from 3s. 1d. in Rochdale and neighbourhood to 2s. 5d. in the Salford and Bury districts, and 2s. 2d. in the Lancaster district. Their average in woollen mills ranged from 3s. 8d. in the Rochdale and Dobcross district to 2s. 6d. in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield; and in worsted mills from 3s. 4d. in the Keighley district to 2s. 10d. in the Halifax district.

The Board of Trade returns on the state of employment for women, during the month of June, 1895, in the Textile Trades, show a general improvement as compared with the previous month. The returns included 284 cotton, woollen, worsted and silk mills; and the estimated number of women employed during the month is as follows:—

Cotton Trade. Number of women and girls employed 43,358; 85 per cent. of whom were engaged in mills working full time.

Woollen and Worsted Mills. Number employed 11,231; 96 per cent. of whom worked in mills running full time.

Silk Trade. Number employed 1,275; of these 94 per cent. were engaged in mills working full time.

THE GRANGE SCHOOL PLAY.

From *The Norwood Chronicle*.

"As Horace very truly observed it does not fall to the lot of every man to go to Corinth, and it may be remarked with an equal veracity that not to everyone is it given to witness a performance of the *Antigones* of Sophocles by a young ladies' School.

"It is just possible that some of the fathers of the fair scholars may have felt a trifle nervous when informed the name of the play that their daughters proposed to enact, and, late at night, have secretly taken down the first volume of their Encyclopedia in order to ascertain what it was all about. It is all very easy to sit upon your son, who is having a 'commercial' education, on some question of book-keeping, but when your daughter, who goes to the Grange School, begins to discourse on the subject of the Attic drama, it is by no means so easy to maintain the conversation and your own dignity at the same time. However, in these days of modern development such trifles must be borne as best they may.

"The staging of the piece was exceedingly well done, while the choruses, led by Miss Valerie Salberg, had been admirably trained. Where all was so excellent it is rather invidious to select individuals for special mention, but it is only fair to state that the title rôle of Antigone, a part that would tax all the intelligence and ability of the Divine Sarah herself, was very creditably essayed by Miss Ethel Dalton, who is evidently one of the leading scholars of the school, as it subsequently appeared that she had obtained high honours in the Cambridge local examinations with special distinctions. Creon the King was enacted by Miss Maud J. Reep, with very great success. She had quite caught the tone of unbending regal authority. We noticed also that her name was high among the prize-winners.

Correspondence.

[Please note specially that writers are themselves responsible for what their letters may contain.]

FIFTY-SIX IDLE VIVISECTORS.

MADAM,—From the Parliamentary Return recently issued we learn that one hundred and eighty-five experimentors were licensed during the year, but that fifty-six of them made no experiments.

When fifty-six physiologists can take out licences in one year "just for fun," so to speak, the first conclusion to be drawn is that there cannot be much reality in those alleged difficulties thrown in the way of research which the vivisectors are ever ready to plead in order to cover the poverty of their results.

Again, it is generally supposed that the vivisector when he applies for his licence tells the Home Secretary (in strict confidence, of course) what sort of experiment he means to make, and with what object. Can these fifty-six licensees have whispered in his ear that they meant to do nothing at all, and that their object was to turn the whole system into a farce?

There is another possible explanation, *viz.*, that these vivisectors took the licences out for safety's sake, and did do their little so-called "researches," but did not see why they should report them (as of course no creditable or useful results followed). It appears to be left pretty much to them to report anything or nothing, as they please, and they may have forgotten. It seems almost wicked even to hint that eminent gentlemen could intentionally abstain from reporting them. But we know that in the matter of vivisection the scientist, just through his eminence, does rise superior, in more points than one, to the little moral "prejudices" which regulate the acts of commoner humanity. We happen to know that cruel experiments published in scientific journals appear in the Return as quite harmless and painless, so I think the third alternative may be worth a moment's consideration. In any case it is remarkable that when our physiologists are said to be driven abroad to work, and are hampered in their researches by the difficulty of obtaining the necessary licence to perpetrate cruelty, these fifty-six should have been hampered in their researches by not knowing what to do with the licences when they had got them.

Can anyone offer an explanation?

ERNEST BELL.

A WORD FOR THE BARN OWL.

MADAM,—Mr. W. H. Hudson has just rendered another good service to the cause of the persecuted birds. His plea this time is for the life of the barn owl. The Society for the Protection of Birds has issued a reprint of Waterton's essay on the habits of the barn owl, and the benefits it confers on mankind, and to this Mr. Hudson contributes an introduction.

The gamekeeper, it is well known, is the worst enemy these birds have; but it is not all keepers who shoot owls. One on an estate of 50,000 acres in the wildest part of England, told Mr. Hudson that, twenty-five years ago, owls, both brown and white, were common in that locality; now there are none. Not, in this instance, because they had been persecuted, but because they had been caught in pole-traps set to take crows, buzzards, and kestrels. This shows that the destruction was unintentional, but the gamekeeper is, all

the same, at the bottom of it all. Nor are all owners to blame; some take a fairly broad view of bird life, others again are eager to protect certain species. The owner of a fine estate said to Mr. Hudson:—"The white and brown owls that used to breed here in the hollow trees in the park, and serenade us round the house at nights, have all vanished. I gave my keepers strict orders to spare them; but I am perfectly sure that they killed them, and thrust their bodies away out of sight."

The pole-trap must go! It is an abominable device and very little good will result from the efforts which are being made to give the bird protection while it is tolerated. It would be a waste of words to enlarge upon it as an instrument of horrible torture; as a cause of indiscriminate destruction. Mr. Hudson is prepared to furnish particulars to anyone who may introduce a Bill for its abolition.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

"The Ideal has discoveries which ask
No test, no faith, save that we joy in them."

"Truth and desire, taste, beauty, what are they
But the soul's choice towards perfect bias, wrought
By finer balance of a fuller growth?"

GEORGE ELIOT in *The College Breakfast Table*.

EVERYTHING that we see with the physical senses grows up through darkness and corruption into the light; and man is no exception. If he does not make the effort to grow out of his dark and corrupt environments he cannot, of course, have the benefit of light to see his way clearly; and so, groping in the darkness, he will continue to stumble and fall against these environments, and he will think that the environments are what keep him from the light. But there is a way by which the environments may be passed, no matter how stupendous they may appear. It will take patience and hard labour to find the way, but, if earnestly sought, it can be found. When mankind have grown up from the darkness to the light they will know that they can make the environment instead of allowing it to make them.

Our life duties give an outward tendency to the soul, and withdraw it from its inner self, says Ellen M. Mitchell, in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. When "our life duties" are done with the best good of the soul in view, it will indraw to its inner self more deeply, and the external manifestations will more and more evolve its inner splendours. The outer and the inner of the soul, harmoniously blended, give us continual peace and happiness. As long as we recognise by our actions separation of any phase of existence from another phase we cannot rightly understand, nor live direct, the purpose of life. Each part of the being depends upon every other part, and they must be built in harmony, else the whole structure is affected and must be rebuilt. Pure air, pure food, pure water and pure thoughts and desires, will keep in harmony the physical, mental and spiritual parts of our being, and with these working in harmony, we are living direct the purpose of life.

From *The World's Advance Thought*.

Official.

ALL MSS., Subscriptions, Donations, etc., to be sent to the Editor as usual, at the new address of Office, as given below. Postal Orders from subscribers, friends, etc., to be made payable to the Editor, not to Publisher, Manager or Secretary.

Notices with regard to concerts, lectures, At Homes, meetings forthcoming or past, or any other matter which it is desired should be made known in this paper, ought to be sent to the Office in good time. Any person not receiving within a few days a receipt for money transmitted, is requested to at once make such omission known to the Editor.

Visitors will be welcomed at the new offices, as they were at Arundel Street, Strand. The best days for visitors will be Wednesdays and Fridays, and the hours, between 11.30 and 6 p.m. The Editor prefers that when possible an appointment should be made in case of urgent visits. In the case of foreigners remaining but a few days in London this need not be adhered to. Every effort will be made to render visits as pleasant in the time to come as they have hitherto been. Results of the utmost importance have followed from many of these office interviews, the Editor is therefore anxious that intending visitors may not be disappointed by any want of comprehension of the arrangements.

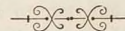
OFFICE OF "SHAFTS,"
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Please note specially new address
as above.

WORK WANTED.

Owing to circumstances of great unhappiness in married life, a young woman is in sore need of employment. She would take the superintendence of a home or help to superintend and be responsible; she can teach young children, having been a pupil teacher; she can serve in a shop, has had experience; or undertake Secretarial work, for which she has a decided preference.

[This is a case where help to obtain employment would be well bestowed.—Ed.]



—"Visions told in haste
Part with their virtues to the squandering lips,
And leave the soul in widest emptiness."

GEORGE ELIOT in *The College Breakfast Table*.