

SHAFTS

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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What the Editor Means.

"I KNOW no better thing for a young man," says J. G. Whittier, "than to attach himself to a great but unpopular cause." Surely the same may be said with regard to women of any age. Is it too much to expect from women, that they should defend their sisters in any quarter of the world from the shocking immorality which goes on apace WHILE WOMEN SLEEP OR ARE SILENT? If the life into which so many young girls are forced, is too terrible for their more fortunate sisters and brothers to speak of, or to read, what must it be to those who have to endure it? It is the *absolute duty* of every woman to enquire into, and to make herself thoroughly acquainted with, the *hideous enormities of immorality and cruelty* practised daily and hourly in this country, on the Continent, and in all parts of the world. In Paris recently, proceedings have been taken against some women engaged in supplying young girls to be sacrificed on the altar of vice; a trade so vile that too much cannot be said in its condemnation. Yet, here again, it is the woman who is punished while the man goes free. These young girls, many of whom are not more than ten or twelve years of age, are bought by elderly men who claim the title of gentlemen. (Would not *injamous monsters* be more descriptive?) One such villain (an advocate, it is asserted) who was taken into custody, had about him a memorandum book with the names of hundreds of girls who had been his prey. Can it be understood why this man should have been liberated without punishment, whilst three or four of the women who supplied the girls have been sentenced to fine and imprisonment? The comments of the Paris journals with regard to these women have been very severe, but scarcely a word has been said in condemnation of the men. Are the men then, who purchase these poor children, and whose money supports the vile traffic, not equally, even more infamous, than those who supply the victims to their never-satisfied desires? What is to be done? for this evil goes on apace. So long as women are too pure (?) and too delicate (?) to *hear* what their sisters are forced to *suffer*; too refined (?) to know how horrible is the degradation, how great the agony which these sisters and daughters must endure, so long will this diabolical iniquity flourish unchecked, so long will its victims go down to their death of anguish and shame.

If women will stand forth, shoulder to shoulder, to protest against iniquity, to bring it out of its lurking dens, into the clear light of day, fearing no shame, no outcry, no pointed finger; they will be so strong in their united dauntlessness, that those who would utter sneer or protest, must evermore hide their dishonoured heads. Women are the *MOTHERS* of the race, do they mean *always* to take the law from their sons? Is it fitting that *SHE*, the mother, whose place it is to lead and guide, to raise and purify, should bow to the yoke of her sons; should pretend to listen and learn, where she knows she ought to teach, and to lift up her voice in righteousness? Shame! to those women who will let evil be done and that continually, while they take by the hand the

men who work such evil, and brand as outcasts their partners in guilt. Shame to such women! and the *such* includes every woman, everywhere, who is doing nothing; who is keeping silence, while her fellow creatures, human or animal, are being done to death.

At present, however, the difficulties are very great; but the plan of campaign for the future is easy enough, when the determination of action is joined to the conviction of discontent. An absolute stipulation is, that the Mother must take that place with her children which is her right; that she must train each child in righteousness; teach it the laws of physiology; give it from her treasury the highest mental and moral education, by which I mean the education all mothers can, or ought to be able to give, the training that will enable a child to *LIVE WELL* when it reaches maturity; that will make its life an aspiration and an inspiration, an upward going, ever aiming towards the highest even while it may work among the lowest. If mothers will begin *now* to do this thing, however imperfectly in its beginnings, we need not fear what shall be the moral outlook of the generation now in its cradle.

Cruelty and immorality are so closely allied, that we need not shift our position to look upon them; they produce and reproduce each other.

Dr. Mary Hall proposes that all women should persistently avoid calling into their homes doctors known to be vivisectioners; that they should give their preference and support to medical women and men of humane tendencies. This would effect more than any Act of Parliament, and would practically put an end to vivisection.

High-sounding words are talked about scientific research, but few, if any, would sacrifice their professional prospects for such fame as scientific research can give; more especially as it is becoming more and more widely known that the beneficial results accruing therefrom are *nil*.

Underlying all the apathy apparently existing amongst women is the producing cause, ignorance. When women know what vivisection really is, how utterly unsatisfactory its results, and how awful its tendency, apathy will give place to active moving in this righteous cause.

A Working League has just been formed, under the Presidency of Mrs. Mona Caird, so well known as a writer, also as an ardent and zealous antagonist of vivisection. Many names of women who rank among the forward workers of the day are on the Committee and among the members, who are banded together as the *Independent Anti-Vivisection League*. They are not in connection with any of the already existing societies. The intention is to work among friends, and acquaintances, with anyone with whom the members may come in touch; to spread a network of influence from individual to individual all over the country, to distribute literature, to hold meetings, and in every way, direct and indirect, to prepare to give a death-blow to this awful cruelty, which disgraces our country and our human nature, which destroys the higher impulses of our youth, demoralising all who practise it. Of the evil done to the animals, even beyond cruelty, who can fully speak? The study of evolution may well make

us pause and shudder at its possible consequences. Have animals souls? has long been an unanswered question; unanswered because we are too much engrossed with ourselves and our wants. Yea, surely animals have souls. Are they not but human beings on a rather lower scale, less of mental, though more of physical strength? They are like ourselves on the upward track, evolving to a higher condition—ours perchance? Are we justified in deciding that they do not think? Is it not possible that their powers of thought, though less than our own in degree, are one in kind? If so, how terrible must be their thoughts of us! I could imagine them holding us in the utmost contempt. Yet how faithful and true are the services they render us, even when not under the goad. Like my Lord Tom Noddy, many women and men of society have *nothing to do*, so their lives are full of weariness. Yet work lies around them everywhere, ready to their hands, work which will fill their lives with content and a satisfaction supreme.

WOMEN as politicians, women as doctors, women as lawyers, women as wranglers, women as preachers, women as—anything and everything they may elect to be, is the picture presented to us by the days in which we live. In any one of these callings women have shown, and are showing, marked excellence. Of women as preachers, even the *Times* remarks:—"The first woman to be ordained as a preacher in the Congregational Church in Massachusetts, was Mrs. Amelia A. Frost. Up to a comparatively recent date the injunction of St. Paul against the prominence of women in the Church, has been rarely disobeyed. But the great success in the pulpit of the Rev. Florence Kollock in Chicago, Mrs. Paterson in Boston, and Mrs. Stetson in New York, has shown that women are peculiarly fitted to be religious teachers." What loss has the world sustained! from the too-ready obedience of women to the precepts of this Apostle of the Gentiles.

NO UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath a sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and-by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief!
And day by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

From the Stroud News.

FRUIT AND NUT SUPPLY STORES.—A meeting will be held at the house of Mrs. Percival Johnston, Montague Mansions (opposite British Museum) on July 10th, 1894, at 8 p.m., in order to discuss ways and means for the establishment of Fruit and Nut Co-operative Stores. Persons interested in this question are invited to attend.

Shall Women Have the Vote?

THIS question was answered with enthusiasm at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on Saturday evening, June 9th, 1894, by the voices whose responding is most important, the voices of women. The date is given here in full, as it will be one to be remembered; one to which many will in the future refer with joy. It was significant in its every aspect, of a marked change in the general feeling towards this great movement, and of the rapid advance which women have made. The large Hall was crowded with an audience, earnest, attentive, watchful with that close scrutiny, indicative of a recognition on the part of those who watched that some change, overwhelming in its meaning, approached. The very air we breathed, as we sat expectant, or stood in groups of twos and threes while the Hall was filling, seemed laden with life and power. "The will to do, the soul to dare," pulsed around us, and must have roused to active hope and a look-out of great gladness, the most depressed individual present. Women felt their power; knew that the end of their long, weary struggle, with all its repeated disappointment and pain, was close at hand. Men began to see that "this meant more than they had hitherto imagined," and the shadow of their coming abdication, the end of their single rule, rested upon them. They were for the most part keenly and heartily appreciative, their attitude a marked contrast to the attitude they or their representatives had assumed in years not so long gone by. Many of us do not remember a Suffrage meeting where the interest and applause of the men was so genuine, as was here manifested. As for the women themselves, triumph and the sense of a coming consummation shone on every face, beamed from every eye, while they foresaw the accomplished fact of the vote gained at last, and all that this will mean to women and to humanity.

There was an overflow meeting held in the Polytechnic under the presidency of Mrs. Massingberd, the President and Founder of the Pioneer Club, which is doing its able work in the establishment of a new order of things for women, also a zealous worker in the cause of Temperance, and many other reforms.

Lady ISABEL SOMERSET, who took the chair at 7 p.m., opened the Meeting by a very earnest and eloquent endeavour to put clearly before her audience the great need that woman should take her place in the public work of the world as well as at home.

We have met to-night, she said, with one intent, one conviction; but the manner in which we have arrived at that conviction, and the lines that have deepened in our lives, the interests we are here to consider, have come to us in many ways. History repeats itself, a reform goes through much the same oppositions, arguments, etc., until suddenly, when those who have not watched its progress are quietly looking upon it as just in its infancy, it arrives at a triumphant issue.

The speaker here bore gracious testimony to the wonderful work given to the cause of women's freedom by Mrs. Cady Stanton, and related a touching incident in the life of that earnest woman while still a child. She had early lost her mother and so spent many hours in her father's office, where she constantly heard the stories poured into her father's ears, stories of the wrongs of women. As she listened with wide open eyes to the trembling tones, as she watched the quivering lips of white-faced helpless women, standing by her father's side she would lay her little hand upon his arm and entreat him to protect them, for she knew how powerful he was. And in reply, in grave, deep tones he was wont to answer her that he could not help the women because of the law. Clambering on his knee she made him show her in the great brown volumes the passages in those law books that seemed

to forbid him to help the weak and the defenceless. One day her nurse told the child a story of the sufferings of a woman from a drunken husband who had stolen her earnings. The child listened with quivering lips, and then said, "Never mind; I'll fix it up!" and in awestruck tones she whispered to her how when all had gone to church she would cut out of the law-books all the wicked laws that made life so hard for women. The father afterwards explained to his eager little daughter that it could only be done by changing the laws; the State legislature could alone accomplish this. The words were burned into her childish soul, and looking into his face, she said, "When I grow up I'll get these laws changed!"

"For fifty years this same indomitable woman has laboured by voice and pen; she has passed through all phases of the great reform, and travelled the road of all reformers; she has seen the cause ridiculed and reproached, she has seen it tolerated, and to-day, were she here, she would see it acclaimed by the bravest of England's women. Shall we succeed in obtaining our just demands? There is no class that has ever yet combined to demand a right in any nation that has not finally, after long struggle, obtained that for which they have stood together with loyal solidarity."

Sir JOHN HALL, ex-Governor of New Zealand, said, he would confine himself to the struggle going on in New Zealand. The Women's Franchise was not won suddenly, or easily, or by an accident as it was in one of the American States, but it was won after a struggle of fourteen years, and after much difficulty; we had not to contend so much against solid arguments as against prejudice. This proposal had been before the New Zealand Parliament eight times. It was first brought forward in 1878.

When at last the measure was passed by the House of Representatives, the Upper House of Legislative Council rejected it twice, "but we were not discouraged. We set to work to obtain a proof of public opinion, and the work was very largely done by an organisation called the Women's Christian Temperance Union, or really by a separate branch of this organisation called the Women's Franchise Branch; and Mrs. Sheppard, who will address the meeting this evening, was the head centre, or Number One, of this Women's Franchise organisation; and through her efforts, and the various branches of this society throughout the colony, petitions were sent over and over again to the Legislature from the adult women of New Zealand praying for the grant of the Franchise. One year I had the pleasure of presenting a petition signed by 10,000 adult women; next year a petition with 20,000 signatures, and lastly a petition was sent in with 30,000 signatures. It has been said that the opponents of the Women's Franchise are the publicans; so it is all the world over. The publicans set to work to obtain counter petitions, and employed men at 7s. a day and so much a signature, but although signatures were not wanting it turned out a miserable fiasco.

"I never in my life remember a more exciting scene than when that final stage of the Bill was reached. It was not known whether there was a majority or not, but I am glad to say that the gentlemen of New Zealand took a proper view of their position, and said they had resisted the measure too long, that as the people had pronounced in favour of it they thought it was their duty to pass the Bill, and passed it was."

Mrs. WYNFORD PHILLIPS moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting is of opinion that the Parliamentary Franchise should be granted to women on the same terms as to men, and further declares that, inasmuch as the Registration Bill deals with the qualification for the Franchise in respect of residence and rating, it should also deal with the qualification of sex. Therefore this meeting urges upon every member of Parliament to support such Instruction or Amendment to the Bill as will lead to extending the Franchise to women, and resolves to petition Parliament and memorialise the Government to this effect."

She wished to impress upon her hearers that the vote was

a great thing. Men said, "Oh! never mind the vote, it is but a little thing, and you have such influence." But little things meant great things; and she, for one, would rather have one vote than fourteen influences. The vote would enable women to recognise their own value. They now recognise the right thing, the vote would enable them to do it. It was very bad for women not to be recognised as capable citizens, but far worse was the accepted inference that they were incapable of becoming capable citizens. Were it true—and it was not true—that the vote was a little thing, the lack of it has blinded woman to her capabilities and possibilities. Who were our opponents? Those who were willing that women should be nurses, but not doctors; governesses, but not university students; not willing that they should enter the Post Office, but quite willing they should make manly garments at three farthings per pair; perfectly willing that they should canvass for male relatives and friends, but not at all willing that they should record votes themselves. The best men were those who helped women to obtain the advantages they had found necessary for themselves. Sir John Hall had said: "Do not frighten people by saying you are going to help this party or that;" but I will tell you which party will be helped—the Woman's Party. In a word, women want the vote, as it forms the keystone to the arch of their liberties.

Miss WILLARD said:—Susan B. Anthony was a sort of individual woman, into the remotest convolution of whose head it had never entered, that when she had something to say she should not say it. Wishing to speak at a school convention she rose to her feet, which so scared the chairman that he got quite white and asked, "What does the lady want?" Though Susan B. sat down then, she determined that she would from that day go forth among the human family and tell them *what the lady wanted*. This she has been doing ever since, and was now seventy-five years of age. Alluding to the great number of women present, Miss Willard said, "this is Ladies' Night, and is, I think, much better for the race than 'Ladas' Day.'" A coloured statesman in her country had said that, "In the long run the knowledge of a country might safely be left to look after its ignorance; and its vice safely be left in the charge of its virtue." But the trouble was, that vice was always in the active and virtue often in the passive voice. "Vice loves a close clutch, its weapons are keen, and it indulges in a hand-to-hand encounter with a zest and vim. Virtue likes to fight its unsavoury antagonist at finger-tips' length, its great guns are unwieldy and point out to vacancy, instead of being shotted to the muzzle and sent banging into the eyes of its foe. Vice, tiger-like, is sharp and alert, with stealthy, silent tread; but virtue is like a huge, complacent, easy-going old elephant, whose great stumbling block lies in its *vis inertia*; in that 'it knew it could an' if it would.' In these days, however, of temperance and labour reform, and of the woman's movement, the virtuous elephant seems to be getting under weigh. I notice a gleam of hope in that dull eye, the leather ears that used to lie like the sails of a ship becalmed, are standing up straight; and well they may, for a cyclone is pouring into each one of them. As it moves forward I see by the eye of faith one of its big feet crushing through a keg of 'Liquid Sunshine,' and the other coming straight down on a barrel of 'Lord Burton's Best.' 'I sing, 'Arms and the Man,' wrote Virgil of old; but I," added Miss Willard, "sing Women and the Ballot."

Mrs. SCATCHERD, of Leeds, had come, she said, from her home in the north with great pleasure to help in answering this question, "Shall women have the vote?" She had noted a great accession to the rank of Women Suffragists. Tens of thousands of women were now asking for the Franchise that were not with us in other days. She wished these women would put these resolutions into practical shape: that they would

not lift a finger to help into Parliament a man who would vote for their disenfranchisement when he got there. They had heard of the enormous number of temperance women who had come to the ranks, and she wished to speak of a third group of women—a most unique group—those who by their efforts had acquired a little property—she meant the co-operative women. These women help to build up, maintain, and uplift all their race; and now lastly, but not least—nay, indeed, they were the foremost—she spoke of another class of women, the wives of the working men. It was her good fortune to live amidst the miners and factory weavers; to share the life of the people as much as one who had the wherewithal to live and be clothed could share their lives. These women were beginning to understand labour disputes; they had found out that they were partners with their husbands and that they were going to help them and be helped in the future. She lived in a town where last autumn they had riots. She wanted to say that the women took part in these riots. She merely wished to point out that the women were there, and that they were a physical as well as a moral force. Two millions of these wives had been educated in our board schools, and they were making use of that education. One opinion she had heard expressed by some of them lately was that it was scandalous that this country should want twenty-three millions of money to provide more war-ships, and that women were not going to give their sons, husbands, brothers, to be killed in this way. "If you want international arbitration," she said, "give the women votes." Another cry we heard was the heart-rending cry of the mother in the London courts: "Give me access to my child;"—the cry of Mrs. Thompson touched women's hearts to the quick when she said, "I have not seen my little girl for three years." She said, "there is no justice in this land for a woman." We have sought that poor woman, and done what personal sympathy may do for her, but she is in the grip of this dreadful law—we could not change all this until women had votes. Some of our legislators seemed to think it a sort of Christian duty to withhold justice from women. Women had gone too far in self-sacrificing, they had gone till it had grown into an evil. How long were we to wait for bare rigid justice to be done to women? "When will our legislators listen to the down-trodden woman?" It is sheer nonsense to say that participation in public affairs will unfit her for the performance of higher functions. It is hunger, over-work, misery, despair, injustice, slavery, which unsex women and drive them to despair. We rejoice in these societies of women that are now demanding the vote. Women must combine and stand firm by each other, then they would be listened to, the vote won, and justice done.

Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT said:—"This is one of our birthdays, for we never have a meeting of this kind without making new converts. We are on the side of right, and, therefore, bound to win, and though we think twenty or fifty years a long time in which to fight for right, it will seem but a moment when we have won. Do you think for a moment that all our good men who have been working night and day for reforms would have had to work so long if women possessed what is theirs by right, the vote? Those who are here to-night have undertaken a solemn obligation, though many have come only to cheer, because we are so near success. Remember, that we want your brains and heart and every faculty. We have come to a crisis in this work; our vessel has been tossed on some very rough waves, but already the harbour-lights are being sighted, and we hear the cry, 'Do not give up.' We are most of us well-to-do, well-dressed, and pretty comfortable, but do not forget that there are in London to-night thousands that will go to bed supperless, friendless, and with so dark an outlook that the future to them is hardly worth having. They are 'our cause;' it is for them as well as for ourselves that we ask for the vote. With all my heart

and soul I second this resolution, and I entreat everyone of you to pass it as you have never passed one before."

Madame ANTOINETTE STERLING's songs helped much to the inspiring fervour which filled every heart. She also spoke a few earnest words, she said:—"Nobody asked me to speak, but I have two messages, one from Edinburgh, from a large Suffrage meeting called by John Bright's sister, and the question was asked, 'How is it that the butler, stableman, and every other man on the premises has a vote, and that the mothers and daughters are kept silent by the laws of England?' The other message, she said, is from God. 'I was at a meeting in St. James's Hall, where I went to sing, and as I sat waiting in the stillness where God is, I heard words which I was impelled to utter, they were these:—'If women are so inefficient, how is it that the Supreme Who is Omnipotent has made them the mothers of the human race?'"

Mrs. STANTON BLATCH, whose speech told in every word, said:—"New York was at present on fire on the question of Women's Suffrage. She hoped England was so too. They were holding a Constitutional Convention at New York to decide on certain amendments to be referred to the people. Every man, even lads, over twenty-one years of age, whether foreign or national, were called up to decide whether such women as her mother, Miss Willard, and others should have the right to vote. At a meeting a short time ago, the chairman, a well-known man, had said: "The whole pith of the question lies in this, if you women want the vote, you must fight." Her mother had replied: "Yes, I am quite willing to fight, as you did during the Civil War, by sending a substitute." This was more than a clever retort, it stated a great truth of Nature. Women kept to the rear in time of war as they were the producers of the race. This was natural selection, not chivalry. "No, gentlemen," added the speaker, "you cannot play that game off upon us any longer. Men are quite willing to represent us when we want to record our votes, but where can we find men willing to represent us when we pay our taxes, willing to represent woman when she is going to gaol, or when she is condemned to death, taking her place and representing her on the gallows, for, gentlemen, you are not built on that plan." "Everything would not be made better to-morrow by women having her vote, but every woman would feel a difference in her status.

"Go to the professional women, ask the working women, how it works against them. It works in a double law of morality, the rich man battens on the poor starving working woman. I am an American from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, but when I married an Englishman I lost my nationality in the eye of the law, which says the wife must follow the husband. Why do men dare to interfere with us? Because we have no votes. Why do the Americans dare to be unjust to the Chinese? Because they have no votes. Why dare they not be unjust to the Irish and Germans? Because they have votes. The Chinese cramp the feet of their women, the English cramp the opinions, the brains of English women. I would rather have my feet cramped than my brains and opinions, if I must choose. But I choose to stand on my own feet, to make myself felt. Every woman wants to make herself felt, not to be represented! Men must prepare to allow us to represent ourselves. We have to stand the racket of life as much as they, and more so. Give us a fair field and no favour. Democracy is in favour of woman's vote, and the opposition to Woman's Suffrage is really disbelief in Democracy. The heart of the people is in the right place. It was not the Gladstones, not the intelligence of England that had helped America to win in the Civil War. It was the factory weavers, the cotton spinners of Lancashire, who refused to bring any pressure to bear on their representative. They stood face to face with poverty and remained true. Do not forget that half of them were women, and it

A Plea for Moral Education.

By GERTRUDE KAPTEYN.

"Yet every heart contains perfection's germ."

Shelley.

The food of Hope
Is meditated action; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also; for we live by Hope
And by Desire; we see by the glad light,
And breathe the sweet air of Futurity;
And so we live, or else we have no life.

We hear the mighty stream of Tendency,
Uttering, for elevation of our thought;
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude, whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labour on the plain below.

The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless.
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts.
No mystery is here; no special boon
For high and not for low, for proudly graced
And not for meek of heart.

Change wide and deep, and silently performed,
This land shall witness, and as days roll on
Earth's universal frame shall feel the effect,
Even till the smallest habitable rock,
Beaten by lonely billows, hears the songs
Of humanized Society.

—From Book IXth of the "Excursion," by W. Wordsworth.

WITH an ever-widening prospect of human efforts, aims, hopes, chances and possibilities; with an ever-growing development of physical and intellectual means and wealth; it is no wonder that, amongst the many of our senses which by this general onward movement have been quickened, our sense of responsibility also has deepened, and that questions, which before were hardly considered, have lately pressed themselves forward with marked decision. It is a common, an almost stale saying, that ours is an eventful time; but common as the saying may be, it nevertheless contains truth. We are living in a wonderful age, in a century of rapid evolution, of action and re-action. It is not only through the mazy discoveries of science that conditions have changed, it is also through art, the sphere of sensation and emotions, through philosophy and intelligence, with its world of thought, that a great excelsior is heard; and human life by contact with these powerful agents is growing richer and intenser every day. Acknowledging all these great possibilities of raising the general standard of life, it becomes a duty to listen to that sense of responsibility which desires to turn all we have received, and are still receiving, into true grain, instead of allowing ourselves to be overthrown and confused by those very gifts of modern life; a risk so serious, that it causes some to look upon reaction as a necessity and a safeguard.

Indeed, not all the symptoms of the age are reassuring; not all the tendencies are beneficial. The greater the accumulation of the relics of the past, the greater are the dangers and difficulties of choosing amongst them.

Humanity at the present day seems more than ever floating without a guiding principle. Many of the beacon lights of days gone by, have lost their power of inspiring hope and of giving strength. Those who suffer most by it are undoubtedly the young. Left by sceptical, or weak-minded, or easy-going parents and teachers in a bewildering mist on nearly every point of importance in the development of their spiritual life, they are in this period of transition at so great a disadvantage that, even for the stronger natures, it is difficult to overcome this by their own efforts only.

The so-called "*Fin de siècle décadence*," is a serious symp-

was the women who suffered most. The triumph was due to the Lancashire lass. In Heaven's name then, give these women the right to express their opinions and take their part in the politics of the country."

Mrs. SHEPPARD:—It was an encouraging sight to see Mrs. Sheppard, an elector of New Zealand, rise with such great determination to tell of the struggle and the triumph of her countrywomen, who are now in possession of the franchise. She thanked the women of England and America for the help they had given to New Zealand in her struggle to do justice. She alluded to the number of times the women's petitions had been put into the waste paper basket. This women did not like, and were determined to put an end to. Some said women's place was at home. Women were sick of hearing that nonsense, she hoped they would say something else now. But the home influence was always the best influence. Many had urged it would cause quarrels in families. The time had come when women must have their freedom, and individually they were human beings, with all the thoughts, aspirations and determinations, also rights of human beings. No class, race or sex can ever be represented by another class; it must be in their own hands. Mrs. Sheppard and her sister—Mrs. May—are at present in England; we shall all be sorry to lose them when they return to their own country; but we wish them a still more prosperous career, and trust that the bond between this country and New Zealand may be strengthened by their visit.

Mrs. Jacob Bright conferred a great boon on this meeting by sending Mrs. Stanton Blatch to speak. It is not possible by pen to do justice to her bright, inspiring words. Nor to those of the other brave women who spoke on this never-to-be-forgotten evening. Will it be productive of the results hoped for, or will men still take advantage of their usurped power, and still keep women out of their just claims. If so, what will women do next? We shall see, for they are resolved to win.

Then came a figure which touched our hearts very closely, that noble woman and Labour Leader, Mrs. Amie Hicks. She spoke last, but is one of the foremost women of her day. She told in a few strong words the reasons why the working women sought the ballot for their protection, both as women and as workers. "She had not come," she said, "to make a long speech. 'I want the vote,'" she said "because I see women of the class to which I belong working long hours in unwholesome factories and workshops, for a wage that, after deductions and fines, which often amount to one-fourth of the income, does not leave them enough to exist upon. I want the vote because I see this state of things going on, and because we are told that it is a necessity. I want the vote because I see that society makes two laws of morality for men and for women, aided by the Government. I see that vice is made easy for man, while his partner, who is too often his victim, is made an outcast. I want the vote because, as a mother, I demand the right to protect my children from that legalised temptation that is placed in their way at every street corner. I want the vote because I see men and women in growing numbers who are driven deeper and deeper to despair and misery by their surroundings; men and women struggling with slow starvation and death for a living wage. It is but a year ago that scenes were witnessed in Trafalgar Square at midnight of men, women and children lying on the bare stones, with nothing to cover them from the rain, with no hope, but despair.

"These human beings were driven there by the injustice of society. But we see arising a new power—the people, and part of the people are women, and we demand our right to share in the counsels of the nation because we wish to see it wisely governed in the interest of all."

tom; we hear of many failures of the most nobly endowed souls, who, in the very agony of their highly strung natures grapple in vain with the complex phenomena and problems around them and in them. They are the victims of their own unbalanced existence and a generally unbalanced age; they are like ships without sails, or boats without boatmen, on the wide and fitful sea of life.

Sad as this may sound, we are eager to express the belief, that the remedy of these evils lies in human nature itself. Latent in every being there is the great factor, which, once roused and properly trained, can bring salvation. The moral factor exists; we are responsible for its growing or dying, and it is high time that our sense of responsibility should set to work in the right direction.

The moral factor, the desire for good, must be, and can be, the salvation of each and all of us. It is the only natural, the only true power, which can make life perfect. It might appear superfluous to dwell on the importance of training this factor in the young, but for the fact that, in the almost overburdened list of requirements for a good education, moral education, or instruction, has been almost completely left out. To investigate *why* this should be so seems, quite as necessary as an attempt to show *how* this might be altered, although the latter point is universally considered as being so great a difficulty, that a silent ignoring of the whole matter seems, in consequence thereof, to be very generally adopted.

One of the departments in which the restless spirit of inquiry, urged by the decided symptoms of an ever-increasing want, has of late years achieved great amelioration of conditions, is certainly the department of sanitary science and sanitary arrangements. The study of hygiene, the spread of its knowledge by lectures and writing, as well as by the forming of societies to undertake the special care of these matters, is one of the most precious gifts of our latter day awakeness.

Late experience has, however, proved but too clearly that the mind cannot always be reached by physical means only; nay, even the body is proved to be frequently better helped by spiritual influence. This activity of the mind is a most powerful agent in the prevention and cure of disease. The interdependence of mind and body is only understood if a proper study is made of the perfect training of both, so that neither side is neglected.

Hypnotism, applied in the right way, that is, arousing the spirit to influence the functions of the body, has frequently more healing action on the body than the drugs and medicine so eagerly taken for all sorts of complaints. And what is lack of morality or immorality other than a disease; or morality but health, saneness, balance, a complete natural process of development? It is in this direction that the task of moral education rests, and fully ripe is the time when men and women who feel able to do so and who are attracted by this work, should unite and give their best attention and thought to a branch of education, so vital in importance that the neglect of it is almost a stain of our many-sided civilisation.

Is it not evident that the great ignorance, the unconsciousness in which so many are allowed to grow up with regard to their emotional as well as their intellectual qualities, leaves them utterly incompetent to grapple with the difficulties of a life which grows ever more complex?

It is this very richness, this very complexity of modern life, which is so bewildering, and which makes moral guidance and tuition an imperative necessity. Owing to the manifold developments in all branches, fresh efforts are needed to help each human being to its fullest realization. The new spirit, or better expressed, the Spirit of the Age (for has not each century its characteristic tendency?) which is in the air, must be caught, realized, and its finest essence must be given to the young as food for the formation of their

characters and deeds. We all, members of this generation, ought to be stirring and working, in order to hand over to those that follow the best of our harvest. Surely it wants a strong soul, a strong mind, and a brave heart to enter upon life rightly and fearlessly.

It wants great power of resistance to stand events and shocks, it wants insight and consciousness to steer rightly through the difficulties, the temptations, the troubles which are bound to appear.

Let us therefore try to prepare the minds of the young and thus equip them for the stormy life which is before them. To leave this matter of moral education so coolly alone is one of the worst features of a system of *laissez faire*, which in so many cases we have learned to regret, and which already in many instances in social life is successfully given up for a well directed and intelligent interference.

It is certainly easier to leave things alone, to believe with goodly optimism that, somewhere, some one will take these matters in hand, or that all will come right in time. Yes, or go wrong in time.

No happy-go-lucky unconsciousness will ever reach the goal or solve a problem so important as the one of spending one's life nobly and highly, as a benefit to one's self and as a gain to the community. And even if some few do find the higher consciousness and the right road slowly and by their own efforts, what a waste of time and thought and energy does this process involve; instead of which an untold amount of happy fellowship, sympathy, and love would result, under the influence of a careful teacher, amongst fellow students in search of the solution of the same problem.

To the serious-minded, the why of this plea for moral education will seem self-evident, and we have now to deal with the strange reluctance of those persons who remain opposed to any movement in the direction of practical work.

Besides indifference there seems to be a doubt as to the possibility or even desirability of moral teaching, a doubt whether the moral feelings of the young could ever benefit by outside interference.

Indifference might be left alone, as being a rock on which we hardly want to shatter our force of persuasion; the other forces named we hope to defeat. The two most common opinions, even amongst those who fully appreciate the why, as urged above, are:—

1. That moral teaching is best left to the parents.
2. That special moral education would create that most unbearable of all creations, "the prig."

As to the first, we may answer, that if all homes and all parents were as they should be, the objection might be considered. But even in such a case an outside influence is desirable for the sake of consciousness of fellowship which arises, pre-eminently, in that kind of education which touches the inner life, emotions, feelings, and sympathies. Mere home-training would probably fail to convey to the child the impression that it belongs to a circle larger than the home, to a world, to a humanity, of which each home is but a small part and might be a small image. This social interest, which moral training, given in a larger circle, must produce, is an advantage which cannot be prized too highly.

As to the second objection, it contains some truth, there is some ground for it: as there is also for the very general doubt as to the real success of moral education.

It is, however, necessary to point out, that these objections do not affect moral education itself, but the way and the spirit in which, till recently, moral education has been dealt with. Where even a specialist on the subject has been known to complain of the flatness into which moral education is apt to degenerate, one can hardly wonder that in the estimation of the general public this idea of flatness reigns uppermost; it is undoubtedly the crucial point on which all attempts in favour of the subject are liable to split.

It is this fact that we have to deal with, it is this dislike, in itself fully justified, that must be removed before any success can be expected.

But here as elsewhere, throughout the whole sphere of teaching, a revolution has already begun. The finest thinkers and educators of our time have already altered the *basis* and are raising the *aim*.

We know that the handbooks of the past have nearly all the unfortunate tendency, we might say the "knack," of arousing a dislike on account of their standard being of the most conventional type and the least elevating kind. They generally consist of a code of laws, and are based on authority. Their main object seems to be a struggle against evil rather than an inducement to do and to be good.

It is through this mistake that the present teaching of morals fails, fails to inspire, fails to convince; people turn away—and who will blame them?—from systems which, from their very lack of life and enthusiasm, are perfectly powerless to mould human nature. For after all, this is what moral education ought to be, a moulding of human nature, a development of the human heart and mind, and the germs for good which these invariably contain. Moral education should aim at the evolution of all our good qualities, which by their growth will inevitably overpower and subdue, if not expel, all evil tendencies. Only the highest aim is fit for the highest calling, and it will strengthen the hope that sympathy, perseverance, and patience will finally lead to success.

The foundation on which this conception of morality rests, is an inward desire of the human heart for good; and from this must evolve the will which leads to fruitful action. Great attention, then, has to be given to this powerful agent, but no cramping, no straining, no outside force can directly guide this will, the bending or breaking of which is not at all desirable, and would tend to destroy rather than to develop.

The moving springs of our being are the soul and the heart, and these have to be carefully handled. It is on these factors that the foundation rests on which the moral teacher has to build, and from these will spread that vitality which, led into the right channels by proper instruction, will prove a benefit to each individual and to the race.

For this kind of teaching material abounds. Every feature of life, nature, history, science, art, religion, are the inexhaustible sources from which lessons can be drawn, whose object it is to exhort to righteousness and good conduct by showing them in their true light as lovable in themselves and for their own sake. Indeed, the material for this teaching is so abundant that the difficulty lies, not in the finding, but in selecting. There are no doubt many experts in the mental and ethical sciences, students of philosophy and psychology, many able men and women who would enjoy taking up this subject by making it an earnest study, and devoting some of their time to so noble a branch of education. It is a great task, and pre-eminently a task of our times. On the sea of ever-growing human acquirements, beacon lights of ideas and ideals must be lit, to strenuously cling to, when twilight and darkness bring danger.

A few words before ending. It ought to be clear that from the very beginning we, who have this subject at heart, must steer clear of the misconception, that we shall be all-powerful, or that this teaching can offer an all-healing medicine, or promise a never-failing cure. It should be understood that it is not a new, all saving sort of religion, nor the long-expected gospel for which in every age poor humanity is so eagerly longing, not a new system or catechism, which we wish to draw up in the disguise of this or that form of belief. No such pretensions are assumed, for, in our opinion, they would collapse, as all pretensions do which try to offer the solution of all problems by ignoble attacks on the superstitions and many other weaknesses of the human mind; it would collapse for want of truth; it would collapse as a

backward instead of a forward movement. An effort in the direction of moral education, as explained above, is simply an attempt to help the young, by turning to account the experience of our own life, and by communicating our own conception of life.

In this way we could influence the more rapid development of the tendencies towards good; thus understood, moral education might become one of the greatest helps to increase the sum of universal happiness, and by guiding the ever-ripening intellect and emotions, raise humanity to a higher standard.

Where Women and other Workers Gather.

THE Bond of Union met this month at the home of Mrs. Roller, The Grange, Clapham. It was a genuine treat for tired, busy women, after the meeting was over, to wander through the beautiful grounds, to enjoy the fresh air and the sweet breath of flowers, and to chat with their kind hostess and other friends. Who can tell what chords are touched, what friendships knit, what thoughts awakened, to send their vibrations through many souls by these meetings of earnest women, each and all full of instinctive, great desire to do something to roll the World of Ideas into fuller light.

Miss Lord, in a paper read by Miss Abney Walker, said:

A year has gone by since we were here, in this pleasant room, discussing novels. Since then many a novel must have been projected, published, read—and perhaps forgotten.

When I want to get a just view of anything, I seek out contrasts in that particular line. I re-read *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, by Annie Brontë.

The topics are much as in *The Heavenly Twins* or in *Key Notes*. The intentions purport to be the same; but it is all different. The contrast consists in the superior refinement of the older book, and its inferior knowledge of life and the world. One fact is revealed by every such excursion into the past in search of some contrast; and this fact is, that the questions which agitate us were just as "burning" in any other age or decade. Why, then, are they still "burning" and not burnt out?

The questions are not burnt out, but the treatment is. This present meeting has for its topic: "What teaching do people seem to be assimilating with most avidity? What teaching is having the deepest effect on them, whether they know it or not?"

At this point a quotation from the pen of Mr. Grant Allen was read, as giving a masculine view of recent literature about women, and showing how widely different is men's way of looking at things from ours, when they write concerning women.

Miss Lord proceeded:

Pause and listen to these discordant claims. In vain do these various teachers shout, like Dickens' people at election time—

"Codlin's the friend; not Short."

Perhaps some juvenile voter may believe in Codlin or Short; but no person of experience could look upon either of these gentry as the heaven-sent bulwarks of the British constitution.

Now, I submit, that the teaching which people are most affected by, whether they know it or not, is: that these Sex questions must admit of solution, or so many bright minds would not rush to the attempt. And as to "What sort of teaching people are assimilating with most avidity," that depends on their temperament and "make up." But it is a sort of circle. If the majority in the world are of a kind we will call A, then the A style of teaching will be the most popular and easiest to assimilate; while if the B kind, or C, or any other, the same effect will follow. And yet, regardless of these kinds of minds being in any particular proportion, there is teaching which is affecting them all alike, and WHETHER THEY WILL OR NOT. This teaching is, as I have said, that the questions in debate do admit of solution, and this said teaching is given, not by any one teacher among the noisy host, but by the spectacle of this very host—not one of whom has the right teaching or is one whit to be preferred before another as the required "Guide, Philosopher and Friend."

Let me illustrate by a simile. You know that electric light alters colours; how we talk of seeing a thing "in a new light;" (by which we generally mean from a new position, the actual light being the same).

When I see the host of sex novelists, I turn upon them my own private electric lantern, much as the policeman turns his bull's eye upon the dirt, in Hudson's soap advertisement; and lo! the motley crew change in colours strangely. Their gay hues of popularity become the dull rags of beggars; the quiet tints of the truthful become radiant; and—since electricity is said to be equally translatable into sound—the noisy become mute as a dummy piano, while those drowned by their clamour are heard, breathing Love and Nature.

The writers who love true Love and true Nature do not weary us, but only those, who, themselves weary of a Love they cannot feel, and of a Nature from which they did not spring, write from motives far removed from either.

Whoever perceives the New Order stealing over the world, can see that it will melt out these tiresome people, with their fussy attempts to set things in order—a task for which they are incompetent.

The following adventure of *Alice in Wonderland* may serve as a parable to illustrate my position. (It is not from the pen of Mr. Lewis Carroll):—

Alice was wandering in Wonderland, when she found in the Royal Palace a wardrobe of old lace, belonging to the King and Queen, anyone might see; these laces were of every age, and so beautiful that Alice fingered them reverently. They seemed in sad disorder. "I wonder the Queen doesn't have them tidied," thought Alice. Just then there came in a troop of men and women so noisy that she put her fingers to her ears, and the delicate cobwebs of lace fluttered even on their shelves, as these beings yelled.

"We are come to tidy the Royal Wardrobe."

"Might I help you?" said Alice, timidly.

They stared and then they shouted: "No! we have to be prepared for the task most particularly. Why! you've been touching the lace with clean fingers, I do believe," said one to Alice.

"How do you prepare?" said Alice.

"First we put on boxing gloves, then we blindfold each other, even those who were born blind, because it's safer; and then we all go up the chimney and down again. Then we take our pitchforks and come."

"Have you any names?" asked Alice.

This made them shout worse than ever.

Alice tried to see some sense in it.

"And what is the use of the pitchforks?" she asked.

"To mend the lace, of course."

"But aren't the King and Queen vexed, when you . . ."

"We don't know the King and Queen," they interrupted.

"There are no such people as the King and Queen; they're only names," screamed several.

But Alice saw the King and Queen enter, and as they passed through the room, the noisy crowd melted away, and the beautiful laces lay in perfect order, and a little boy whom Alice seemed to know so well, was putting his arm round her as she fell asleep.

Athletes so sooty, so blind, and so clumsy could do nothing,

Clean Children could do all.

But the Clean Children are not born yet,

They are still in Wonderland. . . .

From amongst those who listened to this reading, a spirit voice seemed to cry out so loud, it seemed a wonder to the one whose ears heard it, that all present did not start from their seats, so great was the gladness it produced; it said:

"Nay, some of the myriads of clean children who are to be born, ARE WITH YOU NOW, open your eyes, ye who languish and yearn, and see them; for they are not a few, and their work has begun."

Miss Frances Williams read by proxy, a paper on the Dramatic Unities of Aristotle, Time, Place, and Action. She said:—

I remember in my early novel-reading days, how a word of mine about Whyte Melville's *Gladiators*, which I was devouring with youthful enthusiasm, called forth from a literary relative the remark:—"Yes, it is a clever book, but it violates all the dramatic unities."

I was puzzled, of course, as most children are by the stray phrases of grown-up people, until it was explained to me that great lapses of time, or great distances traversed in a play or a novel, would be confusing to the plot, and that the characters must not act quite inconsistently in different chapters, or there would be nothing to distinguish them one from another.

All this I was told was taught by Aristotle, but genius was never tied to rules. Many of us, no doubt, have had our minds stirred in childhood by some such explanations; and—spending our after-life in watching rules made, for the multitude to obey, and for genius to disobey—have at last found out the reason of it all. It is in this way that I have at last discovered what I believe to be the key to a great deal of the discontent we feel with modern art, in a comprehensive view of the dramatic unities. These, indeed, are, in truth, merely a form constructed for the purpose of expressing an idea, and are useless alike to the inspired, who need no formulas, and to the uninspired, who cannot reach to that which alone makes true art—the well-spring of life which transcends all formulas. Life may illuminate form; but mere form can never become life. The artist must always give to the form created, the idea which gives it life; and this, which I call *Life* and *Idea*, is not multiform or in fragments, like the differentiated world of form, but belongs to the plane of universal principles, and can be reached only by heroic souls having their own basis on that plane. Form cannot, then, be expected to express an idea adequately; the most it can do is to be a guide-post to those who know. The particular form of words we are now discussing contains the general idea of the representation of the piecemeal. That is to say, that amongst the multiform collection of things in the Universe, *one* thing, or one set of things, in one particular position, is set forth as a representation of life as we know it, and this has been variously explained as the development of character. The three dramatic unities of action, place, and time, were laid down as essential; though it has always been allowed that true genius could dispense with them.

The truth is, that as genius possesses the idea, it has no need of the form: on the other hand, the sort of imitative talent which produces the semblances that, now-a-days, pass for works of art, has constant need of the form as a framework on which to stretch the mock-creative, during the process of embellishment.

This distinction between genius the creator, and talent the imitator, is of much wider application than one is at first inclined to suppose. It is a fundamental substratum of character. Genius produces a sense of reality, of wholeness, of life; talent that of manufacture, of the fragmentary, the inanimate. Lasting work is done by those only, who are inspired with idea. No merely formal work can long survive its manufacture.

Modern fiction is mainly produced by those who are devoid of the idea of the unities, though guided by their form.

The study of human character tends to show that the world is peopled with a few heroines, still fewer heroes, and a crowd of common people, not perhaps quite in the proportion found in a bee-hive, but with some approximation to it. We all know, too, the history of fiction: how it began in early drama with a heroine, a hero and a chorus. This has developed into the modern novel. The present corrupt state of fiction is due to literature having passed from an art to a trade. This state of things is of such recent growth that some of us have seen its childhood, if not its birth. If we could go deep enough into our own souls, we should also see the reason of this change, if not the cure; even through the fogs and storms of this marred, but yet beautiful world.

With characters as with authors, the world is divided into the heroic or ideal class—the class to which genius belongs; and the chorus, or formal class. The class of manufacturers, the chorus class, is by far the larger of the two; any one can see that. There are within it both good and bad specimens of the working bees of the world. There are those who toil for their daily bread, and serve others with more or less patience; those who till the ground or tend beasts with a pride in their work; those who spend long days in unhealthy occupations to amass money; who stitch, or cook, or toil.

Those also who lay violent hands on the property of others: who defraud the poor of their savings, or gain, by reprehensible means, the wealth and position that cannot be won fairly. Again, we see those that work with pen and pencil, and with other arts, in this class, but they have one distinguishing feature; they always work with self in view, for property, position, ease. This is but a broad sketch, but these are practical everyday people, business-like in their habits and amenable to reason, and the success which usually crowns their efforts is justly their due.

How different the heroic class! That complex network of destiny and desire, of high aims planted in a sordid world, of fine ideals in a gross body of flesh. What wonder if such as these,—sensitive, exasperated, or melancholy,—serve as a theme for fiction! The key by which to detect them is in their fine-strung reciprocity; their ready response, the moment a human chord is struck. They are tiresome people to deal with; often unmanageable, fitful, incomprehensible, and unlucky; but sound them to their depths, and hidden stores are revealed of tenderness, of courage, of genius. Here and there they may be found in obscure places, living in a home of dual happiness such as no words can tell, but this is rare. They are mostly lonely, neglected, despised, and unfortunate, or else so venerated by the veneer of the chorus class, as to be unrecognisable. Still there are rare cases, not only of true love, but also of genius famous during life.

My contention is, that authors who do not belong to the heroic class are quite unfitted to draw a hero, still less a heroine. Most modern writers are mere manufacturers;—this is shown by their works.

Miss Williams then proceeded to criticise very cleverly one or two novels, *The Yellow Aster*, *Stephen Remax*, *Ships That Pass in the Night*, and *Barabbas*, remarking as she passed on two novels of a past time, *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Humphrey Clinker*,—concluding with these words:

You will then, I think, agree with me, that to treat a heroic theme, a heroic genius is needed, and that the essential idea of the dramatic unities,—oneness of purpose,—can never be adequately represented in a formula stating that there must be unity in action, place, and time, or indeed by any other formula, even though constructed by Aristotle.

We much regret being unable from want of "Notes" to reproduce Miss Whitehead's remarks, which were admirable, especially in her comparison of the writings of Aristotle and Plato. At this Bond of Union the thoughts of women find expression—and that is what women really want. It is not with them so much a want of education, as a want of opportunity to express thought, and to exercise the powerful creative faculty which they possess.

John Bull's Justice.

A FABLE.

By W. H. G.

'Who made the law thet hurt, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails?

'J. B.' was on his shirts, John,
Unless my memory fails."

Lowell.

ONCE upon a time, there was a large school of girls and boys in an out-of-the-way parish in the North of England. All classes of children attended the school, as there was no other within many miles, and there were two large playgrounds, one for the boys and the other for the girls. The girls played tennis, the boys cricket and football.

Once a year the schoolmaster invited the two best elevens in the neighbourhood to have a cricket match on the grounds, which were thrown into one for the occasion. Usually the boys played with balls, bats and wickets which were smaller and lighter than men's; but the schoolmaster kept a remarkably good set in a cupboard high up in the wall, for the use of the men who came to play once a year. The school had a whole holiday on that day, and amused themselves by watching the play.

A few of the boys used sometimes to gather together, after school, round the cricket-cupboard, and grumble because they were not allowed to use the grown-up set themselves. These boys were usually the most lazy, who never did much good to their own side, but often a certain amount to that of their opponents, when they did condescend to play with the other boys. A certain set of girls, too, stayed in the schoolroom, partly to talk to these boys, partly because they did not much care about playing. One of the boys who was most frequently to be seen talking rather than playing, was Tom Price, son of the squire. He always had plenty of pocket money, which he usually spent on sweets or balls for himself. He was rather stupid, very lazy, and had few scruples. If only he could escape punishment himself, he did not much care who suffered, or what rascality he might perpetrate.

A little girl named Mary Hughes, the daughter of a poor washerwoman, a widow, with a large family, used often to have little talks with Tom. Her mother, who did not know what sort of a boy Tom was, but only that he was the son of the squire, rather encouraged the intimacy, as she thought he might sometimes give Mary a few coppers to supplement the often scanty breakfast which the poor child had before she went to school. Mary herself, a timid girl with pretty, light hair, and not too many brains, was of course proud of being spoken to by a big boy like Tom, and the son of the squire too. One day, Tom and Mary were left alone in the schoolroom after the rest of the children had gone out to play. Tom looked enviously towards the cricket cupboard, and said:

"Oh, how I do wish I had that splendid cricket-ball. I think old Goggles might let us play with it sometimes; but he's a regular screw, and thinks we are only children, and anything will do for us."

Mary said: "Well, we are all alone, and I won't peach, why don't you get it?"

"I can't reach," said Tom, stretching his hand lazily towards the bottom of the cupboard.

"What will you give me if I get up on your shoulder and get it down for you," said Mary.

Tom's eyes glittered.

"A whole sixpence," he said, in a sudden fit of generosity.

Mary's eyes sparkled. She had never had a whole sixpence in her life before.

"Quick," she said, "lift me up, and I will get it for you in no time."

But alas for Mary, just as she was safely hoisted up, in walked the schoolmaster.

Mary was too much engaged in routing out the cupboard to hear or see him; but Tom saw him, pushed Mary right into the cupboard, and walked away, putting his hands into his pockets and beginning to whistle. The schoolmaster, however, who had seen what was going on, went to the cupboard and pulled Mary down by her foot in no very gentle way. Mary at first thought it was Tom, and looked horribly frightened on seeing the schoolmaster's face.

"What are you doing there, you naughty girl?" he asked.

"Getting a cricket ball for Tom," she said, crying.

"What do you want with cricket balls? you don't play cricket," said the schoolmaster.

"Tom said he would give me sixpence if I got it down for him, and I am so hungry."

"You shameless girl, so you didn't want it for yourself, but only because Tom was going to give you sixpence for it. You are worse than Tom, who had the excuse that he wanted a good game."

"But I was hungry," pleaded Mary.

"Tom," said the schoolmaster, "go and call the children. This is a serious affair; we must make an example of Mary. She must be thrashed before the whole school."

And he shook the little girl, leaving Tom to his reflections, which were not very happy, as he thought the chances were that he should not get off scot-free *this time*. He called in the children, and they were soon all assembled, the schoolmaster meanwhile keeping tight hold of Mary for fear she should run away.

"Children," said the schoolmaster, as soon as they were all quiet, "you see this girl, I caught her getting on Tom's shoulder to steal my cricket ball. Tom, naughty boy, had promised to give her sixpence if she would get him the ball; and so, you see, for the sake of sixpence she was going to steal. Tom was willing to pay for getting the ball, and, poor boy, he has been accustomed to think that he may have anything he likes to pay for, but Mary was going to steal my ball had I not caught her in the act. What does she deserve?"

"A good whipping," said some of the children.

"What does Tom deserve?" said an elder girl.

The schoolmaster frowned.

"The exposure is enough punishment for him: I do not feel I can whip him, for that would perhaps degrade him and injure his self-respect. Mary is, no doubt, accustomed to thrashings at home; one caning more or less will do her no harm, and may teach her a lesson, and warn the other girls to leave things alone, which do not belong to them. Besides she was caught in the act. Tom was only helping her. It is better to punish one of them than to let off both. The law must be maintained."

He began to lift his cruel cane, and let it fall once, twice, thrice, as hard as he could on the shoulders of the girl.

But the girl who had spoken before rushed forward and said,

"I will not see that child struck again, while her tempter, that cowardly bully, the prime offender, is let off."

"What, you dare to insinuate that I am not just?" said the schoolmaster.

"Let me have some voice in the management of the school," said the girl, "and I will see that justice is done, to the weak as to the strong, to the girls as to the boys; I will punish neither or both." And she looked with fierce, flashing eyes of righteous indignation at the strong man and the cowardly boy, who both flinched a little.

No more blows were struck that day.

The fight for justice had begun!

Reviews

"WOMAN AND HER PLACE IN A FREE SOCIETY." Price 6d. Also "SEX-LOVE." Price 4d. By Edward Carpenter.

These are books which deal with, and attempt to settle, the great sex question, rising to the surface in these times with ever increasing force, and imperatively demanding a solution; this being the natural outcome indeed of the determination with which woman is everywhere breaking her chains. "Woman," the author exclaims, "what a word is this! In its brief compass what thousand-year-long tragedies lie enshrined." How true this statement; how bitterly true. Has Edward Carpenter found a way out of these tragedies into a free and unfettered existence for woman? Will the society of the future, to which he looks, bring freedom to

woman from past evils; or freedom only to man, with, as heretofore, but something comparative as woman's share?

Line by line, as he writes, he places his hand upon woman's head—gently, it is true, and with intent to help, but ever as looking upon one a little lower than himself, a little less than her male companion. No satisfactory explanation of the position woman ought to occupy has yet been approached by man, nor, we think, ever will be, until woman has placed herself. The spirit of dominance, greed of power and appropriation, instilled into man through infancy, nurtured through the ages by the licence it has held, has unfitted him for the study of a subject such as this, requiring the highest spiritual insight, the greatest intellectual power, and the purest moral conception. Mr. Carpenter utters here many truths—so far as we can yet judge of truths—many beautiful thoughts flow from his pen; but he is too much under the influence of sex-bias, of "the male and his female" to see clearly. He gives, however, in the first few pages a reasonably possible idea of the causes of that peculiarly male idea which looks upon woman as a creature of sex only, and so places her as such lower than man, in fact, as taught by a fond and singular self-deception, originating in self-exaltation, "made for man." Woman "made for man," the animals "made for man," the whole creation "made for man." Of what ages of misrule and slow torture, of cruelty, of immorality has not this been the producing cause.

"Man," says Mr. Carpenter, "casting about to see what fresh acquisitions he could make, has even ended by enslaving his own mate." Exactly so, here we have the thing to be warded against, the idea to be destroyed; woman as man's mate, his female, for him, helpmeet, second self, complement of man, rib; all different names for the rock upon which man has delighted to bind woman; until, in Mr. Carpenter's own words, "becoming only too well adapted to the external condition of her life she has often even mentally lapsed into the chattel and property of the male; able only to see her good in clinging for support to the very person who used her for his profit." We see the same condition of things between the labourer and the capitalist; but is it true in either case that the dominated have really become "adapted"? Where there is adaptation can there be suffering? In the case of the woman and of the labourer there has been keen suffering, as Mr. Carpenter admits, yea, emphasizes.

Throughout, the book is full of thought, rises often even to grandeur of conception, and what is better than all, is so evidently sincere and in earnest that it deserves the closest study, the calmest considering. But (perhaps unconsciously) Mr. Carpenter is swayed by sex bias, and though he raises woman high, he keeps man a little higher. This is the fatal poison drop in all male writings on the subject of women, the drop which makes even their best utterances so void of beneficial results. Could Mr. Carpenter give us a well thought out treatise on the life condition of man, proceeding from the systematic degradation of woman and the self-exaltation of man which has so far prevailed. Can a mind so clear in some points as his not shake off the sex bias which leads him to write of the contempt men feel for women, and see everywhere around him that no contempt felt for woman by man can exceed the contempt felt for man by woman and expressed, often unconsciously, it is true, but continually. Does he think the world the better that the two human beings dwelling upon it hold each other in contempt? He laments this somewhat—on the one side, however—and tries honestly to find a remedy; but his sex prevents his clear seeing, or he might perceive that all this is on the surface, and exists only because humans will not be natural, but will persist in upholding an artificial condition of things, not perceiving that in the struggle for existence the great throes of evolution, the lower qualities, must come to the surface, that what is truly great and of worth is hidden until the day

of appearing, when what has seemed to be weak and of lesser import to blind eyes of sense, shall confound what has seemed to be mighty.

(To be continued.)

The Harbinger, an Indian paper, is taking up the demand for freedom for women now arising over the world, and advocating it, in a manner which on Indian soil is, to say the least of it, a marvellous sign of advance. It advocates new laws relating to Indian marriage, and though very much more than has yet been mooted, must be accomplished before Indian women can be in possession of even a tithe of their freedom, still this is a beginning worth recording.

The following extracts will serve to show how great is the advance which has been made in the minds of many:—

"We think that man and woman should have equal rights in marriage; in accordance with religious and scientific injunctions."

"Monogamy should be inculcated and enforced if possible by all sincere lovers of morality. Those persons who think that woman was made for the service of man are altogether wrong. No creature, much less the fairest and loveliest portion of humankind, is made to serve another. This wrong notion is falsified by the fact that our sovereign whom we should serve as in duty bound, is a woman. And there have been several women in the world and also in India who well deserved the homage of their people. Hence it is high time now that all thoughts of female slavery should be given up."

"We request our countrymen, that they should not be ashamed of having daughters. These notions belonged to our barbarous days. All truly educated people now laugh at these crude and sinful notions."

Women of England must resolve to obtain their freedom without delay for women of other countries, and men also, are looking to them for light and guidance.

The Christian Life of Chicago, Illinois, announces the organisation in January last of "The National Purity Association," with Dr. Caroline B. Winslow as President. Dr. Winslow is a veritable pioneer in efforts to promote purity of life, especially in the marital relation.

The Homœopathic World (edited by Dr. John H. Clarke) for June has a very strong article on "Human Vivisection" by the editor. With regard to one operation in particular (females), Dr. Clarke quotes Dr. Williams as saying that out of three hundred cases "in at least five per cent., there was absolutely no anatomical ground for removing" the organs. Writing in regard to the recent discussion in the *Daily Chronicle*, Dr. Clarke says that "until the public wake up thoroughly and compel the profession to give an account of its methods, both of study and practice, it must be prepared to have vivisectional high jinks played upon it." Among other interesting contributions, this number also contains the first instalment of a review of the Fourth Interim Report of the Royal Commission on Vaccination, by Mr. Joseph Collinson. Readers who are interested in the vaccination question might turn with advantage to Mr. Collinson's paper. The evidence of Prof. Crookshank, which occupied fully nine days of the Commissioners' attention, is condensed in a very useful manner.

Dr. EDWARD BERDOE, the well-known opponent of vivisection, has written to Mr. William Tebb, F.R.G.S., concerning his recent work on *The Recrudescence of Leprosy and its Causation*, as follows:—"Your work has absolutely convinced me that vaccination is largely responsible for the Recrudescence of Leprosy. I cannot see how any fair-minded reader can dispute this. I know also that syphilis is sometimes communicated by the same method. I believe, too, that all sorts of unknown dangers lurk in the vaccinator's lancet. . . . I greatly fear that cancer, tuberculosis, and other horrors are propagated by it."

ACCORDING to our latest advices, says a contemporary Leicester is now quite free from small-pox. The disease has not "spread like wildfire." Men, women, and even children, are still to be seen alive in Leicester. In sixteen months there have been in all less than 300 cases of smallpox, or fewer by about fifty, than the actual deaths in the epidemic year, 1872. Do what they will, our opponents cannot wriggle out of the awkward facts about Leicester, and the comparison with Warrington, Sheffield, Manchester, and other well-vaccinated centres only enforces the lesson. Sanitation without vaccination is a success—vaccination without sanitation is a failure. Moral, obvious.

British, Continental and General Federation for the Abolition of State Regulation of Vice.

THE Annual Conference of this Federation will be held this year in London on July 11th, 12th, and 13th at St. Martin's Hall, at the foot of St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross. There will be a Conversazione on the evening of Wednesday, July 11th, at 8 o'clock; and on July 12th and 13th, the Meetings will begin at 10.30 a.m. on each day, to be resumed in the afternoons at 2.30 p.m. On the evening of the 13th there will be in the same place a concluding Public Meeting, under the Auspices of the Ladies' National Association. On the 12th a Special Report will be given on the position of our cause in India, and on the same day also will be made on behalf of the Committee a general statement as to the progress of our work in Europe and elsewhere. During the course of the Conference, Papers will be read and Reports given by delegates from various foreign countries on the position of the Repeal cause and its progress in their localities. The proceedings will be conducted in English, and many representative members of our movement are expected to be present both from England and from the Continent. The Meetings are open to all who are friends of our cause; but it would be a great assistance to our arrangements if in the event of your expecting to be present you could inform the Secretary, Miss FORSAITH, 1, King Street, Westminster. If you would kindly send her a postcard at your earliest convenience, it would enable us to send you a ticket for the Conversazione.—From Mrs. Josephine Butler's Circular.

[These gatherings call specially for the united co-operation of women. Are we to lie at ease and rest while these others suffer so cruelly? Are we to shut our eyes and ears to the awful results of past and present mistakes? To rectify them earnest and instant action is demanded. The pure and noble-hearted need fear no misconception, they can smile at it and work on undaunted.—ED.]

DESIRE.

No joy for which thy hungering heart has panted,
No hope it cherishes through waiting years,
But if thou dost deserve it, shall be granted;
For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of thy being
To chord with thy dear hope, and do not tire;
When both in key and rhythm are agreeing
Lo! thou shalt kiss the lips of thy desire.

The thing thou cravest so, waits in the distance,
Wrapt in the silences, unseen and dumb;
Essential to thy soul and thy existence—
Live worthy of it—call, and it shall come.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

All efforts at freer, purer and better life are retarded by the fact that the voice of woman has been silenced in the churches, in the pulpit, in the senate. So suppressed have they been that most of them know not what they think. Women must have a place in the senate in making the laws before any good or just laws can be made, or life be rendered worth living.

Pioneer Club Records.

THE Debates held every Thursday evening at 8 p.m. constitute the most interesting and attractive portion of the unstinted enjoyments of members and their friends. As one woman after another rises to her feet in the discussions which follow each address given or paper read, the Pioneers perceive with joy the progress that has been made since the opening of the Club in Regent Street, when it was at first difficult to induce any to speak, save those already somewhat accustomed to it in the different societies to which they belonged. It is specially a pleasant thing to each Pioneer to see the glad light in their President's eyes, as she beholds the result of her efforts to make the Club all that women need, and a place which will respond liberally to the needs of women as they increase and grow, even beyond their present rapid rate of progress. No one who thinks, no one who remembers how long women have been waiting for opportunities by which to exercise their surging forces of intellect and character, can really be surprised that they seem to have arisen *all at once*, as it were, to such capability.

An interesting debate was opened by Sarah Grand on May 24th, the subject being "Physical versus Moral Force." The lecturer thought there was more of hope in that direction than in any other; although, at the first glance, the prospect might well make us almost despair of our outlook and ourselves. We were living, she said, in a time of great conflict, the conflict between spirit and matter, the question which confronted us was which would conquer of these great forces? She went back to the very beginning of things, when there was no marked distinction between the brute creation and the human; and led her hearers up to the point when the Divine essence began to make itself felt, as Love, Truth, Affection; expressions of the Divine Harmony, which she believed would be presently recognised as the controlling forces of the world. The Intellect, she submitted, was a form of physical power, and only at its best when guided by the higher Moral Force.

The Second Birthday of the Club was celebrated by an Amateur Dramatic Performance by the following Pioneers:—Mrs. Theodore Wright, Mrs. Holroyd Chaplin, Mrs. Willard, Miss Rose Seaton, Miss Dobie, and the President, whose histrionic ability is of a high order, and has given on several occasions singular pleasure to the Pioneers. Such gatherings help us on our way, they bring into our almost over-busy lives the much needed element of easy enjoyment.

On June 7th Mrs. Stannard, popularly known as John Strange Winter (also a Pioneer), opened with great power and good sense, a debate on "Corporal Punishment for Children." She treated the subject in a manner at once earnest and convincing, showing that the old idea of "not sparing the rod," as supposed to have been inculcated by Solomon, was fast, and justly, losing its hold upon us; that we found love, reason, the putting of things clearly before children, in teaching them and allowing them to find out by youthful experience when they had done wrong, a much more convincing method than birching. With this opinion the audience seemed for the most part to agree, though there was a faint upholding of the virtues produced by "slapping." The discussion was bracing, and enlivened by many humorous stories from the lecturer and the Pioneers who spoke. Mr. Henniker Heaton made an admirable chairman, being full of the spirit of good humour and appreciation.

The evening of June 14th beheld a concourse of Pioneers and friends assembled to hear Mr. Holliday, artist and editor of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Journal *Aglaia*, lecture on the subject, "That Artistic Dress is possible under existing circumstances." The address was an able one, and brought out many points of interest, showing also how earnestly Mr. Holliday is working to bring about this much-needed reform.

It was rather funny, however, for a club of women to be addressed as if they had been men, and the very evident effort with which the speaker pulled himself up every now and then, to remember *even the existence* of women, amused the Pioneers immensely. "Ah! is it not that they are queer, these others," a foreign lady said at a meeting the other day, "that they think all of us are men, and there are no women anywhere, except their cooks and housemaids." This might be applied gently to Mr. Holliday, whose forgetfulness was all unconscious, and on that account the more to be regretted.

One remarkable point is being forced upon our consideration by all the thought of the present day, whether expressed by voice or pen; and that is, how wide is the divergence between the opinions as regard women, their powers and their possibilities as expressed by men, and those entertained by women themselves as regards themselves, their capabilities and their position proper. The question arises, which are most likely to be right? Women are not striving to imitate men, are not seeking to obtain equality with men in character or capability, *that they already possess*: what women seek is equality of opportunity—equality of civil, social, and political rights.

For the future, owing to the great and rapidly increasing number of members, tea will be supplied by tickets which will be sold at the door, by the hall porter, at the rate of threepence each, or two and sixpence per dozen.

The Club dinner on Thursdays, at 7 p.m., has been raised to two and sixpence, which includes beverage and coffee.

The Reading Room is now supplied with the latest books, which must be read on the premises, and not taken away from the Silence Room. The Committee will be glad to receive any Donations of books or money for the "Lending Library," which, it is hoped, will prove an important addition to the Club.

A Dramatic Society has been formed for the purpose of reading plays. The members meet once a fortnight for practice. As the number is limited, any person wishing to join is requested to send in her name without delay, to the Hon. Secretary of the Society. The next meeting will take place, Saturday, June 30th, at 8 p.m. Notices of Meetings, etc., connected with the Club are posted up in one of the rooms, and every information will be most courteously supplied by the Secretary.

A Meeting is held at the Club once a fortnight for those who desire to become speakers. Subjects for discussion are posted on the Notice Board previous to each meeting.

The next of these interesting evenings, when friends meet friends, and new faces come into our lives, will be held on Wednesday, June 27th, at 8.30. Members' tickets, 6d. Visitors, 1s.

All visitors' names must be submitted to the Committee a week previously.

The following are the names of members elected since last record:

Mrs. H. Clementi Smith, Miss Applin, Miss Bucknell, Miss A. Gorrings, Mrs. Cleland, Miss Taylour, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mrs. Everitt, The Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert, Mrs. Harry Goddard, Miss Constance Every, Miss Anna Robley, Mrs. Fraser Cornish, Mrs. J. R. Munro, Miss Fergusson Abbott, The Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes, Mrs. Curteis, Mrs. Marshall, Miss A. A. Dickson, Miss Agnes Coles, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Rinder, Miss Tuckey, Miss Nora Vynne.

CLUB DEBATES.

- June 21st.—"Are women competent in money matters?" Debate opened by Mrs. Headlam. The President in the Chair.
- 28th.—"Is what Tennyson upholds in 'The Princess' Freedom for Women?" Debate opened by Mrs. Sibthorp.
- July 5th.—"That women have nothing to gain by the spread of Socialism." Debate opened by J. H. Levy, Esq.
- 12th.—"Art?" Debate opened by Bernard Shaw, Esq. Or, "Is the Needle in its Proper Sphere?" Debate opened by Mrs. Stanton Blatch.
- 19th.—"Is Spiritualism worth investigating?"

Some Practical Issues in Evolution.

By JANE HUME CLAPPERTON.

(Continued.)

NOW, when face to face with these facts, and at the same time impressed with the truth of Prof. Thorold Rogers' terrible picture, that we have amidst us to-day a mass of people, equal in numbers to the whole population of England and Wales six centuries ago: "whose condition is more destitute, whose homes are more squalid, whose means are more uncertain, whose prospects are more hopeless than those of the poorest serfs of the middle ages and the meanest drudges of the mediæval cities"—in face of these facts, I say, there opens up before us a vista of powerful, far-reaching social reforms possible to be undertaken by the middle class alone. If that class became penetrated with remorse, if it ardently resolved to counteract the evil it has done, then it might accomplish much by withdrawing all efforts that are wrongly directed, and setting itself to reconstruct its own system of thought and of social life upon lines that will ennoble character within its own ranks, and tell incisively on the thought, feeling, and action of the masses as a perpetual and attractive object-lesson. The task is no easy one. It involves individual study and collective action, and we have not time here to do more than throw out a few hints concerning it. It means, for instance, to change one's whole attitude of mind towards the poor; to cease hectoring, lecturing, patronising and blaming them. To take to ourselves, on the contrary, the large portion of blame that lies at our own door, and seek earnestly to understand the mixed conditions and influences that have made them what they are. To distinguish properly between the opposing interests of classes whilst recognising that below that opposition the entire nation is mentally and physically one organism, so that actions, however trivial, affect more or less the whole. To go among workers, not as a superior being, but humbly as a learner, convinced that their different life has created valuable experience, that intelligent workers have garnered that experience, and that the middle class needs it to broaden and deepen its knowledge of life. It means, too, to join their assemblies as friends and inquirers—not as spies or impudent critics—to visit their trade union and political meetings, whether Radical or Socialist, determined to judge for ourselves the spirit they are of, and not trust the report of a middle class press, whose commercial prosperity depends on pandering to prejudice and tempts to the actual falsifying of facts. If in the great struggle, or so-called "class war," that is inevitable and already begun, our own unbiassed judgment and conscience perceive that justice is on the side of labour, it means that we courageously emancipate ourselves from class pride and prejudice and openly espouse the cause of labour. At this moment labour in every civilised country is pulling itself together to claim the conditions of a wholesome, a civilised life, and if need be—but only if need be—to fight for these conditions. The decision: "Shall it be war to the knife or shall it be peace" rests, I believe, with our great middle class.

Were unjust privileges bit by bit relinquished, were perfect equality of legal, industrial, and social position and opportunities visibly aimed at by Government, labour in this country would make no resort to revolutionary methods, but would work out its purpose by means that are strictly constitutional. Nevertheless, political strife there must be, and it is clearly our business (as thoughtful women and responsible human beings) to grasp intelligently the general bearings of the main points at issue, and to bring our whole thought, speech, and action into marked conformity with our conclusions. To quote the words of a recent lady writer "I strongly urge my fellow-women to make study of present-day movements a religious duty."

There are many educated men amongst wage-workers. I do not mean that these men are polished in manners or style, neither have they university culture, and their grammar is often defective. But they are readers and thinkers. Their leisure, small as it is, has been spent in useful study. From Herbert Spencer, Mill, Darwin, Jevons, Marx and others, they have familiarized themselves with evolutionary principles, and they are in full command of disciplined reasoning powers which they apply logically to the life around them and the questions of the day. Now these men hold that the two political parties—Conservative and Liberal—have ignored and trifled with the vital interests of the wage-working class. The Parliamentary vote has been to that class a sham and delusion, for since the only representatives to Parliament they have had any chance of electing are middle and upper class men imbued with prejudice, and naturally ignorant of the wage-workers' life and disabilities, it has befallen as a consequence, yet not intentionally, that legislation has favoured the propertied and privileged classes and betrayed the interests of workers. Hence, the creation—all over the country to-day—of an Independent Labour Party to put into Parliament genuine representatives of labour in numbers sufficient to mutually support one another, and not be swamped by the class atmosphere that prevails in the House of Commons. This aspiration of the people is profoundly reasonable, and the movement signifies an important advance. The effort to organise, to incorporate unskilled with skilled labour, to bring women within the pale of useful public work, and throughout the entire field of labour to unite interests and banish antagonisms, is disciplinary training of the very highest order. There are men in the movement displaying heroic ardour and devotion to the cause, and we of the middle class are greatly incapacitated from understanding and appreciating the self-sacrifice involved. Organisation with us, whether for political, social, or charitable purpose, can always attract to its aid individuals who have money and leisure, and popular oratory. But where are these forces in the labour field? Of rich individuals there are none. And the utmost caution has to be exercised lest at any point money be taken which is wilyly offered to the movement in order to dezooy it out of the independent path and make it play into the hands of one or other of the older political parties. The leisure of the unemployed is little available, and the leisure of active workers in the cause means hours snatched from sleep, and the voluntary relinquishment of all amusement and recreation. The oratory at command of the movement is not that flowing facility of speech which is inherited after generations of special training in dialectic, but a new faculty acquired by dint of personal effort and patient plodding perseverance. To know something of the cost to individuals, the taxing of their physical and mental energy, their meagre wages and their scanty leisure, which this "organisation of labour" represents, is to feel that by comparison our own class is playing to-day an ignominious rôle in the world's history. It is the proletariat that contains the promise of the future, and is even now giving birth to the generous forces, the vital breath of that future, the spirit of the new age—and we, if we persist in standing aloof, apathetic and cold, we are unworthy of the momentous transition epoch to which physically we belong. Is this to you a foolish laudation of the proletariat? Does it seem as though I had framed an indictment of the middle class and set forth its futilities, follies and crimes without pointing to any practical remedy? But Evolution has no short cut to social reform. Surface remedies may spring up, flourish superficially and as quickly disappear. Movements that take hold with a mighty grasp of the deep-seated layers of human society to work out structural change are massive and slow in their course. They are not to be aided or thwarted by hasty impatient souls.

Labour is the very basis of our society, and from labour springs the prime factors of change. Intelligent thought, as I have shown, is at the centre of movement, while collective action is its manifestation, and hundreds of workers are carried blindly into the current, knowing nothing about Evolution. This is impossible to the middle class. It stands outside this flood of organic energy and it is only as individuals who have consciously learned to think and feel on evolutionary lines, that its members shall enter into the vital stream.

But let us not misjudge the power of new thought. Consider for a moment how a fresh invention in the form of a dress, a mantle, a bonnet, spreads like wildfire, and becomes fashionable, then common. The connections are at hand in our mental and commercial organisations—suggestion and adaptation do the rest. Happily the middle class is not composed of fashionable circles only. Earnest men and women are in its midst and if we can create evolutionary thought—if we have in our own minds the key to perplexing social problems, that thought may lay hold and produce correlative action more rapidly than we think.

Grant for a moment that I am right in declaring the main flood of social reform is rising from below, innumerable tributary streams ought to spring from an upper level, flow out and meet it to swell the general momentum. In three fields especially is immediate reform called for. These fields are, Education, Economic Consumption, and Domestic Life.

In the first, what is wanted above all else is to bring up middle class children from infancy to love work and respect it. The old ideals of gentility and nobility must be entirely discarded, and the fact inscribed on the mental and emotional structure of the new generation that it degrades a human being to live on the labour of others without contributing labour in return, unless old age or sickness compels. It is unnecessary to point out that children unspoiled by conventional delight in being useful. Play is readily forsaken to help mother in any little voluntary service. This natural instinct has only to be developed and the logic of its relations with general wellbeing and individual happiness to be clearly and forcibly taught. No sooner will a generation arise seeking its happiness in the true path of serviceable activities, than wealthy idleness and every ignoble ambition will rapidly die out, and educated men and women will cheerfully resign all privileges that involve injustice to their fellows.

As regards the fields of production and distribution, I think it impossible for middle class women to initiate reform by direct action there. Nevertheless, it is their duty to see to it that their own capital, however small, is not so placed as to promote sweating or any of the more iniquitous forms of exploiting labour.

In the field of consumption the case is different. The collective force of the middle class is all-powerful there, and through consumption they may reach and appreciably affect production and distribution. If all women who fall asleep to-night, careless as to how they spend money, and ignorant of how their daily expenditure tells upon the life that surrounds them, upon the development or prostitution of taste, upon the character of the classes below them, upon general welfare and progress—were to awake to-morrow morning enlightened evolutionists, determined to control and critically direct their purchasing power, and moralise their whole consumption, this is what would happen. Shops advertising bargains and cheap goods would at once be forsaken. The course of competition would inevitably change. Its aims would no longer be quantity and cheapness. Merchants and manufacturers would emulate one another in the matter of quality, *viz.*, pure material, excellence of workmanship, and even superior conditions of labour. For, our moralised consumers would quickly perceive that to pay a fair price for every article they buy will not suffice, unless they know for

a certainty that in due proportion that price reaches the actual producers and is nowhere unjustly intercepted. It is the duty of educated consumers to protect the labour engaged in their service from abuses that occur in the field lying between production and consumption. Middlemen are not only too numerous, but too often absolutely useless. Many are profit-mongers pure and simple. To free this field from harpies, sweaters, charlatans—turning these social parasites into honest workers—is a labour of infinitely greater value to society than charities that minister to a section of the poor only, and leave untouched the causes of poverty. Of course, to banish the whole class of supernumerary middlemen is a process involving a variety of factors, but the fulcrum or lever of evolutionary change here belongs to consumers. Theirs is the right to demand publicity for all the hidden secrets of trade. They alone are in the position to force capital to show its hand, and prove the social morality of the conditions under which the commodities they buy are produced and distributed. To do this, personal investigation is necessary, and personal voicing of the silent griefs of women-workers specially. Collective action is necessary to supplement and strengthen trade unions, and already a handful of enlightened women are initiating *this* work, but hundreds more are required. Again, it is not only of fair price and sanitary conditions of labour that consumers must think, but also of a subtle, far-reaching, educative effect of their action on the masses. Enough has been said on the subject of suggestion. I must still point out, however, that consumption, in the long run, always decides the course to be taken by production, and when middle class consumers buy only what will minister to the support and beautifying of a nobly simple and pure life, the baneful, degrading productions of every description that accompany the present wild scramble for wealth and race after empty pomp and show, are bound to vanish for ever.

And now I must say only a very little on the wide and important subject of domestic reform. Even as recently as six years ago, it was little observed that elements of change were present in the structure of the family. But since then, these elements are much more pronounced in consequence of the higher education of women, the opening up of professions to them, the stampede of girls in sick-nursing, type-writing and other directions, and the growing dislike of women of the lower class to the function of domestic service. Everywhere now discontent with the isolated home is visible and audible, although the form its expression takes is simply that of blaming individuals or sections of the community. Rarely indeed is it openly avowed that the system itself is at fault, and must undergo a process of rational re-adaptation. Difficulties of house-keeping, the impossibility (if means are at all straitened) of obtaining and keeping good servants; the lack of domestic habits in sons, who sleep and perhaps eat at home, but spend their leisure and seek enjoyment at clubs and public places of amusement; the restlessness of daughters, who without any economic necessity plunge into industrial life to escape the *ennui* of home, and in solitary lodgings bid fair to become thoroughly undomesticated too—these and other evils of the present system are keenly felt now, and often deplored, yet without any effort to think out, far less to initiate a radical remedy. Here and there, however, during the last year or two, the surface of society betrays indications of a disposition, at least, to look in the right direction for the remedy. Mrs. Coleman-Stuckert's big scheme launching just now at Chicago—Homes in Community she calls it—the colony to consist of forty-four houses with a common lawn, laundry, kitchen, furnace, electric light plant, assembly hall, and reading room; a similar attempt beginning in London, the communal home of the New Fellowship Society established there, and perhaps our own University Hall, and prospected Crudelius Hall, are all

tentative measures indicative of inward change. But one observes that the crux is always economic. Mrs. Coleman-Stuckert plainly says she is doing this work because it costs too much to live, and middle class people waste far more than they consume, etc. Nowhere, apparently, is it recognized that vital interests more important than economic interests are suffering to-day, and may be rescued from suffering by the expansion of family life. In short, collective domesticity is pre-eminently needed to satisfy the cravings of a socially expanding humanity, and to develop the moral and intellectual faculties that will prove indispensable to the society of the future. It is not homes in community or boarding houses, however superior, that will meet the requirements of the age. There must be kindred aims and close communion within the circle, and all the oneness of the old family life. There must be children numerous enough to give rich companionship in work and play. There must be an environment and training in youth that will banish the base mercantile, competitive spirit and create a truly socialised humanity. There must be old age tenderly cherished, and its ripe experiences brought usefully to bear on life at every stage. Of all martyrdoms that humanity suffers, martyrdom in old age is the most pathetic. And what do we see under present conditions? Thousands of useful lives ending in the workhouse, and thousands dragging out in solitary desolation. There may be outward comforts and hired tendance, but without love, for virtually, though not ostensibly, the aged are forsaken of their children and shunted from all the interesting and useful paths of busy life. I think that did no other motive exist, to rescue the old from their intolerable fate, is reason enough why we should promptly and strenuously seek to reform and re-organize family life.

Federation of Women.

AN organization working on somewhat novel lines is about to be formed under the auspices of Dr. Harriet Clisby, on the system of the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union. The idea is to gather women together into a widespread federation for mutual help, without reference to class, religion, nationality, or even social considerations. Dr. Clisby calls this organization IDEAL, since through it great opportunities are expected to be obtained for women, according to their needs or means for self-support, bringing the practical advancement of social, intellectual and spiritual growth. A sublime spirit of helpfulness seem to pervade every arrangement; and no condition will be considered too mean, or too degraded for notice. One salient feature of the work, will be the endeavour to adopt methods likely to prove a true help to women, through which their individual gifts and talents may be unfolded to profitable issues.

At the preliminary meeting, held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on May 25th, under the presidency of "John Strange Winter," Dr. Clisby gave many details of the rapid growth of the Boston Union, which after an existence of sixteen years, now numbers 1800 members. At this meeting a resolution was moved and carried unanimously: "That a committee be formed from the present meeting, to take into consideration the proposed scheme of federating all existing bodies of women workers, on the plan of the Boston Union."

Among the speakers were Madame Antoinette Stirling (who also sang), Mrs. Morgan-Browne, Chairwoman of the Women's Progressive Society (who offered in the name of the W.P.S. to affiliate with the Society when formed), Mrs. Sibthorp, Moulvie Raffiudden Ahmed, and Mr. Edward Maitland.

Later, a Drawing-room meeting was held at Montague Mansions on Wednesday, June 13th, at 3 p.m.

Mrs. Percival Johnston, Secretary, read letters apologising for non-attendance from Sir George Grey, C.B. (expressing sympathy with woman's work, and trusting the women of England would obtain the franchise); from Sir John Hall, who had a prior engagement; from Mr. Walter Besant, absent through illness; from Madame Sarah Grand; from Mrs. Massingberd, Mrs. Richard Stapley, Mrs. Sibthorp, the Viscountess De Panama (wishing success), Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Miss Friend, Miss Ellen New (Hon. Sec. of the International Woman's Union), Mrs. Warner Snoad (President of the same), and Madame Antoinette Sterling.

Mrs. Percival Johnston then explained that the object of the meeting

was to form an International Woman's Club by the federation of existing Women's Societies, with the centre in London, and branches in America, India, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and all English-speaking people in the world.

A discussion ensued as to the name of the new club, and a vote was taken on the subject, when the term "Women's Federal Council" was adopted, subject to approval by the permanent Committee.

Mrs. Percival Johnston moved and Mr. Edward Maitland seconded:—

"That in the opinion of this meeting it is expedient, in order to secure unity and efficacy of work in the various Women's Institutions now in existence, that a body be constituted, to be called the Women's Federal Council; that this meeting resolve itself into a Provisional Committee for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps towards that end; and that existing societies be respectfully invited to elect delegates to attend a future meeting, and to appoint a general committee for the federating and extending of the existing women's societies amongst the English-speaking people throughout the world."

It was finally decided that the committee should adjourn until 3 p.m. on Saturday, June 16th, when it, at the same place, should meet for the purpose of drafting an address to be sent to the various societies.

The following ladies and gentlemen have expressed sympathy with the movement:

The Right Worshipful the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Carrington, Lord and Lady Roberts, Lord and Lady Onslow, Lady Carlisle, Viscountess Harberton, Viscountess De Panama, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir James Ferguson, Bart., Right Hon. James Stansfeld, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, W. B. McLaren, M.P., Dadabhai Naoroji, M.P., Sir Charles Tupper, K.C.B., C.M.G., Sir Saul Samuel, C.B., K.C.M.G., Hon. Duncan Gillies, Sir James Garrick, K.C.M.G., Sir Westby Perceval, K.C.M.G., Sir Robert Herbert, G.C.B., The Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Massingberd, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Colonel and Mrs. Furnivall, Miss Hilda Furnivall, Miss Muriel Johnston, Sir George Grey, Sir John Hall, The Lady Florence Dixie, Walter Besant, Madame Sarah Grand, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Madame Mona Caird, John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard), Mrs. Annie Besant, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, Sir John and Lady Lubbock, Dr. and Mrs. John Padman, Mrs. Warner Snoad (President "International Woman's Union"), Rosalind E. Stevenson (Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage), Miss Edith Bradley (Sec. Association of Women Lecturers), Douglas Hope Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss James Huddart, Miss Covell, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stapley, George Von Haast (New Zealand), Mrs. Ronald, Miss Lydia Weller (Amersham), Mrs. Ronalds (Canada), Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hancock, Sir Julius and Lady Vogel, Mr. and Mrs. Rous-Marten, Mrs. Henniker Heaton, Henniker Heaton, M.P., Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Dr. Chalse Lloyd Tuckey, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Dr. Frank Hunter, Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Christian (Stockport), Gordon G. Johnston, Miss Florence Furnivall, Mr. and Mrs. Passmore Edwards, Mr. Bowen, Mr. James Burnes, Mr. Clement Scott, Miss Frances Low, Henry S. Wellcome, Esq. (New York).

Correspondence.

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

RE "A TRANSLATION."

DEAR MADAM,—The article entitled "A Translation," in your issue of April, seems to me one of the most useful among the many useful articles that appear in your pages. Children, in common with all human beings, have a vast amount of curiosity in their nature. When this leads to their asking questions on sexual relationships, they are generally checked and reproved, until they learn to seek for themselves, the information which has been denied them by those who could have imparted it in a beneficial manner. Knowledge gained in secret is always associated with wrongdoing in children's minds. I cannot give a better instance of this than by quoting the words in which George Eliot explains Lydgate's mental attitude as regards physiology and its mysteries, at the time when, by the chance opening of a book on anatomy, treating of the valves of the heart, his whole life was changed, and devoted to the study of medicine.

"A liberal education had of course left him free to read the indecent passages in the school classics; but beyond a general sense of *secrecy and obscenity*, in connection with his *internal structure*, had left his imagination quite unbiassed, etc." (the italics are mine).

The article you publish is so full, and treats so completely of the subject, that I feel there is nothing to add, and merely wish to express my entire concurrence with it; being sure that if sexual subjects were taught to children gradually—beginning with botany and biology, and leading up to the human structure—no harm, but much good would come of it. Mystery, not knowledge, is the evil to dread. Where there is much curiosity the desired enlightenment will be got at in some way, and where there is not, the child in later life will be handicapped by ignorance, on one of the most vital points which concern our well-being. It is even possible for a girl who does not marry, and who is not much concerned about such matters, to remain in almost total ignorance during nearly half of her life.

In the name of all concerned with the education of children, I trust this article may be the forerunner of many on the same subject.

Yours, etc.,
F. D.

[The article here so kindly and justly alluded to, is intended to be the forerunner of a series of articles dealing with this matter in all its aspects with the truth, purity, and sweetness it demands. Contributions from many pens will be welcomed. They must come under the rules of Sweetness, Purity, and Truth.]

THE SUBMISSION OF THE DAUGHTERS.

(Continued from last issue.)

In connection with this subject a man told me that he was convinced that the occasional attacks of melancholia, from which a relative of his—about thirty years of age—suffered, were due to her entire lack of responsibility, her mother having chosen to conclude her daughter incapable even of common household duties.

In one home there is a general understanding that discord will ensue if the theatre is mentioned—in another the same result follows if Mr. Gladstone's policy is called in question, and daughters, with silver threads appearing in their hair, sit round the tea-table, silenced like children in a nursery, or perhaps see a visitor—no more intelligent than they and considerably their junior—conversed with upon the tabooed subject, with a tolerance that did they enjoy would daily cheer and invigorate them.

What son—over age—would bear such treatment? What parent would dream of tyrannising so over a son?

It is curious to notice, however, with what readiness a mother, who reluctantly allows a daughter to choose a piece of fish for dinner, or to pour out tea, will meet the views of the first man who proposes for her, though by that act she will receive at once the control of a whole house, including that restive thing—a general servant.

Daughters, in the natural course of things, marry about the time when the mind reaches maturity, and the craving is felt to express individual tastes and opinions; but, owing to the scarcity of men in England, numberless women are *spinsters at home*, and parents find themselves surrounded by women, physically and mentally as tall—sometimes a little taller—than themselves, candidates for responsibility, with ideas and opinions of their own, the suppression of which is incompatible with health of mind or body.

I believe that much of the so-called glamour of marriage consists—in the case of elder women—in the very substantial attraction of "having one's opinions respected." For,

although a married woman is much suppressed, her individuality is often much less hidden than it was in her parents' house.

It is evident that in the present unbalanced state of our population, the parental authority and protectorate that nature has given to parents for the rearing of children, is prolonged beyond the period for which it was designed, and parents who have themselves admitted their daughters to *physical* freedom—from chaperons and the like,—have not yet considered the question of the freedom of their minds.

Is it proposed then, that parents should abdicate their power in favour of their grown-up daughters? Certainly not. That would merely shift the restlessness and hysteria from the children to the parents. The hale old age of many women is certainly due to their having "kept in harness," and for *all* of us happiness lies in the full play of our powers. But, let daughters, who have reached maturity, brace themselves to break through this network of filial dependence, that has grown round them, and

"Having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain,"

let them strike out paths for themselves. Let no one persuade them that "Honour your parents," means, "Part with your divine birthright of individuality."

Parents, on their part, should promote, instead of checking, the rising independence of their daughters. It is a misguided love, which, when a girl, full of life and enterprise, first begins to feel cramped at home, and, seeing the advantage of "planting out," proposes to go—perhaps to the colonies—prompts a parent to plead, "No, no, don't go till I die!" The pain of the goodbye is hard enough without dwelling on it, and the advantage to be gained by the children's going forth, to make homes for themselves, should outweigh these temporary emotions.

AGNES PRITCHARD.

RE INTUITION.

DEAR MADAM,—I read the letter under the heading "Intuition" with considerable interest, and venture to direct the attention of your correspondent to the writings of Prentice Mulford, *The White Cross Library*, published in five volumes, by F. J. Needham, 52, West Fourteenth Street, New York. The cost is about 9s. per volume to buy. Can be obtained for reading at the Reading Room of the Theosophical Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, Strand, W.C. I obtained Dr. Bellows' *Philosophy of Eating*, but do not find any mention as to what kind of food is conducive to spiritual magnetism.

Yours truly
"ALQ."

"DIVINE MOTHERHOOD AND MUSIC."—Eight lectures will be given by Miss Ellen S. Atkins upon the above subject, at Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, W.C., on Saturdays at 8 p.m., beginning June 23rd. The subject is taken from her book called "The Key of David (Rev. iii. 7) revealing the Motherhood of God." Miss Atkins' lectures premise that the words of the Bible have a spiritual, a symbolical and a literal meaning. The cause of the evil of the world is the misunderstanding of the second of those three meanings. This unified harmony of many scales in one, reveals the true meaning of symbolism. The signs of the present time are also noted as in full concord with what this unified harmony shows. Coloured lime-light illustrations. Vocal and Instrumental Music. First Lecture, June 23rd, Preliminary general sketch. Admission—Single Lecture 1s., reserved seats, 2s. 6d. Tickets for the series, numbered and reserved, 15s. each, may be obtained at this office.