

# SHAFTS:

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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## WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

### A NEW WAY.

"But surely it is cruel to separate mother and child. He has no right to do that."

"No; and he would not be able to do it with one of us," Mrs. Orton Beg answered, bitterly; "but my sister is of a yielding disposition. She is like Mrs. Beale, one of the old-fashioned womanly women, who thought it their duty to submit to everything, and make the best of everything, including injustice, and any other vice it pleased their lords to practise. But for this weakness of good women the world would be a brighter and better place by this time. We see the disastrous folly of submitting our reason to the rule of self-indulgence and self-interest now, however; and please, God, we shall change all that before I die. He will be a bold man soon who will dare to have the impertinence to dictate to us as to what we should or should not do, or think, or say. No one can pretend that the old system of husband and master has answered well, and it has had a fair trial. Let us hope that the new method of partnership will be more successful.—(MADAME SARAH GRAND in "The Heavenly Twins.")

"We are entering," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "into an order of things in which justice will be the primary virtue, grounded on equal, but also on sympathetic association; having its roots no longer in the instincts for self-protection, but in a cultivated sympathy between them; and no one being now left out, but an equal measure being extended to all." (*Subjection of Women*, p. 80.)

I earnestly hoped that my editorial of last month would have called forth some hearty and spontaneous response from my readers. I expected many letters on the subject; I received none. When will women realise that the cure of this deadly evil rests with them, rests with the action, firm, strong, and unflinching, of the very purest and best of women? When will they understand that it is they who must put their feet upon the serpent's head? Evil must be destroyed by good; impurity by purity, selfishness by large-hearted love. Not self-sacrifice, but self-respect, is what women must cherish, and cultivate within themselves; a self-respect that though gentle and courteous, because it also respects others, yet knoweth its own worth and will not, dare not, lower its own dignity. The world would be better with a nation of women who thought that nothing was too good for women, rather than women—so many of whom exist—who seem to think *anything* good enough for women; who dare not claim their rightful position, and worse than all, who scout the nobler, wiser, aims of their fellow-women who have

courage to open their eyes and to see straight. A radical change must be made, and it must begin with the children. If we educate the little ones of this generation together, girls and boys who study together, will play together, will travel together, will follow the avocations of life later on together, and thus many false ideas, false conceptions of each other will be dissipated like thick mists of folly before the sun of good sense; the girls will see that the boys are not so clever as the girls of a past generation have been taught to regard them, and the boys will see that the girls are at least as capable as themselves. The life they begin to live together will continue, and in the new light of morality which this will bring the boys grown to men will be ashamed to insult women as men do now, and the girls grown to women will not permit it.

Mothers, begin, and at once; there is no time to lose; in your hands all lies. Be strong, resolved: be no longer cowards. The right of subjection has passed, the dawn brings us LIGHT and FREEDOM.

## Transitional Periods.

WORDSWORTH'S recently published remarks anent literary women seem to have supplied the opponents of such women with a weapon entirely to their taste. But an unprejudiced view of those words will possibly disarm them of all, or nearly all, their sting. What if the poet of nature did not approve of feminine rivals? Does it not merely show that however great a man may be it is almost impossible for him to reach very far beyond the narrow views of his age? The people we term great are simply greater than their fellows, and as such their dicta should be received with an allowance due to human weakness. One of the greatest of English philanthropists was doubtless William Wilberforce, and yet we read of him that he disapproved of women helping in the abolition of the slavery movement, lest it would induce them to look about at last for their own emancipation! Had he lived till now, it is most likely he would have been an ardent disciple of John Stuart Mill. The Liberals of one generation are the Conservatives of the next, whether in politics, or religion or any other department of common interest. Human nature does not move by leaps and bounds, and Olive Schreiner reminds us "when a soul breaks free from the arms of a superstition bits of the claws and talons break themselves off in him." The poet Wordsworth had broken

away from much of the cant and conventionality of his time, but with regard to the woman's rights question one thinks that bits of the claws and talons of error remained in him. But let us try to judge him fairly. All periods of transition are more or less uncomfortable and for elderly people of retired habits very trying indeed. These same periods are also very trying to the pioneers themselves, who seem to spring unbidden to the face of things although they are really only the outward and visible sign of an inward spiritual change which has long been going on. One's sympathies must go entirely with the Miss Martineaus of their day, who, unlike their talented brethren, had no precedents to guide their conduct and no host of friendly arms open to receive them with plaudits. No! instead of these helpful circumstances theirs was to inaugurate a new era and to stand alone against the frowns of a world which, whether learned, or entirely ignorant, is able to frown with equal coldness.

Ibsen says minorities are always right, which history endorses by showing us that minorities in time become majorities, and hence the voice of the people has come to be regarded as the voice of God. But this inversion can only be brought about by the link of a period of transition. If the community is to be benefited in future we ought to thankfully endure a present inconvenience. If the matter were rightly reported it seems that women (who are notably men's superiors in the work of teaching) are excluded from high educational posts because their introduction would necessitate a reorganisation of a Government department. So the country as a whole must lose its most suitable servants rather than a temporary trouble be endured. Were mistresses of households to act on such lines we should very likely have epidemic disease rampant in order to save the inconvenience of a spring cleaning or the overhauling of the basement drains.

Transitions have occurred and will occur; indeed, they must occur whilst we are still progressive beings; it were well, then, to accept the inevitable gracefully. All the unkindly blinking of all the moles in the world does not lessen the undesirable, but only adds to it. But these moles will be offended less and less as women have precedents of their own sex to work by, and to encourage them. The wonder is that pioneer women have lived so beautifully as they have, for Ruskin says, "Do not think you can make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy." Perhaps the moles will see sometime soon that it is their own reflection at which they rail.

ESPERANCE.

## Reform in Domestic Life.

(Continued.)

BY JANE HUME CLAPPERTON.

OF what nature are the essentials on which domestic harmony depends in a Unitary Home?

Unpunctuality, for instance, is a habit, judged from the opposite poles of virtue and vice, in isolated homes. A menial, and especially the cook, if guilty of it is a sinner liable to instant dismissal, while loud lamentation is made over the waste of time and waste of nerve-tissue caused by "the servant worry" or the waiting for dinner. If a master or mistress, however, or some spoiled darling of the house, be the defaulter, not only is this habit condoned, it is smiled on as an endearing personal foible, and sometimes admired as indicative of a lofty and suitable sense of superiority. Now, in associated home-life the facts are made patent to all. Educated women have chosen to undertake the cooking and serving of meals. They are not dependents compelled by circumstances to suffer dumbly when unpunctuality mars the effect of their labour, prolongs the work, upsets equilibrium, and curtails their leisure. Punctuality, order, method in the matter of foodarrangements are indispensable to general comfort. The stability of the home depends upon these, for a strike of workers would speedily end the enterprise. Consequently procrastination and unpunctuality are, without respect to persons, anti-social. In a socialised system of life children must all be trained to the daily practice of punctuality; and if adults are incapable of conformity in this particular they must revert to that system which tolerates a slipshod, desultory mode of existence.

There are other points of personal behaviour inimical to comfort in a unitary home, though considered trifles in an isolated home. Scrupulous cleanliness and neatness of person, purity of atmosphere, courtesy in manners, are certain to be demanded wherever refined women dwell in numbers great enough to make their will conspicuous. Muddy boots on carpeted floors, cigar ends flung about, the scent of cigar or pipe in the passages, littered dressing-rooms, unbrushed hair or coat, or unwashed fingers, or the hint of a toothpick at table—these trifles, as men are apt to think them, are not trifles to womanly women. On the other hand there are peccadillos to which the female sex is prone that the mere presence of manly men will quickly restrict and subdue. I need hardly enumerate these—the tendency to attain a purpose by guile rather than candour and reasoning, the fastidious regard to mere etiquette, the tendency to gossip, to affectation, to coquetry, to meretricious means of adornment, and so forth. In fact, each group will possess its own standard of refinement, culture, taste, and to that standard the individual must rise or withdraw from the circle.

Does the fact that some things thought trifles outside the unitary home are taken seriously inside tell gravely against the

adoption of the new system? We must remember that the practice of a good habit is quite as easy as the practice of a bad one. It is merely in passing from one to the other that difficulty arises and the difficulty here is bound to fall on initiators of the new system only. Children born in the unitary home have no habits while possessing an imitative faculty that will make it easy in a large enough household of order and method to train them to the good habits which in time will become as second nature. To individuals accustomed to bachelor life, life in lodgings or in small homes of which they have been the pivot and centre, and wherein laxity rather than restraint was the rule of conduct, the stricter régime may at first prove irksome. There are compensations, however, as offset to the irksomeness, and I mean in relation to personal comfort apart from the satisfaction to one's higher nature of aiding in the accomplishment of a great public service. Think what it will be to have the wants of the social side of one's nature fully satisfied; to have the physical wants daily supplied at a good level of comfort and taste, and without burdening anyone; to have adequate nursing in times of sickness; to have the tedium of old age and its frailties made easy to bear by intelligent sympathy and domestic friendships of old standing, with all the necessary attendance that love and habit will readily bestow; above all, to have the assurance—when the initial difficulties are overcome—that the home is a stable institution not resting on your life or any single life, but destined to endure and afford shelter and love to your dear ones when you are gone.

Now the thought of stability brings us to the question of finance. Assuredly, unless the expenses of a unitary home are easily and promptly defrayed in the current coin of the realm it will prove as casual as the home of a rack-rented cottier liable at any moment to be evicted. The economic basis has to be laid securely, and perfect agreement concerning its details come to among its adult members. It is well to recall here that the communistic experiment made by Robert Owen and his followers at Tytherly, Hampshire, was in effect a failure, while in one sense it might be called a success. The working members declared they would rather live on an Irish diet of potatoes than go again into the old world—as, alas! they were ultimately compelled to do—and residents and boarders, of whom there were many in the community, "all regretted the end of their tenancy." In spite of two significant facts—viz., that the community was composed of a heterogeneous mass of persons collected together by chance, and that many of them had not read the community rules, and grave infractions of these had taken place, the cause of the wreck of the enterprise was purely commercial. Too much money had been spent on the building, and there was "insufficient capital to last while the new order of life consolidated itself."\* The whole history of this experiment proclaims the abundant

\*In "Work While ye Have the Light." History of Co-operation. G. H. Holyoake, Vol. 2, p. 311.

existence of raw material ripe for the construction of the social fabric of a new order, provided the baser elements—the pounds, shillings, pence—that must enter into the enterprise are justly, ably, and fitly handled in relation to the future, as well as the present, and with scrupulous regard to interests that are general and not special to a few favoured individuals.

Private property need not, and I think ought not to be, relinquished. To combine in a spirit of pure self-renunciation and hold all things in common may be admirable, and Tolstoi's charming picture of life among early Christians has its strong attractions for characters that are deeply religious and enthusiastic. But average human nature is not of that type, and since progressive evolution proceeds on lines of adaptation to the general rather than to the special case, we must launch our social reforms, not on the crest of a wave of enthusiasm, but at the lower level of practical common-sense, tinged with the egotism which may be defined as self-protectiveness free from brutal selfishness.

This self-protectiveness is an inward force certain to act on the unitary home proposal in two contrary directions. It will attract individuals who are without property but can offer labour as an equivalent for livelihood, and repel those who, possessing some property, are willing to make trial of a new system, but not willing to risk the loss of an actual advantage for the possible gain of a fuller and nobler social life. In the one case the action is centripetal, in the other centrifugal, yet the humanity concerned may be equally fit to initiate reform, and success depends upon capital and labour concentrating at the various points of experiment, and combining there to create the necessary strength. The policy to pursue in order to destroy the adverse action of self-protectiveness and meet the requirements of a race that is not emancipated from a greed of possession engendered in an era of unprecedented commercial prosperity and expansion is this:—We must respect the sentiment of private property and enable individuals who possess property to unite with their fellows on terms admitting of withdrawal, if need be, without undue loss of capital to them individually.

In the inevitable difficulties of a transition epoch we are not concerned to discard individualism rashly, but to construct a renovated social fabric free from the grosser evils of individualism and calculated to enlarge and socialise the individual while keeping in touch with the actual life around. Moreover, we must not expect our children to differ widely from ourselves. The property sentiment blended with acquisitiveness is the product of many centuries of an individualist struggle for life. It has become instinctive in some classes, though not universally so, and an instinct can neither be suddenly nor harshly suppressed. But under freedom, regardful of like freedom to all, the action of socialised domesticity and training will gradually eliminate this self-element and transform the feeling into a love of having, purely and solely for the sake of giving pleasure to others.

(To be continued.)

## The Steadfast Blue Line.

There are over one hundred medical missionaries in China, and fifty-six of them are women. They reach those who are beyond the reach of male missionaries, even though physicians, and touch the home life as no others can.

The Ohio Legislature has recently passed a law providing that the marriage of a woman shall not disqualify her to act as an administratrix or executrix, as heretofore. Why the simple fact that a woman is married should disqualify her for any kind of business or other is a question women cannot understand. It is time that such relics of barbarism should be stricken from the statute books of a great and progressive State like Ohio.

### "PEACE TO THE ODALISQUE."

I.  
Peace to the odalisque, the facile slave,  
Whose unrespectful love rewards the brave,  
Or cherishes the coward; she who yields  
Her lord the fief of waste, uncultured fields  
To fester in non-using; . . . . .  
In vain would women's hearts,  
In love with sacrifice, withstand the stream  
Of human progress; other spheres, new parts  
Await them. God be with them in their quest—  
Our brave, sad working-women of the West.

II.  
Peace to the odalisque, whose morning glory  
Is vanishing, to live alone in story;  
Firm in her place, a dull-robed figure stands,  
With wistful eyes, and earnest grappling hands:  
The working-woman, she whose soul and brain—  
Her tardy right—are bought with honest pain.  
Oh woman! sacrifice may still be thine—  
More fruitful than the souls ye did resign  
To sated masters; from your lives, so real,  
Will shape itself a pure and high ideal,  
That ye will seek with sad, wide-open eyes,  
Till, finding nowhere, baffled love shall rise  
To higher planes, where passion may look pale,  
But charity's white light shall never fail.  
EMILY PFEIFFER.

Men must learn to respect women as an equal factor in civilisation and she must learn to respect herself as mother of the race. WOMANHOOD is the great primal factor of her existence: marriage and maternity its incidents.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

There is no outrage which wealth and power can commit upon man that it cannot and does not commit doubly upon women. No matter how poor a man is, his wife and daughters are poorer; no matter how much of a dependent he is, the woman is more so, for she is the dependent of a dependent, the serf of a serf, the chattel of a chattel.—Helen H. Gardener.

### A PROFIT-SHARING WORKROOM.

The profit-sharing dressmaking establishment at Emperor's-gate, which, under the skill and superintendence of Madame Yules, is now a complete financial success, employs sixteen work-girls, who are all lodged on the premises, being provided with comfortable bedrooms, and the use of a dining-room and a sitting-room to which they can adjourn in their spare time.

The hours of work are so arranged that the girls can get a walk in the daytime, an hour's break between four and five, and half-an-hour's musical drill in the morning, as well as having proper hours for meals. These fortunate young people receive 25 per cent. in addition to their wages.

"It is to their honour that women were the first to use the pen in the service of Ireland. At the beginning of the century, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel or on the stage. When prejudice was at its height—about the time of 'the Union'—two women with opposite views, and very opposite training, but moved by the same ennobling patriotism, 'rose to the rescue'; Miss Owenson, afterwards Lady Morgan, by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of actual portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury, spreading abroad the knowledge of Irish character, and portraying, as till then they had never been portrayed, the chivalry, generosity, and devotedness of Irish nature. They succeeded largely in evaporating superstition, in overcoming prejudice, by obtaining ready hearers of appeals."—S. C. Hall.

### THE WOMAN OF TO-MORROW.

The fashion of the future is moulded by to-day.

"Woman," said an ancient writer, "is the crown of creation."

As to woman's prerogatives, it matters not surely whether she discourse fearlessly before the multitude, or whether she speak in tones subdued in a private sphere, so that she remain true to herself. One wonders why such dubious feelings should be so often entertained with regard to the propriety of a woman *speaking* to an audience, when she is entreated to *sing* to the same, and, indeed, almost worshipped for so doing. Also, why should she not as freely *speaking* her thoughts as *write* them for the world to read? Was there not a Pitho as well as a Mercury?

It has been said that "discretion is more necessary to woman than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little." This we think is synonymous with saying that discretion only is needed to guide the marked powers of utterance of which woman is certainly possessed.

Public speaking is seldom attempted by women unless they have something worthy to be said, and know well how to say it. But man, though he offend the taste of his audience both in matter and manner, still considers it his prerogative to speak.

Why may not the mental powers of woman have full scope?

Already she is moving beyond the formerly prescribed circle of a woman's ambition; and new lines are opening out for her. In the scientific world she is now openly acknowledged; and new regions of thought she hastens forth to claim.

With regard to the question of her right to move freely in the political world, we may remember that once such right was hers; certain abbesses and countesses being summoned to attend Parliament in the reigns of Henry III., Edward I., and Edward III. This is matter of history, and will repeat itself. The construction of the Ladies'

Gallery in our present House of Commons would seem to be the embodiment of an idea that women have little to do with its momentous concerns. What do women think? That is the important question.

The higher capabilities of women are fast developing, and it "doth not yet appear what she shall be." Will she ever shift the responsibility of the charge of her home? we do not think so. For does it not require as much the perfectly developed creature to move with wisdom and grace in a household, as to serve in a more public sphere? The drilling of every soldier for service in life's battle-field depends principally upon the mother. What does not the home-life involve?

Says Martin: "If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a State we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife! a mother!—two magical words. A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother! he obeys her long after she has ceased to live; and the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions." Thus, she must already have a large share even in the most important decisions of a nation; and with her strength of mind she can teach our senators wisdom, nor can she fail to exercise a mighty influence on men and things.

[Women have always taken a full share in affairs of State as an influence; what they now demand and mean to obtain is *power*, their full share of power, recognised power, not influence. This power recognised and exercised, will begin the better state of things which will save our country and the world. "She shall crush thy head"—the head of iniquity.—Ed.]

Miss Emily S. Bouton, in the *Toledo Blade*, expresses hearty delight at the strong movement among thoughtful women in behalf of a more sensible dress. She says: "The one great and crying need is more freedom—freedom to walk, to run, to climb—equal and perfect freedom of action for all parts of the body. No one can fail to recognise the way in which women are handicapped by their dress. Watch a man and woman getting on or off a street car. He swings himself easily in place while it is in motion. It is dangerous for her, bound as she is in her skirts, to attempt such a feat, no matter how much she may desire to do so. See the difference in a storm of wind or rain, when the wet, clinging skirts make her hobble wearily along, while he strides onwards, defying the elements. I do not think as a body women have until recently, begun to realise how much their dress has to do with their success or failure in life, whether in that of the home, or in the world as bread-winners. In a vague sort of way they have for years been conscious of disadvantages, but accepted them as a part of their inheritance as women, to be borne as well as they might be, as inevitable."

Miss Bouton hopes some style of dress may be evolved which will be at once pretty and convenient, and which will not "challenge the attention and criticism of that dread street tribunal, the small boy." But when any style of dress becomes fashionable, it ceases to attract the criticism either of small boys or big ones. The most hideous and amazing fashions paraded the streets in peace and with complacency—when they were the fashion. It will be just so with the twentieth century dress, whatever form it may ultimately take.

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## The Best of Fathers.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Conclusion).

## ATONEMENT.

IT was some hours before Sir Stephen returned, but Dorothy had good news for him. The doctor had been during his absence and had pronounced the beloved patient out of danger. When, therefore, she heard the carriage drive up the avenue and sweep round before the porch, she waited in happy anticipation for the sound of his footsteps on the stairs. But they did not come. They turned off short on the landing, and she heard the door of his study close behind him.

An hour she waited patiently, then softly slipped down to that little sanctum of her husband's which had always been as open to her as to himself.

But, as her hand was on the door handle, a strange shyness came over her, and she knocked before entering the room.

"May I come in, Stenie?" she asked in her soft cooing voice.

No answer, nay, though the request was repeated more times than one.

She took her courage in both hands, opened the door, and went in.

Her husband sat by the table with his arms crossed upon it, and his head bowed upon them, an image of absolute abandonment to despair. On the table near him lay a little Indian charm, a tiger-tooth mounted in silver—quaint, but of small value.

He did not look up as she entered, he did not seem to hear her.

The tears started into Dorothy's eyes, she laid her soft slender hand on his bowed head caressingly. "Stenie," she said, "my husband, let me share your sorrow, perhaps I can lighten it. Look up, my own."

The strong handsome squire, whose heir had just come of age, looked up into the divinely pitying face of the woman he had led to the altar twenty-two years before, and because he loved her fifty times more dearly than on that bridal day—because a life of communion with her white soul had taught him the grand possibilities of humanity—shrank from her in terrible self-loathing.

"Do not touch me," he said, "you would hate me if you knew!" and then added vehemently, "But you must know. If it kills you I must tell you! I have been a base hypocrite to you all my life long, but now my sin has come down on both our heads—on yours, poor innocent! I must tell you that you may loathe me, your caresses are maddening!"

He sprang up and paced about the room; while Dorothy watched him with eyes wide-spread in terror, wondering what possible wrong the man could have done her who had been her mainstay in trouble, her stalwart tower of strength in so far as one human being may help another, for so many happy years.

She stood, therefore, trembling.

The habit of tender carefulness for her, which had become a second nature to him, held sway over her husband. He took her hand and led her to his comfortable well-padded easy chair, and set her in it as in a judgment seat; and then, pacing the room with bent head, he told her in a low choking voice, in curt short sentences delicately chosen, yet unsparing to his own wrong doing, of his early sins against manhood; of his bodily degradation; of how that day in the streets of Windsor his Nemesis had looked him in the face; how the strange likeness of the young pick-pocket to his idol-

ised Isaac, "yours and mine," he said pathetically, had reminded him that it was possible that Isaac could have a half-brother. "Ah, my God! I never thought of that possibility when I sinned! I think even then, before even I had known you and realised what consecrated love is, and how self-indulgence must be utterly cast out from it, I should have kept straight if I had thought what it meant to bring a creature into the world to suffer. Oh! there surely will come a time when mothers will teach their boys what parentage means and keep them from incurring such awful remorse as I now suffer!"

"Oh, Stenie, I never taught Isaac that!" said Dorothy conscience stricken.

"Nor I, either, Heaven help me! though you implored me to do it! I hindered you from doing it, Dorothy," said her husband.

He had held through life the theory that good women should be kept ignorant of the evil in the world; and that if even the knowledge of it came to them they should never sully their lips by speaking of it. He remembered now with anguish how he had stifled Dorothy's appeal to him to let her warn and teach her boy.

The logic of events had proved to him by bitter experience the hollowness of the theories which had governed his life. His own mother, whether ignorant or not, had been silent with a silence which he had hitherto approved and wished his wife to copy; now he felt how reverent and wise teaching from his mother's lips explaining to him that impurity is sin, because it is abusing for selfish enjoyment the wonderful power which brings new souls into the world, would have saved him from the awful guilt which overwhelmed him. The current standard of the men around him by which he had regulated his life, he now saw to be false; it had taught him that it was the woman's part to keep herself pure, and that failing the sullying of innocence a man might indulge his passions if he would; he now saw that his sin was to his child, and that he could by no means shift the burden of guilt upon the slender shoulders of the untutored girl whom he had made a mother; and, moreover, his tender Dorothy, from whose knowledge all that was evil had been so jealously hidden, must be rudely introduced to the worst of sin and sorrow, come close to her in its most ghastly form. He realised how much better it would have been for her to have been brought up to know and combat evil; better for her; better for her child; better for him, for he knew by that one appeal of hers which she had made to him when she had caught a glimpse of the awful thing, how valuable her aid and her judgment and her delicate tact would have been to him in many a problem in life. And if to him, why not also to the world? Humbled by his own mistakes and their direful consequences, he suddenly understood what the world loses by having the minds of women dwarfed, and their judgments cramped and narrowed.

"Oh! Dorothy," he exclaimed passionately, "the first time I saw our boy a tiny baby in your arms I felt how black my own sin had been. Now he will die, and I shall never have a chance to teach him to be a better man than his father. It was because I was evil that our boy went wrong. I see it all now. There was a complication at Oxford beyond his mere idleness, an entanglement with a woman that I sent him away for. It would never have happened if I had taught him rightly—or let you do it, my pure sweet wife!"

"In the vacation he was dangling after old

Hay's daughter, Polly—and he was after her again that night, Dorothy. She came to see the fireworks with the rest, of course, and he must needs slip away from the ballroom to walk through the park with her to see her home, and that was how he found that the keepers were expecting a brush with the poachers, and went off with them."

Dorothy, with her hands clasped, watched him with sad eyes, and every now and then uttered an exclamation of pain. She had tried in vain to interrupt him for one moment that she might tell him there might yet be time for reparation, that Isaac was pronounced out of danger; but he would not listen, and, still marching up and down the room, he went on to tell her how, when he looked on the face of the poacher who had struck down her darling, he had recognised the face he saw at Windsor, and it had come home to him with the vividness of a lightning flash that one of his children had slain the other.

"Now I know that it is true," he said, the hot tears raining down his face, and dripping off his moustache and beard. "You see that tiger-tooth? The poor wretch had it round his neck. I know I lost it one wild night in London! Oh, if Isaac dies," he said, stretching his hands up entreatingly to Heaven, "if Isaac dies the blood of both will be upon me."

"Isaac will not die, my husband!" cried Dorothy, springing up and stopping him in his walk by fingering her fond arms around his neck. "The doctor has been this morning and says that he is out of danger!"

He gazed at her with the incredulity of grief; meeting her true eyes which had never yet deceived him. Hope sprang to life.

"It is true," he said, half under his breath, "Dorothy! You came between me and my sin, and now you are relieving me of the worst of the penalty." Then he caught her hands in his own passionately: "And you do not hate me though you know all?"

Dorothy looked into his face gravely with her clear pure eyes. "God forbid that I should hate you, Stenie; to hate a living soul would be a worse sin than yours. No; I hate the evil you have committed, but you also hate it now. I will not speak of that dark time when the landmarks of right and wrong were blurred to you, for I must believe you sinned in blindness; your eyes are open now."

"Open indeed," groaned her husband, with a sobbing sigh that shook his whole strong frame.

"Let the dead past bury its dead, beloved," said Dorothy, leaning her head on the broad shoulder which had so often given it rest, taking physical support while she gave spiritual strength. "Act, act in the living present; act, to make what reparation is yet possible and to prevent others from erring as you have erred. Let me help you, Stenie! Let me be a mother to that poor motherless lad, as you for the future, I know, will be truly a father to him in more than blood. Let me help you."

"Help me! God only knows how you have helped me, my darling, since first I ever saw you!"

So they lived to make atonement. Never before had they been so close to each other. The dark gulf of concealment which had divided Sir Stephen from his pure, sweet love was at last destroyed. He had gone through the agony of humiliating confession, and he felt no longer that he had her love by false pretences.

She, grieved though her white soul was to the quick, when the dark stains on her com-

## Shafts of Thought.

VI.

THE children of to-day are said to be losing the divine faculty of imagination. Board Schools, University examinations, and cram books have come in, and fairy tales, picturesque history, and rag-dolls have gone out. The children, whose grandparents invested their few and crude toys with marvellous imaginary attributes, demand a variety and elaboration in their playthings which science and art combine to satisfy at a cost appalling to the elders of a bygone generation. Critical and supercilious, they are no more satisfied to see in the painted wooden features of a Dutch doll an object of blind devotion, than their elders would be content with the suggestive signboards of an Elizabethan dramatic representation in place of the realistic marvels of Drury-lane. Whether this analytical materialism is a tendency to be desired in a world whose objective phenomena are declared by profound metaphysics to be illusion, is a question I will not now discuss, but it certainly appears as though the faculty of "make-believe," which characterised the children of years ago, had failed to develop in the present generation until later in life, with the result that the "make-believing" genius is now exercised for the edification of our next door neighbours, and for the production of an unreal impression on the world at large. So far from producing a state of happiness in the "make-believer" himself, his efforts are the result of fretful discontent and feverish vanity. He merely creates illusions for other people to envy or to laugh at, as the case may be. To live in a dream-world where vice is vanquished, virtue victorious, and tyranny trampled underfoot was the privilege of childhood; to exist in a material world where shamming is a fine art, and "make-believe" an industry, is now the shame of maturer age. Whence arises this overwhelming tendency to make things appear what they are not? Surely it is the last development of the love of money—the most recent sucker of the "root of all evil." Imitation of the vices, foibles, and manners (or want of manners) of the rich is certainly the most conspicuous result of the mammon-worship which degrades our social life and condemns our civilisation. At bottom the love of money, or rather of what money can secure, is deep seated in the materialism of the age; and by materialism I do not mean irreligion, or atheism, or agnosticism, all of which are sometimes wrongly labelled materialism, but I mean the entanglement of the soul in matter, the degradation and besmirching of the spirit in its surroundings of clay, which may be seen in the devout Anglican or ultra Calvinist as well as in the gayest worldling. Nineteenth century civilisation in its coat of "too, too solid flesh" repeats, intensifies, exceeds the materialism of bygone races which have toppled to their fall. Worship of matter, or mammon—it is all one—is the order of the day, and in the crush and struggle to approach the throne, life and blood and brain are poured out like

panion's spirit were bared to her shrinking gaze, yet felt a more tender, deeper devotion since he had dared to tell her the whole sad truth, which she had dimly guessed with unshared agony before. She realised, as she saw his terrible suffering, that one who truly repents is in very truth regenerate; his soul had indeed been born again of the spirit since those wild hours in his youth when he had dared to tamper with the physical mysteries of birth.

Oh, my readers! Not every married woman whose husband has sinned in this way sees her struck down thus directly by the son of the unmarried, but in subtler ways the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. "Let the whole world be cleansed, or not a man or woman of us all can be clean," said Nathaniel Hawthorne. Be sure of this: If you women marry a man who is physically a father, who has repudiated all the spiritual duties and obligations of fatherhood, your children will suffer; primarily in the fact that a man who has desecrated the sacred gifts of his own personality can never give them a father's love; unless, he has recognised his sin and its far-reaching cruelty, has repented in contrition and bitterness of soul, and made any reparation that lay in his power.

Not all fathers who have repudiated the duties of their fatherhood reap in clear and unmistakable horror the harvest of their sin. Better for them perhaps if they did. To see the direfulness of sin and learn to loathe it, and to hate the evil in yourself which led you to commit it, is no misfortune, but the greatest blessing that can come to a sinner, be the lesson learned through what suffering it may.

They are most to be pitied who have committed this sin and have not repented, who hold themselves erect before the world, and account themselves noble and manly.

Mothers! Save your sons from this. Do not say "Young men must sow wild oats," with a half smile on your lips that comes straight from the pit and is ten times more accursed than the laughter of the wretched women you accuse of tempting your lads. By the motherhood you hold sacred teach them the duties of fatherhood, the tremendous sacredness of the bodies God has given them for habitations and the marvellous creative gifts which bring new souls into the world.

Let the purity on which you pride yourselves be active as well as passive. Speak out bravely and teach your sons and your daughters that the true law is alike for both, for God has decreed that every child must have two parents and they are equally responsible for its welfare.

MINERVA.

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## THE VALUE OF AGITATION.

A curious illustration of the value and importance of persistent agitation was given the other day by an anti-Local Option orator:—"In a can of cream bound for market," he said, "there were two frogs. One of the frogs became despondent and said: 'What is the use of kicking any more? I'm going to the bottom,' and he went. The other one kept up a deliberate kicking, and when the can was opened at the end of the journey he was found to be alive. He had kicked so hard that he had churned out a piece of butter, and he was floating on it."

water. Men seethe, and sweat, and curse, and trample on the weak and turn the fairest regions of earth into a hell in honour of their god. And die—and carry with them into the unknown NOTHING. Not one grain of the mud they love goes hence to help or aid. And yet—so dense is the moral atmosphere in which we live—we delude ourselves into the pious conviction that—

"The poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in storms and hears Him in the wind,"

is a most materialistic savage. The Hindoo in silent contemplation of a Buddha is a "worshipper of stocks and stones" who must be converted, even at some expense, to the superior worship which embraces "stocks and shares." The fakir who exhibits the triumph of mind over matter is a juggling imposter—for, if there is anything upon which we pride ourselves, it is our stolid indifference to any class of communication which bears the stamp "UNKNOWN" at Burlington House.

Deep and firm into the rank, heavy soil of materialism are thrust the roots of "all-evil," and dense and heavy is the fruit and foliage of pride, and deceit, and falsehood, and fraud, and "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." Rich, LUSCIOUS, and poisonous fruits daily offered at the shrine of matter and thence returned with putrid exhalations to rot and blacken with added strength the soil of society from which they sprang. But what has this to do with the power of imagination and the world of make-believe? Just this. Wealth—the object of our adoration—fires us with mad desire to appear to be, if we are not in reality, his chosen bond-slaves. From cellar to garret, society is permeated with a love of unreal show, and exists in a world of make-believe. He who has five thousand a year must live as though he had twenty. The doctor struggling with a meagre practice must appear as though he had more paying patients than he knew what to do with. The curate with seventy pounds a year must keep up the appearance of a gentleman with five hundred, and so down the whole social scale. There exists an artificial standard of—not comfort, but luxury, below which we must not fall on pain of social ostracism. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are spent every year by people who can ill afford it, for purposes of a kind which secure not one single ounce of pure pleasure or real benefit to themselves or anyone else, but which are extorted in sheer dread of appearing singular or mean, or, what is worse, for the sole purpose of producing the impression that they—the spenders—are somewhat more liberally endowed with riches than is really the case. In other words, they are so steeped in the worship of matter *per se* that they will stoop to almost any falsehood or petty meanness and even practise personal discomfort in order to pass in their most material world as persons of prosperity. To have and not to be is their aim and motto. To such the possession of a million is better than to be a Shakespeare, a Dante, or a Milton. The question which should concern each of us individually is, how far have we yielded to the same insi-

dious growth of materialistic ideas? How far are we tainted with the same disease, and what is the remedy? We may not each go to the extreme as in the case of a military officer's wife, whose income and ideas were much at variance, and who, to recoup the cost of fashionable rooms at a fashionable watering-place taken at an expense per week which would have paid for a month's happy country holiday, would sit down to a late dinner in all the glory of silks and laces to discuss the half of a saveloy, and feed her half-starved maid on the residuum; but each in our own way or in some special direction we yield too easily to the claims of supposed necessity or fashion. Take the class of people who help to keep up appearances by resorting to the meanest subterfuges and tricks towards those with whom they deal in business. There are persons who will unblushingly desire an assortment of articles they never mean to buy to be sent on approval on some false pretext in order to swell the grandeur of their rooms on some special occasion of display. They have even been known to procure articles of dress on the same system, though they would be the first to utter indignant protests if they were asked to purchase goods which had thus been made use of. Others deliberately request goods to be sent for inspection from which patterns are taken for use, ignoring the fact that it is morally as dishonest to steal the labour of brains as of muscles; others, on the pretence of misfit or inferiority or error, claim allowances which are often granted rather than give opportunity for a malicious tongue to spread evil report. It is by no means uncommon for persons of stated income to spend their ready money at large emporiums where "Cash only" is the motto, on showy finery, and then, as the quarter end draws nigh, to patronise the credit grocer or draper and allow him to wait their convenience for his money. But why enumerate examples of what after all is known to the observation or the conscience of most? We sing lustily enough, "Man wants but little here below," but the estimate is a very wide one which we individually attach to the "little." Now and again comes a Thoreau or a Carpenter to preach simplicity and naturalness of life, but the mass of civilised humanity measures necessity by desire.

As to the remedy, I cannot help thinking that in aiming at greater naturalness of life and surroundings, in endeavouring to be more genuinely honest and straightforward, we shall gradually find the solution of many social problems. Take, for instance, the question of domestic service. There is possibly no direction in which more of the humbug of prevailing ideas comes out so strongly as in the supposed necessity for a retinue of servants. An independence born of simpler life and more moderate desires would go far to ameliorate the strained relations which exist to-day in thousands of homes. Or the evils of sweating. Society at large—the workers as well as the middle classes—is directly responsible for the terrible evils of this system, more even than the brutalised few who do the actual dirty work. And why? Because, more or less, the system

of buying in the cheapest market, irrespective of cost of production, is universal. From Tom Hood to Walter Besant the pitiful lives of those who earn their bread by the needle have not been unnoticed, and yet of the thousands who read *The Children of Gibbon* with emotion genuine enough while it lasted, there are probably not five per cent. who have allowed it practically to influence their action in connection with purchases of hand-made clothing. This is a point which touches the honour of women very nearly. Strange it seems, and yet true, that there is probably nothing for which the average woman so much dislikes to pay as sewing. While, for the showy bonnet, "blown" together in ten or fifteen minutes, guineas are cheerfully dispensed, for an article involving hours, perhaps days, of back aching, close work, she will grudge little more than the same number of shillings. The inevitable deduction is that she prefers what will make a show and give an impression, and the truth is borne out by the fact that very often excessive finery of outside attire, nay, even richness and good taste, goes hand in hand with underwear of the shabbiest and commonest description. Surely this is worshipping Mammon and passing off in the objective world for something other than we are. If these and such as these be the surroundings of daily life in a high and Christian state of civilisation what room is there for souls to "grow in grace," what chance for the development of higher spirituality midst the choking weeds of greedy materialism? The same question pressed upon George Fox and his followers—they answered it bravely and well in their day and generation according to their lights, and we have to face it and answer it in ours. We must do it each in our own way, but if the world is to be any better for our lives we must face it earnestly and face it now.

EDITH WARD.

### On Strike.

"DON'T send for no luxuries for me, wife; after this it'll be all we can do to get bread, let alone jam and such like." The speaker draws a little oneback into the dingy kitchen by her curly light hair, turning the pale face up as he does so, and perhaps thinking it would not bear much more pinching. He is an intelligent-looking specimen of the dock labourer, of forty or thereabouts, and the woman he addresses, who has a pleasant fresh-coloured face, is of about the same age. Both these and their five little ones scattered about the floor showed signs of habitual lack of nourishment. The mother's face had taken on a welcoming brightness, but at his words an instinctive guess at the truth, born of fifteen years' comradeship, sent up a look of quiet despair into her eyes, and a compression of the lips told of bitter thoughts.

"Get your tea and then tell me," she said. The bare meal was eaten in silence, and the children packed off in unwonted haste to their one bed in the other room.

Then Jim Walters, leaning his elbow on the mantle, and not looking at his wife, says: "It's what I expected; we've struck; and aren't goin' in till we get the little we want."

"And what are we to do, Jim, with not a penny to take hold of to pay expenses of what's comin', nothin' to get the children's medicine even, from the dispensary, hardly a shoe to their feet, and coughin' their little lives out?" She paused to take breath, and then went on: "You wouldn't let me take help from the parson last strike, and you'd be the same over this, and we could just clem to death. *Don't* do it, Jim; stick to the little we've got." Her voice failed, and noticing that Jim's face had kept its look of resolve, she broke into bitter weeping. "Help from them that's paid to defend what's caused the trouble?" Jim broke out. "We'll die first!"

He took up his cap and made for the street, muttering that it was no use looking to the women for help. He spent the rest of the evening leaning against the brass rail of the nearest pub, not that he wished to drink or had the means, but a knot of his mates were there discussing the chances of the strike. A fortnight went by, the strike still on, and everything pawnable had gone for food. The event had occurred which had brought Jim's wife to death's door. The little life had flickered and vanished. Two nights after, the mother was lying hovering between life and death from extreme weakness. She had summoned all her strength to grasp Jim's big hand, vowing she would not release it till he promised to go back on his word, "not for my sake, for I can't get better, but for the children's and your's," she said, noticing afresh the lean, starved look on his face.

At her word the man groans, and feeling though he does that the letters of the word "blackleg" have taken solid form and are beating at his brain, he also realises that he has, perhaps, a life in his hand, and with an imploring "Get better, Fan, and I'll go in on Monday," he rushes out into the November darkness away from where he might meet the mates whom he feels that to betray is bitterest disgrace.

It is Monday evening; the children are asleep; Fan is dreadfully uneasy; something whispers to her of calamity. A heavy fog hangs outside. Suddenly the latch is raised and there enters the helpful neighbour who has "done up" for them lately. Her face is white with the horror of the tale she has to tell. A mate of Jim's has been sent to her, to say that Jim had fallen in the river soon after the fog came on, striking his head on something in the fall, and had been taken out dead. Fan sits straight up on her rough couch and with white lips says, "I knew it, I knew it; it's a punishment for driving him from the right." Leave me, Mrs. Mally, I'll be better alone." The neighbour reluctantly went out, and the invalid, strong for the moment, slipped on her clothes, went in the other room and kissed the faces of her sleeping children, murmuring, "Let those care for them that drove us to this." She threw over her head a shawl, and passed into the foggy street. Down to the docks she ran, only one thought in her bewildered brain, to leave it all and join Jim.

The moon alone, struggling through the fog, watched her throw off her shawl and boots, then in another minute she would have been at rest, but a bounding step behind her makes her turn, and with a wild cry she throws herself—not into the cold, unloving river, but into a pair of arms that close on her like a vice. She could just utter the words, "Oh, Jim, they told me—" then she fainted away. The light form was easily carried, and in five minutes she was in bed, drinking a cup of hot tea, but still sticking hold of the big hand, while its owner

explained how he had had to go to a new quarter for work, and on the way had met the strike leader, who, seeing how things stood, had forced a sovereign on Jim, and given him his word of honour that at the end of another week they were going in with flying colours. Then he had attended some meetings of the men, done some very necessary shopping, and returned with glee to tell the good news over the first good tea for weeks. And he had found the neighbour trying to pacify the wailing children, and hearing the dreadful story had raced down to the docks, where some instinct told him he would find his wife. After they had satisfied the children's hunger he went off to the hospital, and found what he expected, that the dead man was one whose resemblance to himself, his mates were always saying, would cause serious trouble some day. That night Jim asked his wife playfully, should he go in in the morning or wait. She answered "I'll never give in again, Jim."

ANNIE EDWARDS.

### The Bond of Union.

WE here reproduce, with the kind permission of Miss Frances Lord and the members of the "Bond of Union amongst Workers for the Common Good," portions of their lately issued leaflet. It is "written in explanation of what we mean by forming Groups for the study of Social and other Questions as set forth in our Charter of Freedom":—

"WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER,"\*

"PRIVATE FRIENDSHIP.

"Who does not know the value of an intimate friend? Who has not learnt much by thrashing out an idea with one or two bright minds? Who has not found that any event in life's experience is worth more, if talked over with a friend, who knows the before and after of it all? How significant then are the details, while to a stranger we should have to tell them laboriously, without even then being able to explain adequately why they should affect us to tears, excite our pity, or impress us with a sense of our having some duty to perform. Who does not know that all this is life's school, life's personal education given to us, if we will but take it and profit by it? We remember these good hours, even when we lose the friends who made them good; so great are the uses and pleasures of personal friendship."

This is followed by some capital remarks upon public work full of sound common sense and experience, from which we quote a sentence or two:—

"And what awful weariness may follow a long committee day! What a sense of wasted time—wasted, because the members attend irregularly and thus need long explanations; or are quarrelsome; or came so late that there was no quorum, and business could not be taken at once. Yet, what experience one has gained; what minds one has seen; what national interests one has touched and helped by that weary committee! Such are the pleasures of public work."

After which Miss Lord proceeds to explain:—

"WHAT MADE ME THINK OF OUR GROUP SYSTEM.

"I saw that what I had been benefiting by all my life in the forms of friendship and committee work was something which could be

\* Leaflet No. 1, April, 1893.

made to yield even more good with far less trouble. I had been a member of many societies, each for a different object; each had taught me how to estimate the other. I came to the conclusion that what was required was a society prepared to face the whole field of Reform, and to train its members in thinking on the best information, by some easy method of taking counsel together. Members thus educated would make any occasional *pronouncement* or manifesto from the Society a document with some real weight of opinion behind it."

Under the heading "Democratisation of Opportunity" are many suggestions well worth thinking out; they will repay very careful reading. Next comes matter still more interesting:—

"THE GROUP SYSTEM."

Thus, for learning what to think on topics of the day, there is nothing like a steady plan of meeting to discuss them. But for this to be to my own taste, it should be free and easy in expression, free from the technicalities and rules proper in a Debating Society; free as friendship's confidence is easy.

"What one friend does not know the other is able to contribute. The person who has been to India, the Colonies, or the United States, is sure to know some fact the others do not. The amount of information forthcoming is astonishing, if people will say what they really do know. And if they were in the habit of knowing that they know, their influence would soon affect the Public Press and the addresses delivered at election and other critical times, the incorrectness of which is often an insult to the audience. But some people are shy or lethargic, and let things be said without protest. Hence a meeting of two or three seems the best means of getting the greatest number of people to cultivate exchange of thought, whether on the practical side of life or for the study of our soul's powers—psychic study. (For explanation of what is meant by this see Leaflet 2).

"WHOM SHOULD WE TRY TO INTEREST?"

"Our Group System is suited to two kinds of people equally well—those who want to work and those who want to think. Among the working kind there are those who, before beginning, desire to know what is being done by others. Among the thinking kind, there are those who are sure there is an explanation of things, if only it be sought aright. And there are the opposites of these enquirers, those who feel 'The time is out of joint,' and no one can possibly find a remedy or even a palliative. These sad beings need a cure themselves, for there is always something which is better worth doing than leaving undone.

"Some people, and notably those in large towns, get overdone with stimulus to work; with lectures, meetings, addresses, 'at homes.' Again, every large town seems very large to the person who would like to attend all the meetings which go on. And, besides this, an address may stimulate, but cannot permanently educate; because it is only what you make yourself do that really teaches you. Moreover, going to hear powerful addresses by powerful people, and doing no more, will have a bad effect on you.

"WHO SHOULD FORM A GROUP?"

"Your own family or friends, if possible; but if they are not very intimate to start with, any suitable units may be invited. The purpose in associating being culture, but not necessarily involving family life or social amusement, many people will strike us "just the ones to talk

things out with," who are, nevertheless, not suitable for some other kinds of association, from difference in age, invalidism, pressure of business or duty. 'The least expenditure of time, money, and temper in meeting' are the words best describing the conditions to be sought."

In the conducting of a group "the Charter of Freedom" is recommended to be read aloud, and persons will do well to follow this suggestion. It is very interesting reading and full of thoughts that teach and create other thoughts. It is likely to imbue persons with earnest, ardent desire to go on, to take their own subjects, and with their "Group of Three" to discuss and study many subjects. In the paragraph entitled "Effect of reading our Charter of Freedom: if new to you," a great amount of light is thrown upon the confused, disordered thought which struggles, not knowing how to proceed; a way, a wise way, is pointed out. Read carefully the next paragraph, part of which we give here:—

"THE GROUP RECEIVES AND GENERATES THOUGHT. THOUGHTS ARE THINGS.

"The law of attraction runs through all life; in some cases working through opposites or complementaries, in others through similars. And Thoughts are Things. All who think on the same plane or footing of thought touch each other, somehow. This finds its application in many ways. It is the secret of sympathy; 'put yourself in his place'; and this being able to identify yourself with the thought of another certainly excludes antagonism, which is sure to arise from not doing so, while it may enable you to draw forth the most secret thoughts of that other; this application is said to have been that of Macchiavelli, the mediæval Italian diplomatist, and of the Jesuits.

"Such being the way in which Thought works, whether we will or no, we may well ask ourselves whether we can turn it to account, and start currents of intelligent Thought. Why should not we put ideas in the air; more ideas, better ones, with stronger wings, which could travel where we have no means of going in person? To achieve this, there could hardly be a better method than that of forming small Groups."

Almost the best part of the leaflet, a gem among gems, is the last paragraph, which is beautiful in its suggestiveness, encouraging, strengthening, instructive in the highest degree. From it we have only space for a few selections but they are indeed letters of gold:—

"Some say, 'We look for some great genius to discover the truths of life for us, and to set them forth for our edification. Till then, our poor little efforts will avail us little; we are only like birds in a cage, beating our wings against its bars. If any such were to arise and think in our midst, the first to appreciate them should be such watch-dogs as Workers for the Common Good; the first to study them should be our Groups. This looking 'to some great one' is not really ennobling hero worship; it may arise in us from mere laziness, or from ignorance of the way in which thoughts become accessible to souls. Any fit soul may get to know; but to obtain celebrity by telling others is another matter. If the fact of Harvest (Karma) were accepted, and its workings were understood, the worth of private thinking would be seen at once, and so would the value of Group thinking. For private thinking may give you the much-desired idea for your own joy; Group thinking will enable others to catch it from you, without knowing it is you they have to thank for it; indeed, it may be that you could not have got

the idea so clearly but for the quality of Thought created by the Group system. Do not wait for Thought to be given out by 'some great one,' in book or newspaper. You may yourself be the 'great one,' to get it for your own joy, and even to spread it by Thought. The discovery that power to think the highest thoughts has no necessary connection with celebrity, may affect the ambitious—consoling or disconcerting them, if superficial: but it must gladden the earnest."

The work now being done so quietly, steadfastly, and surely, by the Bond of Union, is a work which the present time, so full of ardent inquiry, greatly needs. So the Society increases; the work it does grows in importance, and the results promise in good time to satisfy the most earnest hopes of its founder.

## To Beginners.

### II.

THE difficulties that beset vegetarian beginners are by no means disposed of by the study of diet, though as an initial step such study is essential. After the change of diet has been successfully accomplished, and the taste for meat completely destroyed, a fresh crop of problems springs up—namely, supply, cooking and cost. It is proposed to deal with these separately in detail.

The question of supply assumes gigantic proportions in remote country villages, and amongst people who are unable to provide their own food; those, for instance, who live in families or boarding houses, and those who are compelled to take their meals at restaurants. There are thousands of people, women working for their daily bread, daughters at home, living in luxury, literary people, doctors, musicians and other artists, who, even if they had the capability, have not the opportunity of choosing their own food, but are absolutely in the power of those who cater for them. Such, if they were vegetarians, would suffer seriously in health simply from lack of supply. The few who are vegetarians do suffer, and the many who gladly would be vegetarians hesitate to begin, or fall back after beginning, merely because of the insurmountable character of this obstacle. They have to choose between starving and slaying, and they prefer slaying, mainly, perhaps, because the starving they have to do themselves, while the slaying is done for them.

The vegetarian in this country, more perhaps than in any other, is in antagonistic surroundings. The English are a nation of devastators; they fight and destroy wherever they go, but most of all of their native soil. It is true they have the virtues, as well as the vices, of conquerors, and to these virtues within ourselves we must each appeal for the solution of this problem of food. Skill in arrangement, correct estimate of strength, and proper consideration for others, are qualities that no conquerors can afford to despise, and they are qualities upon which we may safely rely in the hard battle for good and wholesome food. Nevertheless the fact remains that the English notion of satisfying hunger is to kill and devour. We see this all around us. The rich certainly load their

tables with fruit, man's natural food, but only for ornament; they do not eat fruit; they say it is unwholesome, and not at all strengthening. This statement is not true, statistics prove it to be untrue, but that is not to the point. Society is accustomed to feed exclusively on what is fit for nothing but burial; what has already been eaten and digested, and, following the course of nature, is undergoing the change called corruption. The really curious fact is that anyone should consent to swallow what is so corrupt. But the customs of society have prevailed even so far as to induce a state of public opinion in which a little flutter of astonishment is caused by the case of any isolated individual who may have adopted the singularity of a rational diet. Such a case is discussed with curiosity whenever it appears, much to the annoyance of the victim. Not merely society but also the lower middle classes, and even the very poor, regard the dead and decaying, and often diseased carcasses of brute beasts as the only real food. It is in a world like this that we live, we who have seen, and incurred the responsibility of seeing, the sacredness of the gift of life. We are, it would seem, bound by our knowledge to starve rather than to kill, only it never comes to this, for it is a truism to say that the law protects those who live by it—the law of compassion no less than any other. Indeed the reason why we suffer at all is most probably because we do not carry out our principles to their logical conclusion. We refuse to take life; but we also refuse to support it. We have courage to starve; but not to plant, or to cook, so half-hearted are we. In other words, the idea of priesthood, the sacred order for the support of life, is lost, along with the idea of the sacredness of life. We have abolished these things in our modern cynical scepticism.

Most vegetarians of long standing will have discovered that, given man's legitimate food, a much smaller quantity suffices; that, appetite being less capricious, a less varied dietary is no great evil; and that, natural instincts emancipated, taste becomes a safe guide in the selection of food. Nevertheless, many beginners suffer all the preliminary pangs of death by starvation. They have an aching void which only meat seems able to fill. This void arises mainly from the indiscretion to which enthusiasts are so prone—too much haste, too little study. Cases of this kind would be cured by attention to the verbal instructions of the experienced, instructions that seem mere faddism to the rash enterprise of the beginner, for it is always so difficult to act upon a mere rule, unaccompanied by reasons or examples.

"Begin every meal with fruit," say the experienced.

But beginners reply in their hearts, "Nonsense: I shall have bread and butter, it is more solid."

Let beginners who suffer pangs of this kind try an entirely new system. Instead of beginning their meals—or at least their principal meal, at whatever time of the day it may be taken—with vegetable soup or bread and butter, let them begin with fruit, plenty of fruit, followed by almonds, pine-

kernels, nuts, or peas, according to season; and use starch food—such as bread, potatoes, rice, oatmeal, or other grains—merely to fill up crevices. There is a physiological reason for this which is fully explained in Dr. Densmore's valuable publications. Beginners are also warned against green leaves as food; they take up a great deal of space and are not of much value as nourishment. In this category, cabbages, cauliflowers, spinach, all kinds of salad, and rhubarb, and the other leafy things so dear to cattle, and those who live on their flesh, must be placed. This advice, if strictly carried out, would prove a remedy for the lack of supply peculiar to beginners, the aching void that only meat can fill, which has been fatal to so many ardent enthusiasts.

There is, however, a much more serious lack of supply which affects even the old hand who can live upon next to nothing, and this lack hinges mainly upon the questions of fruit and bread. It is a curious fact that in England, though corn is the test of everything, there is practically no such thing as good bread, except what is made by clever people at home. Most of us have to be contented with the compound of potatoes and chemicals sold by the baker. At the same time, for large consumers, even a baker can sometimes be persuaded to do better than this, and the vegetarian has a good friend in the firm of Huntly and Palmer, whose biscuits are an unfailing resource to those who live in town or country.

Another curious fact is that in country places, in the midst of gardens, fields, woods, and hedgerows, where the sun shines its brightest, and the soft rain falls in season, it is still almost impossible to obtain fruit, and sometimes very difficult to get milk; while in London, dark, dismal, dirty London, though there is of course no such thing as real milk, fruit is good and plentiful. From this it will be seen that the aim of the country vegetarian should be to obtain, in the immediate neighbourhood, a good supply of milk. Having this, sustenance is assured, for the human being can live and thrive on milk (which serves in almost every particular as a substitute for fruit), and with the aid of biscuits can enjoy a varied dietary, for even in the most deserted solitude there are to be found those who can boil potatoes and make a rice pudding. The Londoner, on the other hand, should depend chiefly on fruit, nuts and cheese. In the winter, apples, oranges and lemons, almonds and raisins, dates and figs, and French plums; in the summer, gooseberries, strawberries, plums, nuts, tomatoes, as they come into the market; these should be the chief food, in addition to what the vegetarian may find amongst food common to the rest of the world. Many people are quite unaware that a very good breakfast can be made on common baker's bread made into toast, and eaten with butter and cheese; or that dates, figs, or raisins, with lemon or orange juice, and blanched almonds, or pine kernels, form an excellent lunch, especially when followed by a piece of cake and a cup of real French *café au lait*, as a sort of pudding.

This general advice can, however, be extended more in detail for different classes.

(To be continued.)

## AS WE PASS ALONG.

### THE THEATRES.

LEAVING our offices at an early hour, we take our seats comfortably in the Toole Express, and find ourselves ten minutes after at Homburg, in company with many others, from whose conversation we learn that they have come to this famous Spa for its waters. Conspicuous among them is a figure we know well, or thought we knew, as Mr. J. L. Toole, but he declares himself to be Mr. Mark Loftus, of the firm of Loftus, Brown, and Loftus, Manchester, which, of course, we are bound to believe, especially as he represents such a person to the life. But it is hard to believe he is not Mr. Toole, in spite of his assertion to the contrary; still more so when later he gives in our presence a representation of several actors as only Mr. Toole can, we know. All this puzzles, and we find it impossible to tell whether he is more like Mr. Toole or Mark Loftus, the business man. But all our doubts are set at rest when we hear him tell a gentleman from the far North that he is really John Duncan Campbell, o'Perth, which must be true, for no Londoner could speak the Scotch tongue as he speaks it; yes, we see he is a native of the heath clad hills beyond the Tweed. Several persons come and go as we stand where the waters are being imbibed by one and another; wit, wisdom, and flirtation abound. It is quite delightful this little trip from home and city life, and we feel wonderfully rested and amused; we are on a foreign shore, away from hard work, away from worry; nothing to do but enjoy ourselves, which we do right heartily. We do not find the waters nice, however, and are not inclined to try the improvement proposed by Mr. Donald Scott of "a wee drap Scotch" added to the contents of our glass. Presently, just as we had become quite satisfied as to the identity of our new acquaintance, Mr. J. Duncan Campbell, in *propria persona*, he admits that he really is Mr. J. L. Toole. We stare, chagrined and disgusted at having been so deceived. We take our seats once more, soon find ourselves in London, though with a desire to re-visit Homburg. But for the remainder of this holiday we resolve to spend it in the neighbourhood in "A House Boat on the Thames" in the company of one "Jasper Phipps," who amuses and interests us very much by the way in which he represents himself to be—a great African traveller, whereas we know him to be Jasper Phipps, a barber. He thoroughly deceives the holiday company on the boat, flirts to perfection with the young ladies, and produces a very deep impression. But his thoughts fly ever to "Sarah," with whom when the *dénouement* comes, he makes a quiet escape, resolved, he tells us, "to stick for the future to Sarah and the shop." So he glides off in the punt, leaving to us his telegraphic address of "Walker, London."

THE SILVER SHELL, now being performed at the Avenue Theatre, is attracting large and interested audiences. Mrs. Kendal as Katharine Vail (Sophie Karanina) performs a very difficult part with singular tact and grace. Her pathos and dignity in some of the scenes are irresistibly eloquent and touching. We who watch her forget her identity in that of the courageous woman she represents, so has she impressed us with the personality of the brave and suffering Sophie. We are introduced at once to a small band of devoted Nihilists, who

labour under the too general delusion that the violent removal of a tyrant will put an end to the evils under which their country suffers. Each member of the company acts well, and seems actually to be what she or he pictures. They are in Paris, where we follow them. We are Nihilists with the Nihilists; we fear and hate Prince Karatoff, the Butcher of the Tsar—Mr. Kendal, who is capital in his impersonation—as much as the Nihilists themselves do; we follow the piece as it proceeds with absorbed interest. Very realistic is the play, even terrible in some parts, especially when Sophie tells her lover of the tragic, awful death, under the knout, that dread instrument of torture which looms black and hideous in the history of Russia. We are glad to smile for a minute and it is not possible to suppress a broad grin when Sir Richard Stanhope testifies that Englishmen will not permit Englishwomen to be insulted, &c., &c. Considering the actual conditions of woman in this country, her suffering and degradation, we wonder if this is intended as a satire. Every part is well sustained; each member of the company seems to enter fully into the spirit of the scenes portrayed. The climax is reached without a drawback, with outbursts of feeling both grand and natural. We leave it feeling that we could heartily enjoy seeing it again.

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE, at the Haymarket, makes herself to be a woman of very great importance indeed. "Lady Windermere's Fan" had not prepared us to see so finished a performance as this, which, it is not difficult to see, meets with the general approval of the closely-packed humanities who gaze and listen, all eyes and ears. Each part is well taken up, but the most prominent and powerful of the performers are Mrs. Bernard Beere as Mrs. Arbuthnot, Miss Julia Neilson as Hester Worsley, Mrs. Tree as Mrs. Allonby, Miss Rose Leclercq as Lady Hunstanton, and Mr. Tree as Lord Illingworth. It is a powerful representation of the vices and follies of society, most markedly of the sin and shame of the difference in the standard of morality between the sexes. When Mrs. Arbuthnot condemns herself so severely we feel that the greater sinner, in fact, we feel inclined to say the *only sinner* in this case has escaped scot-free, while she, the almost innocent, expiates by long years of suffering for what was not much more than an error of judgment. In life this is constantly so, and the play shows it up well. When Lord Illingworth endeavours to claim the son he has ignored from birth, who has been carefully reared by his mother, we feel the impertinent audacity in all our veins. The end is worked up to and worked out splendidly, especially where the outraged woman refuses to stain her womanhood by a marriage with the man who has so marred her life. Nemesis rides in with flying colours and all feel the punishment which comes to be fully deserved. The unscrupulous wretch who would fain have classified his victim as "a woman of no importance," ends by being so classified himself. His type exists in society in vast numbers. It is to be earnestly hoped that such dramatic representations as this will have the effect of unearthing the vermin in myriads.

LIBERTY HALL, now running through its last nights at St. James's, is a brisk, bright, sparkling comedy, with deductions which cannot escape the thoughtful. It is in four acts, each well brought out, and the *dénouement* comes naturally and easily. Two young girls, deprived by an unjust and foolish law of their

lawful patrimony, come subsequently through experiences very different to those of their early life. They refuse to accept as charity what they feel to be their own: hence the complications. The deductions to be drawn are, firstly, that all girls ought to be carefully taught some means of livelihood, so that they may be quite independent of all relatives and friends; secondly, that the law of entail is one of the most unjust of the many unjust man-made laws, and ought to be struck off our code.

The play keeps much to the o'd lines and has not anything more interesting than marriage to offer as the aim and end of a girl's life. This fault, of life more than of the play, will suggest itself, no doubt, to the audience. But we cannot help wishing Miss Marion Terry had a better *role* cut out for the exercise of her powers, which are certainly very good. It is seldom that the parts given to women do bring out anything but the weakness, tears, and dependence upon some man, which are supposed to be essential to a womanly character. To the male artiste, as a rule, are given all the parts exhibiting nobility and strength. In real life this is not so, though even there as much as possible women are forced into imbecility by their deprivations. Nothing, we think, has contributed more than the stage to make women tired of the part they have had to play, and to bring about their now determined resolve to elect in future their *role* for themselves.

A new play by A. W. Pinero, will appear at St. James's, on May 27th, entitled "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," by the same company

THE first of a series of three dramatic and costume recitals by Miss Florence Bourne and Mr. Alexander Watson was held in St. Martin's Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 26th. "The Bob o' Link," by Miss Bourne, was most charmingly delivered, and the modulations of the voice required to resemble the mad-cap chatterings of the supposed Bob o' Link, as it mischievously kept its eye on a pair of young people whom it was endeavouring to help over the stile of courtship into marriage, were exceedingly well done. Mr. Watson in his rendering of "The Flight of Little Em'ly" (Dickens), earned for himself considerable applause, his portrayal of Mr. Peggotty being easy and natural, and in "The New Lochinvar," the story of the love adventures of a cyclist in the Far West, as told by the farmer who for the first time sees the "sing'lar machine," by means of which our "wheelman" ran off with his daughter, Bell, who was to have married Josiah Baker, junior, and the exciting chase given by the father and the latter proved Mr. Watson to be equally at home in humour as he was in pathos. Miss Bourne seems to improve every time we have the pleasure of hearing her. "The Legend of the Monk Philemon," on May 11th, was admirably given, the duologue in character most entertaining, full of natural grace and fun; but we almost think Miss Bourne was at her best in "The Dancing Ghost," which was a perfect piece of graceful acting. Assuredly our deepest thanks are due to those who cater for our amusement with so much skill and talent. It is an education, a rest, and a recreation in a very high degree. We wish Miss Bourne abundant success in her career, and hope she will not be long ere she provide us with some thing more as good as she has just given us.

The next recital is arranged for Saturday afternoon, May 27th, tickets for which may be had from Miss Bourne, 29, Amphil-square, N.W.

## What Working Women and Men Think.

### THE REAL AND THE IDEAL IN EDUCATION.

IN discussing a question of this nature, I am well aware that I lay myself open to the charge of being unpractical. Whenever people begin to detract from the value of the actual, and seek to press forward the claims of the ideal, they may reasonably expect to raise about their ears a storm of opposition from those who fondly imagine themselves to be, above all things, of a practical turn of mind. This has been the common experience of reformers in all ages, and is the inevitable result attending the introduction of every change in our social life; therefore, when I take up my pen for the purpose of contrasting the real state of our educational affairs with the great ideal now cherished by the few, I do so fully prepared to undergo the usual course of treatment. But let us remember that every fact of to-day was once nothing more than an idle dream—a passing fancy—a castle in the air, built up by the imagination of one of those whom the world of the time has always called visionaries, but who are truly its most useful citizens.

Having thus disposed of the commonest form of objection to such discussions, we may now proceed with our work of research and criticism; discovering the weaknesses and failures of our present educational system, and opening up a vision of better and brighter things in store.

Our present scheme of elementary education is of very recent origin, and its crude and inefficient character can therefore be easily explained. Some thirty years ago only a very small proportion of our working population were able to read or write; a condition of affairs deplorable from an educational point of view. The British nation had not then awakened to the great responsibility of placing at the disposal of its future citizens the stores of knowledge which the past has handed down for their benefit. Working men and women in thousands grew up in the densest ignorance. The business of education having for long ages been left to the discretion of the male parent, it was by him too often relegated into the hands of the Church; and, as we all know, the result proved disastrous in the extreme. Instead of being an institution of enlightenment, the Church showed its incompetence by keeping up false and superstitious notions, which darkened the minds of the people.

But there came a time when the people, tired of restraint, broke the fetters which had hitherto bound them, and inaugurated a new and better method of education. It was definitely decided by an enlightened minority, which moulded the public opinion of the time, that neither the parent nor the Church is the proper trustee of the common blessing of education. It was held that children did not belong to their parents, but were rather the property

of the State, to be nourished for and educated by it. All education, thenceforth, was held to be a public trust, which must be administered by competent and specially trained women and men.

These were the ideas which occupied the minds of the nation's thought-leaders, when, in 1870, it proclaimed its intention of insisting that every child in this country must be taught at least to read, write, and reckon; and guaranteed a certain proportion of the cost which would thus be entailed. Upon this declaration, new municipal functions sprang into existence, and the foundation of our School Board system of education was laid. Since that time considerable progress has been made, both in the methods used and the kind of education supplied; but it seems to me that the main object has yet to be accomplished.

Now that one generation of Board School children has gone forth into the great world to fight the battle of life, we should be able to judge pretty accurately, the benefits which the Education Acts are supposed to have bestowed upon us. Let us glance briefly at the character of the instruction given and then observe its effects.

No statement so aptly sums up the character of the education considered sufficient for working people to-day as the following:—"We are content to make the children learn a few things, instead of making them capable of learning many things. We satisfy ourselves with making them pass certain rule-of-thumb mechanical examinations, instead of aiming to develop to the highest the faculties in every child." This is, I think, a very reasonable conclusion at which to arrive. The children are grouped together into large classes, and are there driven through a course of lessons, the greater portion of which puts a fearful strain upon the lowest of their mental faculties, the memory, but are of little or no use in drawing out those talents of a higher order which would probably be their chief weapons in the struggle for existence. The great object of our present system seems to lie in cramming the children with facts, instead of seeking to discover and cultivate their natural inclinations, tendencies, and capabilities; all are forced to one dead level; the brightest and best crave for something higher, but their request is denied; while the weakest and poorest are strained to the passing point. Once that is attained, nothing further is demanded of them.

There was good reason for the opinion once expressed by an eminent Continental educationalist to the effect that it was "highly instructive to visit British elementary schools, for there you found everything that ought to be avoided!"

The effects brought about by this anarchical method of education are deplorable in the extreme. The children themselves, being heartily sick of the whole concern, leave school as early as they can, and enter into some occupation, where they usually forget in one year all that was laboriously crammed into them in seven or eight. As a rule all taste for learning has been crushed out of them; seldom indeed do they take advantage of the educational

opportunities offered to them in after life. That is why the majority of British work-people are so ignorant, so unintelligent, and so unreasonably stupid as regards bettering their social position and material welfare.

Observe, also, the effects of this system upon the industry of our country. Business men complain that their employes lack intelligence. They can, perhaps, work out elaborate problems in arithmetic, but they fail in reasoning out easy and practical questions which crop up in their every-day life. That is because their powers of observation, of reason, and of discrimination are left totally untrained at school. Then there is the phenomenal rush of Board School children to clerical pursuits (for which they have been fitted) rather than to manual labour and to handicrafts (of which they know nothing)—a fact which partly accounts for the decline in British manufactures and the pressure of foreign competition, that we hear so much about at the present time. Our workmen fail in life's battle because their armour is weak and inefficient.

(To be continued.)

### THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

Women necessarily spend more of their lives in their homes, therefore bad homes affect them more. Women, as a rule, take a greater interest in their homes, love to make them pretty and comfortable for themselves, their husbands and children when all meet in the evening after a long day's work.

How many houses and cottages there are which cannot be made comfortable or pretty!

Tumbledown, damp and draughty places, where the wind drives the rain under the door, making pools on the worn bricks, and fills the room with smoke from the chimney. Such cottages cannot be made comfortable. There we find people suffering from rheumatism, pleurisy, and bad coughs—the result of damp, draughty, unhealthy homes.

Frequently such places have only two or three rooms, and five or six people sleeping together is a common evil. Sometimes the bedrooms have no doors, and ladders instead of stairs, and there is no place in the house in which to keep the food fresh.

Not long ago I went over a cottage consisting of a living-room and two tiny bedrooms. These were reached by a steep ladder, and were in the pitch of the roof under a heavy thatch, so low I could not stand upright; so dark I could scarcely see. In a diminutive wash-house, coal, potatoes, and food were kept. In spite of all this, the cottage was beautifully clean and neat. The woman would have willingly paid an extra sixpence for a better home, she said, but there was no choice of cottages.

This in a thinly populated district. Not far away there is a cottage where the front door is so low, you must double up to enter. When a large family sleep together in small, unhealthy rooms, and live in damp, draughty ones—what is the result? Misery and degradation, destroying the morality and health of the people. Children growing up in this way cannot be expected to

### THE LABOUR OUTLOOK.

have the high moral tone so necessary to make them good and useful women and men. Their moral sense is blunted, often destroyed. We cannot blame, but must try to help them.

Bad water is one of the many troubles of the cottage home. The inspection of drains and wells is not properly provided for, and the water, sometimes fetched three or four hundred yards from the cottage, is often totally unfit to drink.

Men are often obliged to live three or four miles from their work, and in winter must walk there and back in the dark. Not only are they forced to work long and hard for an insufficient wage, but they must walk three or four miles with no protection from the wet. In the towns this is different. Wages are higher and houses can generally be found near the work; if not, penny trains and omnibuses help the townsmen on their way.

The farm labourers' cottage frequently belongs to their employer; they are liable to be turned out at a week's notice. If this occurs where can they go? Often the question cannot be answered. The fear of a homeless tramp destroys the independence of our rural workers.

Cottages kept in good repair should be provided near the men's work, with three bed-rooms, two sitting-rooms, and proper offices. And no one should be liable to be ejected at a week's notice.

We shall look to the people to elect "Parish" or "District Councils" who will consider these things, which have been neglected by the "Board of Guardians."

Bad housing in country or town means bad health and low morals. The people become dejected, and indifferent to their surroundings. They feel it is impossible to make their homes pretty and comfortable, and, therefore in many cases leave them to rot and decay. The miserable cottages in many country places are driving the people to the towns, and leaving the villages destitute of all save the old and very young. The towns, already overcrowded, are plunged into deeper misery by this influx from the villages.

I would urge all Women's Liberal Associations to form committees—bands of philanthropic women—to inspect the houses and cottages in their neighbourhood, and report those cases of overcrowding and dilapidation which come under the "Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890," to the Board of Guardians" and the "County" and "Town Councils," and stimulate their members of Parliament to deeper study of the question.

In taking up this work we could do much to enforce the question on the public mind, and women who love their "home" would be helping their sisters to happier lives, less dreary and more contented, if they endeavoured to rouse the public conscience to make the decent and comfortable housing of our honest and industrious workers a first duty of local government. It is the duty of every woman and every human being to help to sweep away many of these disgraceful resting-places of the poor, which tarnish the honour of the richest country in the world.

E. MARY FORDHAM.

The friends of Labour cannot but feel distinctly encouraged by the enormously widened conceptions of social duty and obligations which have characterised the public utterances and legislation of the last few years. Truly, when we think of the work yet to be accomplished, of the masses of toiling, dehumanised slaves who are herded together in the slums of every great manufacturing town and of the organised oppression inseparable from our anarchic capitalistic competitive system, we might be disposed to pessimism. That England's slums are the REAL "source of England's greatness" and that the luxury of the West is built upon the misery of the East are facts which prevent us from sharing, with proper patriotic enthusiasm, in that pride in our "commercial supremacy" which was, till yesterday, the orthodox sentiment.

The day of *laissez faire* is drawing to a close and the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" is one that no one dares nowadays to ask. Not Socialists alone, but the more advanced thinkers of all political parties and of every section of religious thought, are beginning to admit that the "Manchester School," which has so long dominated our legislation and our modes of thought, is utterly and hopelessly wrong, and that if England's foreign trade cannot be sustained without the moral and physical degradation of the workers the sooner our boasted commercial supremacy comes to an end the better. Ruskin's axiom that "the wealth of a nation is the welfare of its people" is victorious all along the line except with those whose moral vision is deflected by a big rent-roll or the desire to grow rich by the labour of others.

This salutary change is illustrated very forcibly by the way in which public opinion has consistently supported the side of labour in the more important of the recent strikes. Without this moral support—including, of course, its material expression—the dockers could not have won in their historic struggle. Burns, Tillett, Mann, have outlived the day when they could be contemptuously put aside as "professional agitators." The Hull men enjoy the same support to-day, not only because the concession of the right of combination to labour is the merest justice; but also because the fact that Hull ship-owners have drawn as profit a sum equal to the port's wages bill has taken hold upon that wider conception of social duty to which we have referred.

Probably the most notable instance of the rapid progress of thought in the direction of social justice has been the treatment by the House of Commons of the Miners Eight Hours Bill. Twelve months have sufficed to change a hostile majority of 112 into an affirmative one of 79—a transference of 191 votes in 365 days! And the debate was remarkable as having elicited from so pronounced an individualist as Mr. Gladstone a practical renunciation of the *laissez faire* doctrine in the admission that he could no longer oppose the interference of the State with the conditions of adult labour.

The changed attitude of the public Press is no less unmistakable. Few papers feel justified in refusing adequate space to "The Labour Movement," and the extraordinary rapid advance of the *Daily Chronicle* into the position it has attained is due undoubtedly to its recognition of "the psychological moment," and its hearty championship of the worker's interests. Riding up to business to-day I counted no less than seven "*Chronicles*" in a

carriage of ten occupants; one of the other papers was a weekly.

Now I will venture to say that two years ago the now "Labour Daily" would not have been represented by half that number, and the change—in spite of the increased interest due to the paper's literary page, which, of course, counts for a good deal—is wonderfully significant. Public thought and public interest is flowing in a new channel, and the *Daily Chronicle* has come in on the crest of a tidal wave. Other papers are following its lead.

In view of this more favourable attitude on the part of Press and people the policy of the workers remains the same; organise, still organise, and yet again ORGANISE. Not only in the matter of trade unionism, which furnishes essentially the field force of labour, is organisation the *sine qua non*, but the principle of combination must be extended to many other matters before its benefits can be fully realised.

Look at the waste attendant upon our individualistic system of commissariat in its unnecessary expenditure of time, money, and energy which might be otherwise employed in adding to the sum total of life's enjoyment. It is too early we fear to hope that in many cases our insular exclusiveness will give way to the sadder socialism involved in common cooking arrangements, common dining-rooms, common laundries, and the like, which we shall recognise one day to be quite compatible with that home privacy which is an essential attribute of home life. Short of these, however, combination of resources may do very much to increase the comfort and leisure of the workers' lives.

Co-operative stores (with genuine and exclusive labour membership) are a step in this direction as increasing the purchasing power of the members, but few of these institutions are quite what we should desire and many of them are disgraced by the long hours and short pay of the assistants employed in them. We know of more than one where artisans earning 50s to £3 per week see no shame in acquiring their provisions at rates slightly under the market, and pocketing a dividend of 5 to 10 per cent. upon their outlay; at the cost of twelve or fourteen hours' labour daily, for 25s. or 30s. per week, on the part of those from whose work such benefits arise.

We should be sorry to assert or think that this is characteristic of all; many, doubtless, are correctly named "*co-operative*" and do not contradict in their practice all that the word implies, but the fact that such stores do exist is a proof of the moral warp caused in the worker's character by the surrounding greed of profit.

Next month we shall endeavour to sketch some of the ways in which the principle of combination may be utilised by our working brothers and sisters without transgressing the principle which is the very foundation of socialism—"Do not unto others that which ye would not they should do unto you."

SAGITTARIUS.

"No truth has been established without martyrs, save those taught by Euclid. One persuades by one's sufferings: St. Paul said, 'Believe me, for I am often in prison.'"—*Paul Louis Courier*.

ALL those desirous of helping SHAFTS would do so by favouring, whenever possible, those firms advertising in this paper. See advertisements.

## An Appeal to Girls' Teachers.

"THE child is father to the man." This is a saying so well known that it seems quite superfluous to dilate upon it, but do those women who have entered the teaching profession realise its full meaning in connection with the education of girls and the power that is theirs in influencing their pupils to take their proper position in the world?

All good teachers know that the facts learnt at school are nothing as compared to the principles instilled, and yet are not the facts drummed in while the principles are mentioned in such vague ways that the pupils are quite unable to reduce them to practice?

In some schools the head mistress has a talk with the girls and the principles are often incorporated in an ideal. Now it is the ideal which appeals to the children and it is this ideal that all teachers must very carefully consider.

Somehow girls are generally told that home is their *only* proper sphere, and from this the ideal is built up. Our girls are spoken to as if they would nearly all be married, and, consequently, it is an ideal of married life that is pictured. Now this ideal of married life kills the individuality of many a girl. She is led to believe that in all probability she will have a good man for a husband, who will tend and cherish her; and this idea, unconsciously both to herself and her teachers, is slowly sapping her self-reliance. Naturally it must be left with the individual teacher whether she consider it wise to touch on matrimonial questions at all, but it is useless to ignore it, and therefore teachers speak of ideal mother-hood. Now, would it not be wiser, well to warn the girls of the risk, and let them understand that even the happiest marriages always entail a certain amount of trouble, and that it is infinitely better to remain single than to marry unhappily, for the sake of the unhappy couple, of their little ones brought into misery, and of those that might otherwise have been helped had the marriage never taken place? Naturally it is a painful subject, particularly if the teacher knows that some of her pupils come from unhappy homes, but why depict an almost impossible ideal? Far better would it be not to mention the subject at all than entice the girls, by an untrue representation, into a life for which very many are totally unfit; far better would it be to talk to them as if not one would ever be married. Teach them to be independent, teach them not to look to men as protectors but as friends, teach them to be brave, self-reliant; indeed, teach them all we most admire in a noble boy and with their own natural good qualities we shall have women really fitted to be good citizens and mothers.

We shall also have done a good deal towards diminishing the army of silly flirts. If teachers would only see that in holding up an ideal of a mother sewing late into the night, and being always at her

["The child is parent to the Adult" might now supersede the old masculine ideal. Why always in the male line? It is so unnatural.—ED.]

husband's beck and call, they are really teaching girls to be slaves; if they would only realise that in holding up an ideal of a woman doing her utmost to keep her home together while a drunken husband squanders all she earns they are holding up an ideal of a woman who is sacrificing herself to a demon, and doing her utmost to protect the man from the very salutary consequences of his misdeeds, that she is ruining her children's morals by not protecting them from the sight of their degraded father, and, to sum up, doing incalculable harm to them; narrowing her own sphere of action and in nine cases out of ten not doing the slightest good to her husband, but rather encouraging him to continue in his evil ways; if teachers would realise this, then should we perhaps get an ideal of a wife that would be of some practical value—a woman that would "warn, comfort, and command." Let our girls be taught to cleave to their husbands, but let them also be shown that in some cases it is the cleaving which is helping the father to ruin them as he has ruined himself, and that he is being encouraged to continue if he finds his home as comfortable as it was when he was virtuous.

(To be continued.)

## CHOICE MORSELS.

"It is a fraud and a fallacy to represent that a nation is essentially anything except a combination of the people who compose it. All pleas to the contrary are only pleas for the exercise of oppression by the application of physical force."

"Men are not bound to be oppressed and judicious in the same breath. The oppressors do not know how to be judicious—much less the oppressed."

"It is because it is demonstrated that the possession of popular suffrage is in extreme cases an efficient instrument of protection, that it is proposed to take it away."

"The enemies of justice are always in a ridiculous dilemma, between the necessity they feel for yielding something now, and the certainty that this will lead to yielding more hereafter."

"Let the whole consider what is best for the whole, but do not drive out a part from their share in the debate."

"The legislature may have a right to exclude from places of trust to which the appointment is with itself, but it has not the right to exclude from the legislature, for if it does this, it vitiates the source from which just legislation must proceed. If a number of merchants form a joint-stock company, they have a right to decide by a majority, if they can do so, that they will not employ a broker who is a Jew. But they have not a right to decide by a majority that the Jews in the joint-stock shall have no votes, lest they should give them to a Jew."

"They think they embarrass the subject by asking why, on the principles in question, women should not have votes as well as men. And why not?"—General Perronet Thompson, 1829.

"When all have suffrage and not before, the political interests of all are fitly frazred into a harmonious whole."

## Art Notes.

There were some fine examples of Meissonnier's work at the recent exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's, and the brilliant series of studies and sketches bore witness to the untiring patience that is necessary to attain to that power of rendering life, movement, expression, so characteristic of Meissonnier. In "genre" subjects he rivals a Terburg or a Mieris, but he can also rise to grandeur when his subject demands it, small though his canvas may be in point of inches. Of the famous Napoleonic pictures, only "Jena" and a large water colour replica of "Friedland" were on view at the Haymarket. In the latter picture Napoleon and his staff mounted on their chargers are standing on some rising ground. The sunlight illumines the brilliant uniforms; all the glamour of victory surrounds "the favourite of the gods"; he salutes, but hardly seems to see the regiment of Cuirassiers who are rushing past at full gallop in the foreground, each man rising in his stirrups and waving his sword in the air as he passes his Emperor. The wild enthusiasm of this "*morituri te salutant*" cannot easily be forgotten. No trouble was too great for Meissonnier. When at work on his famous "Retraite de Russie," he had an exact copy of the identical coat worn by Napoleon made for him, and he would sit for hours on his housetop in the bitter cold of a winter's day, a mirror before him, painting in the effect of the sombre tints of the sky upon his face, and the snow-flakes falling on his sleeves.

In this year's Academy we have a few very good pictures, an overwhelming mass of mediocrity, and a noticeable absence of those glaringly bad specimens of art which served so well as a foil to the mediocrities, varied the dead level, and afforded a little general amusement. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, there is no Charles Lamb to mourn over the "Decay of Bad Art," as surely the writer on the "Decay of Beggars" would have done; but the fact remains that true artistic talent is very rare, and all our Schools of Art do but change number three into number two. The Academy has been strangely guided in its choice of new Academicians. Mr. Waterhouse remains an Associate, while men like Sargent, Stanhope Forbes, Nettleship, remain outside, to say nothing, of course, of a Clara Montalba or a Mrs. Butler.

Mr. Nettleship's "Rich Spoil" is a fine example of the artist's skill in suggesting all that is cruel and tragic in nature. A peacock is in the clutches of a black panther; the victim's brilliant plumage, the long rank grass, the burning yellow eyes of the panther are a very carnival of colour. At the New Gallery the struggle for life between tigers and a cobra is equally powerful, but the opponents are fairly matched, and the general impression is quite different from that produced in "Rich Spoil," where the key note is "murder."

Still life may not be a high form of art, but Miss C. Woods' masterly study of lemons is a pleasure to look upon. The bit of torn newspaper in which they have been wrapped is an ugly and commonplace object in itself, but in Miss Woods' artistic hands it is bathed in a glow of reflected light and becomes indeed a "thing of beauty."

E. W.

## Lay Community Life for Women.

It is an admitted axiom in the Roman Catholic organisation (an organisation in many of its features almost perfect) that the labour of two individuals in community life, and working under a head, is equal to that of four working independently; and it has seemed to me lately, in thinking over some of the pressing women questions of the present day, that this principle has never been fairly tried in relation to women's labour outside the churches, especially that branch of labour which is looked upon as the peculiar function of women—namely, the training and instruction of the young. What woman is there who, having tried in ever such a small degree to work among her fellow-women, by finding employment for those who needed it, giving advice to those who were in difficulties—in a word, striving to help those who were not so well able to help themselves, has not been overwhelmed with the terrible amount of "waste labour" that prevails among women, of the very small power they seem to have of combining, and, finally—most overwhelming fact of all—how every day the quantity of this, so to say, "waste labour" is increasing as every day more women lose or are deprived of their means of subsistence, and are thrown on the already overburdened female labour market?

The reasons given by them for seeking such employment are almost dishearteningly similar, and show how any real reform in the matter must strike at the root of the question—that all parents have under existing circumstances, the same duty to perform towards their daughters as towards their sons—namely, to give them an education, whether technical, commercial, or professional, which shall, when they reach years of womanhood, enable them to make themselves economically independent. If once parents could realise the cruel injustice they are meting out to their daughters by bringing them up in comfort, often in luxury, but in idleness, without any definite employment or purpose in life, and then, sometimes through carelessness, sometimes through the force of circumstances, leaving them destitute, face to face with a hard and unsympathetic world, which has no need of untrained, unorganised labour, to turn the wheels of its huge crushing machinery; if once they could be made to realise this cruelty, they would surely cease to perpetuate it, and strive each one to put those dearest ones out of the reach of such a fate. Truly the silent sufferings of our unorganised, untrained women labourers is one of the saddest tragedies of this latter half of the nineteenth century. Let anyone who has a doubt on this subject go to, say, a Lodge of the Girl's Friendly Society, or an ordinary registry office for governesses or female clerks, and question the first seven girls or women who present themselves for employment. One out of the seven has, perhaps, been educated with the definite object of earning her living either as a trained teacher or as a clerk and, as such, is, to a certain extent,

(To be continued.)

## A Straight Road to Stageland.

THAT a tree may be known by its fruit is an old and time-honoured saying, but as the best of fruit will run to leaf, if not properly pruned and trimmed, a belief in the gardener would also seem justified, for we must all acknowledge that there is a difference between the cultivated and uncultivated plum. Therefore I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the Bijou Theatre and School of Dramatic Art at 5, Bedford-street, Strand, will prove to be the haven which has been so long sought by the earnest and ambitious dramatic aspirant. This school has just been opened by a company who have at heart the mutual interests of both students and authors of plays. The training is in the hands of thoroughly competent teachers, who understand the requirements of "The Profession," and a bijou theatre lit by electricity, amply provided with scenery, and easily capable of accommodating an audience of about 250 people, is attached.

Besides the theatre, the school contains rooms set apart for "elocution" and "stage practice," "dancing," "singing and voice production," "music and fencing." Among the names of the instructors may be mentioned, for elocution and stage practice, Mr. Benjamin Terry (father of Miss Ellen Terry), Mr. George Capel, Miss Maud Milton, Mrs. Edmund Phelps; singing, Mr. Milton Wellings, Mr. Henry Russell. The want of a theatre that is available for rehearsals, or for the trial productions of new plays for authors, at a far less cost than the ordinary *matinée*, is one that has long been felt, and Messrs. Terry and Co. are ready to offer exceptional advantages to those who wish to have plays read and brought directly under the notice of managers. Every opportunity is given for new plays being noticed by the Press under the supervision of a competent and well-known stage manager. Amateur dramatic clubs often suffer severely from the want of a regular stage to rehearse upon, and the expense of hiring a public hall for their performances naturally absorbs much of the money that might otherwise be spent upon regular training.

Here the aspiring amateur can at any time be coached up in his or her part upon the stage itself, and the special arrangements made for amateur societies will save them an untold amount of anxiety and expense. The society amateur is now a recognised celebrity, but here, as well as with those who make acting a profession, good training is the nearest approach that has yet been found through the maze that leads to the path of success. Therefore I have no hesitation in advising the amateur who is dimly conscious of an imprisoned genius that she is unable at present to give expression to, to write or call at this progressive school of the dramatic art, where she will meet with the encouragement and help so necessary to those who would fain join the ranks of "The Profession."

The school already boasts some eighty pupils, and fresh ones join nearly every day, thus proving that a necessary want is being supplied.

L. HENDERSON.

"If after everybody is heard, the majority come to a determination that is disagreeable to the minority, there is no help for it. . . . But what is called for here is that people shall suffer and *shall not be heard*; and that the reason why they shall not be heard is that they would cease to suffer."—*Gen. Perronet Thompson*.

## How the World Moves.

### WOMEN AT WORK FOR WOMEN AND FREEDOM.

The Emancipation Union under the superintendence of Mrs. Wolstenholme Elny is doing its best to forward freedom's sacred cause. Mrs. Elny has worked for the emancipation of women for a period of thirty years, yea, more, for this heroic little lady who flits from town to town organising, speaking, getting up petitions, doing patiently, cheerfully, and hopefully all the hard work which falls to the lot of women in striving to live unchained, to make an open way for themselves, an unfettered existence, a clear outlook—says she was born a rebel to tyranny of every description, and never remembers having subscribed to any of the false teachings which have made of woman a slave, a household drudge, a chattel; which have taken away from her mental power and physical strength, closing against her all the avenues of learning, all the paths to honour and independence. It is often asked why do not women combine, amalgamate?

Speaking at Coventry under the auspices of the Woman's Emancipation Union, Miss Amy Hurlstone, a local lady, said that although women had more freedom now than they possessed half a century ago they needed yet more. There was no reason why they should any longer endeavour to fit their thoughts to plans laid down by men. They wanted to join freely in the march of progress and were not content to stand like so many modern editions of Moses on the Mount of Nebo with the land of promise lying at their feet and no power to enter in.

The speakers were very much in earnest and held the interested attention of their audience. To judge from the animated looks of the women among the audience, they were powerfully impressed, and as they gathered round the platform when the meeting was over to express their delight the earnest hearted women who had just addressed them must have felt that some good had been done, some seed sown which would help in the general emancipation of thought going on everywhere. Many gentlemen assisted and showed in every way their warm support and sympathy.

A dispute has arisen between the two parties in the British Women's Temperance Association which gives evidently an opportunity to male observers to bring up before us the comparison of women to cats, absurd *ad nauseam*. When will men cease these silly remarks, these habits which only go to prove their own incapability and want of judgment? We have no fear; these women will certainly come out of the dispute with honour and satisfaction. There is very little room for accusing women of a want of either honour or logic, and the accusation comes not well from men.

It is strange how men will run into the most silly flippancy when talking of or to women. If any comparison could be justly made between human beings and cats or other animals, such must apply equally to both sexes, and would be used, we suppose by either, yet we do not find many women indulging in such banter. If any woman cared to retaliate, surely the Tom cats have been having their time of it

these last few days, and the halls of our Senate House have echoed to the prolonged male feline miaows, interposed with angry spitting and snarling. As for spitting, and snarling, but stop!—such weak puerility as this is beneath the dignity of a woman's pen. It is unseemly. When the why and the wherefore of this attitude on the part of men to women makes itself apparent, it will bear heavily on those who have so posed. Men would be wise to cease from such littleness, and women will be wise no longer to allow it to pass. It is unworthy of the pen from which it proceeds in the present instance, and not creditable to the paper in which it appears. How much more truly dignified and noble is Lady Somerset's allusion to it, so full of quiet rebuke, in consideration of which we withhold the scathing paragraph intended for insertion here.

[The foregoing was in print ere we had read Lady Somerset's considerate allusion. We publish it, however, as the dispute has ended as women knew it would end.]

A noteworthy feature of the Hull Dock Strike was the action taken by the dockers' wives. They had two splendid meetings. At one a resolution was passed that the strike should not cease till right was obtained; and at the other it was agreed to be the duty of women to take more interest in the Labour movement, in every way possible. Poor things! These brave women and their starved children sadly need the money sympathy of every thoughtful man and woman in the land. The whole of the dockers in the kingdom have been in a state of ferment and excitement.

So much opposition has been shown by members of the Royal Geographical Society to the action of the council this year in admitting ladies as Fellows that it is believed no more ladies will be elected. It is not so much the fact of their being Fellows that is objected to as the terrible thought of their eligibility to serve on the council or in any of the offices of the society! Nevertheless, we think this very conservative body will eventually have to fall in with the times. Several of the younger societies have entirely broken down the barriers between the sexes, and although the Royal, the Linnean, and the Geological Societies have not as yet opened their Fellowships to the *savante*, they receive papers from her, and even bestow on her their rewards.

In Vienna a monster meeting was held in the Prater; and generally throughout Austria a great awakening seems to have come upon the proletariat. In France, Belgium, and Germany the May Day holiday was kept less generally than last year. Labour Day in Britain was celebrated chiefly on May 7th, when vast processions were marshalled through the streets of most of our large towns and cities, stirring addresses delivered, and more or less advanced resolutions passed. At Glasgow a very progressive programme secured the popular assent. It has been the habit amongst Englishmen to sneer at foreign labour demonstrations and to call our European brethren impracticable theorists; but the Belgium strikers have shown that there is method in what we have looked upon as madness. It is just possible that the word "practical" with us means "piecemeal" or "tinkering."

#### WHAT PARLIAMENT MAY DO.

A House of Commons bent on serving the people and on doing justice, could and would do

much well worth doing (says J. Bruce Wallace, B.A., in *Brotherhood*) It could, for example, restore to the people, collectively regarded, as their national property, as their inheritance in common, the rich free gift of the land, long unrighteously alienated from the people's possession for the benefit solely of the few. Thereby it could give all the people equal opportunities as regards natural forces and resources, and afford all a chance to earn for themselves by honest industry a decent home. It could enable and encourage local authorities to abolish all the slums, where the death rate is so abnormally high, and to substitute for them wholesome dwellings at moderate rents. It could insist that mining rents and royalties, instead of being pocketed by landlords, should pay for making mines as safe as science can make them. It could legislate further against the sending out of unseaworthy and over-laden vessels. It might protect industrious toilers from a degrading excess of toil, and secure them against want in sickness and old age. It might diminish the temptations to intemperance which lure so many to destruction. It might promote a policy of peace and arbitration instead of war; and it might largely prevent the export of "fire-water" to our savage brethren, whom we ought to civilise and save instead of exploiting and destroying. It could give the Parliamentary franchise to WOMEN, so that one-half the population may no longer be expected to obey laws in the making of which they have no voice, or be called upon to pay taxes in the disposal of which they have no share.

All this, and far more, a good House of Commons might do almost immediately; and thereby would both rescue many thousands of people every year from being done to death by foul air, by unwholesome conditions of work, by preventable accidents in mines, in factories, on railways, and at sea; and would also surround multitudes with conditions more favourable to decency, temperance, honesty, and every virtue.

R. H. D.

### ARROWS.

ADD not one link to the fetters of the world. She has groaned in chains through all the ages.

MAN asks of woman to be more delicate in her actions, having regard to *his* feelings, and less delicate in her feelings having regard to *his* actions.

HE is unworthy who asks of love a base action for the sake of love.

MAN says that in marriage the man ought to have the stronger will, but God arranges that.

Do not cut down a daisy because it will not bear rosebuds.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

### TO OUR READERS.

Will those of our readers who are in sympathy with us and willing to help us in our work communicate with us when they are about to leave home for any part of the country or abroad? SHAFTS is in sore need of help, of immediate help, and our friends can render us valuable assistance if they will kindly and generously aid us in carrying out a plan we have formed for the benefit of the paper. We earnestly hope that no one will pass this request carelessly by. In the June number will appear a list of persons who have generously contributed towards the existence of the paper either by donations of money, or by earnest work.

## REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM, by Olive Schreiner, has been read by many, has been read with deep appreciation by some who, loving the book which has so helped them, have learnt through it to love its gifted author. It is a wonderful book to those who can understand its meaning, to those, in fact, who have thought, those who are not merely surface readers of life and its mysteries. Olive Schreiner has written it, she says, "according to the method of the life we all lead," in which "there is a strange coming and going of feet; people act upon each other and pass away. When the crisis comes the one who would fit it does not return. When the footlights are brightest they are blown out, and what the name of the play is no one knows." She paints, she says "what lies before her." Therefore the book is deeply, intensely life-like, with its people who come and go, who differ so much from each other, who fit not into each other's lives, make not each other's happiness, mar each other's aims very frequently. Even in cases where happiness is for a time produced by the crossing of the paths of two individuals, we find it so short lived that it seems to us 'twould have been better had it never been. Also, with sadness and disappointment, we see the weakness, the imperfection of character which makes the continuance of happiness impossible; we perceive with pain that where two decide to make their life streams run together neither are quite satisfied, and the one who gives most receives least; it is a makeshift for the ideal within them: it is all there is for them: so they do the best they can with it. This is life, life as we all live it, ever dreaming of something we cannot grasp; vaguely looking out for what we cannot attain, rising higher as we are strong and hopeful, and sinking lower as the burden of life with its unsatisfied yearnings crushes us day by day to the earth.

The first chapter, headed "Shadows from Child Life," is full of interest deep, pathetic; to the child tragic, interest. How well some of us remember such shadows, shadows produced often by the very brightness of the sunlight that shone around. Shadows also that were darkness itself where no sun was when, like 'Waldo,' we awoke in the awful darkness of the quiet night and listened intent and troubled to some clock or watch that ticked, ticked, ticked, in the silence that seemed to us so awful in which we seemed to be wrapped, shut away from all life, and light and joy.

"It ticked . . . went on inexorably . . . and every time it ticked, 'Waldo thought,' a man died. How many times, he asked himself had it ticked since he lay down. A thousand million times, perhaps, . . . Dying, dying, said the watch . . . where were all those people going?"

The child's agony as he thought of the great multitude going one by one over into eternity was unbearable.

We have a description of the Farm as it lay out on the loose red sand, in the blazing sunlight, so vivid, that we are one of the dwellers therein ere we have read many lines.

The tale is impressive and telling, throughout; but every now and then our interest, which never flags for a moment, is arrested; we hardly breathe in our intent reading, as the words, traced by pen of fire, sink into our heart's core; and the past of life, from

infancy, through childhood to girlhood, with its wonderful thoughts and experiences, is unrolled before us, like some exquisite piece of work, in bright tints of beauty and darkness of shade, which we had wrapped up and put away. A light is cast upon every hue, upon beast and bird and flower, upon each human being, above all upon that inscrutable mystery, our own personality; a light which we had not before seen; which opens up endless vistas of thought, and we know not, whether to spend ourselves in a burst of passionate weeping or to laugh aloud in the exuberance of joy. Blessings, we say, on the souls that bring into our work-a-day world, such pictures as these, pictures that find us still and dead, and leave us glowing, quivering, palpitating, with arms of the spirit that stretch yearningly to a future in which there are no limits.

The first of these points of arrests is, as already described, the watch ticking in the darkness. The second comes upon us where the boy Waldo, whose eager soul-life has been fed from the Bible, over which he pored, suddenly wakes up to the manifestation of an idea lurking in his small brain. Evidently he has been reading "Ask, and ye shall receive." He is out "beyond the kopje," herding the ewes and lambs. Clearing the space, he erects a small altar out of twelve small stones. On it he offers to God the meat he has brought out for his dinner; then kneels low down with his face to the ground in the earnest prayer of earnest faith. "When he looked up he knew what he should see—the glory of God. . . ." At last he raised himself. "What did he see? the quiet blue sky, the red earth, the clumps of silent ewes, his altar—that was all."

A terrible moment to the child, never to be forgotten. He cannot believe it; he tries a second, a third time. Then he put on his hat, and sat waiting. "The glory of God Almighty. He knew he should see it." When the inevitable disappointment came, he went quietly home after sundown with his flock. "The boy's heart was heavy." This had an effect upon all his after life. What effect do you ask? Read the book and find out that and many things.

"There are some of us who in after years say to Fate, 'Now deal us your hardest blow, give us what you will, but let us never again suffer as we suffered when we were children.'" True, oh, sadly, bitterly true.

Lyndall is a study from first to last; one never wearies of her for one instant. Her hero at this period of her life was Napoleon Bonaparte. It is like a keen satire upon life and its idea of greatness that close upon her utterance of this sentiment, There comes into her life and the life of the farm, Bonaparte Blenkins, who resembles his famous namesake only in two characteristics, his utter selfishness, and the disastrous effect of his life upon the life of others. Lyndall's description of the life and death of her hero, the children's speculations and conclusions on life and its mysteries, are wonderful. Many think them exaggerated, but they are they who do not know, who have never known, how real such thoughts are in some children. Lyndall and Waldo are the two thinkers; Em seldom joins their might be's or might have beens. The old German farm overseer is a man of sterling integrity, a beautiful character, drawn to the life, drawn most pathetically to the death, to the old man's death, to the old man's sweet and beautiful death, which to read is the best sermon, the best teaching possible to hear. Much later in our reading we come upon a chapter headed "Times and Seasons." Here is another arrest,

a long arrest; we live our lives over again as we read; all the times and seasons we thought had died rise up instinct with vitality; they stare us in the face, we who are so changed, yet still the same; grown old, yet still so young; faded, worn, yet still so bright, so fresh. A great, a long, long lesson is before us here; we read it, our hearts ache, but, oh! how glad we are. Next bursts upon our view Waldo's stranger, Intense, almost terrible is the new light he brings into the child's life, but its effect is beneficent and deathless. The wonder of the book is that it takes such hold of us. We are young, eager, passionate with the young, old with the old; we live their lives, learn their lessons, profit by their experience, in a way few books produce so powerfully. Lyndall's experience will be read by many with different results. Only to those souls ready for it does the deep, strong message of life come. It is to be found in almost every page of this thrilling tale, and we can only feel deeply sorry for those who cannot drink deep of its cup of power, strength, and sweetness.

Tant Sannie is a character we do not care to see too much of, and are glad she keeps somewhat in the background.

But Bonaparte Blenkins's ugliness of mind and body is so great, that even black sheep look white beside him.

In the chapter entitled "Lyndall," the heroine of the tale speaks out. She utters many truths, is very cynical at times, very scathing at others, very truthful always. She has gone through the fire; the process of purification is going on, for she is not yet quite out of the fire. But a great bitterness mingles yet with what her soul has learnt of life, and she gives us honey mixed with gall, the gall she will eventually free the sweetness from. Her thoughts upon woman and her position are truths everywhere, and truths the recognition of which is the basis of reform. We do not like her idea of "a man to worship"—it is the rock upon which so many split. It is true, however, that deep love is more or less a worship. The characters and events twist and twine in and out, acting and reacting upon each other to the end, even after the deepest interest of the tale has faded. Life is life to the last, when in the peace and quiet stillness "Waldo goes out into the sunshine." More we cannot tell; it would not be fair to the author, to whom we owe so deep a debt of gratitude, for all she has written. The interest of the book and the hold it takes of us lies after all not so much in the story as in the fact that its pages become one grand true teacher. We are taken for a time into a great school, and we come out wiser, stronger, purer, more glad and free.

THE COMMONWEALTH (American), A *Weekly Magazine of Sociology*, is a capital little paper, full of racy thoughts, clever utterances, fresh stirring articles, and apt, vigorous quotations from the writings of advanced thinkers. Truly there are many papers, but we cannot read too much of what is strong and true, what opens up realms of thought too full of life to lie fallow; what *must* materialise into action, and of these publications assuredly there are not too many. The why and the wherefore of the great rush of papers surely is seen and felt by all thinkers. Is it not that in the world of ideas a great fight is going on between truth, strength, and namby-pambyism, and that the material weapons are pen, ink, and paper—the utterances of life fighting against and driving out the utterances of dying isms and ologies. Can there be any doubt as to which shall win?



When victory is triumphant will the pen lie in rest to be superseded by the voice? Surely the pen—the journal—must always remain a great power.

From many quotations in the *Commonwealth*, too good to be shortly dealt with, we make a short extract taken from one which might be aptly enough applied to our own social condition.

Speaking of the American people as "A Nation of Toadies," in language severe, but intended to cut only to cure, the *Washington Post* says:—"Here are two gentlemen whom we have known favourably for some years past, but they are not demigods, and they are not the most wonderful human beings that ever walked the earth. They are not made of different and finer clay than the other men are made of. Neither Mr. Cleveland nor Mr. Stevenson is a phenomenon. Why do the newspapers laud and herald them as though they had descended from Olympus and might be expected to ascend again at any moment?"

"The whole thing is disgusting and abominable. It is the work of toadies and courtiers—not of self-respecting citizens of a free country. It represents a vicious and lamentable departure from the high standard of American independence. We are becoming a nation of flunkeys and fetich worshippers."

"AN INGENIOUS GEORGIA IDEA.—The officers of the Georgia Woman's Suffrage Association are now using in their correspondence envelopes bearing these suggestive sentences, following the heading, "Georgia Woman Suffrage Association": "Taxation without representation is tyranny"—women are taxed; "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"—women are governed; "Political power inheres in the people"—women are people.

And, again, "John Stuart Mill says that no complaint against society could be made if every one willing to work could get a share of the fruits of labour, but the truth is that those who labour the most obtain the least. The idea that justice is distributed in proportion to worth, or that merit and success go together, is disproved by every-day observation and experience. Hence Mr. Mill's conclusion that poverty and suffering are the crime of society."—*Snohomish Eye*.

LIGHT MAY 6th contains an interesting article on "The Life that is Coming," also an editorial of equal interest, "The Coming Change." Many persons feel that this world in which we move and breathe is on the verge of a great and vital change. It behoves those who so believe—indeed all careful, earnest persons—to be careful how they receive and how they reject new ideas.

We have received and perused with much pleasure and profit a paper called BROTHERHOOD, edited by J. Bruce Wallace, M.A. It has much in it that is suitable to the present time of more widely opening thought, and its first page is headed by a clever cut from Cynicus, illustrating how small a part of an individual are wealth and state.

We have received three numbers of "THE LONDON PHONOGRAPHER," to the pages of which Mrs. Marian Marshall, lately interviewed in our columns, contributes. It deals with the subjects of typewriting, shorthand, &c., and gives much useful and interesting information on these subjects. Tales and fun also enliven its pages, with an occasional interview of some clever worker at typewriting.

LORD ROSSE ON THE GOSPELS (1834). Modernised by E. L. Garbett. (Published by Reeves, 185, Fleet-street.) 3s. 6d.

This is a quaint book, by the maker of the Great Telescope, written in a most righteous spirit, "on behalf of belief," and showing the folly of Greek philosophic notions as to the world's origin, such as Aristotle's "Sempiternal Succession," and the Epicurean "Concourse of Atoms." Modern science confirms the Mosaic cosmogony—notably as to the original fluidity of the earth, proved by its spheroidal form, and also the different stages of creation called "days" but possibly periods of even thousands of years (as with the Indian "days" of Brahma), and shown to be such by geology.

Since all this relates to a time long antecedent to man, it points of necessity to a special revelation concerning creation, unlike as are its details to what would have naturally been imagined.

So with the coming of vegetable life, which Moses ascribes to a creative act of God, contrary to the old popular belief that "spontaneous generation" was possible (now scientifically proved untrue); and so with the succession of animal life developing later, proving that creation was a gradual thing, at successive intervals, as again shown by the fossil remains of different periods.

Lord Rosse's own minor theories are sometimes very materialistic, e.g., that the story of Adam's rib meant an accident to him, which attracted a maid from another tribe to be his wife from pity for his helplessness.

He attributes the Flood to the action of a comet—just as he does the "Star of the Wise Men" twice leading them, thinking this is confirmed by Eastern traditions and astronomical probabilities, as also by a Chinese record of two comets at the end of Herod's life. Lord Rosse sees "Socialism" in Joseph's vesting of all property in the crown, when Pharaoh enters into a partnership with the labourers of Egypt to give them four-fifths of the produce, and points out how the smiting of the first-born followed punitively on the murder of the Hebrew male children.

He shows curiously how the manna in the wilderness may have been a specially designed augmentation of the mysterious food which still falls in Arabia and elsewhere as a kind of condensed honey found on leaves, and even on rocks and sands.

He gives some striking dates and details in connection with Messianic prophecies, showing that our Lord appeared at the time foretold, and goes minutely into the record of His miracles—both those of healing and food-giving, and raising from the dead, showing the attestation of these from their taking place so publicly, and the inability of His enemies to disprove them. On the feeding of the five thousand, Lord Rosse says interestingly: "Since He could so make the grains of corn that by merely falling on the earth they could in the season increase forty or fifty fold, He could surely also by His word make the bread formed of these to augment at once; and so with the fishes created by Him with such wonderful fecundity, which could surely be made to increase as food in obedience to His Divine will."

As to the withering of the fig-tree our author says: "The expression that the time of figs was not yet, means the gathering-time in a ripe state, but that figs always appear before the leaves, and so plenty of young fruit ought to have been found on it as a perfectly just expectation."

In dealing finally with the proofs of our Lord's Resurrection, Lord Rosse points out the many eye-witnesses of the Risen Life, and besides the earliest testimony of the Apostles, the primitive writings of Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp—all of them martyrs for their faith—and the great multitude of those in the first centuries who endured the most horrible deaths and tortures rather than deny their belief in Christ and His Resurrection.

Then we are led back to the wonderful events of the world's childhood and their Divinely given record, confirmed by modern science; and our volume closes by saying how improbable it is that God's superintendence should have been ever withdrawn from His own creation, but rather that our Lord's coming on earth and all His mighty works are the natural sequence of this, as forming one consistent and consecutive whole in God's dealings with the human race.

There is much of interest in this little volume, which will repay its readers—and some well-known points are brought forward with a good deal of originality, and a flavour of quaintness that hardly belongs to the fatiguing and restless Zeitgeist of our nineteenth century.

E. E. ABNEY WALKER.

#### THE "ANIMALS' GUARDIAN."

THE following tracts are from a letter to the happy Editor—happy in the good done by what he prints—of this excellent little paper:—

The question of our attitude towards these lower creatures is now occupying the attention of the public in a way it never did before; nor will earnest minds be able to rest until the matter has had more light shed upon it.

The sincere Christian, one would think, must feel it wrong to derive amusement from that which causes dumb creatures pain or death.

Unless these beings are hurtful to man, or required by him for food, they surely have a right to enjoy the life which the Creator has conferred upon them.

What is called "sport" would, of course, according to this view, go to the wall; and the enlightened Christian conscience must, it seems to me, desire it so to go.

But all persons are not able to embrace a great principle, and reach at once the goal of condemning all pastimes carried on at the expense of animals' feelings.

This concludes with a quotation from a letter written by a lover of sport in what is justly called "a savage spirit." Savage even if unconscious, there is no excuse for unconsciousness.

WE reproduce with great pleasure the following letter:—

#### THE NESTING SEASON.

To the Editor of THE ANIMALS' GUARDIAN.

SIR,—The birds are busy nest-building. In a short time the fields and woods, the lanes and byeways, will be strewn with the remains of variously constructed nests, torn and pulled to pieces in sheer wanton mischief, and beautiful eggs will have been pillaged and for the most part smashed.

There is no law against this cruel practice, which goes on year after year, although our leading ornithologists affirm that the 380 species of wild birds of which Great Britain boasts are being diminished by some very precious members.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.—(London: Henry and Co., Bouverie-street, 1893.)

This novel, the author tells us, is written to illustrate how much higher is intellectual and self-sacrificing love than that emotion born of the senses, erroneously called Love, even if the former be without legal ties.

In Lady Muriel Fitzame the writer intends to show some little of the suffering entailed upon women by courses which Mrs. Mona Caird eloquently condemns, and in Gilbert Fitzame to portray a victim to the laws of heredity.

In her endeavours to write with delicacy the author may have hidden her meaning from minds not yet prepared to receive the new and important thoughts on a subject which all thoughtful women are beginning to entertain. All such books, written by the few who think for the many who do not think, contain messages, truths which it is our duty to endeavour at least clearly to decipher. We lose much by wholesale rejection of these things and gain nothing. We lose nothing by careful examination and may gain much.

Lady Muriel is a pretty, fragile, lovable woman, of a type now happily dying out. The contemplation of her character must have one result upon minds capable of intelligent contemplation; it must be powerfully suggestive of a woman, an ideal woman, of a type entirely antagonistic—a woman self-helpful, self-reliant, strong, capable, healthy, body and soul, a woman, who, while she fully understands human error, sin and suffering, human weakness, pride and mistakes, yet steers her steadfast way through all things untouched by evil; adiant, pure, full of power, diffusing power to all who come in contact with her. We cannot at ask ourselves, is not such a woman infinitely more lovable than the weaker character ere shadowed forth?

The Dean, her husband, is a typical man, serene, self-satisfied, believing in himself as a man and as himself, thinking that the character of his wife is sweet and good, eminently womanly, a proper tribute to male domination and superiority—to himself, in fact. Marian rather disappointed us, she is too much like an ordinary girl, and yet—? Olive seems to us the most interesting character in the tale, though spoiled by training (a girl's ordinary training), physical and mental, weak in nerve, morbid in mind, delicate in body, like, alas! so many women, forced into such unnatural conditions by the false, cruel perversion of their lives to a forced ideal. She has a husband who understands her not at all, and a child whom she adores. Her child is indeed the only consolation in her otherwise unsatisfied, yearning life; yet her husband—thinking as men so often do that he knows when in reality he knows nothing of what should be done—takes upon himself to send Olive's child—little Tine—away from her. This the mother cannot bear, though brought up in the infamous doctrine of subordination that a man must be head of the home. She does not rebel; she does not insist that her child should remain at home; does not recognise that first and foremost she is the one to decide what is to be done. The effect of this usurped right on the father's part and the action proceeding from it is productive of disastrous results to both mother and child, but out of the suffering which follows Olive finds her own soul. The greater power and endurance, the higher, stronger, more lasting happiness and self-raising capacity of a spiritual as compared to a sensual love is now in the thoughts of many. It might be more strongly, more clearly shown than it is here, but the perfect germ has been sown in these pages, and we

trust the writer will soon bring her ideas to fuller fruition in some other work. Such thoughts are sought for all around us by souls that yearn, vaguely understanding what they seek. Where the demand is the supply must sooner or later come.

THE PAGES OF WIVES AND DAUGHTERS for April are full of excellent reading. Among other articles of interest we notice one on "Men and Women as Friends," and another which it is to be hoped when read will be acted on. "Conventionalities—absurd and otherwise." Here is reprinted a paragraph quoted in these columns from "Kate Field's, Washington":—

"CONCERNING BRAINS.—Gen. Butler's brain weighed sixty-two ounces, four more ounces than Daniel Webster's. What of it? Guiteau's brain weighed four more ounces than Lord Byron's. It has been decided, I believe, that quality, not quantity, determines mental ability. I see no more reason why the heaviest brain should be mentally the greatest than that the fattest man should be the most eminent. In fact, to call a man "heavy" is to brand him with dulness, which is the unpardonable crime, according to society. Neither Emerson nor Byron had the weighty brains of Webster, yet note the difference in the influence of these men. Webster is but a name. Ambition killed his conscience, and finally killed his fame. In the hope of being President he knelt before slavery. Grown away from Webster, the Republic has never believed in Butler. The light-weight brain of Emerson, clear-sighted and luminous, gains constantly in grace, and shows the absurdity of old-fashioned theories concerning the necessary make-up of intellect. When women come into the kingdom long waiting for them, the prejudices of centuries will receive their death blow. Should it be finally decided that mind depends upon convolution of brain and fineness of gray matter, what will become of Websters and Butlers in the presence of dainty feminine heads? It will be the contest of Corbett and Sullivan over again. The quick-witted brain that can parry and 'dance around' a subject will triumph, as the splendid sparring of California has snatched the belt from the dull and heavy muscle of Massachusetts."

THE LABOUR PROPHET for May has an excellent article by Katharine St. John Conway, on "Life in the Labour Movement," in which she advocates the cause of labour, of the movement among the workers, and of equality between human being and human being. Equality of rights, which we can well understand in Miss Conway's creed, embraces every living creature in its benevolent circle of justice.

TO THE OTHER SIDE. By Thomas Rhodes (London). George Phillips and Son, 32, Fleet-street, E.C., with illustrations, 1893.—This useful and interesting publication begins with some advertisements which many will be glad to avail themselves of. The matter itself contained under the heading "To the Other Side," as will be seen at once by anyone taking up the work—is intended as a help and a means of enlightenment to any unsophisticated traveller who may cherish the intention of a visit to the Chicago Exhibition; and the writer declares that it is his wish to "convey to you a true picture of things as I saw them." He gives some advice in regard to the choosing of the steamship, the value of which can easily be proved by anyone who will test it. This is followed by a series of readable paragraphs descriptive of his own experience on a similar voyage, which are full of interest and cannot but be valuable to travellers, especially the

paragraph entitled "A Nasty Beam Sea." The White Star Line receives a tribute of praise and three highly suggestive and satisfactory sketches are given—"In the Smoke-room," "In the Library," and "In the Upper Deck State-room." Chapter III. describes a wonderful change in the weather, almost incredible only to read about.

Arrived on the other side, most interesting descriptions and sketches are given of different buildings and customs of New York and its arrangements, Custom House, architectural, and otherwise. The cuts are amusing, also good "Jimmy" has a place of his own among them. A graphic description is given of "A Chinese Club and Joss House," and of "An Opium Den," after which "A Coon Dancing Saloon" comes in as a relief.

The sketches tell their own tale, and the descriptions are capital—"The Jaws of Death," "Among the Glaciers," "A Bit of the Loop's" Glacier House," and "1,500,000 Cubic Feet of Timber," are especially suggestive of grandeur. The book has been carefully written with a special purpose, and will, we think, be valuable to the end intended.

#### CO-OPERATIVE HOMES.

In the *Woman's Herald* of April 13th Mr. W. T. Stead has given us an article on "Co-operative Homes for the Unmarried," well worth careful reading and intelligent consideration. The question of how to live, how to locate ourselves in the most comfortable and commodious way suited to the limits of our capabilities of expenditure, is occupying the serious, even eager attention of many minds at present. The difficulties and disabilities of the time honoured system of domestic life begin to make themselves apparent everywhere, and demands arise in thoughtful souls for some change, especially as women are everywhere coming in rapidly-increasing numbers into the stir and thought-creating activity of public life. Mr. Stead alludes powerfully and pathetically to the need of companionship as universally felt by the human heart. He deals principally with the question of homes for single people, and remarks severely—in language justified by the experience many have had of them—on the residential clubs. These were, however, an outcome of the demand made which is not yet satisfied. Many attempts will fail before the desired end shall be attained. But failure to strong souls is but an incentive to further effort, and Mr. Stead very wisely urges to new effort; also, as wisely, declares that all homes are unnatural, so long as they are based upon the principle of the segregation of the sexes. The Spinsterages, as they have been called, are better than nothing, but they are a miserable pisaller at the best. They are as unhealthy as convents, and as unnatural as barracks. The hope of the world lies in the constantly increasing freedom of innocent intercourse between men and women. And all clubs, societies, associations, which are strictly confined to one sex, are *prima facie* to be condemned, excepting only as in the case of the C.T.U., when it is necessary, solely for a time, to train women alone, so that they may as soon as possible be able to take their full share in the public work of the world.

It is amusing how quick men have been to discover that associations confined to one sex are to be condemned, since women have started associations. Where have their perceptions been all these centuries of undivided male arrangements?

## MEETINGS.

Mr. Stead makes a proposal with which we heartily agree, though we doubt if the time as yet be quite ripe for it. He says:—"If this social malady of loneliness of great cities is to be overcome, it must be not by monastic or conventual or barrack life, but by reconstituting family groups by a process of natural selection on a co-operative basis"—and proceeds to give details of the programme to be adopted as it suggests itself to his mind, and may or may not suit the ideas of his readers. The plan in its initiative commends itself to us, but it leaves room for many improved and higher suggestions. It is, however, we think, the beginning of the end, it is a ray of what is coming, what when it comes will raise and purify until the system becomes all that can be desired. Miss Jane Hume Clapperton in her clever, practical article on Unitary Homes in the pages of *SHAFTS*, advocates much the same ideas. Both place their *raison d'être* in the need that is everywhere arising. Mr. Stead concludes his excellent page in words which we cannot do better than reproduce verbatim:—

"It is possible that if the practice of living in co-operative households became general, some households might be organised on the principle of free love and of general tipling. Thieves and drunkards and libertines may use the same system of organisation as saints and reformers. But the tendency of the system would be all the other way.

"The new arrangement would give new life to thousands. Great, and, indeed, divine is the natural and healthy influence of the sexes upon each other. Inspiration, stimulus, and all the rainbow-hued splendours of romance have their source there. In proportion as man and woman are kept apart, in that proportion there fades the joy of life. No doubt this has its complete and ultimate result in a happy marriage. But one man can only marry one woman, whereas each, both before and after marriage, may be a source of incalculable help, encouragement, and rest to scores of friends if only they have a chance of being friends. It is the condemnation of the present social system that it provides for thousands no opportunities of making friends. I would not for one moment deny that these co-operative homes would pave the way for many a marriage. That, indeed, would be by no means the least of many of the advantages which they would confer upon society. For marrying and giving in marriage, from before the Flood down to this time, is one of the great preoccupations of the human race, and seldom has it been conducted on less ideal lines than in our great cities in the year of our Lord 1893."

## HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

A meeting under the auspices of the above league is to be held at the Central Hall, 377, Strand, W.C., on May 25th, at 8 p.m. The subject will be "Women's Wages," by Miss Ford.

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Write for Price List.

At the "Pioneer Club" on Monday, the 8th inst., Mrs. Besant gave a most interesting lecture illustrative of the position taken up by students of Theosophy, her object being to give a brief sketch or outline of the main characteristics of man and his relation to the universe from the standpoint of that philosophy, and to state these points as clearly and lucidly as possible within the compass of the time at her disposal, which did not permit her to give much evidence or proof in support of those points.

Traces of the principal ideas of Theosophy, Mrs. Besant said, were to be found in all the sacred books of Eastern lands, in the Book of the Dead, amongst the great philosophies of the Idealistic and Neo-Platonic schools, and though, so far as the West was concerned, such traces sank for a time beneath the surface, they reappeared in the writings of Giordano Bruno, who had been called the second Pythagoras. From that time the thread might be followed, running through the whole school of German mystics and through the English and Pietist schools, though with a strong Christian tinge, down to our own time, when these ideas were being published with a fulness and clearness never before reached. That this was now possible was due to the great advances which had been made in human knowledge; and the speaker considered that the time had now come when the secrecy which had enshrouded such teachings in the past could to some extent be dispensed with, one cause for part of such secrecy having lain in the incapacity of the mind to receive and absorb the light in its full purity.

Referring to the curious repetition of the number "seven" in all natural phenomena, the speaker said that any careful observer of nature would soon perceive that this number was no arbitrary choice, but a strong characteristic of nature as she manifested herself to us; this present universe being built upon that number. Treating of the idea that the world is a thought expressed in matter, Theosophists, the lecturer went on to say, held that spirit and matter were fundamentally identical, the apparent difference being one of degree only; all manifestations, both spiritual and material, were the expression of the same divine thought.

Mrs. Besant then proceeded to give an idea of each of the seven planes of this universe, and the corresponding seven planes in man, through which he was enabled to enter into and understand all manifestations on each of these planes. Taking the constitution of man we found—(1) The physical body, built up of material molecules, certain portions of which had, during the course of evolution, been differentiated to receive a certain class of impressions; that so far only five senses had thus been evolved. This might at first appear an exception to the rule of "seven," but there existed many reasons which led those studying this subject to infer that a sixth sense was gradually being developed among certain portions of humanity—an organ of the mind enabling them to apprehend thought impressions without necessitating that such impressions pass through some physical organ of the body, such as is the case when thought is translated into speech; and she considered it most probable that still another potential organ—that of the spirit—lay at present latent and unrecognised in human beings which was wanted to render them perfect. (2) The astral or ethereal body, which pervades the physical, filling up all

the intermolecular spaces, and bearing a distinct and harmonious relationship to it, but which, however, may, even in life, be separated from its physical counterpart, leaving the latter during its absence in a state of trance or unconsciousness. It was upon this astral matter that electricity and magnetism acted, and through it that energy and force were manifested, the vital currents being all conditioned by its presence in the body. Passing upwards from the physical and astral, through the (3) vital, you come to (4) the emotional or animal plane, which included all the appetites, passions, and desires. These four planes, form the mortal or transitory part of man, and are subject to disintegration at death. The persistent or immortal part of man's nature is divided into three divisions—"mind," upon which Theosophy lays enormous stress as constituting the truly human factor in our constitution capable of improvement and growth. The word Spirit is by Theosophy reserved for that which is essentially divine in human beings, and between these two stands, as it were, the soul with a hand upon either. The outcome of this union of the higher nature with the lower was the gaining of experience by the former, the method used being that of reincarnation.

## In Fields of Thought and Learning.

## WESTFIELD COLLEGE.

We have received a prospectus of the above college, founded in 1882 for the preparation of women students for the degrees of the University of London. It contains statements with regard to the why and wherefore of the college most satisfactory to learn, and declares that the Council, in issuing their tenth annual report, can with confidence speak favourably of the "conditions and progress of the college." Many names are given of ladies having taken high honours. "All have done well, and at both the matriculation and the B.A. examinations, the highest place among women candidates was secured by a Westfield student." The University of London admits women on equal terms with men to its degrees in Arts, Literature, Science, and Medicine.

The following are the names of the lecturers, resident and non-resident:

MISTRESS.—Miss C. L. Maynard, Moral Sciences Tripos, Girton College, Cambridge.

RESIDENT LECTURERS.—Science, Miss Wilmoughby, First Class Natural Sciences Tripos, Newnham College, Cambridge. Classics, Miss F. R. Gray, Classical Tripos, Newnham College, Cambridge; Miss A. W. Richardson, B.A., First Class Classical Honours, London University.

MATHEMATICS.—Miss M. T. Beloe, B.A., French Honours, London University.

VISITING LECTURERS.—Classics, F. Carter, Esq., B.A., late Exhibitor of Balliol College, Oxford. Mathematics, W. Gallatly, Esq., M.A., London, sixteenth wrangler, Cambridge. Physics, F. Womack, Esq., M.B., B.Sc., London. Mechanics, C. Burton, Esq., D. Sc., London University. Chemistry, H. Crompton, Esq., English, Miss K. E. Dixon, Classical Tripos Girton College, Cambridge. Philosophy, F. Ryland, Esq., M.A., examiner in Moral Sciences Tripos, Cambridge; Mrs. Clarke, M.A., Moral Sciences, London University. French, Mademoiselle Coutant; Mademoiselle Fritsch German, Fräulein Frohstet.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

## SEX ATTRIBUTES.

DEAR MADAM,—I have read "H.'s" letter in your last number of *SHAFTS*, and in reply to it would simply remark that Theosophy regards sex as a wholly temporary condition, related to the development of the real being, the ego, which must by the universal law of justice experience all the circumstances and phases of life. Hence, the limitation of any particular egos to what "H." describes as the "lower," or masculine sex would be manifestly unfair to them. The law of the conservation of energy on the psychic plane also demands that whatever the ego sows it must reap, and neither the sowing nor the reaping can possibly be confined to one sex.

More than this I think it unnecessary to say. The question before us is not whether "he" or "she" teaches, but whether the teachings given furnish a universal solvent of the problems before us—and not one, but all the problems of nature.

OBSERVER

## A PROFIT-SHARING LAUNDRY.

DEAR MADAM,—From time to time efforts have been made—both from a humanitarian and a sanitary point of view—to improve the condition of washerwomen. They form a hardworked and underpaid class, and the conditions under which they work in ill-ventilated and over-crowded houses are unhealthy for themselves and not without danger to their customers. No class suffers as much as this one in "bad legs" and the displacement of internal organs, as doctors working among the poor can testify. Few classes are less capable of self-organisation and self-defence, as may be seen by the failure of well meant efforts for its improvement. It is, therefore, one which is peculiarly in need of outside assistance, and we desire to invite your readers' consideration to a well-considered scheme for improving the conditions under which they work, and for raising the wages paid for it. The work will be done under the supervision of the League of Theosophical Workers—a body of women and men who give their services for the helping of those in need, and the undersigned are the immediately responsible persons.

We have in view a building which can be altered to serve as a large laundry; this we propose to fit up with the best machinery now available, so as to relieve the women from the heavy and unhealthy work of rubbing and wringing the clothes. This machinery will be costly to start with, as will be the provision of proper drying cupboards, &c., and the ensuring of full ventilation.

But such provision is the condition of success and is essential to the object we have in view of raising laundry work into a wholesome and comfortable means of livelihood. Further, the scheme is planned with a view to success as a self-supporting undertaking which will encourage similar efforts elsewhere, and the rough work is done better, with greater cleanliness and less damage to the clothes, when performed by the excellent machinery now available. The knowledge that the work will be done in the best way, that the best materials will be employed, that the surrounding conditions will be pure and healthy—it is on these facts that we shall

have to depend for the attraction of the public as customers, and the consequent full employment of the women we wish to help.

We propose to fix a minimum weekly wage somewhat higher than that now earned by competent women; to add to this a share of the profits, as a quarterly and half-yearly bonus; we prefer this to setting up a co-operative laundry, for the simple reason that among the women we want to help we cannot find the business ability necessary for the successful management of so large a concern. If philanthropic rich people will give us the money necessary for starting, as we give the time and the work, none of the profits need go to the paying of interest; but if capital is loaned to us, interest at 4 per cent. must be charged on the profits. Part of the profits will be set aside to a fund for repairs, wear of machinery, &c., and should they grow large a portion will be used to start other centres of help in this or in other industries. We now ask for the help necessary to start the scheme on a sufficiently large basis to ensure success. A sum of £2,000 must be raised for this purpose, and we ask (1) for donations, (2) for letters from any who would be ready if the need arises to invest in the undertaking at 4 per cent. interest.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.  
CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER, F.T.S.  
M. U. MOORE, F.T.S.

Theosophical Society,  
17 and 19, Avenue-road,  
Regent's Park,  
London, N.W.

## RATIONAL DRESS.

MADAM,—How strange it is that the leaders of the Rational Dress movement do not appear to have taken any advantage of the recent hubbub raised by the threatened invasion of the crinoline to press forward the subject of dress reform!

Surely we are not going to stop at a mere protest against the crinoline!

I take it for granted that with or without an anti-crinoline league no thinking, sensible woman would, in the present age, think of wearing such a monstrosity. Women have learned to think since the last crinoline era, and it seems to me that now, if ever, is the time for a radical change to be made. Or are we going to remain in our swaddling clothes to the end of all time?

What are women afraid of that they dare not make the change?

Union is strength! it could be done by combination.

The change once accomplished there would be "a nine days' wonder" of course.

Well, surely we could live that down!

Would not the comfort, the development, physical and mental, that would follow be worth all the criticism we might have to endure?

Could men ever have attained to their development clothed as women are clothed?

A masculine friend of mine once had the misfortune to break his leg, and when recovering was unable to get into his nether garments. His sister suggested that he should wear some of her petticoats. He did so for a fortnight, of course indoors only, and says he never spent such a miserable time in his life, and cannot understand how women can bear to have their limbs so fettered.

Surely there must be women in the British Isles with courage enough to pioneer such a

change as that involved in the adoption of the short dress recommended by Mrs. Jenness Miller, or better still, perhaps, a dual system of dress, such as knickerbockers.

I appeal to them with all the earnestness of which I am capable, in the sure conviction that the subject is one of vital interest to women, and that the desired reform is being needlessly delayed.

Forgive me, madam, for encroaching so largely on your valuable space. My only excuse is the hope that some good may result from a full discussion of this subject.

Yours faithfully,  
ELLA DAGLEISH.

## IN RE "SPORT."

## "SHAFTS" FOR MARCH.

MADAM,—My attention has been recently called to a sentence attributed to my father, the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in an article on "Sport," by Miss Beeby, in your issue for March, page 5. The words as quoted ran thus: "Because animals have no moral nature, therefore man has no moral obligations towards them." The citation was made in perfect good faith by Miss Beeby from a pamphlet published by the Humanitarian League, where they are ascribed to Dr. Carpenter. It appears, however, on inquiry, that they were never written by him. They are a summary statement of what the author of the pamphlet supposes to have been his opinion, and ought not therefore, to have been printed as his. Your columns are not the place in which to discuss the accuracy of the writer's representation; but I can state with confidence that no one would have repudiated the consequences drawn from it by Miss Beeby more strenuously than Dr. Carpenter himself.

Yours faithfully,  
J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been asked by Mr. J. Estlin Carpenter to forward you the (above) enclosed letter from him. You will see that in it exception is taken to a sentence quoted by me, on the understanding that it was written by the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter which Mr. J. E. Carpenter objects was not the case.

On referring to the writer of the Humanitarian League Essay, Mr. Edward Maitland, I learn from him that he has already written to Mr. Carpenter explaining that although the sentence was not exactly in Dr. Carpenter's words, it exactly summarises Dr. Carpenter's argument, in words nearly identical with those used by him, and it is to the substance rather than the form of the statement that the quotation marks should be taken as applying. As a matter of fact, says Mr. Maitland, those crept in by inadvertence and constitute therefore technically an inexactitude, but as they in no way misrepresent Dr. Carpenter's argument they do not constitute an injustice.

I myself am unable to see any different argument to be deduced from the words, "Because animals have no moral nature, therefore man has no moral obligations towards them," and the words used by Dr. Carpenter himself in the *Fortnightly Review*, and which run thus: "Is it not the very basis of ethical doctrine that the moral rights of any being depend upon its moral nature." And I cannot feel otherwise than that, whether Dr. Carpenter recognised the fact or not, these words as they stand, if they form an excuse for vivisectioning animals, form an equal excuse for vivisectioning idiots.

Yours truly,  
ELEANOR MAUDE BEEBY.

MORE LICENSED KNACKERS: A PLEA FOR ANIMALS.

DEAR MADAM,—I scarcely ever go out without seeing some poor horse lying in agony, with a crowd pushing in round it, torturing its nerves, while the knacker, who is always unattainable, wends his way at last to end its sufferings. Why are there not tradespeople or others licensed for this sad but humane purpose—a few in each district, so that the horses may be put out of their misery sooner? Is not this a question for the S.P.C.A.?

G. I. MAUDE.

AGAINST SUNDAY CLOSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Sunday being a depressing day in itself, chiefly from reaction, should be enlivened, not made more gloomy, as it is by our doleful habit of closing shop-windows, which gives a funereal appearance to the streets. If the shopkeepers could be induced to keep their shutters down (of course with closed doors) we should amuse the masses without offending the Sabbatarians. There are thousands of people who cannot see the pretty and interesting things in the windows during the week, and are led into error in their purchases—in a hurried snatched spare moment which they take—knowing nothing of prices and quality. They naturally buy the wrong thing, for, as good shoppers prove, you must *know* the shops before entering them.

And then the lonely woman who does not sit at home on Sunday afternoon and has no male friends and country cousins of necessity goes out to walk. But how escape the monotony of rows of houses and shutters? It is true there is the Park, but it is not always June there, and some minds cannot appreciate the beauty of a winter landscape, nor the cutting blast of an east wind through the leafless trees.

What an oasis is a tobacconist's! what a clearing in the forest of shutters! How absorbing the posters in the windows of a public-house!

Less melancholy in the middle classes, less drinking in the lower would surely result from a gay allurements in the streets. Let the shopkeepers have the honour of a philanthropic movement by increasing the general cheerfulness of even the busy, and they will suffer no appreciable loss from a slight fading of their goods.

G. I. MAUDE.

PIONEER CLUB.

SUMMER SESSION, 1893.

Thursday evening debates and discussions at 8 p.m. To be opened by paper or otherwise. No member may introduce the same guest more than once during each month. May 18, "Why should not women vote?" opened by Miss Isabella O. Ford. May 25, "Can obsession be counted a factor in insanity?" Mrs. Boole. June 1, "Will Socialism benefit women?" Mrs. Fagan. June 8, "Is the novel, with a purpose, legitimate or not?" Mrs. Sarah Grand. June 15, "Is hunting a fit pastime for thinking men and women?" June 22, "Why should women marry?" Miss Whitehead. (*Pioneers only*.) June 29, "Armstrong," paper by Miss Carey. July 6, "Can we reasonably believe in ghosts?" Miss Green. July 13, "Bacon versus Shakespeare."

LETTER TO CHICAGO.

Under the superintendence of Miss Sharpe, of Highbury-place, London, N., and the many ladies of the Unitarian Church, the letter herein quoted is being sent to Chicago. First comes—

TO OUR UNITARIAN LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

We have received some very kind communications from the ladies of America, touching the Great Exhibition to be held in Chicago in 1893, and we are arranging to send back a letter to them such as the following, expressive of sympathy with them in their forthcoming large religious meetings. We believe that our American sisters will appreciate this testimony of our Christian love and goodwill. And it is earnestly hoped that such an expression of fellow-feeling between the two countries may seem good to others and be numerously signed.

Miss Sharpe, of 32, Highbury-place, London, N., will be pleased to receive as many signatures as possible. In sending signatures, please add "Mrs." or "Miss," as the case may be:—

DEAR SISTERS,—We want to tell you that our hearts will be with you in the great meetings to be held in your wondrous city, and our prayers shall be yours for the success of your noble aims. How true it is that thought annihilates space and time. It has been our privilege to know by their writings, and even to see face to face, so many of your best-loved people, that we feel one with you in your hopes and aspirations, much as a proud parent would sympathise with a lovely child full of promise. And we are looking to you to accomplish better work than we have been able to do. In your large new country all seems to us younger, brighter, fuller of life than here. You have fewer prejudices to overcome; you are more open to receive new light. No doubt you make mistakes, and have your own hard battles to fight, but everywhere we know truth must prevail. In all your brave endeavours we would cheer you on. You do not forget the mother country, but value our calm words. May Heaven prosper your righteous work!

Most sincerely yours,

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(Mrs.) Brooke Hereford, (Miss) Margaret Lucy Tagart, (Miss) Florence Hill, Hon. Sec. Central Postal Mission; (Mrs.) Edwin Lawrence, (Mrs.) David Martineau, (Mrs.) Frederick Nettlefold, (Mrs.) S. S. Taylor, (Mrs.) Louisa Upton, (Miss) Emily Sharpe, 32, Highbury-place, (Mrs.) Robert Spears.

MEETINGS AT THE OFFICES OF SHAFTS.

The discussion meetings at these offices grow in numbers and increase in interest. On Friday, the 5th May, the subject discussed was "Vegetarianism." The two sides of the question were well taken up, and produced an animated debate. Instances were adduced of animals possessing the greatest amount of strength which were supported entirely on vegetable food. Instances of horrible cruelty in slaughter-houses were also dwelt upon. One lady, in opposing, said that no cruelty need be practised in slaughtering animals; that we ought to set to work to discover the most efficient and speedy means of killing, and insist upon their being carried out. But the larger part of the meeting favoured the vegetarian views.

On Friday, the 12th inst., the subject discussed was "Ought Girls to be educated at Home or at Schools away from Home?" Many valuable opinions were expressed, many thoughts called forth. The two hours passed in thus discussing are a source of great pleasure and improvement. The *raison d'être* of these meetings is to encourage thought and the expression of thought, and to prepare women to speak readily when meetings are convened at the Pioneer Club, or public meetings anywhere.

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All copy sent to this Office must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only. Persons desirous of remuneration for MSS. must make previous arrangement in writing to that effect. Such arrangement cannot be made after the article is in print. No copy will be returned to senders unless stamped cover be enclosed for the purpose.

All tales, articles, &c., must have the name and address of the sender on the back of MSS. (not necessarily for publication,); also the title of such article, &c. Poetry, or short articles introducing any specialty of the writer, or reports of meetings, notices, &c., will not be paid for.

In writing articles, tales, &c., the use of the masculine noun and pronoun must be avoided save only when that sex is to be denoted. The plural, which signifies either, may be used, but if singular, pronouns and nouns of sex must refer to the sex alone, not to the race, which is of both sexes.

All Communications should be addressed to Editor "SHAFTS," Granville House, Arundel-street, Strand, W.C.

Advertisements should be sent to the Advertising Manager, to whom applications for space must also be made.

The position of Advertisements cannot be guaranteed unless prepaid. Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made payable to "Editor, SHAFTS."

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