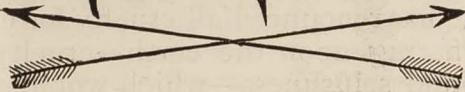


"SHAFTS"



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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

VOL. VI.

FEBRUARY & MARCH, 1898.

No. 2.

What the Editor Means.

Ergastolo—an evil name,
An evil thing, a hell on earth ;
Wherein no whisper evermore
Of Hope shall enter ; nor the shame
Of stripes, and bonds, and brutal mirth
Be loosed from life, till life is o'er.
All day the hammers fast and hard
Have rivetted
The weight of bands which they shall wear
Through the long dying.

Through every hour of painful breath.

I HAD meant to have written here to-day other words than these, written on some other subject, but the moans and screams of tortured creatures cry to me through the long hours of the day and night, every twenty-four hours that I live. There is no rest to their crying, no relief to their pain. All over the earth is an unlifted cloud of agony, and no ease or ending of torture ; because this mad cruel world has decreed, that men, calling themselves lovers of science, shall have liberty to satiate their souls with cruelty ; to produce almost unimagined anguish upon innocent, wondering, intensely sensitive creatures, for their own satisfaction. To pretend that this will bring good to humanity is a false statement of the case, and is now widely discredited. There is only one thing that I know of, which will eventually put an end to the cruelty that desolates this world, and that is, that women come forward in numbers, strong in resolve, a great army of women, putting aside all fear of law or custom, and everywhere, in all places, insist that the humbler creatures from whose plane we arise, whose plane *we* once occupied shall not be tortured *on any pretence whatever*, but shall be cared for and protected by their human fellows, who are able to protect them if only they will. Cruelty will go on until women stop it. Many women are working hard to stop it now, but the cause needs women in thousands and tens of thousands. It needs *all* women. It demands women everywhere. It cries out for their help ; and everywhere women must

respond to the call. Wherever there is one woman who is related to one man, over that man she must exert the control which is her birthright, and never rest until he has renounced all cruelty for evermore. There is great cruelty and suffering upon the earth—cruelty caused by human ignorance, obstinacy and selfishness—which would appal us were there *no* vivisection. But vivisection makes all else as light compared to the darkness and horror of its existence.

It is encouraging and strengthening to find such women as Frances Power Cobbe, and Mona Caird, besides many other women and men, holding fast to their determination to work for the total abolition of this hideous torture. Mr. Stephen Coleridge is kindly and earnest without doubt, but he reasons with a man's reasoning, and does not understand, as some day he must, that what he advocates will not only delay the coming of the end of vivisection for an indefinite period, but will also create the serious danger of putting the practice on a new footing with greater sanction and more hopeless prospects. I give here Mrs. Caird's letter on the subject, with a word or two from Miss Cobbe, and from Dr. Leffingwell of Hamilton Club, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mrs. Caird in a letter to the Council of the National Anti-vivisection Society, a letter printed for Miss Frances Power Cobbe, says:—

SIRS,—I learn with very great surprise and regret that the Society entertains the idea of virtually withdrawing from what I regard as the one clear and logical position on this question; that is, the demand for the total prohibition of vivisection. It seems to me that for the Society to take part in the introduction of a Bill into Parliament for lesser measures is practically to give up the battle altogether. No person can know better than the Council of the National Society what lesser and merely restrictive measures mean, or how delighted the vivisectional party would be to find the leading Anti-vivisection Society coming down to discuss all these minor points regarding inspection, certificates, etc., by means of which the opposition of the public is so easily quieted. Meanwhile the essentials of the vivisection system would remain practically unmolested, and would, in fact, acquire an additional security from the impression gained by the public that an important protective measure for the animals had been obtained. Of course, any restrictions which might be imposed in indirect consequence of our agitation—restrictions that would *really* mitigate the miseries of the animals, would be welcomed, provided they did not (as is to be feared) give a new lease of life to the system itself, through the quieting of public opinion. It seems to me that we shall never get anything worth speaking of, even as regards mitigation, if the disastrous error is committed of weakening the strength of our position, as total abolitionists. Indeed, I myself should regard any such Bill—whether passed or not passed—as the death-blow to all reasonable hopes, not only as regards legal reform, but even as regards the influencing of public opinion.—I am, Sirs, yours truly, MONA CAIRD.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe writes:—

"It is against the project of any Bill which shall practically attempt to amend the Vivisection Act of 1876, that I protest. And for this simple reason. Such a Bill, promoted by our party, must inevitably (whatever loud declarations we may make to the contrary) constitute a tacit renunciation of our true object—the total suppression of vivisection—and an acceptance (at all events for years to come) of a goal far short of our righteous demands.

"The whole hope of our cause rests on the success of our appeal to the heart and conscience of England, rendering vivisection '*Infamous*' before we can hope to make it '*Illegal*.' It is, therefore, suicidal policy to weaken in any degree the force of that appeal, as we now raise it *against the practice itself* as a wicked misuse of the lower animals. To leave the broad issues of the controversy to haggle over the details of '*Lesser Measures*,' is to paralyse all our tongues and pens.

"TO THE EDITOR OF *The Transcript*.

"It seems to me that the correspondence of the *Transcript* recently deserves, more than a passing notice. A certain named physician in charge of a quarantine station, boldly carrying into practice what others have taught, has been making experiments upon human beings in place of animals; experiments involving torture, inflammation, delirium, and finally collapse, ending in death. All the awful symptoms of the disease,

thus inoculated, he tells us he has seen 'unrolled before my eyes, thanks to the potent influence of the . . . poison made in my laboratory.' It is absurd to fancy that the subjects of these experiments knew what was done, when for the relief of some trifling ailment they submitted to the prick of a needle, and were devoted to death. If anything could add to the supreme horror belonging to such a crime, it is that disguise as a physician under which this scientific murderer did his work!

"Probably both of these writers would indignantly disclaim the imputation of encouraging murder; but why was language employed of such sweeping significance? Experiments like these you publish are by no means unknown, but it is not often that they are so boldly described.

"For myself, I have no language at command sufficiently strong to phrase my opinion of a man who, in the garb of a physician, could be guilty of such a crime. I believe that such experiments would be equally condemned by the majority of the medical profession in the United States—not connected with laboratory work. But private disapproval is not enough; and at no distant day I venture to hope that the Massachusetts Medical Society, which has so strenuously opposed all legislation regulating the vivisection of animals, may, by formal resolution, set the seal of its equal disapproval upon murder as a method of scientific discovery.

"ALBERT LEFFINGWELL, M.D."

Nothing can hinder the action of women *en masse* but their own silly fears, the result of years of bondage I grant, but quite to be overcome by resolve. Surely such anguish of suffering is enough to call them forth. Men are bound by an inevitable natural law of evolution to bring about the accomplishment of women's demands. The only hindrance is that women do not demand at all, or not enough. There must be no limit to their demands in the cause of Justice and Mercy. Then there will be no limits to their accomplishment.

Thoughts on the Heights.

I.

SLOWLY the sun sinks in its cloudy bed
Tended by every changing, blending hue
Of rose and orange, pale shell-green and blue,
Fine burnished gold, with princely purple wed.
Slowly he sinks and as the red globe fades
The great Twin Castor dies, and leaves his place
To Pollux (so the story tells), whose face
Lit by the fading sunbeams, shines through shades
Of Night, and speaks of Life Beyond. . . . The sign
Of Life on Earth, his brother Twin shall rise
With morrow's sun. . . . Thus when the lower dies
The higher lives. . . . Be that thy death and mine.
He who would read the Parable aright
Must search through ancient lore for hidden Light.

II.

NOR in the sultry heat and glare of day
Does Cosmic knowledge greet our finite sight.
If we would know the pulsing throbbing light
Of star and planet, every solar ray
Must blended be in mystic twilight shade,
While tender darkness with her magic rod
Shows us the workings of the Thought of God
Beyond this rolling globe. . . . The Thought that bade
All life thrill through the Universe, and gave
The stars their courses; . . . that Thought through veil
Of seven-fold matter still can never fail,
Nor leave us from the cradle to the grave.
When daylight doth assail on every side,
Night sets the gates of Heaven open wide.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

Club Records.

THE GROSVENOR CRESCENT CLUB.

THIS Club is slowly and surely going on its self-appointed way. "All noble growths are slow," and we can hope for nothing better than the steady progress it is making. As a woman—a lover of women, and deeply interested in all efforts of women towards freedom of action for themselves and their fellows—I watch, with a watching of the heart, the action of women in all the clubs they have founded, and most cordially desire the success of each and all. We must, however, not misunderstand what success really means. It will not depend upon the number of our members, or the size and decoration of our club rooms, or the localities in which our clubs are situated, but upon the quality of our work, the motive which moves us to do that work, and, above all, the spirit of love and true comradeship which animates each and all of us and which will, if of a high tone, tend to exaltation of social and individual humanity. As Individuals we must work, if we are resolved to make our Society strong. So working and so cherishing each other, women's clubs will come to the culmination of their purpose, each member will be a strength to the club to which she belongs, and the club a power to each member within its circle. For, "the strength of the pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf is the pack." Not only so, but each club pouring forth its helpful spirit and benediction upon all sister clubs, will become a power in the day of power, a creator of high purpose and fraternity of feeling wherever the clubs or those influenced by them may be.

Mr. Walter Crane gave a most interesting lecture on "The Language of Line" at the Women's Institute on Tuesday, February 22nd. Pictured signs, or hieroglyphics, said Mr. Crane, formed in the earliest times the medium by which mankind recorded their views; and out of these primitive signs with the meanings attached to them had been developed the wide field of emblematic and allegorical art. The way in which a line was drawn gave to it a particular characteristic, and suggested to the mind a definite idea. The straight line indicated repose, and a curve at once denoted movement. The grouping of lines constituted a silent music, capable of expressing the most exquisite harmonies, and it was in the service of decorative art that the language of line attained its greatest power of expression.

Many of the designs and patterns employed to-day in decorative work could be traced back into the distant past: the parallel wavy lines representing water, the high-pointed zigzag line indicating tongues of fire, and the pair of widely outstretched wings symbolising air or space, were of all very ancient origin; and, indeed, several of the letters of the English alphabet were but simplified copies of Egyptian hieroglyphics. The graphic expression of lines had become a means of the delineation of character and a faithful chronicler of contemporary life, manners and history, and from many of the characters of the ancient sign-writings we were able to obtain glimpses of the dead races.

Mr. Crane profusely illustrated his remarks by clever and often most amusing crayon sketches which he executed while speaking. Commenting upon the constant recurrence of the oval in art and nature, he quickly drew upon his paper several ovals which by a skilful touch or two with his pencil sprang respectively, amid the laughter and applause of his audience, into an elephant, a fish, a cow, a rabbit, and a

duck. Young children often used drawing as a vehicle for the expression of their thoughts; an imaginative child was carrying on a continuous drama, and when not itself acting therein, would go on as a playwright depicting its characters in lines instead of words. Mr. Crane regretted that this natural impulse was not adequately cultivated when the child later on went to school, and rejoiced that of late there were strong indications of an immense improvement in this direction, probably attributable to the introduction of brush work.

Referring to the growth of newspaper illustrating in the present day, Mr. Crane suggested the publication of a daily sheet giving pictorially the current news. A political thermometer decorated with the heads of the various party leaders could be made to show the balance of party opinions, the relative positions of Capital and Labour, and the interests of Sport—which latter constituted the really serious portion of the daily press—could be well looked after by expert draughtsmen—whilst the proceedings of the Stock Exchange might be suitably illustrated with bulls and bears.

In conclusion, the lecturer expressed his conviction that much was to be gained educationally, and in many other ways from the study of linear drawing, which should be encouraged amongst the rising generation.

In the Grosvenor Crescent Club we have many times of meeting, both pleasant and profitable, but none excelling the enjoyable re-unions at the Institute, which though distinct from the Club is still a part of it, so closely are the two societies of women united. One of such re-unions occurred on the first of this month upon which occasion many friends met and

Mrs. Philipps in a brief speech recapitulated the objects for which the Institute has been established. The membership was rapidly increasing, and she looked forward confidently to see at no distant date a membership of at least 3,000 persons, including the names of persons in all parts of the Kingdom, and indeed, of the world. To this end meetings were being organised all over the country. It was the supreme desire of members to meet as comrades and workers, and to cultivate a closer companionship with those people they would like to know, but at present did not know because their spheres of activity lay apart. The Information Bureau was perhaps the most daring enterprise in connection with the Institute, inasmuch as it undertook to supply information over so wide a field, and to accomplish this, it sought to combine together those people who know, and who were willing to form themselves, as it were, into a channel through which their knowledge might flow out to those who were in need of it. The Library, though still full of hungry shelves, already numbered 2,000 volumes, and was rapidly growing. The aim of the founder was to establish a really useful reference library for all people engaged in public work, which men and women as citizens would be interested in, and in which information might be sought on all such subjects as Parish Councils, County Councils, Hygiene, and such as dealt with the constitution and work of municipal and local governing bodies. Gifts of books and donations to the Women's Treasure Fund for the extension of the library were being received. A department had been organised to make known the wants of members, and each member was entitled to avail herself of any help which this department could render. As the representative life of workers would not be complete without pictures and music, artistic and musical circles were to be formed, and Mrs. Philipps hoped to see exhibited on the walls of the Institute the paintings of its artist members, some of whom would doubtless be the glory of a future day. Lady Radnor and Lady Charles Beresford had promised their active co-operation in helping forward the Musical Section.

Mrs. Bridges Adams, who had been invited by the Institute to give a short address on her own work, spoke of her efforts amongst the labouring population of Greenwich, with whom she had been in close touch for some years, and whom she represented on the London School Board. She spoke highly of the attitude of the workers towards educational questions, and instanced her own election as a proof of the interest taken by them in such matters. She was put forward as a candidate by a committee composed entirely of working-men, and was successfully returned upon a purely educational programme as the only Labour member of the present Board, when at the time she was quite unknown in the district to any but the workers, and possessed neither influence nor money. Alluding to the deep feeling of class hatred existing amongst certain sections of the working people, Mrs. Adams held that much of this bitter feeling would be done away with if the wealthier and privileged classes would give of their resources to help the children of the poor. What was greatly wanted, she affirmed, was that well-to-do women would go and live in these poor districts, and make themselves comrades and friends of their less fortunate fellows, get into touch with the children, bring pictures and books within the reach of the people, establish evening schools amongst them, and so endeavour to raise them above the sordidness of their present lives.

Mrs. Gordon also gave a very interesting account of her own work in connection with the Home for Cats.

In connection with the Lecture Department of the Institute, Mrs. Bamford Slack will give two addresses on "The Course of Public Business," on Wednesday, March 9th and 16th, at 5 p.m. Tickets—members, 1s., non-members, 2s. 6d.

A Gymnasium Class has been formed, and meets on Fridays from 7.15 to 8.15 p.m., at McPherson's Gymnasium, 30, Sloane Street, S.W. It is open to members of the Club and Institute, and also to ladies introduced by members, at considerably reduced fees. Communications in regard to this class should be addressed to the General Secretary of the Institute.

THE PIONEER CLUB.

"And on the upturned faces I beheld
The light of a new world." —ELLICE HOPKINS.

WE have had many debates of very great interest in this club, but one perhaps of special interest at this time was that given by Mrs. Stanbury on "That it is for the public good that women sit on local councils." The speaker's words were eloquent and practical, and roused a spirit of high purpose in her hearers. Mrs. Stanbury is an American, and has been a most earnest worker on matters of reform connected with women's suffrage and municipal work for women, also as a coadjutor with Dr. Stanton Coit in the practical work done by the Neighbourhood Guild.

Mrs. Ashton Jonson opened the subject "That the modern view of education requires the education of the parent," and gave matter for thought to many present.

The Club is full of hope and promise. Its members steadily increase, and the attendance at debates proves that the interest also keeps at a high level. The Tuesday afternoons are exceedingly enjoyable. The members are nearly all women actively engaged in many reforms, and in helping towards the happiness and well-being of the world.

A very high degree of interest in the debates has always been

manifested among the Pioneers, and this continues. The subjects are well selected, and as a rule suited to what is under discussion among workers and thinkers.

On March 4th, Mrs. Besant gave an address on "The evolution of body and soul," at which I deeply regret having been unable to be present; I hope, however, to be able to give a short report of this fascinating subject in April.

REMAINING DEBATES OF THE SESSION.

April 17th.—"That the conditions of domestic service are less tolerable than those of the average working woman." Debate opened by Miss ISABELLA FORD. Opposer, Miss WHITEHEAD. The VISCOUNTESS HARBERTON in the chair.

April 24th.—"That letter writing is not a dead Art." Debate opened by Miss D'ESTERRE KEELING. The LADY ELIZABETH CUST in the chair.

April 31st.—"False Ideals." Debate opened by Mrs. HAMILTON SYNGE. The Hon. Mrs. PELHAM in the chair.

March 30th. (Wednesday), 8.15 p.m.—Lecture by Mrs. BROWNLOW: "5, Grafton Street and some of its Famous Occupants."

"At Homes," every Tuesday, 4.30 p.m.

Musical "At Homes," the first Tuesday in every month.

Evening "At Home," date to be announced later.

Practice Debate, alternate Tuesdays, 8 p.m.

Dramatic Society, alternate Fridays, 8 p.m.

Women's Educational and Industrial Union,

2, DORSET SQUARE, N.W.

COURSE OF LECTURES, FREE.

- March 15th.* (4.15 p.m.) "What constitutes Scientific Method in Elementary Teaching." Mrs. Boole.
 ,, *22nd.* (4.15 p.m.) "Woman as Citizen."—Prologue. Miss Gertrude Mellor.
 ,, *29th.* (4.15 p.m.) "The Significance of Tolstoi." Mr. John Kenworthy.
April 5th. (8.15 p.m.) "The Educative Value of Poetry." Mr. Ashton Jonson.
 ,, *12th.* (Easter Tuesday.)
 ,, *19th.* (8.15 p.m.) "The Old Order Changeth." Mr. George Cope.
 ,, *26th.* (8.15 p.m.) "On Child Study." Mr. H. Holman, H.M.I., President of the British Child Study Association.

The Committee have arranged that this Course of Lectures, being of a special character, shall be made Free. Members are earnestly requested to attend, and to make them as widely known as possible.

The Women's Vegetarian Union.

FOUNDED by Mme. Alexandrine Veigelé, March 5th, 1895; office, 96, Crawford Street, Baker Street, W.—Two Lectures, followed by discussion, are held monthly, at 8 p.m.—on the second Monday in each month, at 330, Burdett Road, Limehouse, E., by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Eamonson, and on the third Sunday in each month at 96, Crawford Street, Baker Street, W. Other meetings are also frequently held by the above Union, such as Public Meetings, Cookery Demonstrations, Social Gatherings of Members, Garden Parties, Picnics, etc. Men, as well as women, may join the Union and attend the meetings.

TYPE-WRITING. MSS., Literary or Scientific, in English, French, or German, carefully and quickly copied, on the Remington Type-writer. Translations from French or German undertaken. For terms apply to Miss C. M. Lumley South House, Cambridge.

Thoughts About Books.

The Morality of Marriage, and other essays, by MONA CAIRD. (London: George Red-way, 1897.)

MONA CAIRD begins her work with a verse from a wonderful poem written by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, herself the author of many poems, and sometime Editor of *The Impress*, a clever paper which died too early a death: sincerely to be regretted. The poem "To Mothers" is full of pathos and power. From it, as it will help to make all meanings more clear, is given here a picked verse or two.

"We are Mothers. Through us in our bondage,
Through us with a brand in the face,
Be we fettered with gold or with iron,
Through us comes the race.

"We were ignorant long, and our children
Were besotted, and brutish, and blind;
King-driven, priest-ridden! Who were they?
Our children? Mankind.

"We were kept for our beauty, our softness,
Our sex;—what reward do ye find?
We transmit, must transmit, being mothers,
What we are to mankind.

"As the mother, so follow the children;
No nation, wise, noble and brave,
Ever sprang—though the father had freedom—
From the mother—a slave.

"We are here like an army with banners;
The great flag of our freedom unfurled!
With us rests the fate of the nations,
For we make the world.

"Shall a mother be kept from her children,
These people are ours.

The verse selected by Mona Caird is the first verse of this poem.

TO WOMEN.

"In the name of your years of anguish,
In the name of the curse and the stain,
By the strength of your sorrow I call you,
By the power of your pain."

It will not be difficult for earnest, thoughtful women to understand with what pangs and throes of heart and brain this work has been produced; with what fierce anguish of anxiety, yet proud triumph of joy in a completed task, it has been sent forth to the world; sent forth to a world so much in need of the light with which its pages gleam and glow, yet so much in love with darkness, and the deeds of darkness, that one who loves humanity and would fain help its gropings and teach it the way to some of the highest truths, may well grieve sore and long, for the fear that in it lies of that truth's rejection. Almost the same lessons as here given have been set forth by the author in *The Daughters of Danaus*, one of the best books the century has produced; in that it solved some problems of social life sorely in need of solution. *The Daughters of Danaus* is worth reading many times, it deserves close, serious study, and the day is not far distant when it will be welcomed

and valued as the forerunner of a great reform. Such books as these should be in the libraries of Women's Clubs, in women's home libraries; and might with immense profit to the present and future generations, be used as the basis of reformed life on more than one point.

The Morality of Marriage, published by George Redway, consists, as we are informed in a little slip note, of articles republished "by the kind permission of the respective Editors of the Reviews in which they originally appeared: viz., the Editor of the *North American Review*, of the *Westminster Review*, of the *Fortnightly Review*, and of the *Nineteenth Century*," and the cost of the book in its present edition is 6s. nett. It is the work of one who has given to the subject herein treated, some years of profound, experienced and cultured thought: thought which, crystallised in these pages into brilliant gems, gives light enough to guide many wayfaring steps.

Mrs. Caird, apologising for the absolutely necessary repetition consequent upon the essentially self-contained nature of the articles being in essay form, goes on to say:—

"The whole series will be found to bring evidence from all sides to prove that the greatest evils of modern society had their origin thousands of years ago, in the abuse of patriarchal life, the custom of woman purchase." And that "This system still persists in the present form of marriage and its traditions," which traditions, she says, "are holding back the race from its best development."

This is true, profoundly true, and is illustrated in a thousand ways before our eyes, continually. How often do we hear women say, "I cannot do so and so, my husband will not allow me to do so and so," and if remonstrated with, how often do they reply, "Well, you see he supports me, pays the rent, pays for everything" (*has bought me, in fact I am his*). How often do we on the very slightest provocation hear a husband say, "What did I marry you for? Whose place is it to submit? Am I not master in my own house?" (*Your master and purchaser, in short*.) Sordid and vulgar as these words look in print, stupid and insolent as they read, they are expressions of frequent occurrence in lives lived by far the greater part of women, though only brought into public notice on some exceptional occasion. Mrs. Caird says:—

"It is proved, moreover, that it is a mere popular fallacy to suppose that our present sex relationship is a natural and immutable ordinance, there having been a long period during which the family was ruled by the mother."

"Natural" it certainly is not, all sense protests against that; "immutable" nothing on this earth possibly can be, but it may be that the matriarchate arose merely from the fact that men, left the privileges and duties of that state to women, deeming them too puerile for men, not discerning in fact their importance; just as now they leave the nurseries and the first eight or ten years of the child's life to the mother, neither parents nor legislature discerning that they are the most important years.

It is a grievous loss that mothers even do not recognise the deep importance of these years, in which a mother may lay in her children the foundation of all she can desire them to be, a foundation so solid that no after teachings can undo it. But first, woman must know what she is and of how great development capable;—when she knows this all things will be under her sway, and such books as these will open the windows of woman's soul and shed light into the darkened chambers. Seeing light and truth herself she will show it to the world. Man is a bungling ruler; unfit to be a teacher. The ruler and teacher is to come. Such writings will evolve her.

Mrs. Caird says:—

"It is idle from my point of view to point out the disasters that would follow any serious legal change, although such change must eventually be the sign and seal of the altered standards, and of the consequently altered nature of civilised humankind."

So opposed are most people to changes, they would rather "endure the ills they have, than fly to others (*ills prophesied*) which they know not of." All this arises from Fear, that awful monster which man created ever stands in the pathway intercepting the light—creating hideous terrifying shadows that dance grotesque and weird on our thought walls, and terrify us into a shrinking stillness that crouches and shudders in the darkness when light is so near that a bold step might reach it. These essays are the honest, brave attempt of a strong soul to give courage to take the needed step to light and freedom. As such, and not in a carping spirit of criticism, they should be read; to bring the result aimed at by the writer, and by all who think with her, in ever increasing numbers.

"It might be proved up to the hilt," says Mona Caird, "that free marriage laws would, if passed immediately, end in social disruption, without for a moment weakening one word of what has been written here. Indeed, they who show the evils which exist under our present traditions, only strengthen my argument. Our social evils have been produced by the relation of man to woman, as that of possessor to possessed; yet these are, strange to say, adduced by those who uphold the order as reasons for preserving that relationship intact. These evils, we are assured, would make any change in marriage impracticable. This is arguing in a vicious circle indeed, and if we applied the method to every other question, it is clear that *all* reforms would be impracticable."

Following upon this, Mona Caird illustrates her argument in the case of another evil arising out of human conditions and human selfishness and ignorance of the power that inward lies.

"I have endeavoured to show that the misdirection of the mighty forces of heredity, education, habit, which have brought us disaster, might have led us (had they been directed wisely), and may still lead us, to victory. But . . . the matter cannot be treated in that brisk, business-like manner that seems to be desired." As it deals not with the machinery, but "with the elements of human life."

Then Mona Caird proceeds to show that we cannot at once name a substitute for evils that we see. It is not a matter of the substitution of one thing for another:

"In the life of a tree the later stages are not substitutes for the earlier ones, the development is continuous and gradual. No great and fundamental institution was ever put bodily into the place of a preceding one. The new one was absolutely non-existent at the time of those first movements of thought, which ended by abolishing the earlier condition."

She proceeds to show that even could the abolishing have been foreseen it could not have been

"Anticipated by legal enactment, any more than it would be possible to cause a flower to appear on a tree just beginning to thrust forth its young leaves. It would be, however, perfectly possible to train that young plant, of set purpose, in such a direction and in such a soil, as to finally cause it to bring forth that flower which for many generations can bloom only in the imagination of a small minority. It is to that process of training I am trying to direct the efforts of all who believe that the present relation of the sexes is barbarous, and that the coercive system of marriage is in only too complete harmony with that barbarism. What we have to do with, is the sap and life-force which produces the growth."

This pen might go on *sine die* giving quotations,—so wise, and so fascinating in their light-producing power are the pages of this book, but space and other considerations forbid yielding to the powerful temptation. This, will give to the readers of SHAFTS an idea of the force, power, and truth of these Essays, so earnest in their endeavour to

show what the evil is, and from whence is to come the power that will subdue it.

From the thoughts, and the gradually and continuously increasing mental and moral power of the people, Mrs. Caird shows, will come first "the equalising of the divorce laws," and "some greater measure of justice as regards parental rights." This will soon be followed by "the modification of the coercive element," which will be *demanded*, producing as a natural outcome "the decline of the present possessive and barbaric sentiment." Soon after, people will begin to define *State interference*, as being forced "to live with one another against their will." This compulsion will no longer be deemed "sacred."

Read carefully from the last three lines on page 5, to the foot of page 7. Nay, read carefully, and with a desire to learn, every page of this book of clear solving of problems and unhesitating pointing out of the way; for in it are to be found the things that belong to our social and domestic peace, to the peace and happiness of a public and private life, and to all progress. Mona Caird's writings are so rich in purpose, and suggestion on the subjects for reform which lie nearest to us and are of the utmost importance, that it is almost painful to review them and not give much more of her suggestive sentences than would be either possible or right in a review. I can only earnestly hope that every reader of this review will obtain possession of a copy of the *Morality of Marriage*, to have and to hold; for one reading of it will not suffice. It ought to be used as a book for close study and frequent reference. Every line wakes up thought and leads to clearer vision.

Page 8 of the present edition contains a word picture "intended to be jocose," and to put before the reader of the *skit* quoted by Mona Caird, the ridiculousness of the position of a man supposed as taking the place in the home now held by wife and mother. It has quite another effect and shows up clearly the "miseries and inherent indignity" of the woman's position under present laws and conditions.

In so far as this pen has yet gone it has only passed in review the first eight pages of the Introduction. It may from this well be imagined what the rest is and what the essays that follow. Some parts are full of humour—for instance, in relation to an idea so often expressed in old and present arguments:

"But for sex attraction, it is urged, woman would probably have been stamped out of existence, just as the ancient Britons succumbed to the stronger races that conquered them."

With exquisite satire Mona Caird remarks:

"I will not stop to exhaustively enquire what would have been the fate of man and society generally, had man elected to 'stamp woman out of existence.'

"Perhaps," says the writer, "the whole drift of the present volume might be defined by saying that it is directed, in whole and in part, against that popular view which permits man to dictate to woman not only her duties, but her very thoughts and sentiments. It traces to that idea, and to the purchase system whence it springs, the very root of social misery. For the manifold evidences and indications of this truth, the reader must be referred to the essays themselves, as well as for the methods of redirection of human progress, which alone can bring social regeneration."

Many pages of reviewing could not give a better idea of what this volume contains, than this quoted paragraph; and when I say from my deepest consciousness, "Arise and read," I wish I could promote the reading everywhere of what I have read with the deepest delight and gratitude to those powers, whatever they may be, internal or external, or both, who have given to our day and generation a woman so recipient of truth, and so able and ready to declare it.

As already expressed, it is not possible to do more than give a peep into the rich storehouse of thought-gems herein contained. May there arise a pen of power sufficient to induce many thousands of women to begin the search for these gems. Once begun, the result need not be doubted.

CONTENTS:—"Introduction." In itself a volume of reasoning.

First essay—"The Emancipation of the Family." Part I., Early History of the Family, with many subdivisions; part II., The Patria Potestas, with subdivisions; part III., The End of the Patriarchal System, subdivisions.

Second essay—"Marriage." Part I., The Pioneer of Civilisation, subdivisions; part II., Marriage before and after the Reformation, subdivisions; part III., The Lot of Woman under the Rule of Man; subdivisions; part IV., A Moral Renaissance, subdivisions.

Third essay—"The Future of the Home," subdivisions.

Fourth essay—"The Morality of Marriage." Part I., Motherhood under Conditions of Dependence; part II., Married Life, Present and Future, subdivisions; part III., Children of the Future, subdivisions.

Fifth Essay—"A Defence of the Wild Woman."

Sixth essay—"Phases of Human Development," subdivisions. Part I., Suppression of Variant Types; part II., Sons of Bondwomen, subdivisions; part III., The Tyranny of Instinct, subdivisions; part IV., The Human Element in Man, subdivisions.

"We see and regret the results of some of the savageries that run riot amongst us," writes Mona Caird; "but people have believed the evil to have rested upon natural and necessary impulses, which only dreamers can hope to see modified to any considerable extent." These impulses she shows to have passed beyond all the limits of the endurable.

"The real triumph is to destroy the tendency to evil, or the desire to practise at the expense of others what might in itself be innocent."

"Imagine a troop of schoolboys, with a cageful of birds at their mercy. What sort of views would be likely to grow up amongst the boys as to their right to amuse themselves at the expense of the prisoners? Moral precepts would be in vain so long as the birds remained behind the bars. But release the captives, and the owners perforce cease their tyranny. In a short time their conscience harmonises with the changed conditions, and virtue is manufactured, ere long, out of necessity."

Just one sentence or two and then with much regret we must leave the consideration of a volume inexhaustible in its truths and leadings to truths, full of satisfaction and joy to those who are eagerly watching for the great company of teachers of truth, now so rapidly gathering to the rescue.

"We of the nineteenth century are at once too civilised and too barbarous to rest content with the half-animal, half-human standards that form our social organisation. The human in us is strong enough to be wounded and outraged by the barbarity wherein we are still plunged; but we are not sufficiently human, as yet, to insist on the extirpation of that savage basis to our existence. Were we more wholly savage, we should feel no pain in these conditions. The beast of prey . . . is not tormented by the thousand incongruities, inequalities of development in the individual nature, and in that of the race, which disturb so cruelly the life of the civilised. The more we develop, the more keen will be the anguish that we shall suffer from these survivals, but the more broad and exquisite our power of enjoyment."

" . . . the dictates of primitive nature are not, by any means, the best guides to physical well-being."

"As for changes being impracticable, changes have always been impracticable until they took place. Let not that dismay us. At the voice of some prophet, calling for ever across the ages, 'natural instincts' crouch down in submission, and passions subside—the animal is conquered, and the human is born."

With these encouraging sentences we close the volume, to be many times reopened. May all powerful spirits speed it on its way.

The Jungle Books, First and Second, by RUDYARD KIPLING. (Macmillan & Co. Ltd.: London and New York.)

"His spots are the joy of the Leopard, his horns are the Buffalo's pride.
Be clean, for the strength of the hunter is known by the gloss of his hide.
If ye find that the Bullock can toss you, or the heavy-browed Sambuhr can gore,
Ye need not stop work to inform us, we knew it ten seasons before.
Oppress not the cubs of the Stranger, but hail them as sister and brother,
For though they are little and fussy, it may be the Bear is their mother,
'There is none like to me!' says the Cub, in the pride of his earliest kill;
But the Jungle is large and the Cub he is small. Let him think and be still."

—Maxims of Baloo.

These lines give a capital idea of the nature of the *Jungle Books*, and of the quaint, telling way in which maxims of the Jungle and the life of the Jungle are made to bear good teaching, profitable indeed for other lives, lives not lived in the same kind of Jungle, but on what is or ought to be higher ground; lives wherein those who live them profess to seek higher and nobler ends, lives however, wherein may be found specimens of almost every animal inhabiting the Jungle of no pretences. Man cubs abound therein, while here, there was but one little man cub, "Mowgli," who came to Mother Wolf's den in the early approaching night, and lay down among the cubs without fear, having been hunted thither by Shere Khan the Tiger.

"The law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting-grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns; and hundreds of brown men with gongs, and rockets, and torches. Then everybody in the Jungle suffers."

This is like unto the law of the human, "order thy goings so that thou thyself shalt not suffer."

"The reason the beasts give among themselves is that man is the weakest and most defenceless of all living things, and it is unsportsman-like to touch him."

How well we have brought these politic sentiments up with us to the higher plane of the human. "Mowgli," the man cub, is taken care of by Mother Wolf, is brought up in the Jungle and learns all the Jungle Law. "He came by night, alone, naked, and was not afraid," Mother Wolf had said, and so in admiring affection she kept the babe and loved it. The history of Mowgli's life in the Jungle, his communion with and understanding of the animals as the author reads them, forms the matter of the *Jungle Books, First and Second*, and the interest does not flag. Each creature also holds and sustains its character to the end. The Council meetings, the sense of Jungle honour, the translated thoughts of the animals, translated according to Rudyard Kipling, have a wondrous knack of giving the reader some true idea of how one who is a beast may, as a beast, think, express and be understood by its kind. The rhymes are full of a wild ringing bravery and dash, also of something that warms the heart towards these comrades in the race of Time, struggling up to the hunting ground along which we run:

"As the dawn was breaking the wolf pack yelled
Once, twice and again!
Feet in the Jungle that leave no mark!
Eyes that can see in the dark, the dark!
Tongue—give tongue to it! Hark, oh hark!
Once, twice and again."

We are introduced into the wolf cave, the wolves have just wakened from a long day's rest. The description is very good.

"Mother Wolf lay with her big, gray nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave, where they all lived."

To them comes the Jackal, "Tabaqui, the Dish Licker," despised by the wolves as a mischief-maker and eater of "rags and rubbish from village dust heaps." They fear him too, for he is of all the beasts most apt to go mad, and madness in the Jungle is looked upon as "the most disgraceful thing that can overtake a wild creature." The conversation runs upon "Shere Khan," the Tiger, whose change of hunting ground brings out one of the Jungle Laws as enunciated now by the wolves "He has no right to change his quarters without due warning," for this they explain is breaking the law of the Jungle.

When the Jackal—hearing the voice of Shere Khan—goes away, the wolves listen, and hear "the dry snarly angry singsong whine of a tiger, who has caught nothing." Father Wolf calls him a fool to hunt "with a noise like that." Mother Wolf declares it is not bullock or buck, but MAN that he hunts, and as she speaks—

"The whine had changed to a humming purr, that seemed to come from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders woodcutters and gypsies, and makes them run sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger. The purr ends in the full-throated Aaah of the tiger's charge, then a howl showing that he had missed. Mother Wolf warns that 'something is coming up hill,' and bids 'Get ready.' But Father Wolf is checked in his leap by the sight of—'A man's cub. Look!'

"Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby, who could just walk—as soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf's cave at night. It looked up into the wolf's face and laughed.

"How little! how naked, and—how bold!" Mother Wolf says softly, when, obedient to her request, Father Wolf lays the baby among her cubs, 'Ahai! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub—was there ever a wolf could boast a man's cub among her children?'

"He is altogether without hair, and I could kill him with a touch of my foot," says Father Wolf; "but see, he looks up and is not afraid."

Shere Khan comes to claim his quarry—the man cub—but is defied by Mother Wolf, and being unable to enter the cave has to return empty. So the man cub is kept by Mother Wolf, and presently, with due ceremony, adopted into the Jungle.

"Baloo," the teacher of the Law, and Bagheera, the Black Panther, were the principal of Mowgli's teachers, and companions, and many were the wise sayings they poured into his, not always too ready, ears.

The monkeys, the 'Bandar Log,' come under the ban of the Jungle as being "people without a law, the eaters of everything," and deserving of shame. So "Mowgli," the man cub, draws punishment upon himself for having been led away by their promises. The law of the Jungle says, "Sorrow never stays punishment," so the *man cub* must suffer for his fault though repentant—a lesson of truth underlying all reasoning of systems. Another Jungle rule is that "Punishment settles all scores," so there is "no nagging afterwards." Excellent!

Mowgli lives the Jungle life and knows all the animals. The wise saws connected with *Jungle law*, and the experience of life uttered by Baloo, the Brown Bear, and other animals are instructive and full of a quaint conceit. We rejoice with the strong and active, when "good hunting" falls to their lot. We pity the frail, old and feeble, and sorrow with the old wolf who, unable any longer to prove his strength by his *kill*, must resign his power and go away to die.

"What of the hunting Hunter bold?
Brother, the watch was long and cold."

What of the quarry ye went to kill?
Brother, he crops in the Jungle still.
Where is the power that made your pride?
Brother, it ebbs from my flank and side.
Where is the haste that ye hurry by?
Brother, I go to my lair to die."

Alas! alas! to suffer so much, and to know so little, not even to dream a dream of rising to a higher stage, to where other animals too, suffer, and know—not very much more, yet enough to dream,—and in dreaming to aspire.

"To each his own fear."

"A brave heart and a courteous tongue Shall carry thee far through the Jungle."

Such sayings are part of the wisdom of the Jungle. Have we brought it up with us?

"Ahae! Ahae!" cries Mowgli, after, for reasons which cannot be given here, he has left the man pack to whom he had gone, and has returned to the Jungle, having slain "Shere Khan," the tiger, and laid his skin on the council rock. "Ahae! my heart is heavy with the things I do not understand." How long-drawn and full of pain; how by many lands and many hearts uttered, is that cry!

The story of the Seals, of the White Seal, and of all the poor innocent creatures who suffer from the hand of the CRUEL HUNTER, *Man*, is full of pathos. Nothing can express the exquisite beauty of the lines of verse introduced here and there. So with

"THE WHITE SEAL."

"Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us,
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
Where billow meets billow, then soft be thy pillow,
Oh, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow, swinging seas."

—Seal Lullaby.

All the mother seals are said to sing to their babies:—

"You mustn't swim till you're six weeks old,
Or your head will be sunk by your heels;
And summer gales and killer whales
Are bad for baby seals,
Are bad for baby seals, dear rat,
As bad as bad can be;
But splash and grow strong,
And you can't go wrong,
Child of the open sea."

The seal-life so beautifully depicted fills the soul with a sad, moaning cry, and a wish that these tender loving creatures may soon know no more the awful torture and death, so ruthlessly bestowed upon them for the sake of their skins. They get at last into a sea "where no man comes." Is there on this earth a spot so desirable for seals, and for many other creatures?

RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI is a wonderful little creature who possesses a rare power, that of being able to circumvent and destroy snakes. A most interesting chapter is devoted to him. He lives among the human kind.

Darzee's chant in his praise ends:—

"Give him the thanks of the birds,
Bowling with tail feathers spread,
Praise him with nightingale words—
Nay, I will praise him instead.

Hear! I will sing you the praise of the bottle-tailed Rikki with eyeballs of red!"

Toomai, of the elephants, heads a chapter of deep interest. Toomai is a boy leader of the elephants, and he

"Had seen, what man had never seen before, the dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo hills!"

There is wisdom in every line of the following:—

"You can work it out by fractions, or by simple Rule of Three,
But the way of Tweedledum is not the way of Tweedle-dee.
You can twist it, you can turn it, you can plait it till you drop,
But the way of Pilly Winky's not the way of Winkie-Pop."

What a world of mistakes we should save, could we only understand the meaning of this little rhyme. The song of "SHIVA (the Preserver) and the Grasshopper," the song which "Toomai's mother sang to the baby," has its own teaching, and a beautiful refrain.

"All things made he—Shiva the Preserver,
Mahadeo! Mahadeo! he made all—
Thorn for the Camel, fodder for the Kine,
And Mother's heart for sleepy head, oh! little son of mine."

The review of the camp animals, thirty thousand men and thousands of camels, elephants, horses and bullocks, all "Servants of the Queen," gives an opportunity to the animals to express themselves openly on many points; which they do.

The Parade Song of the animals is cleverly written, and like everything else in these wonderful books, full of an unuttered, but unmistakably suggested Why? It ends with a chorus of all the beasts together:—

"Children of the Camp are we,
Serving each in his degree;
Children of the yoke and goad,
Pack and harness, pad and load."

"See our line across the plain
Like a heel rope bent again,
Reaching, writhing, rolling far;
Sweeping all away to war;
While the men that walk beside
Dusty, silent, heavy-eyed,
Cannot tell why we, or they
March and suffer day by day."

This closes the *First Jungle Book*, about which this pen might write pages and not say enough. It will be pleasant reading to many. An excellent book for children, I do not mean *boys*, but *GIRLS AND BOYS*, and also for grown-up folks. A great loss not to have been read and thought over, and borrowed from in practised theories.

"Now Chil, the Kite, brings home the night,
That Mang, the Bat, sets free—
The herds are shut in byre and hut,
For loosed till dawn are we.
This is the hour of pride and power,
Talon, and tusk, and claw,
Oh, hear the call!—good hunting all
That keep the Jungle Law."

—Night Song in the Jungle.

The *Second Jungle Book*, in its first chapter, goes back a little in the history of Mowgli—the little Frog, as he was named by the animals—the Man Cub—and relates the story told by Hathi, the Elephant. The chapter is headed "How Fear Came," and is rich in meaning. Indeed, so rich in an undercurrent of meaning are these books that they are really allegories full of the deepest instruction to those who can receive it.

Here is told how "THA," the first of the elephants, made the jungle, and appointed as Judge and settler of disputes between the animals, the first of the tigers. This first of the Tigers was "beautiful all over as the blossom of the yellow creeper," and an ingenious account is given of how he merited and obtained his stripes, which marked the race for ever. Also how, from the action of the Tiger deservng of this punishment, Fear entered the jungle, and since, has walked up and down in the jungle day and night. The interest of these pages is profound; and of a character similar to the legends which lie at the base of our religions.

This idea is carried out, to our thinking, also in "the Miracle of Purun Bhagat," the history of one who, being in great power, threw it off, *took the path*, and became a holy man.

The poem describing it is very beautiful:

"Oh, light was the world that he weighed in his hands!
Oh, heavy the tale of his fiefs and his lands!
He has gone from the *guddee* and put on the shroud,
And departed in guise of *bairagi* avowed!"

"Now the white road to Delhi is mat for his feet,
The *Sal* and the *Kikar* must guard him from heat,
His home is the camp, and the waste, and the crowd—
He is seeking the Way, a *bairagi* avowed!"

"He has looked upon men and his eyeballs are clear,
(There was One, there is One, and but One, saith Kabir),
The Red Mist of Doing is thinned to a cloud,
He has taken the Path, a *bairagi* avowed!"

"To learn and discern of his brother the clod,
Of his brother the brute, and his brother the God!
He has gone from the council, and put on the shroud,
(Can ye hear? saith Kabir,) a *bairagi* avowed!"

The first of the Tigers was punished because he had let Death loose in the jungle through doing a forbidden thing, and before that, Death was not there, nor fear, but, because the first of the Tigers with THA had seen the jungle made, he was allowed one night in the year when he should not be afraid, but should meet man and not fear him. Of how the Tiger acted when his time came, and of how he found he had "untied the feet of Death, and made Fear the master of the Jungle," save only under one exceptional condition, the reader will find in these fascinating books. They are full of rays of thought that pierce the mind with their truth and beauty. Allegories, like gems, set, let it be remembered, in the setting of the jungle, not of elegant cultured life; nevertheless portraying the life of the *Hairless ones* as well as of those coated with fur, hair or scales.

The Song of the Little Hunter is a song of Fear, a tale told often enough on many trails, both animal and human. Here are the first and last verses:

"Ere Mor the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey people cry,
Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,
Through the Jungle very softly flits a shadow and a sigh—
It is Fear, oh! little Hunter, it is Fear."

Very softly down the glade runs a waiting, watching shade,
And the whisper spreads and widens far and near;
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even now—
He is Fear, oh little Hunter, he is Fear!

There are several verses of this song, with a meaning that pierces to the deep pulses of the heart.

It is not possible to give more than a slight sense of the interest of these books; it is hoped there will be enough given to create a desire to read them. Purun Bhagat's history is touching because of his deep intent in regard to what he seeks. He had been through the experiences of life as the Old Law recommends, "had used his wealth and power for what he knew both to be worth; had taken honour when it came his way; had seen men and cities, and men and cities had stood up and honoured him." Now he let all go, and went off, a houseless wanderer, and the "cool wind of the Himalayas whistled about his ears," as all unconsciously he wandered to the Home among the Hills from whence his Mother, "always homesick for the snows" had come. He wandered on, seeking peace. "He knew for a certainty that there was nothing great and nothing little in this world; and day and night he strove to think out his way into the heart of things, back to the place whence his soul had come." The animals loved him. The following verse alludes to a landslip:

"The night we felt the earth would move,
We stole and plucked him by the hand,
Because we loved him with the love
That knows, but cannot understand."

The Law of the Jungle translated into verse this pen would fain give, but must not, save a selected one:

"Now this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and true as the sky;
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die.

As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk, the law runneth forward and back,
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.

CUB RIGHT is the right of the yearling, from all of his Pack he may claim
Full-gorge when the killer hath eaten; and none may refuse him the same.
LAIR RIGHT is the Right of the Mother. From all of her year she may claim
One haunch of each kill for her litter, and none may deny her the same.

But the head and the hoof of the Law, and the haunch and the hump is—Obey."

Mowgli's opinion of the human things, of whom he is one, though he has lost their trail, is not very flattering. As he listened to the talk of Buldeo just before the letting in of the Jungle.

"Bah!" said he, "chatter, chatter! Talk, talk! Men are blood brothers of the Bandar-Log. Now he must wash his mouth with water; now he must blow smoke; and when all that is done, he has still his story to tell. They are wise people—men," he adds, with bitter sarcasm.

This opinion he gives to the evening air when—serious danger having threatened Messua, his actual mother, though Mother Wolf claims *her own*—he starts to the rescue.

The story of "Letting in the Jungle," is of thrilling interest. It begins with the tracking of one of the Man-Pack, Buldeo, by the panther and wolves, as they sing the Jungle morning song, of which the following lines form part:—

"One moment past, our bodies cast
No shadow on the plain,
Now clear and black they stride our track,
And we run home again.

"The Traitor DARK gives up each mark
Of stretched or hooded claw,
Then hear the call; good rest to all
Who keep the Jungle Law."

A wonderful and awful change is made by "Letting in the Jungle." And the answer made by the "wandering Gond," to the villagers who ask if the old gods were angry, and what sacrifice should be made to satisfy them—is full of a poetical and fierce justice. "The King's Ankus," an elephant goad of gold and jewels which Mowgli receives from the White Cobra, tells its own story.

"It is death!" the Cobra tells Mowgli, adding, "There is enough in that sharp pointed thing to kill all the men of my city. They will kill, and kill, and kill for its sake. It is Death! It is Death! It is Death!"

A statement the history of the Man-Pack has confirmed through all ages, and Mowgli again through it receives impressions of his race, "Bagheera" having told his beloved man cub, "Mowgli," "Little Frog," the purpose of the goad.

"Always more blood when I come near, even to the things the Man-Pack have made!" said Mowgli, disgustedly.

"Quiquern," is a tale of a different type, some account of the adventures and home life of the people of the deep seas and ice floes, where nature reigns:—a deeply interesting account of

"The people of the Elder Ice, beyond the White Man's ken,
Their spears are made of the Mawhall horn, and they are the last of the men."

The last, because beyond them—so far as is known to us—are only such creatures as can live in the company of the secrets of the open seas, and the ice so chill and cold.

Of all the thrilling stories, not one exceeds in eager excitement the "Red Dog" pages, touched also by the sorrow with which the reader sees the end approaching, and the time when, with a regret full of sadness, these books which have held the interest entranced, must be laid down. All through "Red Dog" and "The Spring Running," this feeling mingles with the pleasure;—a "wound red," through which "runneth a golden thread," a thread of gladness, the meaning of which will appear.

At last the warning note is sounded, the end comes, when Mowgli hunts Mowgli from the Jungle, as the reader will see and understand. Having parted with sobs of great grieving from his beloved Jungle friends, and set out on the human trail towards his Mother Messua's door once more, he hears behind him their parting words in the Song in the Jungle, from which we cannot resist giving a line or two. Touching and natural is the meaning running through.

Baloo, the Brown Bear, sings—

"For the sake of him who showed
One wise Frog the Jungle road,
Keep the Law the Man-Pack make
For thy blind old Baloo's sake.

"When thy pack would make thee pain,
Say 'Tabaqui sings again,'
When thy pack would work thee ill,
Say 'Shere Khan is yet to kill.'"

Kaa, the Snake, sings—

"Anger is the egg of fear,
Only lidless eyes are clear,
Open talk shall call to thee
Strength, whose mate is courtesy."

Bagheera, the Panther, sings—

“By the broken lock that freed
Man-cub—’ware the man-cub breed!
Feed them silence, when they seek
Help of thine to hurt the weak.”

The Three together sing—

“Through the nights when thou shalt lie
Prisoned from our mother sky
Hearing us thy loves go by.
In the dawns when thou shalt wake
To the toil thou can’st not break,
Heartsick for the Jungle’s sake;
Wood and water, wind and tree,
Jungle favour go with thee!”

We lay the books down with a heart-ache and back-looking regret, for the people, the Jungle people from whom we have come, into higher altitudes surely, but into greater suffering, yet through “the wound red” there “runneth ever the Golden Thread,” for one Thought of Thoughts comforts as the song arises deep within us, the song of gladness.

Those who read the *Jungle Books* need not worry over scientific treatises to discover proof for the theory that these creatures are our fellows in the flesh and spirit, following us on the higher trail, for a deeper, more convincing proof shall hold them. Reading these the past shall call to them and THEY SHALL KNOW.

THE LABOUR ANNUAL, for 1898, is the best of the series. It is excellent. *The Labour Annual* is “dedicated, in the name of the weary and oppressed of every land, to all who are working towards a new organisation of society.” Its frontispiece is occupied by a picture of a white lead worker, aged nineteen, as she lay dead after three days of terrible suffering in Newcastle Workhouse, 1896, following four months’ work in a white lead factory. It has been reproduced from *The White Slaves of England*, and a full description is given on page 167 of the *Annual*.

First comes the General Index, from which I make a few exceptional selections. “Atrocities in Spain.” This subject, we are told on page 189, is now being drawn attention to by a few devoted earnest humanitarians, among whom are Mrs. Mallet, H. S. Salt, W. Crane, E. Carpenter and others.

“Character the only Wealth,” “Julia Dawson Clarion Vans,” “Engineering Trades’ Disputes,” “Great Calamity on Robinson’s Island,” “Middleman,” “Pigs and Men in Competition,” which explains much; “Theosophy and Social Problems,” “Directory of Lecturers and Reformers,” with many more, both profitable for information and the awakening of Thought. Besides this, is a general Index to the contents of the *Annual* in each year of its appearing since 1895, a most useful addition; also an exhaustive series of articles, among which are numerous notices, essays, etc., referring to Women, Women’s Societies, Women’s Work, Emancipation, Suffrage, Industries, Trades Councils, Sufferings, Guilds, etc. Altogether it is a wonderful handbook of information, suggestion, reform and encouragement in all progress. One lady, Mrs. Jeannie Mole, of Rock Ferry, Liverpool, perhaps deserves special notice as a Socialist and Women’s Trade Union Reformer, who has worked so hard under the difficulties and depressions of ill-health and deficient strength for many years, and with whom was associated in work, Miss Caroline Martyn, who died last year “in harness,” having worked to the last.

Mr. Joseph Edwards, the indefatigable Editor of *The Labour Annual*, is one of our most earnest, active and intelligent workers for reform on all lines. We may be permitted to express a strong hope that the success of the *Annual* may be in proportion to the excellence of the work it contains, and a testimony to the brave, undaunted spirit that sends it forth to the world.

BED-SITTING ROOM to be let, furnished, in ladies’ residential chambers, for 2 to 3 months. Central position, rent moderate.—Address, Morris, Southminster, Essex.

Shooting a Tramp.

“My dear Marian, I don’t think I ever was so frightened in my life. But I won’t begin in the middle; I’ll start fair, and tell you exactly how it happened. You know Uncle Charlie goes back to his regiment in December. It’s stationed at an unpronounceable place somewhere in India, or if it isn’t India, it’s China—anyway, he sails in December, and it doesn’t matter.”

“Well, if I were you, I’d hurry a little more,” said Marian. She was a handsome girl, lounging comfortably in a deep chair in the large, oak-panelled hall of Ripley Court. She had just come down from town and was anxious to hear Alison’s story, for at present all that had come to her ears was a report in a newspaper.

Alison shook herself impatiently. “That’s just like you. However, you’re quite right, and I certainly do gabble dreadfully. Mother says I make as much racket as Jack, and Uncle Charlie declares that when I am presented the Queen will stop her ears all the time. Dear, dear! I’ll begin again. Any more tea? No? Then I’ll go on with the tramp.”

“Oh, it was a tramp, was it?” asked Marian, settling herself cosily in her chair.

“Yes, but he came in the middle of the story. Don’t interrupt, now, and I’ll begin properly. You know Uncle Charlie has been staying with Uncle Phil at the Rectory. He stayed here till a fortnight before he sailed, and then went to Uncle Phil. And, of course, you know, it’s just a mile from the gates of the Rectory to the Court, to say nothing of the half mile drive to the Court itself.”

“I know; and it’s a horrid lonely dark road.”

“Yes, it is, and that’s really where the point of the story comes in. Well, Uncle Phil told us to come to tea, and see Uncle Charlie, and when we got there, of course it was dark. Jack and I bicycled down, and it took us next to no time. It was a clear cold evening, and though there hadn’t been a frost, one could hear very plainly, and the roads were good. Well, you know what Uncle Charlie is. He’d absolutely been up to town, and bought us some ripping Christmas presents. He said he was going to give them to us then, because he would have sailed by Christmas. He gave Jack a rifle or something deadly in that line, and also a book he wanted on stuffing dead beasts. Jack and Uncle Charlie just worship dead beasts or anything else that wants stuffing. I like stuffing live ones best, don’t I, Nip?” breaking off in her story to present the terrier with a large wedge of cake.

“Well, go on. I never knew anyone wander about in a story as you do. What did Major Ripley give you? Had it anything to do with the story?”

“It had, very much. He gave me a lovely pearl necklace and a bottle of Parma violets scent. He knows I am particularly fond of Parma violets, and he’d bought a long bottle, you know the sort, a kind of tube, and the whole bottle was cased in silver filagree. Of course the necklace was his real present, it’s a beauty, but the point of the story hangs on the silver-cased bottle. Jack and I thanked him like anything, and soon after I noticed that it was nearly six, and I remembered mother wanted me to be home by that time. Jack was digging his nose into the stuffed beasts’ book with Uncle Charlie, so I never thought of getting him to come too. Neither of us ever dreamt of any reason why I shouldn’t go alone, and of course there was no particular need to drag him away so early. So I just said good-bye to

Uncle Charlie, and went out with Uncle Phil, and lighted my lamp. I told Uncle Phil I'd take my necklace with me, because I couldn't possibly part with it, and I put the case into the saddle pouch, and as the strap wouldn't meet, I tied a bit of string round. It was safe enough, and I put the long silver bottle into my pocket without any paper on it. Uncle wanted me to let him send the things up, but I wanted to show them at home."

"And I suppose you met a tramp, and from sheer fright you dropped the pearls, and smashed the bottle?" said Marian, sleepily.

"You always were a clever girl," said Alison, sarcastically. "Especially at guessing. Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, I put the bottle in my pocket and went to the gate. Before I left Uncle Phil I found my back tyre wanted blowing up, and I pumped it up much harder than usual. I was talking, I suppose, and didn't notice how hard I had blown it. Well, I kissed Uncle Phil and went out of the gate down the hill, and had hardly gone a quarter of a mile before I saw two men get up, one from each side of the road, and stand as if they were waiting for me."

Marian sat up. "Tramps?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes," said Alison. "It wasn't very dark, at least, I could see fairly well, and I noticed they were all in rags and pretty big men too. When I saw them they were a good way off, just where the bend comes in the road. I didn't think any harm at first, but suddenly all the horrible stories that have been in the papers lately came into my head. I felt quite sick, and wobbled awfully, I'm sure. I leaned forward and turned my light out. For I couldn't see with it in front of me, and I thought perhaps the men might not be waiting for me, and I should be able to slip by in the dark. I did think of turning, but I remembered the sharp hill that runs up to the Rectory, and also that the road is awfully narrow."

"I should have collapsed helplessly with fright," said Marian simply.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't; not if you had Jack for a brother. He is so fond of declaring that women trade on their helplessness to get men's admiration, and that they are despised for it."

Marian sniffed audibly. "Jack's twenty-two," she said concisely.

"It's just as irritating as if he were forty-four," said Alison; "and really sometimes women do such idiotic things that it gives colour to Jack's rubbish. Anyhow, I didn't mean Jack to be able to say that I was afraid of two tramps, and especially when I remembered the pearls. Do you know, when I remembered the pearls, I grew as cool and comfortable as a cucumber. I felt as if I would literally fight those men before I would give them up. I made up my mind I would charge them, and then it occurred to me to wonder if I could get my pump off to hit them with. But it's on my saddle pillar tube, and only a celluloid one after all. I suddenly remembered my silver bottle and determined to hit with that. I think my genius was in the ascendant, for as I drew my silver bottle out, I had a brilliant thought. I would bluff them, and threaten to shoot."

"My dear Alison," ejaculated Marian.

"I did. I thanked my stars I had put out my lamp, and I bent down and scorched at them. They sprang at me, and before I reached them, I waved the silver bottle, and shouted, 'I shall fire! I shall fire!' At the same time, just as I passed them, I felt a sort of earthquake under me. I thought I was gone, but hung on and pedalled up, waiting for the crash which didn't come. But what had come was the sound of a rifle-

shot, just when I felt the earthquake. As I passed the men, I smashed at the right hand man with my bottle, and what with the effort of striking and the extraordinary earthquake, I thought I should inevitably upset. There was an awful cry from one of the tramps, and horrible language from both, and the sound of a heavy fall."

"You *couldn't* have shot him with a bottle," said Marian wildly.

"No," said Alison, "but do you know I was so muddled and scared that I was sure I had shot him, though I knew perfectly well I had only struck him with my bottle. I half thought of turning, but the pace I was going had taken me on a bit, and it began to dawn on me that the man couldn't, simply couldn't, be shot, and it would be foolish to run risks and go back to see after him."

"Do you mean to say, you even dreamt of going back to look after the wretch," asked Marian incredulously.

"Well, you go and shoot, or think you shoot, a man, even if he is a tramp who tries to rob you, and you'll feel very much inclined to make sure he is or isn't dead," said Alison, indignantly. "I really thought for a few seconds that I had shot the man, but when I got more sensible, I felt sure something odd had happened, especially as my bicycle had evidently gone wrong; I felt as if I were riding a traction engine, but I was feeling too bad to get off and look, so I flew on as best I could to the gates. It was awful having to get off to let myself in, but I did, and when I was inside I felt safer. My pearls were safe, but my bottle was smashed, and I shall never smell Parma violets again without seeing that dark road and those awful men flying at me."

"And what *had* happened?" asked Marian anxiously.

"My rear tyre had burst! There was a great slit in it when I sent it to be mended next day, and the bursting had caused the noise of the shot and the feeling of earthquake. I had pumped it too hard, and I suppose the extra scorching finished it."

"Well, I never!" said Marian.

"Just what I felt!" responded Alison.

D. M. RANSOM.

Plucking Live Geese.

AT Sleaford, yesterday, two women were summoned for cruelty to a goose by plucking it alive. The bird was forwarded to London, and Professor Pritchard, ex-president of the R.C.V.S., denied that any good purpose could be served by such treatment. Mr. Godson, for the defence, contended that these prosecutions had been dismissed over and over again; that the practice was beneficial to the flesh of the bird, and that no unnecessary pain was caused. The Bench dismissed the case, on the ground that there was no evidence by whom the injury had been done. Costs were given against the S.P.C.A., which conducted the prosecution.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seems to be meeting with no little difficulty in its attempt to suppress the plucking of live birds, a cruel practice that is said to improve their flesh, especially in the case of geese. Several English farmers have been summoned for this practice within the last few weeks, but in no case has a conviction been obtained, which seems to justify Charles Lamb's reproach that if an additional flavour were imparted by it animals would be whipped to death.

The Theatres.

"Peter the Great."—Before the curtain fell, at the Lyceum, upon the final scene of Mr. Lawrence Irving's tragic drama of "Peter the Great," Sir Henry Irving had deeply limned upon the imagination of the audience his powerful portraiture of the founder of the modern empire of Russia. From the moment when, returning from his disastrous campaign against the Turks, Peter bursts noisily into the Kremlin at Moscow, into the very midst of a conspiracy to proclaim his son Alexis Czar in his stead, up to his desolate despairing cry of "I am childless," which closes the last scene, Sir Henry Irving sustains the whole interest of the play. The Czarovitch Alexis, owing to the limitations of this part as conceived by the playwright, conspicuously fails to arouse sympathy in his life or to awaken sorrow in his death. We see him as he appears to the troubled eye of Peter, searching in vain to find in the young man a worthy successor capable of furthering his life's work and of carrying on towards its complete development the Russia which is ever present to his own vivid imagination ablaze with possibilities and promise. With Peter we sicken at the hopeless want of response to all the plans and schemes he puts before his son with the desire to enkindle some answering spark of fire; with Peter we ask ourselves, "How can I have patience with him?"; and, again, finding that Alexis has utterly neglected the task set him of mastering the design and construction of buildings, for which purpose his father had stationed him at St. Petersburg, then in course of being built, our already won sympathy awakens instantly responsive to the anguish of Peter's heart-broken cry "the prop has crumbled in my hands; they will have me down between them; let the waters come."

Entirely opposed to Peter in all his outward characteristics, the Alexis of this play has a gentle, refined and dreamy nature, warped, distorted and driven, by loathing and terror of the brutal and ferocious side of his father's character, to take refuge beneath a cloak of moodish silence and deception in all his dealings with him. And although the course of the piece offers several good occasions for Alexis to throw aside this mask and, by showing forth some of the latent power of his truer self, to evoke some measure of an *entente cordiale* between himself and his audience, these opportunities are not taken, and thus he fails to inspire that interest in his own individuality which if called into play would largely tend to heighten the interest in the whole piece, and at the same time increase the force with which the splendid acting of Sir Henry Irving appeals to the imagination. At present, in all those passages in which Peter's tortured feelings as a father cry out against his action as an emperor in condemning to death his son as unworthy to be his successor, the love for the young prince which sets Peter at war with himself is an emotion alien to the audience. Alexis has stood as an obstacle in the path of the work which Peter's ardent and capacious mind is straining itself to fulfil; and no keen sympathy with Peter's evident pain, no horror at his crime, no revulsion of feeling at the misuse of his arbitrary power, stirs the pulses of the audience in response to the powerful scene when Peter is left alone in the Senate Hall to sign the death sentence which the Court has just passed upon his son.

Miss Ellen Terry, as Catherine, exerts all her exquisite charm, and we wonder not at her fascinating prototype's power over the hearts of men. But why not let us catch a glimpse of the deeper side of the character, of the resolution and resource to which the Russian army

owed its escape from imminent annihilation at the hands of the Turks and Tartars, and by which Peter himself was spared from experiencing at the hands of these the obverse of his own success over the Swedes at Pultowa?

Why also not give us some insight into the current below the surfaces, which must have been working in the young Alexis? And why not let us see something of the true nature and purpose of the life of the banished empress, the mother of Alexis? This play has failed to attract for a reason which must always more or less cause the failure of dramatised incidents, unless where there is some powerful interest historical or otherwise—namely, that there is no female character of any power, nor even any other character to sustain the interest with the hero of the hour. The interest is too much confined to the central figure, the rest being too insignificant. Such conditions must have the disappointing influence of unsatisfied expectations. There are few, if any, plays, where good parts are represented by women. They are indeed as a rule very poorly represented on the stage. But we may hope that Sir Henry Irving will take heart of grace and reproduce this piece, for there are in it most powerful elements for a splendid dramatic representation.

"Madame Sans-Gêne" and "The Merchant of Venice," each running for three nights in succession alternately, have now taken the place of "Peter the Great" at the Lyceum.

"Much Ado About Nothing."—Great credit is due to Mr. George Alexander for the brilliant and sumptuous manner in which "Much Ado About Nothing" is being produced nightly at the St. James's Theatre. The audience is rapidly conducted from scene to scene in the early part of the play, to share in the light-hearted mirth that plants the snares for the hearts of Beatrice and Benedick, and to feel the hatred under the dark inspiration by which Don John plots to wreck the happiness of those against whom he entertains so bitter an animosity. The beauty and realism of the scenery, and the interest of the play, culminate together in the church scene, Act 4. The rich and elegant interior of the church, the low-chanting procession of cross and candle-bearing acolytes and friars, slowly wending its way into the sacred edifice, the deep and solemn strains of music, the fragrant odour of incense which floats up into the theatre, combine to enthral the senses under a spell of mystic beauty and peace, and throw into painfully distinct relief the stormy scene which bursts into this quiet and rhythmic stillness almost immediately upon the arrival of the bridegroom and his supporters—when Claudio, stung by the taunts of Don John, and maddened by the proofs he believes he has seen of Hero's unfaithfulness to him, breaks forth into a torrent of denunciation and abuse, rudely shaking off the proffered hand she timidly holds out to him. The effect of this powerful scene would, we think, however, be heightened and improved, were Claudio's passion less roughly expressed. A little more of self-restraint, a little more tenacious clinging of his affections to Hero, would but intensify the appealing force of his grief, and the wound dealt by the roughness of his insult to the woman whom, but the day before, he professed to love so deeply, would not outlive, in the mind of the spectator—as it does—the subsequent reconciliation. From this impressive church scene, where the shadow of Don John's evil ascendancy hovers blackest, right on to the dazzling ball scene at Leonato's house,

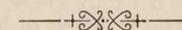
which closes the play, the various parts are very well sustained, and the actors bear with them the awakened sympathy of their audience. Miss Julia Neilson's personation of the character of Beatrice is quite her own, and one vaguely wonders how so susceptible a gallant as the Benedick of Mr. George Alexander, could even for a moment have made a pretence of withstanding her graceful coquetry, and her silver-tongued wit, and wondering, asks oneself how Don Pedro's merry fancy could have conceived the need for the ingenious trick he played upon them. The scenes introducing Dogberry and the Watch are full of humour, which loses nothing in the telling, and the capital acting here well deserves the hearty laughter which it evokes.

There seems to us, however, somewhat of a mistake in the characters of Beatrice and Benedick as represented on the stage. The Beatrice of Shakespeare was not a coquette. She and Benedick were sincerely and unfeignedly indifferent to each other, and were in general character quite unique, and so in themselves full of interest. Though but a little is required to remedy this, that little we think should be done, especially as all else is so excellent, and this also so nearly approaching excellence.

"The Geisha."—It is difficult to withhold a full meed of praise from so dainty and well-performed a musical play as "The Geisha," which has for some time been the source of attraction at Daly's Theatre. We pay our full tribute to the charmingly quaint and attractive Japanese setting of the piece, to the pretty and graceful dances, and alternately sweet and stirring lyrics, to the humorous and excellently sustained character of the Chinaman, with his mirth-provoking pigeon-English speech, and the combination of drollery and clever deceit, with which Bret Harte and other writers have invested the wandering Celestial, and which Mr. Huntley Wright weaves in so natural and easy a manner into his performance. Yet we cannot refrain from expressing a feeling of regret that the charm and daintiness of the piece should suffer, as it does, from the character of the groundwork upon which it is raised. The character of the Tea-house, of which the girl assistants, by the terms of the indentures under which they serve the proprietor of the institution, can be bought and sold at his will, or at that of the Governor of the District, casts its sinister shadow over each scene. So cleverly arranged, and so fairy-like and delicate, however, is the whole play, that this malign influence is almost laughed and danced away—hidden beneath the flowers of light-hearted, mirthful happiness and pleasure, which bloom profusely from the opening to the close of this Story of a Tea-house. The only question is: Ought such an influence to be represented so hidden? and it is a question asked over and over again.

"The Grand Duchess."—An evening full of light laughter may be passed at the Savoy in company with the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein and her doughty Commander-in-Chief, General Boom, a truly merry jester, whose ludicrous antics and droll caperings keep his audience in a constant ripple of amusement. The songs are good and well sung, and the whole piece abounds with laughter-moving incident; but the scene in which Baron Puck, the high and mighty Prime Minister to the Duchess, discloses to the affrighted pair of conspirators, General Boom and Prince Paul, the fearful and wonderful legend concerning the mysterious secret passage leading to the "Scarlet Suite," bears away the palm.

The Bachelor's Romance at the Globe is one of the sweetest home pictures possible as a romance. It possesses the rather remarkable attraction that every part of it is interesting, and each performer good—very good! each part is well played, exceptionally well played; each character well sustained to the end. A simple, touching story, one of the simplest, yet made attractive and delightful in the highest degree, by the grace and beauty, truth and sincerity and honest purpose on the part of all the characters. Each performer, both in appearance and power, is eminently suited to the part played, and there is pleasure and interest without a flaw, or a moment's flagging from beginning to end. It is restful as well as enjoyable, and even the brother of *the Bachelor*, a bachelor himself also, and somewhat of a scapegrace, goes out to the fields and flowers of Miss Clementina's farm and is re-created, body and soul. He turns over not one, but many new leaves, and in so doing fulfils the expectations of the packed pit, stalls and boxes alike. The actors are all so good, not one falls short, and this, combined with the healthy atmosphere surrounding the story and the actors in it, not only when haymaking, but also in the city ball rooms, makes the bright little play one of the pleasantest we remember to have seen. It deserves to have a long run.



The Women's Educational and Industrial Union.

THE Women's Educational and Industrial Union, which gave up its rooms at 405, Oxford Street, last autumn, and has not as yet been able to find premises suitable to its manifold requirements, has now taken up a temporary abode at 2, Dorset Square, quite close to Baker Street station. Business hours are still from 11 to 6, but the Reading and Club Room is open till 10 o'clock, and is also open on Sundays for the convenience of members.

To the monthly meetings members and their friends are warmly invited. Miss Mellor will give talks on "Perfection in Work," illustrated by original designs, in view of the forthcoming exhibition and sale of members' work to be held in May next. A series of interesting and progressive lectures in connection with the moral and spiritual development department will commence during March, particulars of which may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Alice M. Callow.

Israfel.

In heaven a spirit doth dwell
 "Whose heart-strings are a lute";
 None sing so wildly well
 As the angel Israfel.
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

And they say (the starry choir
 And other listening things),
 That Israfeli's fire
 Is owing to that lyre
 By which he sits and sings—
 The trembling living wire
 Of those unusual strings.

The Duchess of Number Three.

"AHEM! you may look, but don't touch me pray,"
Her walk, her style and bearing say—
"No common trash about me,

You see,
For I don't work for my living, like you;
My Paw's a thingummy in the 'Prue,'
I could stay at home if I chose to do,"

Says the Duchess of Number Three.

"If I work for less, it's my own concern,
I dress myself with the money I earn—
It wouldn't find bread and tea

For me.
When lady visitors on us drop,
They come to me and beside me stop,
And so I give high tone to the shop,"

Says the Duchess of Number Three.

"Trade unions are vulgar and low,
My Paw has frequently told me so;
They don't catch hold of me,

Th' idee!
And they are vulgar and low things who
Believe in such, and support them, too;
I'd tell their names if I only knew,"

Says the Duchess of Number Three.

"It's stuff and nonsense for girls to s'pose
The firm can supply them with food and clothes,
When bad times chance to be,"

Says she,
"My Paw thinks if folk practised thrift,
On next to nothing they might make shift,
Till Providence gave commerce a lift,"

Says the Duchess of Number Three.

"They say I am cutting the other girls out,
Who work for their bread and tea—no doubt
But, thank you! England's free,

Te-he!
I will do as I like as long as I dare,
What's fair to me is my own affair,
And I'll please myself anyhow—so there!"

Says the Duchess of Number Three.

And the Number Three department girls
They copy her hat and the cut of her curls—
'Tis a touching sight to see,

Dear me!
Her slightest word is their sacred law,
They run her errands, and stand her jaw,
Content to find neither fault nor flaw

In the Duchess of Number Three.

T. MAGUIRE.

(From "Machine-Room Chants.")

Reason and Benevolence.

MISS CLARA EVELYN MORDAN, of the Stone House, Reigate, has bestowed on the Council of St. Hugh's Hall, Oxford, a sum of £1,000, for the endowment of a scholarship which is to be called "The Clara Evelyn Mordan Scholarship." The only condition attached by the donor is the insertion of a clause in the Deed of Trust to the effect that "if any scholar during such time as she shall hold the said scholarship, shall perform or witness any experiment or demonstration on a living animal, her tenure of the said scholarship shall forthwith become void."

Correspondence.

SCHOOLS AND EXPERIMENTS ON LIVING ANIMALS.

MADAM,—The fact to which I hope you will allow me to call the attention of your readers will probably appear to them as incredible as it appeared to me when I first heard of it.

I was then half tempted to take the usual comfortable course of deciding that somebody had been "misinformed"; a word almost equal to "Mesopotamia" for tranquillising purposes! But where and how could the misinformation have been acquired, that the London School Board had authorised, for the use of pupil-teachers, a book on physiology in which painful experiments on living animals were described in detail? That a body of English men and women should select such a text-book for the instruction of children, seemed to me almost beyond belief, but enquiries made at headquarters settled the matter. An official acknowledgment was made that Furneaux's book on Physiology had been authorised by the London School Board for the use of pupil-teachers. Now, of course, I am not here opening up the vexed question as to whether human beings are justified in trying to thrust their own pains and penalties on to the shoulders of their weaker brethren of the animal kingdom; nor whether the laws of the universe, moral and physical, are of such a nature, that increased well-being is likely to be the eventual reward of that system of vicarious punishment. What we are now concerned with, is the ominous fact that the children of this country are being familiarised with the idea of the dissection of living animals; and that their instructors are teaching them, by inference (and therefore by the most impressive of all methods), that an animal may be cut up, in order to see how its internal mechanism acts, just as a mineral specimen might be broken up in order to examine its composition. A child, of course, cannot follow the arguments by which vivisectors and their friends satisfy themselves that these experiments are "necessary" and justifiable. There is indeed, in Furneaux's book no hint of justification, and nothing to indicate that it is called for. The experiments are described in a perfectly matter of course manner, and the unspoken inference is unavoidable: that if one wants to see how an animal works one takes him and opens him, and makes experiments on his organs until one finds out! If a child taught in this manner were to take the first cat or puppy, and try the experiments for himself, he could scarcely be justly blamed.

Sentences of the character of the following occur at intervals throughout the book; the mind of the pupil being thus gently prepared for the detailed description of a vivisection which is given later on.

"We derive our knowledge of the functions of the cerebrum partly . . . from experiments on the lower animals. When the cerebrum is diseased or injured, the power of manifesting mental faculty is more or less lost; when the cerebrum of an animal is removed, the animal is deprived of all power of voluntary movements. . . ."
P. 182.

"When an animal has had its cerebellum removed, it can move any voluntary muscle at will, but it cannot walk or fly. . . ." And so on in the same strain.
P. 182.

On page 138 occurs the following:—"In order to study the functions of the roots of the spinal nerves, it is necessary to perform experiments on living animals. 1. If the spinal canal of an animal be laid open, and the anterior roots of the spinal nerves supplying a certain limb be divided, the animal will lose all power of voluntary movement in that limb . . . but the power of sensation in the limb will remain unimpaired. If now we irritate those ends of the cut roots which remain in contact with the cord, no effect will be produced, *i.e.*, the animal will show no sign of pain . . . But if we irritate the other ends the muscles of the limb will contract violently. 2. If we divide the posterior roots supplying a certain limb . . . the limb may be pinched or even burnt without producing any sign of suffering. Again, if we irritate those ends of the posterior roots still in contact with the cord, the animal will exhibit unmistakable signs of the most acute pain.

If the child has followed the instructions of the author, he has been in the habit of examining dead animals or portions of them, he is familiar with the processes of dissecting, and perhaps of killing, or is used to seeing death inflicted; for Furneaux generally instructs that the animal should have been killed immediately before the examination.

Is it necessary to point out the inevitable effect of all this on the mind of the child? Surely the dissection of dead animals is in itself a most unsuitable and brutalising work for children; but when the text-book which gives directions for such work goes on to describe the dissection of living animals (as a branch of the science in which the more advanced students and the professors are engaged), then it is

surely time for the influence of the public to be exerted at School Board elections, if milder forms of remonstrance have no effect.

This is not a question for opponents of vivisection alone, but for all who realise that the children in our schools to-day will be the citizens and rulers of the State to-morrow, and that teaching such as I have described (be vivisection right or wrong) must, beyond all question, tend to weaken the best instincts of the child, and to stimulate those impulses of cruelty and selfishness which are the root-cause of all the misery and trouble of life, and the eternal obstacle to social improvement. Surely there is enough that is cruel and savage in human nature without going out of one's way to educate it in our schools! Of what avail is it that a child should have vividly impressed on his mind, by means of the description of an animal's martyrdom, the exact functions of the sensory or motor nerves, if at the same time his sense of pity is blunted, his chivalry is weakened, and all the better teaching which he receives (it is to be hoped) is made to seem ridiculous in his eyes, since it is in flat contradiction with what he is taught by his instructor in physiology? Alas, it is so much easier to excite the cruelty of the human being than to persuade him to compassion. How many boys would select the counsels of mercy if they might select those of ruthlessness? It is not a little astonishing to find that we are actually teaching cruelty on a grand scale, and in the most powerful manner in which it can be taught to our children; while later on, we seek to obliterate the impression that we have thus made; to counteract the effects on society of that same spirit of cruelty by elaborate and expensive institutions, reformatories, moral instruction leagues, prevention of cruelty societies—all involving a tremendous output of thought, energy and money. These laborious efforts, nevertheless, fail to make good the evil we have wrought, or to effect what might be so easily effected in the first ten or twelve years of school life, by humanising influences, to which children so readily and gladly respond.

Animals, be it remembered, afford to the child his first taste of power. An animal is the first creature that he can bully or torment with impunity, and therefore from the teaching which his elders give him regarding a creature weaker than himself, his character receives its earliest bent towards chivalry or tyranny, generosity or baseness. Perhaps there never was a time when the necessity of keeping alight the spirit of chivalry in the human heart was more desperate than it is at present, when the spread of superficial knowledge is going on at an ever-increasing pace, without a corresponding raising or securing of the moral standard.

Small quantities of scientific or historical or mathematical facts are inserted into the minds of the children, but no effort seems to be made to humanise the character, broaden the intelligence, or draw out the finer qualities of the human being. Yet that is the sort of education which alone can avert the perils of our present condition of much teaching and little training. I think there is no more significant or grievous sign of the dangerous direction in which we are tending, than the fact that such a work as Furneaux's has been authorised for the instruction of children by those who have been entrusted with the care of our national education.

I am, Madam, yours, etc.,

MONA CAIRD.

HOSPITAL OF ST. FRANCIS.

DEAR MADAM,—May I enclose to you an appeal for help on behalf of the new Hospital of St. Francis which it is hoped shortly to open in the south of London?

The appeal speaks for itself and will, I hope, touch your heart to help on a work which needs the best and most earnest support of all who are working to make life happier and suffering less.

Very gratefully will the smallest help in word, money, or service be welcomed by the Committee.

Yours very truly,
I. DICKSON, *Asst. Sec.*

AN APPEAL.

*A protest of the world against inhumanity.
A revolt of the awakening soul against the crushing horrors of vivisection.
An aspiration after the gentleness of the Divine.*

MEN and women of the world, gentlemen and gentlewomen of every race and language, creed and profession, empty your coffers and keep not back, for it is the cry of tortured souls that bids you rise, and summons you to carry to them at the cost of your own sacrifice, some pity, some compassion, some healing.

The whole creation is groaning and travailing in anguish, and praying to be delivered. Come to the rescue. Let every patient be looked upon as a casket of priceless worth, damaged indeed, but precious still and needing the most tender solicitude and care.

When women come to die within its walls they shall not fear, for the dying hours shall be sacred, and the body, though the gentle spirit has passed on, shall still be a thing of reverence. London should be at the centre of Right and in the vanguard of a Sanctified Science. Let then, the Hospital of St. Francis be founded and endowed. Let all whose hearts are touched by Hospital needs and by the splendid work they are doing for the sick and suffering, give their full gifts to make this a queen among Hospitals.

This Hospital in South London will sooner or later be founded, for the need is great. Will you not secure it for the sacred cause of Humanity? Offers of service of any sort will be welcomed gladly.

MY DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—Just a line to send you the enclosed 10s. postal order which the first page of SHAFTS for January drew from my purse most readily and willingly. I trust it may have the same effect on many a purse.

S. H. L. F.

MUSEUS SCHOOL, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to enclose an appeal from the Principal of this Institution, and I will esteem it a favour if you will find a corner for it in SHAFTS.

While commending the appeal to your kind notice, we will esteem it a great favour, if you can secure the services of a kind lady to come out and help Mrs Higgins in this work. She must be liberal minded and willing to give her services free in exchange for a home in the Institution. One without family ties and willing to make some sacrifice to this cause, is the best suited.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I am, yours faithfully, PETER DE ABREW,
Manager.

AN APPEAL FROM CEYLON.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I have been in this island a little over six years, spending all my energy, time and means to do what little I can to raise the condition of Singhalese women. My efforts, I am thankful to say, are now beginning to show successful results. The obstacles I have had to contend with, and the troubles I have had to undergo while working in an Eastern clime with an Eastern nation, are matters of the past, and the way, now comparatively free from trials and troubles, lies open for further progress. During this time, through the kind help of friends I have founded a school and orphanage, and named it, at the earnest request of friends, after my family—The Musæus School and Orphanage.

I have under my protection and care over fifty Singhalese girls, varying in age from seven to nineteen years, and they live with me under the same roof. I teach them, with the help of a few assistants, such subjects as are most suitable to make them, useful women and helpful members of their society. I am thankful to say that those of our pupils who have left us to begin life in their new homes are grateful for what knowledge we have been able to give them, and that they perceive themselves the marked contrast which lies between them and their less favoured sisters who have not had the advantage of a more progressive education. Dear friends! you cannot conceive of the ignorance that prevails amongst Eastern women.

The girls who attend this institution are Buddhists, and since the Christian missionaries work with one object in view, *viz.*, to convert them to Christianity, they would, if not for the education given here, sink further into the depths of ignorance. Our aim is to educate them and brighten their lives without interfering with their faith, in fact, teaching them according to their own Buddhist ethics,

The work is a most important one, requiring much attention and help to ensure its continued success. Who of you, dear readers, will lend a helping hand to carry out this work? The services of some European and American ladies are urgently needed, and that immediately. Are any of the readers of this appeal free to come out and help in the work? Is there anyone willing to make the sacrifice and aid us? Who will come? The school has also grown so much that we shall be obliged to extend the premises, but at present funds are wanted to build. Can anyone help us here, and make contributions, however small, towards a building fund?

Trusting that all readers will pardon this importunity and help to the best of their ability.

I am, yours cordially,
MARIE MUSÆUS HIGGINS.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—Could you or any of the readers of SHAFTS give me any information on the subject of artificial flower manufacture? I was told the other day that the dyes used in the work were most injurious to the health of the workers and if it is so, of course one ought to know it, while if it is not true, I should be glad to be able to contradict it, and be certain of my facts.

I remain, yours sincerely,
H. M. HOLDEN.

OUR FELLOWS.

MY DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—I send you a few papers respecting "Our Dumb Friends' League." You will notice how it has grown since Mrs. Matthews first founded it. The Committee was formed last autumn and they had one good Drawing-room Meeting in Princes Gate, and the large meeting I told you of in the rooms of the Photographic Syndicate, 38, Dover Street, when Mrs. Wynford Philipps took the chair and spoke admirably. I think the Society deserves encouragement, and at that meeting the A.V. question was brought forward.

E. M. J.

THE CULT OF BRUTALITY.

MADAM—"We have let brutality die out too much," is the despairing cry of *Blackwood's Magazine* (January) in an anonymous tirade against "The New Humanitarianism." All who want a hearty laugh should read this comical attempt to rehabilitate the rank old savagery of our forefathers, who "burned and marooned and beheaded and shot and fought cocks," as *Blackwood* admirably expresses it: indeed, it would be well if the article could be studied by all thinking people, that they might see how thoroughly brainless is this modern cult of Brutality.

The first thing that strikes one is the absurdity of the "conviction" which *Blackwood* is good enough to foist on the New Humanitarianism—that "death and pain are the worst of evils, their elimination the most desirable of goods." Humanitarians do not say that death and pain are the *worst* of evils. They do not absolutely condemn the infliction of death or pain; what they denounce is the infliction of death or pain unnecessarily. Yet this vital distinction between necessary and unnecessary suffering is entirely ignored by *Blackwood*, except in one sentence, where the necessity of the pain caused by an imperialist policy is incidentally asserted.

Secondly, there is the assertion that humanitarianism is a mere *negative* creed, "all *antis* and no *pros*, all for forbidding and no permitting, for undoing and no doing." No conception of our principles could be more absurdly false. "Humanitarianism is not the cult of pleasure," says *Blackwood*; "that its votaries would be the first to disclaim." On the contrary, I claim emphatically that it *is* the cult of pleasure, but the pleasure of a civilised and humanised being, not of a tiger or a swine. It is precisely because we find the world so beautiful, and life so rich, that we oppose to the uttermost the vandals who would turn a fair garden into a slaughter-house and a hell. "We must not hurt stags," says the advocate of the Old Brutality, "we must not whip criminals, but what may we do?" Life is a blank to this aspiring gentleman if he is not permitted to torture and to slay.

As the editor of *Blackwood* declines to insert a reply to this article, which so grotesquely misrepresents the principles of humanitarianism, I ask your courtesy or the insertion of this letter,

HENRY S. SALT,