

# SHAFTS

LIGHT COMES TO THOSE WHO DARE TO THINK



WISDOM  
JUSTICE  
TRUTH



## CONTENTS

No. 5. DECEMBER 3, 1892

- Little Children.
- Lives that Bless—The Dog.
- Musical Notes.
- Women and Music.
- Mrs. Lynn Linton on Modern Manners.
- What the Girl Says.
- The Steadfast Blue Line.
- Serial Tale: "Princess Supreme."
- The Meanest of the Crimes.
- Reviews.
- Pioneer Meetings.
- National Vigilance Association.
- What Working Women and Men Think.
- Utopia.
- The Influence of Blessed Words.
- How the World Moves, and Remains Thereon.
- Was it a Fad?
- Correspondence, Poetry, News, etc.

Oh, swiftly speed, ye Shafts of Light,  
All round the shadows fly;  
Fair breaks the dawn; fast rolls the night  
From woman's darkened sky.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

OUR feelings towards children are passing through a transitional state just now, out of which wiser methods of treatment and greater love may grow, but from which at present children are enduring suffering in more than one form.

So people of science have taken the part of the babies; we have medical men making special studies of children, philosophers writing about their mental, moral, and physical education, saying that the future health and intelligence of a generation depends largely on the care they receive in early childhood.

The great sources from which wrong training springs are:—1. Want of thought; 2. Theories established on insufficient data; and 3. A dislike to take personal trouble. We will examine these three causes individually.

Our third count is the dislike to taking personal trouble, and to this we must nearly all plead guilty. Children are often moved by a spirit of scientific investigation, shall we say? At any rate they appear to have an infinitely extensible capacity for asking questions, and for picking to pieces such small articles, as squeaking dolls, roses, picture books, and even a watch now and then, if a hair-pin can be conveniently abstracted.

wishes to go out in the evening or even to remain away from home for several days. No nurse must not go. So strict orders are issued that the little people must walk in orderly procession. Must not go off the foot-paths, roll on the grass, nor make marbles from clay, that the smaller ones shall remain in the perambulator, and that any attempt to disobey these commands shall be reported by nurse, to be visited with such penalties as the mistress of the house sees fit.

One regrettable tendency of modern education is the drawing away attention from the present moment, present need, present object of study, present life, and centreing it too much on the future.

Thus we read a book in order to obtain material for conversation; we paint pictures in order that they may be admired; we learn in order to pass examinations; we pass examinations in order to obtain appointments; we study science in order to confute the theologians; we study theology in order to secure front seats in the assemblies, in order to make ourselves safe in the next world; and this is a matter of regret since it gives colour to the doctrine of expediency, and stamps all work with the character of impermanency—of slovenliness—thus degrading and making less dignified, human thought, human love, human life.

When our volume of life history is ended, will it tell of moments filled with thought, with the effort to understand, with the effort to add continually to the sum of human good, with the continued attempt to see things as they are and record the seeing; or will it be full of blank pages, on the last of which is recorded: "He died while waiting for work in the future, which was worthy of his energies, of his extraordinary abilities"?

The present need is to gain the power of continuous thought, to form the habit of living out our knowledge. So that to know becomes for us synonymous with to do. The present object of study is, whatever we have to do—a page of history, the construction of a plant, tracing up the ice age, a floor to sweep, a dinner to cook, a field to plough, a law to make, each of these—each work which is ours, deserves our full attention, to the exclusion of all else for the time being, it deserves our full attention for itself and not for what may come of it.

Yesterday and to-morrow are for us but names. We are our past, we are building up our future, of the present only we have control; what boots it that we have lived already, that we may have limitless life before us, if we let the past unnerve us with vain regrets, if we permit the future to enwrap us with idle speculations, while the unused present is rapidly slipping away from us, while living for us, is but a mocking memory or an imaginative dream.

The increased sense of dignity and responsibility which such education brings with it, more than takes the place of the arbitrary commands of masters and governors under the old system. The perception of human life, in its beauty and dignity is the best balance for frivolity and dissipation of vital energy. The knowledge of one's indebtedness to the past, one's duty to the future generations of mankind, is the most powerful check that can be applied to passion or vice, the surest way of increasing thought, comprehension, and morality, without which man may, indeed, be an animal or an angel, but with which he becomes that noblest form of life and intelligence known to us—a human being who thinks, reasons, understands, and as a consequence lives rightly.

GEORGE AUDLEY.

LIVES THAT BLESS.



THE DOG.

OBJECT OF ITS CREATION, AND ITS SHAMEFUL ABUSE.

"Something that always loved me; Something that I could trust."

IT is recounted of the great poet, who has recently gone from our midst, that upon one occasion, during a country walk, he lingered in the rear of his companion, and stood for some moments, with his head bent down, listening to the babbling of a brook.

The same idea—though not clothed in words—has often occurred to me when I have sat and gazed intently into the speaking eyes of our dumb friend and companion—the Dog.

Truly, it was a delicate forethought, and loving consideration for the particular need of man which, on that fifth morning of Creation, conceived the creature so pre-eminently suitable in every respect to become his faithful companion—a very perfect and a very precious gift of God indeed—and one, alas! most shamefully abused.

The Catholic Church, in her Good Friday service, reproduces a very touching portion of Old Testament Scripture, which is sung to plaintive music. It is called "The Reproaches," and begins with the anthem: "Populo meus quid feci tibi?" (O My people, what have I done to thee?) and goes on to enumerate, one after the other, the loving providences of Jehovah to Israel and Israel's persistent and spiteful misuse of the favours conferred upon the nation.

I never assist myself in this Good Friday service without supplementing yet another reproach, which I can fancy my God must frequently utter, when He beholds with bitter grief and disappointment the cowardly—the scandalous abuse of His beautiful gift to man, the animal creation—and the treacherous cruelty especially inflicted upon the most perfect of all creatures—the Horse and the Dog.

The case of the horse was so touchingly presented and pleaded in the issue of November 19th that no further comment to-day is necessary, and it is of the Dog, therefore, that I desire to speak.

In the creation of the Dog it always appears to me that God's special object was to confer on His favoured creature, man, a superabundant luxury of purest pleasure and enjoyment, by giving this faithful, affectionate animal to be the companion of his daily life on earth. So perfectly is the Dog adapted to what seems to be the end of his existence—i.e., to give pleasure to his master—that his own greatest joy has been made to consist in that master's presence and close companionship—a joy all the more or less intense in proportion to the love and friendship his master is able and willing to afford him.

the lonely lives of those chained Dogs! God only knows their excessive sorrow, for which, believe me, if there is justice in Heaven, their heartless owners shall render strict account.

The Dog's happiness is the worship of his master, and that master is to him a god, whom he trusts implicitly, and whom, through good or bad report, he loves faithfully to the end; and mark how noble and magnificent is the character of this creature, whose Eldorado of existence is his master's company. Capable often of heroic self-sacrifice, that would put to shame many of those—his superiors in the scale of creation—who style themselves sons and daughters of God, he will endure for days and weeks—aye! for months and years—cheerfully by his master's side, in conditions wholly repellant to his natural tastes and instincts.

The treatment, blows, kicks, harsh words, wilful neglect, and too often actual cruelty, one-twentieth part of which would suffice to alienate human beings from one another, are so many crimes against him, pardoned by the Dog, almost as soon as committed.

Let his master, who has cruelly, perhaps unjustly, flogged him, offer but the smallest sign of reconciliation, the dog joyfully accepts his renewed friendship, and with such gratitude and humility as to show that he quite ignores the fact of his master's culpability in the matter, and believes himself exclusively to blame. Afterwards there is no sign of rancour or ill-will in his demeanour.

And this is the creature who is specially destined for torture, if Pasteur's institute under the disguised name of "School for Preventive Medicine" comes into existence in our country! And there are to be found in the present day, men who not only bear the name of Christians, but who wear the livery of the Church, and who, Sunday after Sunday, stand in surplice, vestment, or gown, and call upon a merciful God, to have mercy on sinners, and who afterwards, with composed countenance, and in polished language, dare to insult the Creator of the beautiful animal world, by the blasphemous assumption that scientific knowledge, for man's benefit, may be looked for in the living bodies of these His beloved creatures, whom He once trusted to the care of man, when man was yet a sinless Being, as incapable of cruelty or treachery as the God in Whose image his soul was made.

I do not say that all clergymen are guilty of this monstrous assumption to which I have referred. There are many, and yet I sadly question, if they are in the majority, who have bravely come forward to defend the honour of their Master, but there are unfortunately a large number who defend upon the grounds of utility, scientific research; if not so, why this latest scandal to Christianity, that a Church Congress should seriously need to sit and discuss the moral aspect of scientific cruelty? Just as if the sons and daughters of a God of Love could hold two opinions about the matter, unless indeed our God is a mischievous Demon, which some of these reverend gentlemen try to represent Him.

For my part, I would far rather listen to the wildest ravings of the most advanced atheist, against the dear God, both human and divine, Whom I love, I trust and I adore, than remain for five minutes in the company of a minister of the Gospel who tells me, with sweet voice and bland smile, that animals were created for the use of man, therefore if useful to man's service, Divine permission is implied to torture them—scientifically of course!—for man's advantage.

He goes on to talk feelingly of "anæsthetics," which I know to be a lie, and "proper restrictions," which I know to be delusion, and a wicked blind—but, I do not heed him. Minister of Christ's Gospel though he be, I say, no fouler aspersion was ever cast upon the character of my God, than this impious admission of this Christian minister, and I go from his hateful presence, and look into the eyes of my faithful Dog, who would give his life for me, and the heart of my God, that divinely compassionate and tender human heart that beats in my Saviour's breast, looks at me through my Dog's eyes, and silently commends and blesses me, because I have boldly asserted he is not a demon, and have maintained, and will do so, as long as I have life within me, that in the quivering nerves and highly sensitive, exquisitely fashioned body which He appointed to the faithful intelligent, loving, living soul of my friend and companion the Dog. He, my Creator and his, the God of Mercy, and of Love has assuredly concealed no secret that can be of service to man.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

MISS ADELINA DE LARA gave a refined and artistic performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, at the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday, Nov. 26. The young lady is evidently a great favourite at Sydenham. Signorina Giulia Ravogli made her first appearance at these concerts, and obtained a rapturous greeting, which she fully merited by her exquisite rendering of Gluck's "The Faro," and Mozart's "Non più di fiori." The orchestral items, all finely played, included Gluck's overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide," Schumann's No. 2 Symphony, and the first performance of a new orchestral ballade by Mr. William Wallace, founded on the thirty-first canto of Dante's "Paradise." The work is interesting and shows ability, but is too imitative of Wagner to rouse enthusiasm.

The popular concert (Nov. 26th) was well attended. Signor Piatti played Socalteff's Sonata in D major. Mr. Leonard Borwick displayed great technique, but little artistic feeling, in Schumann's "Carnival." Lady Hallé "the queen of violinists," took part in fine performances of Schumann's quartet in F major, and Brahms's pianoforte trio in B major. Madame Alice Gomez was the vocalist.

From New York we hear of a long endurance piano contest, which took place last month between Miss Ada Melville and Mr. Waterbury. The performers kept it up for nearly seven hours. The gentleman won by just eight minutes. Considering the probable physical advantages of the gentleman, it can hardly be regarded as a triumph by the male sex. We are thankful to feel that it is only in America such absurdities can be perpetrated in the name of art.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave a performance of "Elijah" at St. James's Hall, on the 18th inst. Mr. Santley was magnificent as the Prophet. Miss Anna Williams sang as usual in a cold and correct style. Mr. Piercy, Miss Barnard, and Mr. Strong sang very finely. Mr. Cummings conducted.

Considering the constant lamentations we hear concerning the lack of permanent orchestras in England, as compared with Germany, it seems rather astonishing that the ordinary Crystal Palace concerts are not better attended. The wind band comprises some of the best artists in England, and the strings are all most excellent. On Wednesdays, Mondays, and Fridays concerts of classical and modern music are given under Herr Mann's direction. The audience does not often number 100; and from the talking, reading, and working going on one is forced to conclude that not one quarter of those assembled care at all for the music. We should advise all earnest students to attend these concerts, which are entirely free; and such opportunities of hearing the best classics performed in the best manner are certainly not to be missed.

Miss Ethel Smith, assisted by friends from the Royal College, gave an excellent concert at Chichester on the 12th inst.

## WOMEN AND MUSIC.

Some time ago a letter appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* with this title. The subject is certainly well-worn, but I hope to present a new aspect of the case, and I should like to take that letter as a basis for my article.

The writer states that man is a vastly better musician than woman. Indisputably true! But why? We will take the composers first. The six great genius-composers (Bach, Handel, Hadyn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven), and of course all the modern men, were the final result of four thousand years of musical training. The final great efflorescence has taken four thousand years of teaching to reach its present high development. Now, in all that time we only find the names of three women who were allowed to learn anything of composition—Sappho, who resolutely defied all the conventionalities of her age; Madame Gluck's adopted daughter, who unfortunately died in very early youth; and the pioneer, Maria Antonia, of Saxony, pupil of Porpora, and of whose compositions Dr. Burney spoke with much enthusiasm. Women have not had the opportunity of learning the musical grammar in which to express their art ideas. It must be remembered that the minstrels who wandered over Europe were mostly mere inventors of simple tunes; and that music, as a science, was confined to monastic establishments absolutely inaccessible to women. There are now over fifty female composers of dance music and songs in the British Islands, as well as serious composers such as Miss Temple, Miss Dora Bright, and Miss Ethel Smith, and this within the last fifty years. We will look forward to four thousand years of development; at the end of that time, men will be entitled to sneer if female Beethovens, Glucks, &c., are not forthcoming.

As performers, women have come nearer to equalling men, and here we can claim superiority in one branch—i.e., vocal music. In this line women have ever had the sovereignty. The names of Jenny Lind, Titiens, Clara Novello, Aloysius Weber, and thousands of others are too well known to need comment.

As instrumentalists, have not women, even in past ages, asserted their musical rights? We remember that Lamia was a flautist so divine that she was exalted to the rank of a goddess by man's universal acclamation; and that Sappho vanquished Alceus in a poetic-musical contest.

The chief cause of woman's inferiority has been—marriage. Artistic duties demand the whole strength and devotion of a lifetime; women have given up these duties for the sake of personal gratification; their genius and talent have been recklessly stifled. *Nous avons chanté tout cela.* In these days we can count Madame Schumann, Mdlles. Janotha, de Lara, Wietrowetz, Mmes. Neruda, Claysenter, Clotilde Kleeborg, Roze Mielos as equals of musicians belonging to the sterner sex. We look to the future with confidence and unbounded hope. Music will surely keep pace with the other developments which are taking place in woman's world.

V. LINDERS.

## MRS. LYNN LINTON MODERN MANNERS.

One of the most remarkable of our contemporary writers is Mrs. Lynn Linton, remarkable for her rash assertions, for her mixtures of fact and fiction, for her flighty attacks on people and plans of which she understands nothing.

It would seem a waste of time to take notice of so wild a scribbler, wilder in her productions, by many degrees, than the "Political Wild Women," who are her favourite point of attack, but, unfortunately, there are many confiding people who seeing the same name frequently in a popular and costly Review, fondly imagine that its owner must have some merit, who mistake assurance for knowledge, smartness for intelligence, and accept their ideas ready-made from well-printed paper.

It is these *naïfs enfants du siècle* whose eyes should be opened. They ought to be told that all the world cannot be viewed from a flat and that every range of society is not comprised in one visiting list. They might also learn that assertion is not always truth, nor writing necessarily literature.

Mrs. Lynn Linton gives us a charming picture of our accessresses, full of simplicity and rural grace, as true to life as are Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses. Alas! that history and biography, public memoirs and private records should prove that even these carefully guarded damsels and domesticated dames had also their weaknesses and frailties; that "the walled garden" was not sufficient barrier to keep out frivolities. Even in those halcyon days of innocence, amusements which would now be called "fast" were in vogue with certain ladies who could afford the money and time, and found opportunities of indulging in them. If ladies did not go out shooting they were fond of hunting, high stakes at cards were more generally indulged in than betting at the Derby is now, and as for plays and ballets—well, I remember being told by very old ladies that such were the pieces produced on the stage in their youth, that even those which young ladies were taken to see embarrassed them painfully.

No, Mrs. Lynn Linton, human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, even in the land where "limbs" are substituted for honest "legs," and we have not gone back from the reserve and modesty of our forefathers; we have only tried to substitute principle for affectation, real for assumed modesty.

As regards Mrs. Linton's sneers at Ibsen, they are the attempts of the gnat on the lion—unavailing to annoy unless the insect's sting is strong and sharp enough to penetrate the noble animal's hide. Yet, to those who know anything of Ibsen and his works, even this petty calumination is distasteful.

Where is "the malicious moral influence" which Mrs. Linton finds in Ibsen? Is it in Nora Helmar, when, shocked and disgusted at finding she has been brought up by her father and husband to be vain, silly, frivolous, and deceitful, not knowing right from wrong, under the influence of a newly-awakened soul, she leaves, provisionally, the husband who has seen in her nothing more than a plaything, quits the home she had been ignorantly on the point of dishonouring, and goes away to find discipline and knowledge, refusing to take charge of her children until she feels herself conscientiously to be competent to train them in the right path? Does Mrs. Linton find any bad moral influence in this? If so, I cannot agree with her.

No more do I find immorality in Mrs. Alving when she thought it a crime that she should have been obliged to live with a bad, immoral husband, and bring a degenerate, sin-tainted child into the world. Nor in the unveiling of the hypocrisy which shrouded the acts of those apparently respectable people who were the upholders of society. Mrs. Lynn Linton does, and she has a right to her opinion, but for the sake of truth and equity let not those capable of thinking take up pitiful, second-hand conclusions because they have been admitted into the *Nineteenth Century*.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's chief effort seems to be the crushing of all spirit of independence in women, and blackening those who want to be useful in their generation, helpful to others, nobly laborious, and capable of maintaining themselves. Yet, on the other hand, she comes down hard on the idler and more superficial of her sex, who seek amusement in the same fields as their men relatives, who bet, as their husbands do, take a cigarette with their brothers, and find pleasure in the most seemly and innocent of men's pastimes.

If these things entertain them, and by following them they break no law, human or divine—not more than men do on similar occasions—who has the right to blame them? Not one of us, I should say; not even Mrs. Lynn Linton.

One point the smart lady writer has overlooked. It is that the "political wild women" and their party are the last to join in the occupations and manners on which she animadverts. These "wild women" have not the leisure for it. Their time is taken up with trying to help persons of their own sex, with redressing their grievances, trying to raise them when fallen, to assist them when unfortunate, with preaching the Apostolic doctrine of temperance and sobriety in all things; in short, with practising love and charity in many forms. Some of them are so much occupied with good works that they have not time to write in reviews.

How great a thing for the world if all women were wild in this way!

F. E. FRENCH.

Her Majesty has commanded a performance of Bizet's "Carmen" at Windsor Castle, next Saturday night. The best members of the Covent Garden band and chorus will take part. The cast will include: Carmen, Mdlle. Zélie de Lussen; Michaela, Miss Esther Palliser; Tresquinter, Miss Agnes Janson; and Mercedes, Mdlle. Bauermeister. The male parts will be taken by Messrs. Cremonini, Dufrique, Vaschetti, etc.

Mons. Paderewski has recovered from his attack of fever, and will give a recital at St. James's Hall, on the 6th December. He will also appear at Brighton, Liverpool, and Manchester.

## WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

WHILE the Boy thought these, and many other thoughts equally near the truth, the girl stood by. Had she eyes?—ears?—brains? Well—yes. Did she think? No one inquired—girls were not supposed to think, only to be pretty and pleasing. *Voilà tout, que voulez-vous?* Tradition has beautifully idealised the girl as one who stood by admiring the Boy's handiwork; waiting to administer to the Boy's needs; to push the Boy up the ladder; so pleased that the Boy should rise even at the sacrifice of her own individuality; so content to hope that, when the Boy's fame was won, she might be known as that faithful one, the Boy's helpmeet. Did the girl ever realise as she stood by that, though the word HELPMEET has been written in characters large enough to well-nigh cover the globe, it can never be made to mean aught save one who assists a principal—the one, in fact, who never takes the cake; that no other meaning can be put upon it, unless, indeed, two work together who are both helpmeets?

But who knows what the girl's thoughts have been? who has chronicled them? What were the thoughts of a girl to a world composed of men, and boys who would be men? One pose was given her, the pose of helpmeet to the Boy—she has stood by. . . . Meantime both grew, and the pose was maintained. As the Boy grew, he grew still more loudly—the girl listened. Then the pose was somewhat disturbed, for the girl laughed—how she laughed! She laughed more, she laughed long, as the Boy gathered into his own keeping all the good things. He wanted more room also. He wanted all the room. The girl's laughter increased, for the Boy's egotism was irresistibly funny. It is amazing what he has swallowed in the way of self-congratulation; what he has uttered in the way of self-assertion. So the sound of the girl's laughter at the Boy's thoughts has been the ages' undertone; yet hath it a strange echo, surely, for laughter; it comes up to us from the past centuries like a wailing cry—terrible in its meaning.

Here and there the souls that strive have gathered, listening; dimly guessing that the girl has also thought; the air has been filled with their questioning. What have her thoughts been? What must they have been? Has all this moaning and crying that has filled the echoes of the ages with tears and sobs, been because of the girl's silence in regard to her thoughts? Why has she been silent—has she been gagged? Has no one chronicled her thoughts—is there no record? Yea, one there is who knows well what the girl has thought; and will tell it, from its vaguest murmurs to its fullest tones—It is the girl herself. Listen!

The Girl this week is a working girl, most thoroughly and practically, though she is not called one.

The Girl dislikes jokes about lovers and love affairs. She does not think love, *true love*, a subject for silly jokers.

The Girl says, the importance attached to a girl having a young man has arisen from the low estimate in which women are held. She thinks congratulation would be suitable if it really were so great a distinction, but she thinks the young man needs congratulating even more in that case, then the humiliation, or otherwise—if otherwise—would be mutual.

The Girl says, that marriage ideally is a perfect condition of life; practically it is a failure.

The Girl says, perfect unions are so rare, that she finds it hard to believe such things are. Married people who are happy, really happy, she does not often see; she wants to know why?

The Girl has seen married people happy; but it was not because they were married. The mother was happy because she loved her children, who were a credit to her, and they loved her; perfect trust existed between the mother and her children; this made happiness. The father was happy because he was an Alderman, and people talked of making him Mayor—not because he was married.

The Girl says, what she calls happiness is to have someone to love and trust her—some one her equal, not her master; some one who is no more the householder or bread-winner than she is herself.

The Girl thinks that a dual existence is the most beautiful underlying power of all life, but she says most of us have not yet begun to learn to know what it means.

The Girl hates the idea people have that all girls want to be married. She says there would be no use of all girls wishing to marry if all boys did not desire it also.

The Girl says, why do people speak and write so one-sided; why not say that boys want to marry also?

The Girl says, among her friends it is the boys who talk about marriage and desire to be married, and not the girls.

The Girl says, that until all girls and women take a fair share in the world's work, responsibilities, and privileges—that is, half of it all—marriage, politics, government, social life, and everything else will be a failure.

The Girl says, her enjoyment in reading the Bible—much of which she loves, it is so beautiful—has been made bitter to her often because of the way women were treated, as it seemed, with Divine sanction.

The Girl says, she had not then learnt to distinguish between what is good for the soul's purification in the Bible and what is simply history, and not very reliable history, perhaps, in its details.

The Girl says, now she takes what is most beautiful and best from all religions and creeds and feeds her soul upon it. This is what the Girl has been taught to do by one whom she reveres and loves—her mother.

The Girl hopes all people will soon learn to search for truth and make themselves quite sure that what they read or are taught is right.

## THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

*Under this heading will appear short notices of whatever women in any part of the world, or in any class of life, have done or are doing in the cause of progress; also selected bits from the writings of women. Women and men are invited to contribute to this column.*

THE "thin red line" has played its part of war and bloodshed in all the history of the world. The tale of the passing ages, and a higher consciousness are fast depriving it of its glory. Posterity shall judge whether the part played has been an absolute necessity as some say, or no. Meanwhile, we have ceased to contemplate its allusions of fame—the awful other side is more within our ken.

Women are gathering together their armies for another battle; for strife of another nature—the war of Women against injustice, impurity, tyranny, cruelty and falsehood. Against these, Women have ranged their "Steadfast Blue Line," which grows stronger with every hour. Their weapon is the "Sword of the Spirit," sharp and keen, and it will never be sheathed till the "winter of their discontent" has passed away for ever, and the time of the singing of freedom's jubilant song of victory, has come.

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LADY HENRY SOMERSET and MISS FRANCES WILLARD each spoke at St. James's Hall, on Sunday, in connection with the Temperance Movement. Lady Henry Somerset's speech contained many powerful arguments in favour of temperance, while Miss Willard pointed out the necessity incumbent upon all to arouse themselves to earnest action, and do their utmost to help forward the cause of temperance.

MISS ROSE GOVINDURAJULU, the first Hindoo lady elected to the scholarship of fifty pounds a year, founded by Mr. Cropper at the Edinburgh School of Medicine, has just commenced her studies. The Mysore Government have not only allowed her two years' leave of absence for the purpose of securing a European diploma, but have also given her a yearly grant to meet the remainder of her expenses.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE, in acknowledging the expression of sympathy which she has lately received from those who heartily agree with her position in relation to Vivisection, says:—"Perhaps we are authorised to estimate the extent of the breach we have effected by our sixteen years' battering on the walls of the Bastille of Vivisection by the unparalleled—may not we say desperate?—fury of this sortie of the garrison."

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has just written an appeal on behalf of University Hall, the settlement in Gordon-square which grew out of the interest aroused by "Robert Elsmere." The pamphlet is issued as a supplement to the *Inquirer*.

MRS. TEL SONO, an educated Japanese lady, is expected to visit England shortly, to speak on behalf of her countrywomen. Mrs. Tel Sono is trying to establish in Japan a non-sectarian Christian training school for women and girls in her own position in life.

LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts enjoy the almost unique distinction of being "free women" of City Companies.

QUEEN MARGARET COLLEGE, which is the largest institution for the higher education of women in Scotland, and which is incorporated with the University of Glasgow, has just realised £11,800 (total proceeds) from a bazaar held for the purpose of completing the endowment fund.

A CONTEMPORARY says—We have just been visiting two of the Scottish Universities, and find that the introduction of women into the classes has been very popular with most of the students.

THE trustees of the Homes for Working Girls in London have acquired a long lease of 8, Fitzroy-square, with the object of founding another of their Homes. The new building, when completed, will accommodate about 100 girls and women who are employed in the workrooms, etc., of the West End.

ONLY 136 lady guardians out of a total of 28,000 elected and *ex officio* guardians in England and Wales! Such was the statement reported last week at the annual meeting of the members of the Society for Promoting the Return of Women Guardians. A most regrettable fact. How can it be altered? An increasing proportion of the community is now thoroughly convinced that we absolutely require a large number of women as guardians, if our poor are to be properly cared for, and rates judiciously expended. But how shall public opinion be roused to enthusiastic and practical action? Several courses might be suggested. Let women work to secure the necessary property qualification—not a difficult matter; let them resolutely face the opposition which arises from the existing male guardians; let them make amongst themselves loyal and united efforts to unseat the comfortable indifference in regard to such questions which is too common amongst all classes of voters. Now is the critical moment for lady guardians to put their hands to the plough—while the subject is *sur le tapis*—and in the air.



## Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

A Paper for Women and the Working Classes.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3rd, 1892.

## WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

Mere DEMOCRACY cannot solve the social question. An element of ARISTOCRACY must be introduced into our life. Of course I do not mean the aristocracy of birth, or of the purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That only can free us.

From two groups will this aristocracy I hope for come to our people: from our WOMEN and our WORKMEN. The revolution in the social condition now preparing in Europe is chiefly concerned with the future of the WORKERS and the WOMEN. In this I place all my hopes and expectations, for this I will work all my life and with all my strength.—IBSEN.

IN consequence of repeated and continued inquiries we think it best to stereotype the statement already so clearly made, that the columns of SHAFTS are open to the free expression of opinion upon any subject, however diverse. These opinions will be welcomed, however widely they may differ from our own, as the *vox populi* which leads to higher things; advancing by slow and sure degrees to more enlarged views of life; to juster and grander conceptions of what may lie before us. Our object is to encourage thought—thought, the great lever of humanity; the great purifier and humaniser of the world. It seems to us a good thing to put into circulation a paper which takes no side save that of justice and freedom; a paper which invites the opinions of women and men of any party, creed, class, or nationality. Any views may be stated in articles or letters, and any person who may think differently from the views therein stated shall be free to discuss or refute, as the case may be. All will be treated with equal courtesy. The paper is started specially in the interests of women and the working classes; but excludes no individual and no class. All subjects must be treated with moderation and in a spirit of calm inquiry—a spirit that while it earnestly works for the triumph of right, while it unhesitatingly denounces wrong, also perceives how easy it has been to go wrong, and that love, kindness, and patient determination shall yet win the day.

The conscience of the world is waking up to the very serious study of the question, in regard to all relating to the highest and purest relationship of the sexes: a question of vital import, the just and true settlement of which will make so vast a change for the better in the constitution of society. There is a wheel within wheels which moves, or ought to move, the great machinery of progress aright—the wheel of Humanity. Humanity is not woman alone, nor men alone: it is both. It is not, however, two acting as one, but each acting as a human being; as, in fact, a separate unity of the great whole—Humanity. We need not distress ourselves about separating ourselves from Humanity; we cannot possibly do that. Humanity will keep its units together. But in the onward march, if one-half of the mighty army are to be kept in subjection, to do nothing, to receive no training, to hide away, as it were, it will greatly retard the march; and not that only, it will introduce many other evils. And so with the great inner wheel, Humanity—which ought to be composed of the united strength of all—it is split in two parts: the SUBJECTION of Woman and DOMINATION of Man. These two parts are rendered useless for the world's work, which is, therefore, not done. All sorts of complications have arisen from the incapacity of the inner force. The whole system of Society is at fault, and one of its most frightful results is Immorality everywhere. To check this EVIL the utmost thought and care is necessary, but Purity and Delicacy must work hand in hand with Legislation. No more difficult task has ever called the brave and pure to action. To realise fully, that the immorality rampant in our streets is the outcome, for by far and away the most part, of the fact that women in thousands can find no employment, that women in hundreds of thousands who do find employment are shamefully inefficiently paid, is half the battle. When we have well learnt that lesson the other will come, and will take up its permanent abode in our understanding, never again to depart—namely, that all the evil, all the misery, which, in a more or less ugly form, fills up so much of woman's life, is the result of the Subjection of Woman by the Domination of Man. Destroy this and all else will follow. Truth and Justice, Wisdom, Purity, and Prosperity will arise to power; will hurl headlong from their seats those hideous opposites of themselves, now so securely seated on usurped thrones—will begin their blest and rightful reign, and all shadows shall flee away.

## REVIEWS.

The *Modern Review* for December contains much that is good, much that is, alas! only too needful to be made known, and the careful reading of which is calculated to raise the moral tone of all who read it. "The Sin of our Cities" is ably discussed, and it is good to see that the writer notes it is "always the Women who suffer."

This is a very important point, and one which it is to be hoped the *Modern Review* will not lose sight of. Liverpool is referred to as "a great seaport town, swarming with sailors from all corners of the globe (with none too clean a record)." Yet it is not the sailors who are proceeded against—it is the women. In describing the condition of the streets and houses of a certain district, special notice is taken of "women, gaily dressed, standing about." Were there no men? "Women take off their boots and induce the men to do the same," evidently with the purpose of preventing the policemen hearing them as they pass up the streets. But why women induce men? All this is a man's point of view; the old idea—"The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she," etc., etc. Further, with a commendable sense of justice, the writer states, "the law is always enforced on these occasions with relentless severity against the women." "They get more than their share of kicks, and in the course of a social crusade are turned out into the streets to beg or die." "The law enforces no punishment for the male prostitute," though the writer justly states that his offences are worse, more heinous in their nature. A well-deserved tribute is given to the work of the Rev. Father Nugent, who, we hope, is not hindered in his work by sex bias. It is a genuine pleasure to turn to the article by Lady Florence Dixie on "Woman's Position." She writes, as she ever does, with great boldness and power, accompanied by purity—the woman's purity of thought and word which characterises all her utterances.

Many earnest people will rejoice to read the article on "Immoral Sport," where a brave plea is urged for the animals who share our earthly life and deserve, though they so seldom obtain, our utmost consideration. "Is Cancer Curable?" contains some truths worth studying.

The *Review*, however, contains some articles of less worth, and one or two which we regret to see in its pages. "A Green Old Age" is one-sided, full of sex bias, and, in some points, crude, harking back to the beginning of the century; thus depriving its readers both of the pleasure and profit the article ought to give. The word "effeminate" ought to be banished from the pages of our literature as an insult to women. The tone of page 304, from paragraph at foot to the end of the article, is much to be condemned. Parental obligation also fails in fulfilling its evident purpose, the reason of which must be plain to thoughtful minds. One or two other articles are on the same lines. In "The Fetich Marriage" many true things are said, also many not to be so described. Here is a quotation: "A woman should recognise that the function of motherhood is her most glorious endowment." Not so: the function of motherhood is a sacred function and ought ever to be regarded as such; but we strongly protest against looking upon it as "a woman's most glorious endowment."

The function of fatherhood, though not so important, is also sacred, and of both we may say they cannot be looked upon in too sacred a light. There are, however, much more glorious endowments, endowments common to humanity. A woman may be a mother or not as she may elect; she must be a noble human being or she does not fill her life's part. Besides this, the idea preached in the words above quoted, and these which follow: "What is needed is a society, the primary aim of which should be, to educate women from girlhood into a full appreciation of their feminine individuality"—lie at the root of all the wrongs done to women. Sex is by far too constantly emphasised; we hear too much about it. If women and men would sometimes forget all about sex it would tend to the raising of the human race, of which sex is but a part, and need be but a small part. It is certainly not by any means the most glorious endowment of either. "Agent or Minotaur" is an article, in its details so sickening that it contains a danger—it may do more harm than good. The short sketch by Madeline Legge, while exposing sin at which we shudder, has a womanly touch of delicacy destroying its evil power.

We are beginning to recognise even in our homes and round our firesides, the awful depravity of our cities. If sin exists it must not be hidden away to fester and increase in the dark; still, to expose it, a pen, both delicate and pure, must be guided by a moral and mental power, strong in purity and delicacy, or evil results will follow, and the pure in heart will recoil from the very consideration of the subject, and from every curative attempt. Impurity must be driven out by purity, might, yet merciful, and woman must do most of the work. The *Modern Review* has undertaken a task which will require the greatest care, the most delicate tact, and the most constant watchfulness. May we suggest that in exposing the hideous depravity of sin, it should endeavour so to clothe its words and expressions that those who read will feel the hideousness of the evil, and recoil from its so-called allurements. It should also make a point of keeping well before the world the fact that the man is the greater sinner. Before any effectual work can be done women in their thousands must come to the rescue. Women have many qualities which will enable them to do this work well. They have strong resolve, high endeavour, purity of thought and feeling, hatred of evil, steadfastness of purpose. What they want is power to act; that, only the suffrage will give them. When women have equal political power with men, the condition of our streets so distressing to society, so sickening to us individually, so shameful to us as a nation, will gradually cease to exist.

RUSSIAN FREEDOM.—The annual public meeting of the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom will be held on Tuesday, December 6th, at four o'clock, in the Westminster Town Hall. Sergius Stepniak, Felix Volkhoosky, and several members of Parliament are expected to address the meeting. Dr. Spence Watson in the chair.

## PIONEER MEETINGS.

AT the Pioneer Club every Tuesday evening meetings are held, commencing at eight o'clock, which are always pleasant, always interesting, and frequently instructive. On Tuesday, the 22nd ult., at the usual hour, the subject was "The Nationalisation of Land." The debate was opened by Mr. Hyder—of the Fabian Society, we believe—who kindly gave a very clear definition of his ideas on the subject. In the discussion which followed, the ladies of the Pioneer Club gave evidence of wit, intelligence, and a capability which enabled them thoroughly to grasp the subject. After listening to the twaddle so frequently uttered by members of our Senate at meetings to which they are invited, it was truly refreshing to hear the clear, concise views uttered by these women, in voices every word of which was distinctly heard and conveyed its meaning. Mr. Conybeare, M.P., gave a short but earnest expression of the conclusions to which his thoughts had led him, and Miss (or Mrs.) Allen of the Fabian Society, closed the discussion with a few well chosen remarks.

On Thursday afternoon, the 24th ult., "Artistic and Rational Dress" was the subject considered. There was a large gathering, and the matter was well handled.

Tuesday, the 28th ult., saw the same subject more fully handled, and several most interesting addresses were given by Mrs. McFall, Mrs. Headlam, Mrs. Gordon, and others. Mrs. Headlam took the matter well in hand. She ardently advocated a new style of dress for women, a dress which would give them freedom to use their limbs, so as to gain the health and strength which was theirs according to Nature's decree and endowment, as much as it was man's. She pointed out most cleverly, and with the utmost delicacy, that man's objection to a free, rational dress on woman, arose from the altogether false idea of woman which held possession of man's mind. She evidently felt that it was a far cry from man's woman to the real woman. Mrs. Headlam is an advanced thinker on many points. Her strong, decided utterances, the fearless utterances of absolute conviction are very pleasing and hopeful in their effect upon her listeners; like a strain of inspiring music full of life and fire. The Viscountess Harburton also spoke very well and gave out some new and encouraging ideas. She and some other of the ladies were dressed in the particular style each advocated; Miss Beatrice Morgan-Browne in a sort of Highland kilt (very becoming) something like that adopted by Lady Florence Dixie. The Pioneer Club is certainly to be congratulated upon its president and upon its members.

## Thoughts after Attending a Meeting of the National Vigilance Association.

Man is full of pity for the young of His own sex. Meanwhile, if the youthful masculine has learnt his lesson well—and ruins others and not himself—Man smiles indulgently over His "wild oats."

Man says, "I will stop these wicked women who would corrupt Me, even while at my favourite occupation in the publichouse. I will therefore forbid them to enter, and there will be more room at the bar for Me." And He praises His Maker for having made Him so clever and so—just.

Man would find the earth a hell if there were on it three drunken women to one drunken man (though the reverse proportion being so much greater does not trouble him), therefore he kneels and thanks God that God hath looked after Man's interests and proved Man's superiority.

Therefore Man is scandalised at the wickedness of woman, and has determined to reform her.

It is amusing to see Man try to reform the world. He pads Himself and rushes at woman with a club.

Man is the sole gainer by the holy institution of Marriage, which he has set up. By it He can say, "Thou art Mine, and I am Mine Own."

Let Man stand aside. He who is the worse cannot reform the better. He who is always trying to force the "great into the little"—let Him take a back seat and listen to the voice of Her whom He would teach.

Woman, and Woman alone, shall show Him the root of the "Social Evil."

That Root is Himself, and Woman shall cut it through. Then shall He throw out healthy branches, and Woman shall stand in Her majesty and beauty by Man's side. Peace shall be where Strife is, Love instead of Hate.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

With good looks and youth marriage is easy to attain. There are men enough; but a woman who has sold herself, even for a ring and a new name, need hold her skirt aside for no creature in the street.

Power! Did you ever hear of men being asked whether other souls should have power or not? It is born in them. You may dam up the fountain of water, and make it a stagnant marsh, or you may let it run free and do its work; but you cannot say whether it shall be there; it is there. And it will act, if not openly for good, then covertly for evil; but it will act.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

## NATIONAL VIGILANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE seventh annual meeting of the National Vigilance Association was held last week at Exeter Hall. The Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair presided. He was supported by Canon Scott-Holland, Canon Barker, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M.P.; Mr. Percy Bunting, and others. Several excellent speeches were made—excellent so far as they went. Some truths were enunciated, some laudable work recorded, and some laudable intentions expressed. It was, however, with much regret we saw the platform occupied by men, while two women sat behind, as much out of the way as was consistent with being on the platform at all. Therefore sex bias held considerable sway, and many truths most necessary to have been uttered then—to be always enunciated—were barely alluded to. No doubt exists in thoughtful minds that this society is doing much good, but the male idea predominates. The man's way of looking at these matters rules, which, so long as it is the case, will prevent success in any work, but more especially in the work of this society, in which women should take an active part, indeed the most active part. The reason for this assertion is obvious enough to those who will think bravely and look the matter in the face. Women in numbers should attend the society's meetings—should make their voices heard upon the platforms—so that a just and true conception may be arrived at of the cause—the inner-producing cause—of the awful condition of our streets.

One speaker made frequent allusions to the nuisance of women thronging the streets for purposes so dread, but seemed utterly oblivious to the fact that the streets are thronged to a much greater extent by men on the same errand; men who have not even the excuse—which so many thousands of women have—that they are society's outcasts, with no hope of return; with no choice between the two extremes, a life of sin or shame, or a death of starvation; men who have no call but insatiable lust to the lives they lead; men, many of whom, aye, most of whom, are among society's favoured ones, among those who never know a want which cannot be gratified; who are householders, fathers, husbands, church-goers, members of the highest families and positions in Church and State. If this can be denied, let those who can prove it false. What can we expect of these women, who have lost all hope in life—who know well the horrible lives led by these men, who pass free and unscathed from them into the first society, while they suffer all things; women who know well that there are many married lives only in outward seeming better than their own, and that they and they only bear the iniquity of it all.

All women who will speak out or write—and not to do so is cowardly—can tell the tale of these dastards, these men who, knowing they cannot be got hold of, and will not be interfered with, follow up and pursue their prey with impunity, with such daring that respectable women shrink with fear from being in the streets late at night. Why is it that good and pure women have always felt it necessary, and do yet to a great extent, to have some of their men kind to escort them home after dark? Is it the women they fear? These male sinners are seldom alluded to. They suffer no punishment; they cannot be touched. Why? One speaker, with a sudden sense of justice, said that men were often as bad as women, satisfying his sense of right with this statement; yet no woman's voice was raised to condemn this travesty of the truth. It was proposed to oust bad women from the clubs and refreshment bars, frequented by men at least equally bad. If stern justice must be meted out to any, let it be to both sexes, and let it be justice, not injustice. Are there no means by which men can be traced who are such moral lepers? Why are they shielded and saved? Why, because their case is judged by men, and often by men as morally bad as themselves.

Women must join together to devise some means of helping their erring sisters, must protect and save them. All women who aspire to be worthy the name must banish relentlessly from their receptions, their rooms, their homes, every man whose moral character will not bear the strictest investigation. We must ostracise the men also. Women must investigate the causes which have led to this moral cancer now eating into society, must ask, Is it not possible that if these women had been able to obtain employment, well paid, by means of which they could live, they would not be where they now are? Our pitiful economy which takes from woman every chance to rise, even to live, is answerable for much.

Man's unchecked passions in married and single life are answerable for more, and man is responsible both for the causes and the effect produced. All the evil is traceable to the subjection of women by men, to the extraordinary idea that the domination of man over woman, is just and true to nature, and every individual who preaches or teaches such a doctrine by word or pen, who promulgates, encourages, or submits to it, may be quite sure that on her or his soul rests the blood of these wretched wrecks of humanity.

Terribly sad is the record of deaths from starvation this week. In one day four inquests elicited the painful story of want leading up to the now sadly familiar result. One very bad case is referred to in another column.

These records are noticeable as bringing prominently forward woman's share in the struggle for subsistence. The unemployed are very much in evidence, and Tower Hill and Trafalgar Square resound to their plea for work. In the meantime, women unseen, unheard, are bravely fighting the foe—hunger—in their miserable garrets, and only come under our notice when, at last, the indomitable spirit breaks down under physical collapse. "One half the world does not know how the other half lives"—until it learns in the Coroner's Court.

There was never a man who said one word for woman but he said two for man, and three for the whole human race.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

## WHAT WORKING WOMEN AND MEN THINK.

## A PROTEST AGAINST SEEMING INDIFFERENCE.

BY LYDIA VAUGHAN.

I am much disappointed to find that working women have not availed themselves of this column, and thereby let the world know their views, though they have not the courage of their convictions strong enough to speak personally. What does it mean—ignorance or indifference? In either case it should be faced and remedied, if possible. We have splendid leaders—women who come boldly to the front, and, again, others not so prominent, who give money, time, influence, and talent for the cause of woman. But, in spite of all assertions from the platform that it is advancing (and I grant that at the annual gatherings the numbers increase), nearly all the advanced women belong to the well-to-do and intelligent classes of society; they do not include the wage-earning woman or working man's wife. How are these to be got at? I am a member of the E. I. W. L. A., and last election I got a glimpse of how much time, thought, and energy were necessary for the work; how everything was made to serve the cause, how earnest everyone seemed in their working, how every man strove to convince his neighbour to this or that set of opinions, to ensure success to the candidate. No street was too dirty or low to traverse, if only a vote might be gained. Even daintily-clad women—Primrose dame and Liberal—might be seen there. All this was for one man. Are they as willing to work as earnestly for women? "Lor, ma'am, I've enough to do to look after my home, husband, and children," was the answer, civilly spoken, but with a touch of sarcasm at my ignorance, on asking a working woman if she would attend some meetings in the neighbourhood. The question had barely left my lips ere I felt how foolish it was. Who knew better than I, a workingman's daughter born and reared, what the work of a woman of the working class in her home means, and how little encouragement she receives. But things are changing fast, and women are doing it.

In the East End of London, as I have said, who can tell better than I what the lives of the majority of workingmen's wives are? The constant moiling and toiling, the dread of debt and sickness, the constant strain to make ends meet by making twenty shillings go as far as twenty-five shillings (these women would make splendid Chancellors of the Exchequer). How can such a woman spare time or thought beyond? If she does it only seems to aggravate the evil; it's so useless kicking against the pricks. Is it so wonderful that, being hopeless, she grows careless, and deems herself fortunate if she has a considerate man for a husband? Not that they are indifferent: they really do not know or understand what this woman's question implies. Politics, to the majority of them, is something that takes their husbands out to public-houses—often makes them cross and quarrelsome. Also, they get their ideas of the matter through the man, and these are very vague (somewhat like "Bartle Massey's" in *Adam Bede*—"Women have neither brains nor conscience, and are only fit to clean house and rear children, and even that is done in a shiftless sort o' way." But even with all these drawbacks, there are some women who can and do rise above their surroundings.

There is yet another class to be reached, lower down—the match-girls, cigar box makers, costers, and others. Who speaks to them of rights? They understand *might* against right full well by experience. Born and reared in misery, if not shame, what do they know of the dignity of womanhood? Lower still comes the cry for help from our fallen sisters. But the class that most wants rousing and awakening to a sense of its duty is the well-conditioned woman, whose life has been sheltered, whose husband treats her with consideration and respect, though she must know that all women are not so fortunate. But, because the lines have fallen to her in pleasant places, she lacks sympathy and refuses to see. She is very indignant and shocked at revelations made, but somehow she reminds you of the Pharisee, who thanked God, etc., etc. All these want educating. How is it to be done? A general may plan a successful campaign; but in what does success lie? In plans? No; but in every man of the rank and file doing his duty; each feeling his responsibility and fighting as though success depended on him. We women must not only recognise, but act up to this. Not till we do so shall we succeed. We must depend on ourselves. What can you do? Do the next thing; that which lies nearest you. The soldier takes the foe immediately in front; he does not consider whether he be too small or too large. Enough for him that he bars his progress, and no need to be arrogantly asserting or claiming this or that; but try to make others think. If you will only be quietly vigilant you will be surprised how quickly opportunity occurs for doing good service every day.

The following is a true instance:—A woman and a man were having a chat. They touched on temperance, the man arguing that whilst it was disgraceful for man to get drunk, it was more so in woman.

She: "Why so?"  
He: "Because she is a woman."  
She: "Why because a woman?"  
He: "Well—er—because she is a woman."  
Still the persistent, quiet "Why?"  
He: "Because she is a woman, I tell you."  
She: "But men claim to be the superior sex; and if women are inferior, how can it be worse in her to do anything bad?"  
He stared, said "Good morning," and went on his rounds, whilst she went on sweeping her steps triumphantly.

'Tis this quiet, aggressive work that is so needed. You sigh, and say, "Tis not always so comical." No, you must be prepared to be called "peculiar," "strong-minded," etc. Even "friends may frown," because you have dared to give expression to your abhorrence of the toleration of sin. It will be assumed that your sense of modesty is less than another woman's. Even so, take it as your seal of service. You are not the only one. "They are slaves who dare not be in the right with two or three." Take courage. What must it have been for Josephine Butler, Ellice Hopkins, and a host of other women,

whose names are not generally known, but whom God knows. Nor will I forget the equally noble men who stood by and helped them, and but for whom we should not be in the position we are now—Stead, Stuart, Shaftsbury, Stansfeld, Scott, B. Waugh, and others. Honour to whom honour is due. We women are grateful to and thankful for such men. What can you do, poor, tired, over-worked mother? Do! Splendid work in your home. Teach your girls to respect themselves, teach your boys to respect their sisters, teach both that virtue is as necessary to one as the other. Keep all unchaste conversation outside your home; never encourage or allow it to be used in presence of your children. Fathers should speak to boys as mothers do to girls. A young man said to me, "Boys are never warned; they have to find out." Parents should recognise their responsibility in this matter. We single women, who have more freedom, let us have the courage of our convictions. Let words and actions tally; let us be true to all the highest and holiest aspirations of our nature, striving to attain L. Alcott's ideal of "The Coming Woman, strong-minded, strong-souled, strong-hearted, strong-handed" (from *Old-fashioned Girl*). May I suggest to those who have money, time, talent, and a fair intelligence of the subject, what they can do? There must be a way made to reach working women in their homes. A house to house visitation if possible; a room should be hired in poor neighbourhoods, and a weekly meeting held, where these questions could be intelligently discussed, and a little sympathy with their needs would beget confidence and interest. As there is no election to get ready for at present, now would be a splendid time for all various associations of women, Liberal or Conservative, to combine in the one common object. At first it often puzzled me, how could the piers or buttresses supporting a bridge be made secure; till it was explained how the foundations were sunk, taking years of what seemed fruitless labour. Often, in spite of all precautions, much time and labour would be lost to adverse currents. Yet by persistent, patient working a solid foundation was laid, and in time the bridge would span the river, and join the opposite shores. So we too must not be discouraged, nor deem it fruitless labour, if we do not see such results as we expected. Bonar has said:

He liveth long who liveth well,  
All else is being flung away;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

## UTOPIA.

William Morris has recently been interviewed by a representative of the *Evening News and Post*. The report fills over two columns, and no doubt fulfilled the wishes of the editor as far as its interest was concerned. Morris told his story of a world wherein competition, as we understand it, was a thing of the past, where the capitalist no longer held the worker at his mercy, and all mankind were brethren in fact, as well as in theory. His ideal, briefly speaking, is a State in which all the means of production are communised.

A leading article in the same paper, while acknowledging the interest which everyone must feel in reading the poet's expressions, summed up the view which all "practical men" must take of the subject by characterising Morris as a dreamer and his ideas as Utopian.

Ever since the time of Sir Thomas More's famous book *Utopia*, written about the year 1515, it has been the custom of unimaginative folk ("practical men" is the name they covet) to condemn all great hopes and far-reaching noble aims as Utopian.

The Council of Salamanca were the practical men of their day, when denouncing Columbus and laughing at his determination to start on his voyage of discovery. He, at any rate, escaped the accusation of Utopianism, but the idea was there, only waiting for Sir Thomas More to invent a label which should last for ever.

"Utopia" means "Nowhere." That, indeed, was the address of the commonwealth which More described at the time he wrote; but in the present day such a dream would be regarded as a very inadequate conception of an ideal republic. The fact is the word Utopian, in the sense in which we to-day regard it, merely indicates the point from which we view any given proposal. Every reform worth having has at first been dismissed as visionary, denounced as revolutionary, and finally accepted as necessary. In the meantime, the true reformer, finding his propositions reach the stage of consideration, has left them behind or embodied them in a larger ideal which includes the smaller, once more to find himself "a dreamer of Utopian dreams."

Painters, poets, and prophets, as well as statesmen and authors, have had their dreams of ideal States. The Jewish scriptures abound in them. Jesus and the Christian writings tell of a "new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." It is very reasonable that men who long for a time of justice to come should dream of what should be when the days were accomplished. To one who longs for a better world the present must needs seem increasingly gloomy.

It is worth noting that the two Utopian dreamers in the present day—William Morris (author of *News from Nowhere*) and Edward Bellamy (author of *Looking Backward*)—have lived, one in the largest city of the Old World, London, and the other in Chicago, the chief city of the West. Life would not be worth living if we could not look at these cities of ours and peer into the future when the curse shall be removed, when happy women and joyful men will take the places of the sad ones hurrying along to-day, and the squalor, the sin, and the innumerable ills of the present

will have been forgotten in the brightness, the righteousness, and the happiness of the days that shall be.

In future numbers of *SHAFTS* some account will be given of the old Utopias, such as Bacon's *New Atlantis*, Campanella's *City of the Sun*, and others. These will be compared with modern ideals and with one another, so as to give the reader some idea of the antiquity of socialist aspirations, which are often looked upon as essentially new.

Perhaps the new aristocracy of Women and Workers will find some inspiration in a new patriotism: the desire which William Blake expressed in his lines on Milton:—

"I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land."

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

## THE INFLUENCE OF "BLESSED WORDS."

WE have all heard of the dear old lady who, deriving the solace of her declining years from frequent readings of the Sacred Volume; found such "unspeakable comfort" in the "blessed word 'Mesopotamia.'" In seasons of trial; in times of weariness; whenever her spirit was cast down by conflict with the world, the flesh, or the devil, a soothing influence radiated from that polysyllabic anodyne and her soul was at peace!

In our industrial evolution "Blessed Words" have played no unimportant part. In the domains of political economy and social science quite a number of "Mesopotamias" have served well their two-fold purpose of obscuring the issue, and salving the conscience wherever there has been a problem to solve, or a wrong to be redressed.

Thought has a natural tendency to crystallize into aphorisms, to reduce itself to its lowest terms, so to speak, and to express in short and easy phrases the results of its labour. This is an excellent thing. Intellectual progress would be impossible, but for the fact that the "definitions" of the past can be used as a basis for new thought to build upon. Definitions are the currency of science. "Proverbs" and "sayings" express the beliefs of the past.

But, alas! these heirlooms share the imperfection of all mundane things. Some of them were wrong from the beginning; others, accurate once, no longer express the truth. Our formulae need revision from time to time in the light of advancing knowledge—and unhappily they are generally allowed to do duty too long.

Not political economy alone, but all the sciences have contributed their quota to these false lights, these misdirecting signposts in the path of knowledge. Until yesterday we believed that "Nature abhors a vacuum" was the expression of an indisputable physical law. That "water always runs down hill" we never doubted until someone inquired how it got to the top. We still speak of "sunrise" and "sunset," and probably many generations to come will express those daily phenomena in the same inaccurate terminology.

It is not possible to assess the effect on the "young idea" of some of these hoary old impostures. The School Board—that beneficent "universal provider" of modern times—is assisting our children to unlearn the errors of colloquial phrases. But if you will go down into the centre of Devon or Cornwall, a few miles from the track of the "iron horse," and there attempt to convince a true son or daughter of the soil that our alternate light and darkness is due to the earth's movement and not to the sun's, you will be able to form a fair idea of the effect of these legacies of past ignorance—an effect rendered the more difficult to combat, bear in mind, because the expressions retain always a superficial harmony with observed phenomena.

But it is when we come to matters affecting our everyday life in its social relationships that we recognise the greatest disparity between economic terminology and sober fact, and the object of the present paper is to enforce the necessity for an attitude of *scepticism*—for examination—for a robust *unfaith* that "proves all things and holds fast that which is good."

To deal fully with the "Blessed Words" of our social and commercial life would require several issues of *SHAFTS*, and is, moreover, not necessary to our present purpose. We will "sample" them and endeavour to present a *prima facie* case for that healthy scepticism for which we plead.

Probably the most appropriate "Blessed Word" to consider just now is that which expresses the view of certain old school economists that our present commercial system is based upon "THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND."

That it is, in truth, based upon a law of "supply and demand," furnishes just that element of superficial agreement with the facts of the case which constitutes ever the chief danger of these phrases. The only "demand" it recognises is the "purchasing power" of its victims, and its "supply" is proportioned not to the extent of their need, but to the length

of their purse. By the "iron law of wages"—another "Blessed Word"—the purchasing power of the worker gravitates down to the point of subsistence, and the "demand" falls with it. The famous "law" of commercialism is bounded by the vicious circle of its own operations.

But let us not suppose that the "demand"—for food to fill the peoples' stomach, or clothes to cover its back—bears any direct relation to the "supply" offered by our system.

At the present time nearly 50,000 cotton operatives are "locked out," because there has been "over-production" (!) (still another of our old friends), thousands of looms standing idle because our warehouses are filled to repletion with cotton fabrics. But is there no demand for this idle wealth? No demand for those piles of garments and bales of stuff? Thousands of our sisters and brothers are shivering in their scanty clothing, are hastening their journey to the grave under every blast of the east wind, simply for lack of the clothing for which there is no "demand!" We read weekly of some death in a garret or cellar, "accelerated by want of nourishment and warmth"—verdict in "accordance with the medical evidence." This week the papers are particularly fruitful in these ghastly stories. No wonder the *Chronicle* asks in its leader (November 24th), "in what the benefits of our 'glorious constitution' really consist," while these deaths are possible in the richest city in the world. If a coroner's jury should ever return a verdict in accordance with the *sense of humanity*, it will furnish an indictment against "the delicate mechanism of British trade," which shall cause our ears to tingle and our cheeks to flush.

Note, then, the operation of this "law of supply and demand." The looms in Lancashire are idle because they have produced too much. A docker's child, prematurely born, dies in Poplar on a bed whose only furniture was a quilt. Think of the mother so placed in the hour of woman's sorest need—debilitated with privation, no fire, no light, one quilt for bed-clothes—and then picture to yourself those crowded warehouses and idle looms! There is no "demand" for cotton fabrics.

The true "demand" is humanity's need. The true system of "supply" is not yet organised.

As a relief from the dismal correlatives of the present unhappy anarchy, let us consider another "Blessed Word," which has performed much service in the past in filling the rich with comfortable convictions of their own—or their ancestors'—self-denial and the worker with emulation.

"CAPITAL IS THE REWARD OF ABSTINENCE." We cannot help feeling a sort of conviction that this phrase must have been originally perpetrated by some satirist, who grasped the true "inwardness" of the situation, and must have hugely enjoyed the appropriation of his little aphorism by the other side.

The chief point about the phrase is its *indefiniteness*. In its bald form it merely expresses, with perfect accuracy, an abstract truth.

It is when we consider it in relation to the present economy—that its humour is apparent. Not all rewards pass to their proper recipients. It is necessary merely to point out that in this case the "abstinence" is sustained by the worker.

In the expression "independent means," we have a pleasant euphemism for defining the "means" to be entirely dependent—on others.

Our "self-made man"—your true Whittingtonian citizen, who commences life with a piece of bread tied up in a handkerchief and twopence, and whose funeral is reported in every paper in the civilised world—is resolved upon analysis into a very ordinary individual indeed. A very small percentage of his "capital" is the reward of his own abstinence. Thousands of the men he may have employed have contributed to his riches by exertions no whit less laborious or assiduous than his own. Riches cannot be accumulated by a man's own saving in a general way—*great riches never*.

If our "self-made man" had not been so fortunate as to discover and extinguish that fire in the store-room, or perform some other lucky service which chanced to come in his way and smoothed his path to that subsequent judicious marriage with his master's daughter, he would never—in short, he would have had only his own "abstinence" to "accumulate," and those papers would have lost a good deal of "copy."

"He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him."

SAGITTARIUS.

The London County Council has rejected the proposition to employ women as voluntary park inspectors. Mr. John Burns, M.P., thinks that *all that is wanted can be accomplished by the wives of the park superintendents* (!) and Alderman Arnold objects to amateur female inspectors in the place of *efficient male inspectors* (!) How strange that men who continually express a profound ignorance of, if not contempt for, matters which pertain to domestic well-being will suddenly profess their sex to be efficient in those same matters when they are connected with public officialism!

## HOW THE WORLD MOVES, AND REMARKS THEREON.

The London Reform Union seems determined to verify its name. The inaugural meeting will in all probability be held in two or three weeks' time. The Union "is anxious to take up the work of organising the unemployed women in London, and Mrs. Goodall, a lady member of the executive, is engaged in making inquiries into the position of women workers in the metropolis with a view to future action."

Millbank Prison is to be demolished immediately. We have waited long for this. We hope that the expectation of seeing artisans' dwellings arise upon the site of the gloomy old prison will be realised as soon as possible.

The Women's Trade Union Association held its third annual meeting on Monday, at Barnard's Inn Hall, Holborn. While its financial position was shown to be satisfactory, the report was not able to declare much direct progress during the past year in the work of organising women's trade unions. But we must remember that a great deal of preparatory labour is even yet required; and the movement may be considered as only the infant harbinger of what it shall become. Amongst the speakers at the annual meeting were Miss Clementina Black (the new treasurer), the Countess Kearney, and Miss Margaret Benson.

The University Association of Women Teachers held its ninth annual meeting on Saturday, by permission of Mrs. Winkworth, at Holly Lodge, Campden Hill. Miss Welsh, mistress of Girton College, presided, and in her opening speech alluded to the loss sustained by the association in the death of Miss Clough, who had been president of the association since its foundation. The report showed an increase in the number of members, the total being set down at 426.

Mrs. French Sheldon has written an account of her travels and adventures amongst the East African tribes. Her interesting work, entitled, "Sultan to Sultan," is published by Messrs. Saxon and Co. Of disappointments and difficulties the lady experienced a full measure, but these things never made bloodshed appear justifiable, and her own words on the subject might well be taken to heart by explorers of the male sex. "If a woman," she says, "could journey a thousand and more miles in East Africa, among some hostile tribes, unattended by other than Zanzibar mercenaries, without bloodshed, the extreme measures employed by some would be colonisers is unnecessary, atrocious, and without the pale of humanity."

The committee of the International Arbitration and Peace Association have issued a memorandum on the question of Foreign Affairs. They point out, that the "supposed control of Parliament is a fiction"—which indeed it is, and a very mischievous fiction at that. The Government usually declines to be questioned while negotiations are pending, and afterwards it is, of course, too late to control the policy involved. The Cabinet is autocratic in this most important branch of government. The memorandum advocates "Standing Committees of both Houses to supervise our relations with foreign States." Good enough so far as it goes and infinitely preferable to the present method, but why not give real democratic control by means of the "referendum" as in Switzerland?

Now that Free Education is *un fait accompli*, it is absolutely necessary—unless the measure is to be a cruel force—to face the question of providing food for poor children. Mr. W. H. Libby, the hon. sec. of the Lambeth Teachers' Association, tells us, in a letter to a daily contemporary, that "there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers in London who have to start from their homes early in the morning to find a day's work and leave their little ones to get off to school; there to plod through a day's manual work without food, or at the most a slice of bread, which has to serve for breakfast and dinner, and, alas! if the parents are unsuccessful (and they often are) for supper also." We hope the numbers stated are in excess of the actual figures; but, even so, the contemplation of these children crumpling their poor little brains with "book learning" while the demon hunger is gnawing at their stomachs is simply appalling. Mr. Libby's Scholars' Free Meal Fund is doing excellent work, and we trust the readers of "SHAFTS" will respond generously to his appeal for help. Mr. Libby's address is 21, Knatchbull-road, Camberwell, S.E.

The pathetic cases of destitution and starvation which have lately been reported would surely have been at least considerably reduced if every Board of Guardians had a fair complement of women members. As it is we are compelled to stand by and read of widows and little children starved to death in this the richest city of the world. Our poor-houses at

present are not what they ought to be, nor indeed what they might easily be. The aged and sick, and the unfortunate workers look upon them as prisons, as places of punishment; they consequently prefer to starve outside the cheerless walls.

Why should poor John Scheffener, age 62, a German tutor who has been well connected, and who could fluently speak seven different languages, die upon a doorstep from exposure and want? No doubt there were plenty of moneyed people who would gladly have exchanged a fraction of their coins for some knowledge of one at least of those "seven languages." But John knew them not; had he done so he may not have possessed the business faculty so helpful in securing good situations. Some alteration is needed in our existing arrangements, if scholars and people with means are to be brought into profitable contact. Abundant agencies exist, but most of these require reform of a radical character. Part of the work which lies open for the women of the future, is a work which men have not hitherto accomplished with any degree of success—namely, the institution of proper mediums of intercourse between the individual possessors of any good thing, be it in the form of learning, influence, ability, or wealth.

Another important step has been taken by the County Council in the direction of municipal collectivism by the formation of its Works Committee. At all events, the principle of direct employment of labour and elimination of the costly middleman is to have a fair trial. We shall see what we shall see, but that the fears of those in whom the project gives rise to such gloomy forebodings will be realized, we do not for a moment suppose. There can be no sound economy in permitting the ratepayers' money to filter through so many hands, and to line so many pockets on its way to those who actually perform the Council's work.

We are indebted to the Special Commissioner of the *Daily Chronicle* for another important contribution to our knowledge of the worker's risks. The "Dust Death" of the Potteries is further dealt with, and some remedial measures explained. For the most part they lie ready to hand, are already known to the manufacturers, and in some few cases have been adopted. But the matter is too important to be left to the employer's individual sense of humanity. It is monstrous that any industry should be permitted to claim such a holocaust of victims annually, and the Factory Acts should be extended to remedy these abuses forthwith.

A Church paper, in commenting on the Conference anent the question of poverty held at Lambeth Palace, deprecates the devotion of Church funds to the relief of the poor "so long as money is wanted for strictly *Church objects!*" What nobler object can the Church expend its revenues upon than the relief of those poor who received ever the first thought and tenderest care of the Church's Master? What proportion of the Church's funds was reserved from the service of suffering humanity in those early days, when the "brethren had all things in common," and united in loving service to all who had need? Verily the Church must needs write "Ichabod" above its portals if "strictly Church objects; precede instead of follow the need of the poor."

So far the Government appears willing to justify its return by an honest anxiety to better the conditions of labour; witness, for instance, Mr. Asquith's action in regard to out-workers registration, and in applying pressure to the local authorities to set relief works in motion so as to absorb some of the unemployed. We shall be able to estimate better the value of the last General Election when Parliament meets and the new programme is announced. Election promises are always subject to a heavy discount. "SHAFTS" has no political bias. True to its motto—"For Woman and Workers"—it will give fair meed of praise to any measure which makes for justice, originate wheresoever it may.

At the Gloucester Autumn Assizes the County Jury, in the course of their presentment, urged the advisability of legalising flogging in cases of indecent assault. While we are most reluctant to advocate the resort to corporal punishment except in very special circumstances, we certainly think it might be introduced with advantage for this offence. While framing the Bill it might not be amiss to include in its operation cases of "solicitation" of young girls, as vile and dastardly a crime as the other—in fact, morally worse. The "cat" would give salutary pause to quite a number of highly respectable "gentlemen" if such a Bill ever became law.

"Neighbourhood Guilds: an Instrument of Social Reform," was the subject of Dr. Stanton Coit's address, on Saturday, before an influential meeting, held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Rea, in Belsize Park Gardens, Hampstead. The Neighbourhood Guild is one of the new enterprises which has a useful future before it.

## WAS IT A FAD?

BY N. H. LEMAYNE.

"See that woman in yellow silk and roses? That's she!"  
"That! Do you mean the one in the recess—Is it meant to be an orange grove?—purring up at a conceited exquisite languishing down on her now? Impossible!"  
"Your descriptive words are harsh; you have, however, spotted the right lady. She is, evidently, not what you expected."  
"Expected! Good heavens, no! I hardly thought when you dragged me here this evening to see somebody interesting that she would be a merely fashionable girl, going in for generally fascinating everybody, as—"  
"Wait till you have been introduced to Mrs. Klexham, and then—" said Ted Sloane (a neat man with a pointed blonde beard), with a slight, fine smile, pausing meaningly.

"Oh, married, is she? Well, certainly, I detest mincing misses."  
Ted Sloane contemplated his companion, Jasper Beverton, a big being, generally crude as regarded his outer aspect, and opened his lips to speak, but closed them tightly again without having done so.  
Jasper Beverton spread out his hands on his knees in a manner obtrusively uncouth and contemplated the lady in question for a few seconds, and then remarked with decision—

"Well, no, thanks, not to-night, we will defer the acquaintance-making, if you don't mind. I will just slope away again. I am not in my element in this sort of thing. I feel cramped; the air is growing heated, too. I loathe crushes of any kind," he added, with a species of bitter defiance, launched at a dis-regarding fate that had dealt hardly by him in various ways. Then, drawing a deep breath, he half-stretched out his arms, as if he would like to thrust them out and thereafter raise them high above his head, to give vent to his weariness of half-an-hour's sojourn in polite society.

"No, thanks; not to-night," he repeated. "A nice opinion she would have of a man of my calibre, and I don't think much of her."  
As he said so with a fervour—whether of disappointment or of real relief—that rather surprised himself, Mrs. Klexham turned and gazed directly at him. Thereupon an unreasonable anger which had been in his heart against her increased.

"What was it you said she had unusually developed?" he asked with abrupt irritation of his friend.

"Was it individuality?" suggested Sloane, "You scoffed at me for saying so."  
"Well, I don't now. I daresay that is what she has. I don't like it."  
"You have it yourself, you know," laughed Sloane, with a kind of secret enjoyment. "I thought it would be beautiful to confront you—you have both got fads."

"Oh—oh!" softly ejaculated Dr. Beverton. "Well, I shall convey my fads and individuality hence; at all events, they are more bearable in oneself than in others—oh, I beg your pardon," he suddenly stammered, as a lady requested him to let her speak to her brother.

"My friend, Dr. Beverton, Ethel; you have heard me speak of him."  
"Your friend Dr. Burton, certainly, Ted; charmed to make his acquaintance. Really, Ted, though, you *must* do some duty, sittings out and takings for refreshments, if you will not dance. So saying, Mrs. Vansittart took possession of Jasper Beverton, to his consternation, and escorted him here, there, and everywhere, whilst pursuing her functions as hostess. As she required nothing from him but his arm, he behaved himself creditably, and was beginning to take some enjoyment in his irresponsible position and admire Mrs. Vansittart's airy flow of amabilities to everyone—she was no respecter of persons in her own home, when he suddenly found himself introduced as Dr. Benton to the woman he didn't think much of, and he felt her glove upon his sleeve before he realised that Mrs. Vansittart had done with him.

"It is the Lancers, I believe," she said with affected uncertainty, although she had been contemplating her programme for five miserable minutes with simulated absorption whilst awaiting the partner who failed to present himself, the greatest of us being subject to the frailties of the smallest.

Jasper gazed with quick terror into space, mentally anathematising Mrs. Vansittart.  
"I don't dance," he curtly said; then, at a glance from his partner, added: "I can't"; looking at her with a kind of stern bravado, prepared to resent whatever response she might make to his statement. There was a curious excitement upon him, which he vaguely attributed to an expectation of her individuality and his own clashing in some perceptible manner.

"That is a pity," she drily remarked.  
"Why?" he asked, the answer not being what he expected.  
"I like dancing," she said, with a peculiar expression.  
"Oh!" he interjected awkwardly.  
"Why do you not say you will immediately learn?" she inquired, with a searching look.  
"Ought I to say so? did you expect me to?"  
"I did not expect you to say so, but I think you will make a point of learning."  
"Indeed?"

"Yes; you seem so angry that you can't."  
"I was under the impression that—that—"  
"That you felt superiority in not being able to dance."  
Jasper made no reply; that was not exactly what he had intended saying; and so the lady, with a light laugh, assured him—  
"Oh no—on the contrary."  
"Well—really!"

While thus relieving himself of his astonishment, Jasper concluded that her individuality was far from fascinating.  
"Don't you see, if you could dance, and did not because you looked upon

such exercise with contempt you might vaunt yourself of your superiority; but as you don't dance because you can't—why,—now say something unpleasantly beautiful to me, and we shall have derived some advantage from our five minutes of acquaintanceship."

But nothing unpleasant came to his lips, and all his energies were concentrated throughout the sat-out dance in impressing upon himself his indifference to the charm of her bewitching way of saying quaint—not to say disagreeable—unexpected things, and in keeping his head steady, notwithstanding its weak inclination to reel when he was the man being "purred up" at.  
Jasper reproached himself for his irritation against her about the dancing when the subject came into his head, occasionally of an evening, when, instead of showing up at festive scenes, he lounged in a favourite old coat in a snug untidy den, with a heterogeneous mass of literature about him, and did a good deal of reflective poking at the fire. One night, when he had seen her characteristic face more distinctly than usual in the glow beneath the flames, he started up resolutely and said to himself: "This is a waste of time, she was quite right, I admit it. I will learn dancing and see how I feel. Yes, I will learn dancing, Mrs. Klexham, and now perhaps you will leave me alone!"

But she didn't leave him alone somehow, and he discovered the reason to be because she did not know of his courageous acceptance of the justice of her imputo. He therefore concluded that it would be expedient for his peace of mind to make her acquainted with his determination and its results so far, and went to work to delicately find out from Mr. Sloane where Mrs. Klexham was to be met with.

He triumphantly accomplished an interview, a most satisfactory one, for he returned to the brisk little fire in a state of such gratification that he felt impelled to seek another and another of the stimulating interviews that made the poor fireplace strike him as a tiresome, monotonous, unsatisfying drone, while he lived in a state of pleasurable excitement in anticipation of the next meeting with the lady whom he found to be indeed well worth talking to, and who substantiated many of his enlightened views regarding women. For although he was a man who lived apart as much as possible and had been little accustomed to associate with ladies of any type whatever, he had the best ideas concerning them that are held by the worthiest and truest gentlemen of the day, and had done a good deal in his own department to further their interests.

One early morning, however, upon returning from a ball, he sank with a pleased smile into a certain easy chair, that required something of tender consideration as to how it was sat upon, and gazing at a wide and familiar splash of ink on the carpet, said half aloud, "I wish she wasn't married."  
After this utterance he stared in unblinking surprise at the black blotch for some seconds, and then, with a gasp of dismay, looked ceilingwards, and let his hands fall limply over the chair arms.

"Surely, surely I have not let myself fall in love," he murmured, horrified; "I never intended anything of the sort, never!" What he had intended was unfortunately of no account whatever, as he thoroughly realised before the break of day with intense self-abatement and contempt, for in love he realised himself to be—and deeply. "Oh, what an insane imbecile I have been!" he concluded with a futile groan, "to fancy that because she was married there was no danger; never to let the idea of danger enter my head because she was married, and I was not the sort of man to love a woman. Did I imagine with all my fancied acumen that the passion would never come to me without my own permission, and that when I saw fit I would look out a girl and take on the fit to order. Is that the way our individualities clash?" he questioned, with a sighing smile that was pitiful—and yet, I am glad it can do her no harm, and for myself—"

For himself the days' went by long dragged out, and the lonely evenings were unending.

"Perhaps it looks peculiar this sudden retreat into myself; Sloane was smiling disagreeably at me to-day. I shall go to Vansittart's to-night, and if she should be there I can—well I can behave with respectable artificiality, I presume.

And so he did go to Mrs. Vansittart's, but, notwithstanding an early arrival, found some difficulty in obtaining speech of Mrs. Klexham.

"Oh, is that you, Dr. Benton," she said, at last becoming aware of him, after he had been restlessly making attempts to approach her for sometime without success.

"I fear you have even forgotten my name, Mrs. Klexham, in this little time," he could not forbear saying with some reproach.

"I have known you by no other, ever," she returned with some dignity; then added: "I find that you are very considerate, however, and humour what people are pleased to call a fad of mine, so I should be sorry not to give you your correct name and title."

"I fear that I cannot take any merit to myself for the consideration with which you accredit me. I don't know about the fad."

"You always call me Mrs. Klexham, though that is not quite right."

"No?"

"No; I prefer mistress."

"That is Scotch, is it not? But I don't quite see—"

"Missis' is the abbreviated form, and as we want to introduce the addressing of every woman by a whole word and not by a mere contraction of one suitable to children, such as 'Miss,' I think it wiser to adhere to the correct older word—"

"But—but—" stammered Jasper, while his heart gave a great discomposing leap.

"Don't you fathom? It will seem like a new fashion, suitable to the times—or an old one reinstated, rather—if we call ourselves Mistress So-and-So, instead of—but how amazed you look!—there would be less custom and prejudice to fight against. We are getting on very well, I assure you. I know of numberless girls besides myself who insist on being properly styled."

Jasper bent towards her with a strange expression in his face, that was darkly flushing.

"Go on," he merely said, hoarsely, in a manner that induced Drusilla Klexham to relax the distant bearing to which she had treated him, in spite of her

flirts to appear as usual, in case he might imagine that she had been hurt or troubled by his recent non-appearance—which she had, more than she would admit to herself.

She was, however, building up a small theory based on the gentleman's past and present behaviour.

"Go on? What am I to go on with? We have decided that after the age of twelve no girl is to be 'Miss' any more than a boy is 'Master.' When she is at home she is Mistress Drusilla Klexham, just as her brother is Mr. John Klexham, the mother and father being respectively Mistress and Mr. Klexham proper. If, however, she should be away from home, and the only Klexham on the spot, she is just Mistress Klexham."

As she spoke, Drusilla was aware of a wonderful brightening of the eyes fixed upon her that substantiated the theory she had been building.

"People might think, however, that she *was* Mrs. Klexham," remarked Jasper, too utterly happy to think much of his words.

"Well, and so she is—at least; I suppose you mean married—they might think she was married! That is of no consequence; if the subject concerned anyone they would have to find out, that is all; just as they have to do about every mister. What would you think of men being called masters, when they weren't married to let women know that they were not! It is so silly and selfish. It makes me laugh whenever I think of it, and a lot of the other frivolous arrangements."

"Then you are really, and, indeed, not married yourself!" earnestly asked Jasper, finding this discovery almost too delicious to be real.

"What a stupid idea! In that case I should be Mrs. Drusilla Klexham. Something else. You don't suppose any woman with any dignity or self-respect would sink her identity in the preposterous approved fashion that makes her out the female of a man of a certain name. That is a horrid way of expressing it, but horrid things have to be horridly expressed. My husband shall tack my surname on to his, just as I shall do his to mine. It is too marvellous what habit will do! Are you never struck dumb when you read of a splendid book, painting, etc., by a Mrs. John Smith? How do you think the husband feels. Why, they never let us be even "born" anything on our cards—which, by the way, is a poor little sop."

"What you say is quite correct, quite. Why do you not write an article on the subject?"

"An article! I have—but no one will publish it," she said with a sudden childish pout.

"I will," he returned energetically, something caressing in his tones as responsive to the pout.

"You!" she exclaimed in pleased surprise.

"Yes, in my magazine!"

"What is that?"

"The *Up to Date*, he replied, with a certain pride that did not offend Mistress Klexham, for clasping her hands together in intense feeling she looked up at him with more of "purring" in her demeanour than had ever been unconsciously exercised for any other man's enthrallment, and sighed a soft "Oh!" of delight, while two glittering tear-drops gathered in her earnest, exquisite eyes.

"Oh! and you have done all that for women; I—*honor* you!"

"I would rather you would—love me," he exclaimed, catching hold of the two clasped hands in one of his big strong ones. If, supposing Mistress and Mr. Klexham-Beverton were to edit the *Up to Date* together, he outrageously pursued.

"If I told you, I should love you for that—but, I mustn't—and to think that I didn't even know your name! Ah, I am glad I did not; I might imagine that it was only for your championship that I—love you."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

### A DUAL GOD.

DEAR MADAME.—Allow me to say a few words on the subject of the "Dual" or "He-She-God" question. All through the work of creation God first created, and then divided; thus light, created, then followed division; sun, moon, and stars; again grass; then herbs, fruit-trees, etc.; but all these lower forms of life in the creation were "after their kind."

On the sixth day the *Trine* God held council over man's creation. And God said "Let us make man in *Our* image, after *Our* likeness," not "after his kind." Man was to be created a higher, Godlike being; "us" here means *three* not *two*. A *Trine* God was the likeness, Father, Son, and Spirit; then the verse reads, "Let them have," etc.; here the same order is followed and division takes place, "male and female"; so we see that if we would think of man at his best, all divisions must be lost in the created likeness of a *Trine* God.

Even in our present state there is a shadow, indeed, much more than a shadow, of the Trinity about us; spirit, mind, and body; where is the scientist who can define the border line of these three? Yet we know we all have them; let the Spirit leave the body and what is it? a helpless mass of corruption; again, where do spirit and mind meet? The Spirit is created of God; we all know how, if we try, we can improve the mind and body; the lower we come in the division the nearer we are to the "male and female" and *vice versa*, the higher we rise the further we get from it; so if we would understand God, and the higher Spirit life, we must not try to drag it down to the low level of "He and She."

Yours truly,  
MAY HOPE.

### IS MARRIAGE THE MOST BLEST ESTATE?

DEAR MADAME.—I have read some of the correspondence in your excellent paper, and we women ought to gratefully acknowledge your courtesy in freely

publishing opinions on any question of the day. Permit me to say my say as a wife who has suffered greatly, and has reached middle age. Most papers stifle the cry of wronged womanhood. The Press is in the hands of men and husbands—who are either jealous of seeing their rule (social and political) over women jeopardised, or are utterly hopeless of dealing with women's injustices under existing social prejudices.

To begin with, marriage has been erroneously looked upon as the one aim and end of every woman's existence—the one profession whence she must draw social advantage, maintenance, and honour. Girls are brought up in terror of being left unmarried when old, instead of being taught that the single state, old or young, is one of usefulness, independence, and freedom from many cares.

Many women are utterly unfit for wifehood and motherhood, and their whole nature revolts under the marriage yoke. It would not answer to make every man a blacksmith because he has thews and sinews! Let those women who are particularly adapted for married and household life, whose heart is in the work, carry on the noble duties of self-sacrifice to husband and nursery, but give equal honour to the large proportion of women who are capable in other walks of life, who are calculated to equally improve, amuse, or enter in other ways for the good of the human race!

As to the painful question of divorce, when it is undeniably demonstrated that two persons have committed a grievous mistake in marrying, the laws of the country ought not to force these opposing natures into further mistakes, even into sin, anger, deceit, dislike, ending even in deeper, darker crimes. Thousands of unhappy couples drag on through these and other evils, who would have maintained friendlier relations had divorce been an easy and honourable step.

With regard to popular prejudices, and the handicapping of capable women in honourable and lucrative professions, it is almost as true to-day as when the poet wrote:—

"Man may range

The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart;

Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange

Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart:

And few there are whom these cannot exclude;

Men have all these resources—*we* but one—

To love again, and be again undone!"

Nowadays, if a woman be the real head of a business firm, and correspond under her female name, it is sufficient to damage her interests, even if her correspondents do not openly request to negotiate with her male foreman or inferior male co-partner.

In religious matters, woman is loaded with the responsibility of being the guardian angel, spiritual guide, sainted upholder of husband, son, or brother, but practically dare not prove the position, or even claim equal administration in church or chapel matters.

Again, who is so fitted as a clever-fingered, intellectual woman for all departments of the public Press and Post Office. I do not mean only young women, but women of ripe judgment and experience. A woman's life does not by any means grow less capable when her girlhood is over, or even at the close of middle-life. She is as active and capable as any man at the same time of life, providing she has had equal justice done her in physical matters. But it is not the woman who desires only a married life, who strives to alter the injustice of the law, and therefore not for her I plead.

Yours faithfully,  
E. G. C.

### WOMANHOOD AND RELIGIOUS MIS-EDUCATION.

MADAME.—In reply to your correspondent, "B. W.," I have simply to say, as she might have guessed from the whole tone of my article, that I spoke against the invasion of woman's freedom in marriage, from the point of view of sexual relationship. No one would be more opposed to reckless or mischievous parentage than I should be, and, in fact, I think woman should always choose whether she will be a mother or not. Marriage, in the sense of companionship and sympathy, is another thing altogether. I am glad to say I know a few married couples who have no children and are the best friends in the world, but they live on the plane of friendship. The welfare of the race depends upon the married couples who enter upon parentage, and recognise its sacred responsibilities, especially in maternity.

Yours faithfully,  
THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE IN QUESTION.

### THE SUFFRAGE.

MADAME.—As a party I believe we hold that our aim is to get women of all classes to combine together, sinking all religious and political opinion. Assuming this, I want to draw attention to a large class that as yet has hardly been reached (I speak of the country)—the smaller shopkeepers and women engaged in business for themselves. These have not their evenings free like those engaged in factories or schools, etc. The few whom I know have shown a great interest in the cause of women's freedom, and are now studying SHAFTS weekly.

How are we to get at them? Some two years ago, in the pages of what was then called the *Woman's Penny Paper*, I advocated forming a union for women who cared first for their own enfranchisement and then for all other matters connected with progress. Mrs. Warner Snood adopted my suggestion, and the outcome was the formation of the Woman's Progressive Union. At first I was full of hope for the future; but, alas! the result has been totally unlike my expectations. I had especially pointed out that the need of such a union was to draw together women living in the country. Vague suggestions were made of starting branches in the West of England, but as yet I do not think one attempt has been made. It seems to me that to increase the number of societies for women in London is most unnecessary, living as they do in the midst of so many already existing. But

### KIND TESTIMONIALS.

[We have selected for publication a few of the numerous letters received.]

DEAR MADAME.—I have been delighted with the first numbers of SHAFTS you have sent me. They have been sent on to me, as I have been in different places for the last four or five weeks. I intend to order it for myself when I return home, which I do in a week's time at latest. I have already sent word asking the Committee of the Free Library in my town to order it for the "Ladies' Room" there. I do not know yet if they have done so, but I shall find out when I return. I am one of the advanced women who work as much as I can for our entire freedom, and am sure that when the nation recognises that my sex are human beings as well as women, and extends to them the freedom every human being should have, then there will be a greater hope than ever for their well-being. The nation that first recognises the necessity of giving freedom to her women will be the first nation in the future. How true it really is that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Therefore, instead of binding that hand at every turn, it ought to have the first advantages. Women, instead of being handicapped in the race, ought to have every advantage for their education and culture, and perfect freedom to develop all their powers, so that any paper that helps forward the womanhood of the nation and advocates the liberty of all, as well as woman, has my most hearty support and approval. Any word I can say or write to help forward the circulation of SHAFTS I will speak and write on all occasions, and heartily wish you every success.

Yours sincerely,  
A. C.

DEAR MADAME.—I feel that I can no longer refrain from expressing my gratitude as a woman for your valuable paper, "SHAFTS." I hardly know which part of the paper I like the best—it is all so good. I dare say you have forgotten the circumstance, but some time ago you wrote me a very kind letter in reply to one of mine. Since that time I trust I have been progressing. A lady, an earnest worker for women, kindly sent me a first copy of SHAFTS, and I saw at once that it was just the thing women need. I sent the paper on to another friend, where I trust it may do good. Since then I have received SHAFTS through the local bookseller, but she has been unable to get me the first number. Will you please send me two copies of it. I will do all I can to induce friends to take the paper in.

Heartily wishing you all success.—I am, dear madame,

Yours faithfully,  
E. J. T.

MADAME.—I am very glad to see that such a noble periodical as SHAFTS has been started. Sympathising as I do entirely with its aims, I shall take it in regularly, and do all I can to make it known. I am fighting against that dreadful evil—Vivisection. The more determinedly it is fought against the better. I rejoice to see that your paper works so bravely against cruelty.

H. S.

### OUR LEGISLATIVE EQUALITY.

Many men have said to me, "Women want to step into our shoes!" Nay, but we want shoes of our own, and shoes of equal stoutness to walk the thorny path of life in. As yet we are hardly shod at all. Our tender feet are bruised and cut; and we are either carried by our male relatives or left in the burch. For we have to travel the same road. We have to pay the same price for bread, for rent, for rates, for everything. Bills of sale on female possessions are identical with male; bankruptcy and other liabilities identical. We pay the same few pence; feminine letters are not charged half-price; nor doctors' bills, nor railway tickets. We pay for equal privileges in law, society, and Legislature. We intend to assist in the Legislature.

### ON MARRIAGE.

We will put marriage on another basis. It needs to be legislated upon. Fit constitutions only should be selected, and properly authorised candidates upheld by Government. Unfit marriages should incur repression and annulment; if not annulled, Government should see that no child of any marriage inherits the curse of absolute poverty. Government should be responsible for maintenance of every child born. There would be less children—no armies. Marriage would have peculiar honour and security. Persons of property should submit settlement of children's maintenance to Government.

### PRIZE CHRISTMAS TALES.

The sum of £5 will be awarded to the writers of the two best tales suitable for Christmas and New Year festive times; also, for short terse expressions for the column "What the Girl Says."

The money will be distributed as follows:—  
For the best tale, £3.  
For the second best, £1 10s.  
For the short paragraphs under "What the Girl Says," 10s.

The tales must not exceed two or two-and-a-half columns in length. They can be treated according to the writer's pleasure.

All must reach this Office by Monday, December 19th.

### OFFICIAL REGULATIONS.

All copy sent to this Office must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only, and must arrive at the Office on Monday morning, or by twelve mid day, at the latest, if intended for insertion in the current issue. Persons desirous of remuneration for MSS. must make previous arrangement to that effect. Such arrangement cannot be made after the article is in print. In the writing of all articles, tales, letters, &c., the use of the masculine noun and pronoun, in expressing general thoughts or facts, must be avoided as much as is possible in the present jumbled state of things. Persons may use nouns and pronouns of either sex alternately if they choose, or they can use the plural, which signifies either, but pronouns and nouns of sex must refer to the sex alone, not to the race, which is of both sexes.

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Perambulator (single), rubber tyres, 12s. 6d. Offers' exchange, 1, Avenue-rd., Lower Clapton.

Perambulator, double, good condition. Cost 7 guineas; exchange for hat stand, piano, cutlery. 23, Stanley-gardens, Hampstead.

Berceunette perambulator, 4 bicycle wheels, reversible hood, rug, loose cushions, tufted throughout. Cost 75s.; bargain, 17s. 6d. No approval. Seen. Mrs. Ward, 173, Westminster Bridge-rd., Lambeth.

**DOVES.**—Pair ringdoves, splendid plumage, fit to show, 3s. 6d. Brown, bookseller, St. Albans.

4 pairs splendid ringdoves, 1s. 9d. pair, packed, or 6s. 6d. lot. G. Hayward, 50, Bath-street, Stoke, Ipswich.

4 hand reared woodpigeons, very tame, 2s. couple. Fry, Curry-well, Taunton.

2 pairs pure white Java doves, 2 pairs ringed, from prize birds. Hall, Park road, Teddington, Middlesex.

13 fine healthy ringdoves for 10s., or offers. G., 14, Christie-road, South Hackney.

Ringdoves, young birds, in beautiful plumage, very tame. Rev. O. Tancock, Little Waltham Rectory, Chelmsford.

Handsome pair ringdoves, cock and hen, 1s. 9d. Harris, bird dealer, Birmingham. [Trade.]

**FOREIGN BIRDS.**—Handsome pair South American saffron finches, splendid full plumage, very tame. Only 7s. 6d.; exchange anything. Fred. Kings, Redditch.

Handsome talking Indian mynah, full plumage, with large cage, 42, cost double. O., care of Mentor's, 63, Church-street, Kensington.

Parakeet and zinc cage. Value 23s.; what offers? sell or exchange. Frank Chilton, Northgate, Darlington.

Handsome pair adult budgerigars, 10s. 6d., show form. Cronkshaw, 85, Plantation-street, Accrington. [Trade.]

**PROVISIONS.**—Cider of the best quality, growth 1891, 10d. gallon in 30 gallon casks, casks 6s. Henry Gillett, Marshall Farm, Langport, Somerset.

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Lady has 7yds. double width navy blue dice serge, 9s. 6d., new, bargain. (Lanark.)—8948J.

Cloth wanted. Exchange retriever dog. Lodge, London County Stores, Market-place, Romford.

**TRADE.**—The following are trade announcements:

Exceptional opportunity. Cheviot serge dresses, 3s. 11d. and 5s. 6d.; full costume length, navy blue and black. Patterns free. Write at once. Harereaves, 2, Greenmount-place, Marshall-street, Leeds.

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**TRADE.**—The following are trade announcements:—

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**MISS EVELYN BURNBLUM**, the writer of the articles on Typewriting in this Journal, will be pleased to give any advice to ladies wishing to enter the profession, if they will communicate with her through this Paper, or direct to herself at her Chambers,

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