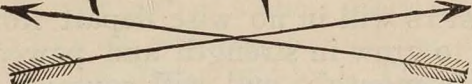


"SHAFTS"



EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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

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What the Editor Means.

. . . It takes supernal strength
To hold the attitude that brings the pain;
And they are few indeed, but stoop at length
To something less than best,
To find, in stooping, rest.

Lo, I desire . . .
. . . Am I a plant . . . am I a beast
Led by desire into the hunter's snare?
Stand back, Desire, and put your plea in words.
Stand here, before the King, and make your plea.
If Reason sees it just, you have your wish;
If not, your wish is vain. Plead as you will—
The court is open, beggar! I am King.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

From, and with, the issue which will appear on October 1st, **SHAFTS** will have entered upon a new phase, and I hope upon a new lease of life. So far it has struggled hard to hold itself above the billows of difficulty, the ship has often been to all seeming very near its sinking, and its captain has been brought very low, and has well nigh lost all strength to continue the desperate conflict.

A paper of a lighter tone, written simply for information or amusement, may hold its own with comparative ease. Indeed, the lighter the tone, the wilder and more unmeaning—the larger will probably be the circulation; as people in numbers want amusement, they prefer to rest and sleep, and dream. **SHAFTS** tries to awake those that sleep, to arouse those that dream; it struggles against the overwhelming tide of *popular laissez faire*, therefore, it appeals only to thinkers, and they are comparatively few. It is read by thousands, but paid for only by a few; I have done my level best, I tried hard to publish it weekly—it was not possible,—for pecuniary reasons. I have kept it before the public against almost appalling odds for five years as a monthly. So great has been my reward, that, in spite of the fact that means still remain a well-nigh impassable barrier, I am resolved, as I always have been, to continue it. Under these circumstances I have resolved to make it a bi-monthly, at least for a time, until I can recover myself, both in health and funds. The **HELP** I had hoped for will not be forthcoming; some new departure may help.

For the future, at least until better times, **SHAFTS** will appear every second month.

The times in which we live call for the decided utterance of pure, strong and noble souls. Such will always find the pages of *SHAFTS* ready for them. *SHAFTS* will in no wise depart from "the dreams of its youth," but hopes to grow in strength and power. It will be some few pages larger as a bi-monthly, and will contain each month a complete story, now by one writer, now by another. The subscription will remain the same, 3s. 6d. yearly, post free. I make this change because I am forced to do so, as no sufficient help comes. I make it with a lingering regret; the inevitable regret, evermore accompanying all change; for the future lies in the unseen, and who can predict to a certainty what it may bring. I make it, however, with a pæan of great promise sounding in my ears, and filling my spirit with strength. When you and I, dear reader, contemplate the results after the lapse of a few years, may we both have great reason to rejoice together. I have held my readers ever close to my heart, grappling them with hooks of love. Have they each and all quite understood me I ask myself, every now and then, as I pause, and hearken to the voices of which the atmospheres are full. Nay, that were reward, perhaps, too sweet for this stage of Life. It matters not. What people think of us or say of us, whether right or wrong, misconceived or percipient, is not after all the thing of moment though full of pain or pleasure. To write, to speak, to act, so that when each life ends, and we go further and further on, we may see the irradiating light from our own spirits, and the spirits circling round, and hear the glad well-done of our clearer visioning—must make our highest striving, and will be "our exceeding great reward."

We hold our desires in our own hands, and we need never stoop from our high resolves; to seek rest, or even love or peace, for these come only to those who can control desire, and persevering to the end, overcome all things.

The gleaming of a new time of exquisite promise is over the whole earth; it rests more fully upon the nations, that, open-eyed, wait for its dawning; it hovers with brooding love over those souls, who, full of fire and gladness, from conquest over *DESIRE*, over *SELF*, stand ready for the work before them, be it what it may; their spirits steadfast amid many sorrows, because of the joy before them; a joy, the voice of which they have heard sounding from heights unreached—as yet—from distances untouched—as yet. When the spirit has once seen the coming light and joy, when it has answered to itself a reply to life's eager, quivering questions, it possesses the peace passing all ordinary understanding, and fear passes out of its paths for evermore.

—+X+—
 "Is Life Worth Living?"

LIFE is worth living, if we live aright.
 Eyes to the front, the final end in view—
 The end when all aims, trivial or untrue
 Must burst like airy bubbles on our sight.
 Life is worth living if we do our best.
 Our best is often greater than we dream.
 Immortal souls with mighty forces teem;
 They are revealed by him who makes the quest.
 Life is worth living when we strive to be
 Of greater use to-morrow than to-day,
 Moulding ourselves from rough unsightly clay
 To something lovely for the world to see.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Ancient Egyptian Stelæ.

A *STELE*, or stela, is a slab of stone—more rarely of wood—rounded generally at the top like an ordinary tombstone, and incised or painted with "sacred writing" or hieroglyphics. The inscription is more or less carefully cut according to the date, getting more careless in later times. It is frequently accompanied by a figure of the deceased—in whose honour the stele was erected—sitting before a table of offerings, often with his nearest relatives depicted on a smaller scale, and posed stiffly in rows. His wife, when she appears, as is commonly the case, is represented on an equality with him, seated in profile behind him, on the peculiar double seat fashionable at the time. Sometimes wife stands and husband sits; sometimes both stand, with wife's arm on husband's shoulder; or both sit opposite each other smelling a lotus, for the Egyptians had a curious taste for flowers. Occasionally the husband has a stick or wand, and the wife, too. Children are represented standing or sitting on the ground, *not* on a level with their parents; showing that respect for age, which is a pleasing trait of ancient civilisation.

The Egyptians were a more affectionate and less selfish people than the Jews, Greeks and Romans. When the deceased man is represented enjoying himself in the other world, his wife is represented also enjoying herself as a *rational being*. She plays draughts with him in a bower, and is in the boat with him when he paddles and punts on the celestial canals, for the Egyptians had a most elaborate and definite conception of their paradise, and though their ideas were material, they were not gross, and not more mundane than those of various Christian hymns.

Their "ka" or deceased spirit is best described by Shelley, in his "Prometheus Unbound," Act I., as the image of Zoroaster:—

"The Magus Zoroaster, . . .
 Met his own image walking in the garden.
 That apparition, sole of men, he saw.
 For know there are two worlds of life and death:
 One, that which thou beholdest; but the other
 Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
 The shadows of all forms that think and live
 Till death unite them and they part no more;
 Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
 And all that faith creates or love desires,
 Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes."

[Sir Peter Le Page Renouf, Egyptologist, remarked this.]

The Egyptians prided themselves on *kindness*. In a well-known tomb the deceased is made to write of himself in the first person, as was the custom:—

"Not a daughter of a poor man I harmed; not a widow did I treat harshly
 When years of scarcity came . . . I ploughed all the fields of M—— north and
 south, making its people live, making food. No hungry man existed in it. I gave to
 the widow as to the possessor of a husband. I did not magnify the first-born at the
 expense of the young child."

Elsewhere it was written:—

"I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, a
 boat to the shipwrecked."

[As the Nile was the national highway, boats loomed much larger
 in their imagination than in ours.]

The deceased Egyptian on his funereal stele prayed to his gods that

they would let him go in and out of his tomb, that he might drink water daily, and that the Nile should give him bread and all sorts of green stuffs in due season; that he might alight on the branches of the sycamore trees which he had planted, and breathe the sweet breeze of the north wind; that he might walk along the road of eternity with sainted spirits and heavenly beings, might travel in the boats of the underworld, and have wine, beer, milk, ointment, eye paint, clothing, and linen garments. For the rich man who was not accustomed to hard outdoor work, a number of little porcelain, stone or wooden figurines were naïvely buried with him, with an inscription on them (from the VI. Chap. of the *Book of the Dead*, a kind of sacred guide book to the next world), to the effect that if any work was decreed to the deceased person to be done in the underworld, to plant the fields, and fill the canals—then these little figures would do it instead of the deceased; would, in fact, *answer* the call, made to work, "Here I am when ye call." These figurines are named "*ushabtis*," or "respondents," those who *answer* for another. An important person would be buried with several hundreds of *ushabtis*.

A great number of Sepulchral stelæ give the name of the *mother* of deceased only, especially in the earlier times. The same thing occurs in funereal papyri. Out of 100 such described by T. Déveria (Louvre Catalogue), in which names and titles of deceased are preserved, there are sixty-one in which the *mother* only is named, four in which the father only is named, 117 in which neither parent is mentioned. [*Primitive Civilization*, by Miss Simcox.]

We meet on stelæ frequent formulæ such as the following:—

"That an offering be granted by Osiris (Lord of the dead) of thousands of good things, to the beatified Hor, born of the lady Uahut."

" . . . the chief Se-sitet, born of the lady Chetit-urit."

" . . . the beatified assistant-treasurer, Mereri, born of the lady Menechet."

" . . . the scribe of the sacred book, chief artist, Imhotep, justified, born of the lady Tagelmi."

"Necht-har-heb, born of the lady Tasnechet."

"Aht-pefa-Nit, born of the lady Tacheti."

"Paun, born of the lady Ta-du-ra-mi, justified."

"Sen-bet-fi, born of the lady of the house, Atab."

The following inscription on the stele of Senb, a governor's scribe, (now at Bologna), is remarkable for the mention of deceased's mother, wife and mother-in-law:—

"O every priest, every scribe, every reciter-priest, all ye people who pass by this stele, in coming up or going down the Nile, may you hand on your dignities to your children, and may the god of your town love you and bless you, provided that ye say [the following prayer for deceased]; may an offering be granted of thousands of bread and wine, oxen, ducks, linen bandages, everything good and pure for the 'Ka,' (spirit) of the governor's scribe, Senb, justified, son of the lady of the house, Aunesenb, justified, venerated lady; and to the 'Ka' of his wife whom he loves, lady of the house, Antef-ankh-nehten, justified; daughter of the lady of the house, Dudut, justified."

Every year several times at stated periods, the survivors of the family and their servants and dependents renewed their prayers and oblations at the tomb of deceased. This is also the case in Catholic countries now, as to prayers and visits to the tomb by relatives on All Saints' Day, November 1st. It is, unfortunately, a custom wholly obliterated in Protestant countries such as England. There is no yearly service, no commemoration of our dear ones departed this life, our "precious friends hid in death's dateless night."

The modern capitalistic *régime* tends to underrate the old and the recently dead alike, in the vile stampede for money.

There is an unusual expression used of the Deity at Tell el Amarna:

"I am the Mother-Father of everything made."

The mention of the *mother* first (the Egyptians had no word for "and," but we should probably write "mother *and* father") points to their being impressed by the more arduous share assigned to mothers in the production of living matter than to fathers.

I do not mean to state that the ancient Egyptians had grasped the idea of *equality* between men and women; that would have been impossible at that early date; but their tendency in that direction was far more favourable than that of the Aryan nations of antiquity from whom we are chiefly civilised. The ancient Semites, the Jews especially, were most unfavourable to women. Unfortunately, by their very violence, the latter were able to impress their ideas on the world more.

It is remarkable that the Egyptians considered each deceased person as a god as soon as he or she was dead; on death taking place, he or she was united to Osiris, the god of the dead. But before the nineteenth Dynasty only monarchs were called Osirises. What is noticeable is, that deceased women were also called Osirises. It was not till about 100 B.C. that deceased women began to have the title of the goddess Hathor or Athor prefixed to them instead. Doubtless the change was caused by the ideas of the surrounding nations permeating and debasing the much finer native ideas of the ancient Egyptians.

ALICE GRENFELL.

My Garden.

My old garden holds a corner sacred to the Great God Pan,
Where each lovely bud and flower lives and loves mid sun and dew;
Where each tiny gentle blossom that erstwhile its life began,
May rear and wave its comely head of every varied hue.

None may pluck or slay the sweetness of those flowers of Great God Pan,
None may burst the buds or straw the seeds that swell beneath his care;
Lest they meet his righteous anger, or fall 'neath Ceres' ban,
Or with murderers and ravishers, dire punishment would share.

Freely wave the Lady Flowers, gemmed with dew drops like warm tears,
Murmuring their but half-formed secrets, now with joy and now distress;
While they close their inner heart founts, round half-conscious throbs and fears,
Yielding to the breeze's wooing, lifting lips in soft caress.

At their feet live Common Blossoms such as—bartered in the street,
Tied in bunches, crushed and bruised, scorched by sun and dried by wind;
Trode beneath the feet of passers, droop and gasp out lives once sweet;—
These with me have sister's tending, in Pan's garden shelter find.

Near them, rearing stately swan necks, virgin lilies watching stand,
White initiates, inly conscious of the ideal in their heart,
Hidden in their chaste corollas, offered with shy maiden hand;—
While the bees seek honeyed treasures, and young Love prepares his dart.

These my flowers I tend and cherish, consecrate to dear God Pan;
Ladies, Courtesans and Virgins, each one blessed by sun and dew;
None may pluck them, none may straw them, none may slay what He began;
They have each their life, their day of love, their hour of joy and rue.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

The Higher Education of Women in Scotland.

REMINISCENCES OF ITS DEVELOPMENT.

BY CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

(Continued.)

During our second session a peripatetic philosopher, Dr. Simon, visited Edinburgh with one charming daughter (who afterwards became the wife of Count Ugo Balzani, the Italian historian). To them occurred the bright idea of having afternoon tea once a week, to which they invited Professor Fraser and his class. There we were introduced to each other, and had an opportunity of solving knotty points in private chat with professors. Dr. Simon had offered a prize of £100 to any of the undergraduates who confuted Berkeley's *Idealism*; and he opened it to the ladies also, but I believe it has not yet been won. I had often heard of the male students being asked to their professors' homes, and was much delighted when Professor Masson asked me to his house, on a great evening when he entertained the gentlemen who had been granted honorary degrees at the University. I had the good fortune to be introduced to three: Sir Charles Wheatstone of telegraphic fame; Professor Bain, author of works on psychology and rhetoric; and Matthew Arnold. I was disappointed when I saw the tall figure of the latter bending over my chair, that he divided his hair down the centre, and looked so like a dandy—for I had honoured his father and his work; and had read his books. Professor Blackie also, and Sir Alexander Grant, I met there. One or two of the men students were invited that evening also, and I began to feel that things were not looking altogether so unequal as they had done a few years before. Miss Hamilton, too, sat by me, my class-fellow—daughter of Sir William Hamilton, of philosophic fame—keen, intellectual and generous in her help to women.

She it was who next year started, chiefly in her own house, meetings where the senior students helped the junior students in Philosophy, and a Discussion Society where all the papers were on philosophic subjects, such as "Can the Conscience be educated?" "The Relation of Language and Thought," "Freewill," etc. The University having offered certificates in Arts for women educated at our classes, the session of 1872-3 was opened by an address by Sir Alexander Grant, the Principal of the University, to mark the new relations thereby instituted between the University and our classes. These certificates were the first that had been offered to women of the Degree standard; though a smaller number of subjects was required. During that session it struck me, that though many ladies offered voluntary help in coaching others, such efforts were in their nature temporary, and that I might strike out a congenial career myself by becoming a sort of University Coach, especially for the Class of Logic. I spoke of this one day early in 1873, after class, to Professor Fraser and some of the ladies of the Executive Committee. They all thought the idea good, but considered it should not take shape until after I had taken the new Certificate in Arts. I was unwilling to undertake this at the time, as I was suffering from the effects of a very severe illness, and was strictly forbidden to study for six months at least. Yet the Executive seemed discouraged that no student had entered her name for the first opportunity. I had acquired a habit of never missing an opportunity of learning anything, lest the advantages should not return, induced by the previous uncertainty of opportunity of higher education

for girls. By chance, I heard of a curious remark of Professor Tait's: "If I got my way, when a candidate presents himself as *ready* for an examination, I would ship him off to sea for six months without any books, then we could find out what he really knew, and what would *last!*" This decided me. It was three years since I had been through two of the classes at least. But I risked the experiment of discovering what had lasted, and I passed, not so brilliantly as I might have done fresh from a crammer, but creditably, the only one who came forward, in October, 1873. I held my little Tutorial Class in Logic, in the rooms of the Association, the following winter, with happy results; as Logic is a subject that cannot be so well lectured into a brain, as worked out of one by directed labour, as in Mathematics. In the spring other ladies came forward for certificates and I added two other subjects to mine, so perhaps that is the reason the Calendar records the earliest of these examinations as in April, 1874, instead of October, 1873.

Though the Executive thought it wiser that my Tutorial Class of Logic should not continue in their class-rooms, lest it should confuse the mind of outsiders as to its being a part of the curriculum, I repeated it during the winter of 1874-5 in the private class-room of Mr. Oliphant's school in Charlotte Square, and my students did well. I note this experiment because it was a novelty. But the Professor was about to hold his class in metaphysics, instead of logic; so next winter, 1875-6, I spent in Cheltenham. The work of the ladies' college there interested me greatly, not so much in its system of education, which I did not think superior to the Scotch; but in the fact that all its teachers were *women*. The possibility of such a school in Scotland would supply the lacking professional interest in our University classes. It had always been noted how few teachers took advantage of them. I brooded over this idea, until it struck me it could do no harm if *I tried to do something*. The Scotch Universities had all been friendly to women, but had practically done nothing. I wrote to consult Mrs. Daniell, and by her advice wrote to Dr. Roberts, Convener of the Senatus of St. Andrews, suggesting that some system of education should be opened to women, and some examinations, or degrees, as I boldly named them. Also, in order to lead up to this, I begged his influence among the ladies of St. Andrews in founding such a college for girls as Cheltenham, under a Scotch system. His reply was more than friendly, and the Senatus soon agreed to institute what they have called the L.L.A. examinations. These differed from ordinary degrees, in that they did not necessitate residence, and were not bound to follow the M.A. subjects. But in each subject they were "stiff." The draft of the first set of questions was sent me when I was in Hamburgh, in 1877 with a distinguished German governess. She said she could not pass the examination in *German* herself. This opportunity was eagerly seized by many women, especially in country districts, and centres have been formed for the St. Andrews' examinations all over the world, as in Coblenz, Barbadoes, Natal, Madras, and New Zealand. Professor Roberts sympathised with the notion of the school, and spoke to several ladies about it. Encouraged by the result of this effort, I wrote also to Aberdeen and Glasgow, urging them to do for women what had been done in Edinburgh. Aberdeen was willing to help women, when the women really showed they wished help. Glasgow had already done something, but the Association had fallen through some indefinable cause. The British Association was to meet in Glasgow that summer, 1876, and I proposed to Mrs. Daniell she and I

might go through and see what we could do. Armed with introductions as we were, we had many disappointments. Many of the friendly residents were out of town, others busy with the Association engagements, others depressed through the failure of past efforts. But we found an unexpected ally in the person of Mr. Grahame, Honorary Local Secretary to the British Association. He gave us every facility to summon a meeting on the last Wednesday forenoon of the Association in one of the University class-rooms, to consider the need of the Higher Education for Women. Every corner of the large room was crowded, and hundreds went away disappointed. After a short set of suggestions, read by Mrs. Daniell, many interesting speeches were made, especially by Professor Johnstone Stoney, of Dublin, who "did not want women to have higher education, but the highest;—no-body knew what we were losing by not cultivating the powers of women"; and by Professor Lindsay, of Glasgow, who thought, as women were individuals, they had the right of the individual to culture and development. At the end of the proceedings, the Chairman requested those in favour of the movement to hand in their names to me—and an encouraging long list I had. For the following year I held a sort of nondescript office of Honorary Secretary to an unformed society, writing innumerable letters from various localities, always supported and encouraged by Mr. Graham, who managed to encourage some of the local ladies to take the lead, and in 1877 the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women was founded, and Mrs. Lindsay became Honorary Secretary. This has done splendid work. Glasgow is richer than Edinburgh, and very soon, through the energy of Mrs. Campbell and the liberality of Mrs. Elder and others, Queen Margaret College was founded and built. At the opening of the Scottish Universities in 1892, this College became an integral part of the University, and determined the custom of separate instead of mixed classes. Miss Galloway, the Honorary Secretary, has written an account of it.

The indefatigable Mrs. Daniell returned to her home in St. Andrews, and there, in conjunction with some other ladies, worked towards the foundation of a great girls' school to be taught by women. I was deeply gratified by a kind private letter from Dr. Roberts, asking me if I would wish to be nominated as Principal; but I hastened to assure him I was quite unfit for the responsibility and unworthy of the honour. I feel so glad my enthusiasm did not allow me to risk the attempt. St. Leonard's College fell into much more capable hands, under Miss Lumsden and Miss Dove, and Miss Ramsay's success at Cambridge, when she was the only First Classic of her year, remains a witness of her solid training there.

The Scottish Universities' Commission commenced its sittings in the summer of 1876. The Edinburgh Association sent up a request I should consider the claims of women, but the Secretary replied that it was not empowered to do so. Thereupon a memorial was presented to the Home Secretary praying that measures might be adopted to make possible the University education and graduation of women in Scotland. This was courteously acknowledged, though nothing was done at the time. The affairs of Scotland are rather neglected amid those of the United Kingdom.

The lack of funds for bursaries had been felt all along, but in this year, 1876, bursaries were offered for the best of the Honours candidates at the University Local Examinations, on condition the

student prepared herself afterwards to take the Certificate in Arts for women. This led to a demand for preparatory coaching, and the subsequent foundation of the St. George's Hall Tutorial Classes, with all its varied advantages, including classes by correspondence. Miss S. E. S. Mair, the founder of our Edinburgh Ladies' Literary Society, was the fairy godmother of this branch of the work. During the session, however, all friends of women were cast into gloom through the death of Mrs. Crudelius, our founder, at the age of thirty-eight, and of Mrs. Mair (the grand-daughter of Mrs. Siddons), an early President of our Association, and a constant friend. But the work of Mrs. Crudelius endured, though it changed its form after her death in 1877.

The Duchess of Argyll was re-elected the President; the Vice-Presidents, Miss Anne Dundas and Professor Masson; the Executive consisted of Professors Calderwood and Fraser, Mr. Findlay, Mrs. Lorimer and Miss Mair; Miss Hamilton remained Honorary Secretary—and after her lamented and early death Miss Holdsworth took her place—and Miss Louisa Stevenson, Honorary Treasurer. This year the University offered a Higher Certificate, which they called a Diploma, to those women who passed in seven subjects at the Degree standard, taking honours in one at least. The real difference between this and the Degree itself, was that the subjects might differ. We regretted very much that they had not gone further and opened the examinations entirely on equal terms, as they did in London shortly afterwards. But there is a difference between the movements of a teaching University and a merely examining body, as is London University. However, the Senatus did what it could to show its appreciation of the Diploma value. On the opening of the Scottish Universities in 1892, all women who held the Diploma, in the *same subjects* required for the Degree, were admitted at once by retrospective recognition. And thus it was that in the *first year* there were many women graduates of Edinburgh. It has always been a matter of regret I was not among them in 1878. Though I had been the first to receive a Diploma, I lost my chance in a manner curious enough to be recorded. In the early days of our work, the classes were not always at hours suiting my convenience, and I had studied my Greek and mathematics at Mr. Blyth's extra-mural classes. But though *residence* is not essential in a Scotch University, *attendance* at the classes is necessary. So I took my diploma in the subjects I had studied before 1878, but these, alas, left Greek and Mathematics only represented by Science and the Theory of Education. And then I married. But so eager was I to take advantage of the new opportunity that I made arrangements to spend the winter of 1892-3 in Edinburgh, go to these classes, and attempt to pass in them in the spring examination. Furniture was stored, children transported, apartments taken, and I went up to the University to arrange about fees. No matriculation examination was imposed on certificated women. But, alas! an unexpected hitch occurred. Both my classes were held at the *same hour*, and it would thus be necessary to take two years to attend the two. This I could not afford, so I had reluctantly to give up all hope of attaining the crown of my long labours. I left my children at school in Edinburgh, returned baffled to my husband, and petitioned the University and the Commission for some consideration. But they were not empowered to deal with individual cases.

St. Andrews University was the most cordial of the Scottish Universities to women. The professors gave lectures both in the

University and in Dundee, and they were the first to take advantage of the permission granted by the University Commission to throw open all subjects and degrees unrestricted to women. The splendid munificence of Mrs. Morison Duncan, of Naughton, in the giving of bursaries, on condition they were open to women, encouraged others to help.

This is but a fraction of what I might say, but I cannot close my imperfect review without reminding women that in all the Universities of Scotland, as in most of those in England, though women graduates can take a seat in the University Council, can vote for the Lord Rector and other officials, an unconstitutional limitation obtaining outside the walls of the University, still limits their privileges within. A woman may have passed, in honours, in logic, mathematics, classics and moral philosophy; she may have outshone all the men of the year, but she dare not share with the meanest of them the privilege of voting for the member that represents her Alma Mater in Parliament. Thus in the eyes of the corrupt English law no advantages of education can raise a woman to the level of the lowest illiterate male adult. Surely there is some logical deficiency in the construction of the average male intellect, that can consider such a state of things explicable on any principles of justice or reason, or conducive to the best interests of any section of the community.

Woman Rate Collector in Ireland.

THE Secretary of the Women's Local Government Society has supplied the following statement of the case:—On June 11th, the Clogher Board of Guardians met to appoint a Rate Collector in the room of Mr. Magill, deceased. They appointed his daughter, Anne Magill, who, owing to the debility of her father, had fulfilled the duties of the office for the previous five years, and had given great satisfaction. Moreover, her security was excellent, whereas that of second candidate, a publican in a small way, was said to be insufficient to cover the risk. On July 2nd, at the meeting of the Guardians, a sealed Order was read from the Local Government Board, declaring that they felt unable to sanction the appointment, and directing the Guardians to appoint a fit and proper person. On July 15th, Mr. Gerald Balfour, in reply to Mr. William Johnston, stated in the House of Commons that a Rate Collector in Ireland has also to act as Bailiff, and that, this being so, he could not sanction the appointment of a woman. On the following day the Clogher Guardians re-appointed Miss Magill by a vote of twenty-one to six. At the same meeting they adopted a resolution asking for the insertion in the Local Government (Ireland) Bill of a clause

“Providing that anything to the contrary in any Statute notwithstanding it shall be competent to Justices in Petty Sessions to direct the Constabulary to levy distress for Poor Rate, and it shall be competent for the Constabulary to carry out such directions, or that it shall be competent for a Poor Rate collector, with the approval of the local authorities, to appoint a deputy to levy distress for Poor Rate, or that it shall be competent for local authorities to appoint a special officer to levy distress should they so desire.”

One of the oldest of the Guardians states that he can remember no case of rates having to be distrained for in the Clogher Union. Another Guardian says that if he had to make a seizure he would rather have Miss Magill beside him than most men that he knows. The Guardians are indignant that because there might be difficulties in the way of some other woman collecting rates in some other Union, there should be an attempt to deprive Miss Magill of the post and them of their freedom of choice; they think that the Irish Local Government Board need not be saved the trouble of considering individual cases on their merits.

State Regulation of Vice Abroad.

MRS. JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER, at a recent meeting, gave an address so weighty and impressive, and setting forth facts of so much importance, yet so little realised by people in general, that we reproduce it here. After referring to the reintroduction of the evil system of State regulation of vice in India, Mrs. Butler called attention to some grave lessons of contemporary history in other countries. She said:

“We all realise that we are living in troubled times; there is agitation every where, east, west, north, south. The system of vice regulation in India and the perils into which we are being drawn by it, which chiefly engross the English mind, are not our only concern at present. There are agitations abroad, on the Continent of Europe, into which this question, enters and in which it forms a grave element.

“I have a letter before me which I have received from Dr. Fiaux, of Paris, a late Municipal Councillor, a member of the *Société de Médecine* of Paris, and a distinguished physician. He is in full sympathy with our movement. He writes: ‘I hope to come to London to the International Congress you are about to hold. I shall bring you news of our poor country. We cannot expect the *Police des Mœurs* (the Contagious Diseases Acts) will soon disappear in France. Far from it. It will only disappear on the terrible day which is approaching in which many other things will also disappear, when the people shall arise in their wrath.’

“Those are solemn words; they are true words; they are in a sense prophetic words. ‘My thoughts have been turned lately in the direction of seeking to understand the relation of this vital question with which we are called to deal with other great movements and perturbations in the world at the present time. This is not an isolated question; it has ramifications on every side; it is connected more or less remotely or intimately with all the great vital questions of principle which are moving the world at the present time. The efforts we are making, the cause which we uphold, is akin to, and on the same lines with all other efforts and movements which make for righteousness. The evil we are opposing is akin to and on the same lines with all the false and deadly principles and tendencies which disintegrate and destroy human society, and are now preparing a revenge which is at present only a smouldering fire, but which is gaining force every day.’

“I should like that we might take a very large view of the question just now. Some of us believe that we are coming near to the latter days, to times of trouble which will increase to the end, until the final victory. Whether that be so or not, we now see sometimes what we have not seen in the same intensity in former years. ‘I should like to turn your thoughts for a moment towards Italy. It is a country which I love, and with which I have had relations for many years. It is a country which was dear to the heart of the great and beloved statesman who has just passed away from among us. You will observe in the Press many comments upon the events that have lately occurred there. The Press notices, on the whole justly, some of the inner causes of the revolution which is perhaps for the present suppressed, but which is not at an end. The heavy, unjust taxation, the hunger, the awful poverty of the people; the grave faults and errors of successive governments in striving to put Italy on a par with other great powers, while she has no resources to enable her to take such a position; the wickedness of taxing the people for the passing ‘glory,’ as it is called, of a wretched war, a war which ended in misery and failure—we read all that in the Press. I have a sister, Mme. Meuricoffre, known to some here, who has spent all her married life in Italy; I have letters from her frequently. She has long seen, and I see, an undercurrent of grievance, and unredressed wrong, which is not indicated in the Press, but which nevertheless is there. She writes to me that the people are hungry—yes, it is true; they have been hungry for years. The bread-tax is a crushing burden, the salt-tax also. ‘A poor woman must not take a jug of water from the sea with which to mix her bread, because salt is a government monopoly.’ But there are even greater grievances than these. Man does not live by bread alone. Have you observed how fiercely the women are fighting? There is a reason.

“I am aware that some persons would say that I am so imbued with the gravity of this great wrong which we have been called upon to fight, that I find it as an element of disturbance and dissolution in parts of the world where it is not. Wait a little; time will show.

“I know something of France also; I will tell you a little of what I have seen and heard there. I was in Paris only a few months ago; I have been there at different times since 1874. You may remember that during the last Revolution, the

Commune did a noble thing—it closed formally and by decree, all the houses of ill fame in Paris which are, as you know, under Government surveillance and protection. The doors were thrown open and the inmates, some of whom had been prisoners there for many years, were freed. A seal was set on the doors, and the decree of the Commune was published: 'That whereas slavery is repugnant to all our sentiments of liberty and justice, we decree that this institution, which is an institution for the enslavement of women, be abolished.' That was good.

"But that system of slavery had been in existence in France since 1790, more than 100 years. It had taken deep root, as one of the national institutions, fatally demoralising the people. It was easy for the Commune to decree that it should be at an end, but it was not easy to make that decree imperative and practical.

"I wish I could adequately describe to you some of the things which occurred during the Revolution. On one of my first visits to Paris I met some men and women who had gone through it, and conversed with them. You recollect perhaps that there were a great number of women at that time who distinguished themselves in a terrible manner by setting fire to the public buildings. They were called 'Petroleuses,' because they threw petroleum with deadly effect into palaces and houses. They were furies; ministers of vengeance. I was invited to a meeting of working men and women in the extreme Radical quarter of Paris. There I heard things which I wish I could now impress upon you; because the lessons of history are so deeply instructive. These Petroleuses were denounced in the English and Continental Press as furies who could only have been born and trained in France. Possibly. But how were they born and trained? And what brought them to this state of fury? This was their day of vengeance, it was their day of judgment of their oppressors. It was they who set fire to the Tuileries and other buildings, and who did the wildest deeds of vengeance. One woman told me, with an exultant expression, that on being released from the official house of prostitution where she had been a prisoner for years, and walking down a certain street, she accidentally met the gentleman who had first seduced her, and, when weary of her, had thrown her into one of the officially established houses of prostitution, saying 'Keep her here,' and there she had been the greater part of her life. She had a pistol in her hand; advancing towards him, she shot him through the heart, dead. The people around her understood too well, and she was not arrested.

"And something of the kind happened the other day in the north of Italy. A woman pushed her way through the lines of soldiers, and placing a pistol to the breast of a civilian, shot him dead. She was immediately killed by the soldiers. But these women are utterly careless of their own lives, if only they can vent the pent-up agony and fury of years on those who have traduced and tormented them. These are not idle tales, they are realities.

"I shall never forget the words of a leading working man of Paris, Adhemard Leclerc; he said, pointing to the public buildings, 'There are written on the blackened walls of the Tuileries and of our palaces in flames, in letters which require no Daniel to decipher, the words "Ruined Womanhood."' Such were the so-called fiends who did that destructive work in Paris—these women who had been enslaved and outraged just as women are now being enslaved and outraged by decree of the English Government in India. I think of the awful words, 'Because ye have not proclaimed liberty every one to his fellow, therefore I proclaim liberty to you, saith the Lord to the sword, and the famine, and the pestilence.' Not that this vengeance is God's doing; he permits that evil shall avenge itself. Italy is now, or has lately been in revolution; by and by, if we do not take care, India also will be in revolution, and there will be that element in it. In Italy this slave system is of long standing; it was established under Victor Emmanuel by royal decree—not municipally as in most countries, but throughout the whole kingdom. When I was in Rome three years ago, I asked a Senator of Rome—'How is it, when you tell me that so many Deputies and Senators are disgusted with the system—how is it it is not abolished?' He replied: 'This system has created such a mass of vested interests, so strong, that no minister has the courage to do away with it. It would ruin hundreds or even thousands of men, taking the bread out of their mouths, so to speak.' There are petty functionaries appointed all over that beautiful country, even in the little towns and communes on the hills, literally for the 'arrangement of debauchery' even where there is no debauchery among the people. If there is vice, they are there to regulate it; if not, they establish one of the patented houses, and stock it with girl slaves. This was the case in a small town on the Apennines, in Tuscany, where the people are distinguished for the simplicity and purity of their domestic life. They petitioned the authorities that no such institution might be brought among them, but the reply was that there was an official waiting for a place. And so the abomination was established among those home-loving and virtuous

people.* The Senator further stated that one of the vices of Italian public life is the creation and maintenance of a multitude of small public offices, and the sub-division of those offices, in order to the payment of a vast number of petty officials. The country is poor. There is a swarm of hungry hangers-on of an administration who want places and a few francs a day. This political habit contributes largely to the upholding of the ghastly and hated regulation system. Its abolition would release from State employ a host of discontented officials who are now naturally *solidaire* against the abolition movement. This Roman Senator said: 'Tell your people in England to beware not to allow this institution to come again among them. For when once you have created large vested interests, though there may be the will to pull it down, you cannot succeed against the might of these vested interests.' When I was in Rome, there called on me a poor humble man, a Roman. He came to my room and spoke of these things from his own point of view as a man of the people. 'You know, madam, that we are suffering from chronic famine. In this city of Rome I know young girls, daughters of the people, in the misery of hunger obliged to sell themselves for bread—for bread for their parents—for bread for their brothers.' (This is a fact). 'And once having given way, they are taken by the Government and are no longer free, they disappear.'

"And this poor Roman, having told me this, and more, to my surprise dropped on his knees at my little writing table, and uttered a prayer, a piercing cry to Heaven: 'Oh, God, save us! oh, God, let not the time of deliverance be far off; have pity on our people; have pity on our daughters!' His voice was sharpened by grief, and he was so moved that he dropped back almost fainting. No doubt he too was suffering from chronic famine. "It is now more than forty years that the Italians have groaned under this system. They are a kind-hearted, not a cynical people; they hate and detest this oppression of their women. In Florence there has been again and again bloodshed on account of it. For when the special police come to claim their daughters, or lay hands on one whom they suspect, their fathers and brothers fight for them; and there have been scenes, which the authorities have deemed it best to hush up. Many in Italy believe that these things, if not now, will by and by be recognised as among the great sorrows, agonies and griefs which are working under the surface, like the concealed volcanic forces of Vesuvius, silent for a season only.

"I ask myself, friends, what must be our part under these circumstances? We must watch the signs of the times. We must study this question not for ourselves only, but for our Continental neighbours. We must pray that for them, in common with ourselves, this horrible system may be destroyed by legal, constitutional and moral means, and not be allowed to remain until it is wiped out in revolution and blood. For when a revolution of this kind occurs, it is not the end. In Paris the victims had their day of vengeance, but as soon as so-called 'order' was restored, this system was restored in all its horrible features, and in still greater severity and cruelty than before. These are mournful thoughts and considerations; yet it is well to look the matter in the face; and not only from the English and Anglo-Indian point of view, but from the point of view of the whole suffering womanhood of the world.

"When I was in Genoa, several poor women of that city came to me as a deputation with a petition—'Will you come to our People's Hall (a very poor hall) to speak to us?' 'On what subject?' I said. 'Oh, to speak to us of the Man of Nazareth.' 'Of Jesus Christ?' I asked. 'Yes,' they replied, 'of the Man of Nazareth, the Deliverer.' I went, and spoke to them in that poor hall. They begged to be allowed to bring in their husbands, fathers and sons, and they did so. I spoke of the Man of Nazareth, the Friend of sinners, the true emancipator of womanhood, the only deliverer. It was a quiet, subdued meeting; their faces were full of suffering. At the end of the meeting they came up one by one to speak to me, and there was not one—not one—in whose family there had not been an outrage of some kind—a daughter or a sister carried away, seduced, kidnapped by the agents of the government, taken because she was needed for the public service. There is nothing before God more awful in its silent power than the vengeance of a mother's heart; it is strong in proportion to the mother's love. And the mothers of Italy are suffering and revengeful now.

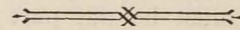
"We are to have an International Congress of our Abolitionist Federation in

* In 1876 eight Prefects of the country protested against the system, declaring it to be "a dishonour to the public service." These were the Prefects of Arezzo, Benevento, Campobasso, Chieti, Cosenza, Pavia, Sassari, and Verona. They were unanimous in imploring the abolition of a system which, said the Prefect of Cosenza, was "fertile of demoralization among the police;" which according to the Prefect of Campobasso, "continually degraded more and more all those who were appointed to carry it out; according to the Prefect of Arezzo, it "sullied the dignity and honour of the public authority which it is so important to preserve.

London in July, as you know. I appeal now for your sympathy for our foreign guests who will come from France and other countries. Please to understand that though *our* repeal movement is the most salient one in the world, yet the battle which our friends in some other countries are fighting is a more bitter one, a more difficult one, infinitely more difficult than ours. Think of the system in France, established by Napoleon the First, in the last century; think of its existing now with all its mass of vested interests. And the Abolitionists of France are just a little handful. I met them in conference last November. Their courage seemed to me supernatural; their faith extraordinary—to believe that they, a poor little handful of men and women, might succeed to break down this great and ancient Bastille of sin and shame. Let our sympathies go out to them, and let us do what we can to encourage them.

"I am afraid I have rather put the dark, sad side of the subject before you. But these are realities to which we dare not close our eyes. There is danger ahead. Unless justice can have fair play, and all the people who believe in God join in a strong, untiring effort, and continue steadfast to the end, there will come a day of violence and vengeance. It must come, and with the disappearance of this wicked institution 'many other things will disappear,' as Dr. Fiaux says.

"Do you ask me: Am I discouraged? No, I am not, I have never been discouraged, and never shall be. It is said that 'the darkest hour is the hour before the dawn.' and it may be that we are approaching the darkest hour; but the dawn is beyond. I am not one of those who seem to postpone the joy and the manifestation of the divine power to the end of the dispensation; for I believe that just in proportion as the great enemy of mankind seems to triumph now, so God has in preparation for us a manifestation of his love, of his wisdom, of his all-puissance, which will be so great and beautiful and astonishing that we shall forget the evil days and rejoice. Everyone who puts his hand to this work, or any work of righteousness, is a fellow-worker with God, bringing nearer the time when he will give us victory all along the line. But the manifestation of his power is not for the future only; it is for to-day, for to-morrow—for all the days, and for all the years, if only we have faith enough to claim it."



Notes and Comments on the Women's Exhibition in Holland.

An exhibition of women's work is now being held at The Hague, under the auspices of the Dutch Council of Women Workers. I hope the readers of *SHAFTS* are as much interested in the brave Dutch women as I am. We are, I hope, more than interested in the dauntless Dutch women and men, who have through the bygone years, helped to raise what "Cowley" called the "off-scouring of the British Sand" into a kingdom we cannot contemplate without a glow of pride and joy for the common bond of humanity which unites us all; and a deep, heartfelt sympathy for the fearless, untiring efforts which have made so much out of so little, and have overcome, working against great odds. The spirit of the race is manifested in the report I have just had the pleasure of reading; and we find that in spite of hard work, fatigue and disappointments, the Council of Women Workers feel that obstacles and the prospect of increased work is encouraging, and "serve to rouse our energies and help us to commence the New Year with hope and cheerfulness," that it "convinces us of the necessity, and assures us of the success of our work."

It is intended in this Exhibition "to represent the women of Holland, and of its colonies, as they are, and to inquire as closely as possible into their life and circumstances, not to investigate only, but to help."

With regard to the Exhibition, there are two great objects—"to instruct the masses by object lessons, and to rouse general interest by active influence." All over the country, from numerous sources, already much sympathy has been shown, more especially at the Hague, where a spacious and in every way suitable building was offered them, loan-free. This led, after consideration, to the abandonment of the original idea of Amsterdam, and the acceptance of this kindly and generous offer. Here the Exhibition has been held during July, and will continue to be held during August and September. Great joy has been given to the promoters by the repeated assurances they have received from many women, who, "standing alone with their new thoughts, in their narrow home circle, have been strengthened and supported by this great movement. Young mothers, and also fathers, having little daughters to educate, began to perceive the grave importance of the women's problem. Young

girls, who had felt the need of planning their life, suddenly discovered a great field of labour before them. Warm interest has been kindled everywhere, even in small, out-of-the-way places where the spiritual life was at a low ebb."

It is not difficult to imagine the joy that must be felt by all; there is nothing more, or even so, joy-imparting in life, as the prospect of plenty of work to be done, difficulties to be conquered, obstacles to be removed, a great goal to be attained, when we are provided with implements, with knowledge of what is to be done and how to do it, each in our own way, and when unhampered, unhandicapped, by unjust laws, and selfish barriers raised on all sides, we can go on with our work from day to day beholding our own progress and that of others, rejoicing in both, and with the full and exhilarating certainty that the result to be achieved is for ourselves and for all. No greater happiness can be the lot of human beings, or of the gods. Hitherto women have been debarred from this joy by the selfishness of men, full of fear and silly panic for dread of what will never happen. The promoters of this work have been brave to do and dare, the others have been brave and wise to listen and believe and try. To such their reward cometh, it is ever before them, behind them, around them, and deep in their inmost hearts. To such, life in spite of sorrow and hindrances and preventions, becomes one long glory, they see the end from the beginning. These workers like all others have had many hindrances, many difficulties to encounter, and many parrot cries to silence amongst which, "working against men" has perhaps been the loudest and most devoid of sense. Indifference and prejudice and trivial fault-finding regarding expenses, etc., competition with men, and all the objections repeated *ad nauseum* wherever woman, having felt the long and terrible bondage to which she has been subjected, puts out one foot to begin her march to freedom. All these blind and foolish objections, these got up parrot shrieks on the part of men, and of many women also, receive a staggering blow when, once interest in the women problem has been roused.

An inextinguishable fire is kindled when once this interest is not only awakened, but properly understood, which it sometimes is not, even by those who start it, for we make many movements in the dark. Light and knowledge follow all striving. The greatest part of the work of reformers is, as it is with these brave women, "Wrestling with prejudice." "Why," asks the writer, "should our endeavour to raise the sister, the daughter, the *helpmeet* (italics mine) of man be looked upon as an occasion of hatred against him.

The answer to this is very simple; the fact that the senseless cry of "working against men," is continually raised, wherever women stir to remove even one foot or arm from its chains, ought to have long ere this opened the eyes of women to see their mistake, and the reason of this cry. The word *Helpmeet* which I have italicised above will help them, when they awake to the full necessity of studying the true meaning of that word, its authority, its significance. The study of it will prove to them many errors, but I cannot here go into a subject so vital. An article on this very matter is to appear in the next issue of *SHAFTS*, Oct. 1st, 1898, and I shall be pleased to forward several copies of that issue of *SHAFTS* to the Exhibition, if the Women of Holland will care to read it and to study it, seriously and deeply. The subject will be treated with all the earnestness and conviction which one seeker after truth can bring to bear upon it. She will hope for the interest, inspiration, and intuition of her readers in England and Holland to help her.

"Will the Exhibition at the Hague silence for ever all this talk?" so harrassing to the Dutch women, as it has been, and is, to all, noble women everywhere, whether uttered by man or woman. No, this talk will not be silenced until *women silence it* by, not a partial, but a complete understanding of the truth. That men in the mass, do not desire to set women free, and why they do not, will also be treated in the article referred to. To every individual among us freedom must begin from within and must be worked for, by each for herself, and so for her fellows. There is no bondage eternal for the soul that *will be free*. "Self abasement paves the way. To villain bonds and despot sway."

The economic independence of women is one of the objects of this union of workers. It is a worthy object, and persevered in, will eventually bring about the economic independence of the individual, until only helpless persons, such as the very aged, the sick, crippled, invalided, and children, will need others to feed, clothe, house and educate them. But yet, all these will repay the help in their own coin.

The women of Holland will hear many deterring cries, as their sisters in England, France, Germany, all over the world do. They will not mind, they will remember, that, having put their hands to the plough, they must not look back to see deterrent hands, or pause to hear deterrent cries. The plough must make its furrow, heedless of the caw caw of the crows who gather to pick from what the plough turns up, their own gain, yet offer no help withal. They will remember also, that the tendency of

the individual, as of the race, is towards evolution, upward, ever upward, that this tendency shall be fulfilled in spite of every cry that is cried. The writer nobly defends the right of women to live, and throws back the accusation of "unfair competition with men," into the teeth of those who make it; but she must not expect men as yet, to understand her spirit, not men as men certainly, though a few here and there grasp it somewhat. She must remember that an economically independent woman, will be eventually a FREE WOMAN in every respect, and that is a condition men in general, look upon with dread. Nevertheless woman's cause goes on apace, and will progress the more rapidly, the less looking back there be, on the part of those who have undertaken to plough the land for the sowing of a new seed, to bring forth abundantly.

"This argument against competition is one of the most egotistical and unjust of all the opposition of men against women's efforts to be free." The difference between the sufferings and temptations of men starving and women starving is well pointed out, also the remarks upon "one-sidedness." The accusation of a tendency towards radicalism is diverting, for whither are all our efforts tending. To something like what is foolishly called "radicalism," to something for which we have as yet no name but something which might perchance be described, and well, too, in the words used by the writer of the Report when she says, "we desire most specially to induce women of all classes," that is, of every name that is named, I take it, "to join our movement, a wish, which to our great joy has already met with full success."

It is possible that some further notice of this most interesting Report may appear in the October number of SHAFTS, and perhaps, some information in regard to, or an account of the Exhibition, which will by that time have run its course.

Meantime, these brave, determined pioneers in Holland are going through the usual pain and trial, the weary fighting against the accumulation of silly objections raised by ignorance, obstinacy, or apathy, against all who seek to introduce better conditions. We may well and heartily wish them good speed, and in tendering them our best wishes, offer also our ready help in any time of need. As for these meaningless cries, they will never be silenced by argument. Might we who have suffered, advise, we would say—Hold the plough with steady hand, eyes, heart, on the onward track, Heed no cries, Look not back—By and bye you and we will reach the clearer, wider spaces, where such cries shall no longer be heard, for the rarer atmospheres will kill all products of impure air.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN INDIA IN JANUARY, 1898.

To the Editor of SHAFTS.

DEAR MADAM,

You have asked me to write you a little account of this eclipse which I amongst others witnessed in India last January, which I am very pleased to do.

I started with some of the members of the British Astronomical Association the end of December, 1897, for Bombay, arriving there on January 14th, 1898, and after a few days' stay left for Benares, where we stayed also a few days previous to taking up the camp life, short as it was at Buxar, a village two or three hours distant west of Benares, so that we had to retrace our steps somewhat, having already passed Buxar on our way to Benares. It however, gave us the opportunity of witnessing at Benares the ceremonies going on, on the Banks of the Ganges, such as the bathing of thousands of pilgrims arriving from all parts to wash off their sins! as well as the disposing by fire as much as possible of the dead, before committing them into the river, a proceeding which one widow at all events seemed to take in a most philosophical manner, not appearing to be at all convulsed with grief. This, however, has nothing to do with the eclipse!

A few days before the eventful 22nd day of January, our party went to Buxar in three detachments to take possession of the tents provided for us by the Government Commissioners in a Mango Grove, where a guard had also been provided to guard us, a protection which proved to be very reassuring when at the dead of night the jackals made their hideous noise, besides coming very near our tents.

We knew that an eclipse in India at that season of the year would be viewed under the most favourable circumstances, but for one or two considerations; one was, that clouds of imperceptible dust might rise and so obscure the view—why not on that day when it was a common occurrence? Another disquieting rumour was that the few days' rain or heavy showers which generally fall in December or the beginning of January, had *not* fallen, and what if they should happen to fall on that day of days? Unlike Job, however, who bemoaned that all the evils he had looked for *had* come to

him, we determined not to contemplate or hold the unwelcome thought, and we were rewarded, for no little showers molested us, and I never heard if they came at all.

The 22nd of Jan. dawned with a cloudless sky, and everyone of us, and how many other watchers along the line of totality also! but must have felt their hearts beat with the expectancy of the grand and unusual phenomenon, the sight of an obscured sun and a surrounding glory! a sight which in our imagination we had tried to contemplate for very many past months, indeed ever since our disappointment in 1896 in Norway. The happy possessors of telescopes and instruments of all kinds, began to be busily occupied in seeing that they were just in their position, that every screw was properly adjusted; places were arranged for those who were to have the great pleasure of sketching their particular quadrant of the Corona, and there was life and excitement throughout the camp.

At about a quarter to twelve the first contact took place, and when this was given out, everyone satisfied themselves that such was indeed the case, and that the moon had taken a bite. As the time neared totality intense excitement prevailed, made apparent principally by the silence and quietness among the watchers. All were now on the "Alert," and had taken their places, on the alert not to lose their presence of mind, but to take a dispassionate look round and note anything that might be going on, that would prove of use or interest. One heard the murmur of the unhappy natives who were wailing for the probable fate of their beloved sun. What if the dragon who threatened it with destruction and was trying to devour it, what if it should succeed? and if it succeeded what would become of their crops? of themselves? They were miserable and unhappy; they knew not what the end would be. Then one perceived daylight waning, first gradually and then more rapidly; familiar noises caught the ear, then the birds themselves came along, flapping their wings lazily as if tired out, and having borne the burden and heat of the day were going home to roost (totality began at a quarter to two!) Then a lurid light became visible, silence fell upon all nature, a kind of dread made itself felt, more darkness, as if the heaviest and blackest thunder clouds were hanging over, then the narrowest possible sized crescent of sunlight was only left. The next moment this was extinguished, and simultaneously with the total obscuration of the sun there burst forth a most gentle, beauteous glory surrounding the darkened sun. It was the corona—very bright immediately about the moon and uneven in width, with the different streamers stretching far away in two or three different directions. The glorious pearly light, very visible and very beautiful, seemed to have a definite limit, and yet shaded off into space. It left everyone transfixed for a few seconds. We knew we had reached the supreme moment (even had we not heard the voice which called out "totality") for which we had travelled all those miles.

The silence could be felt as each one of the party followed the work that had been undertaken by them—the using of the telescopes, the taking of photographs, the drawing of the four quadrants of the Corona by as many persons, the looking for Bailey's beads, the bands, flames, spectrum, etc., etc., the same voice recording every ten seconds as they sped away up to half time, and then down again, the totality lasting barely 106 seconds. Those with time at their disposal were able to look about them after having completed their work. Venus was seen shining, no other star was seen by me, though I believe some did see Mercury, the trees in the grove interrupting our view of the heavens, except the part where the sun stood. Everyone after a time was able to enjoy the grandeur in front of them, when at a given time when the moon was receding from the sun's right limb, there burst forth a most brilliant appearance as of a glorious star. In size far above any of the first magnitude, larger than any planet of an intensely brilliant white light, one of the most beautiful things ever seen. It was the disclosure of the "tit-bit" of the sun, and it was the sign of the end of totality. By strides and bounds the crescent sun increased in size, giving out his light in proportion. Then there went forth a joyous shout from the natives, the Dragon had been discomfited, their sun was victorious henceforth; it would continue to give them life and joy, and crops. Of course the Corona and its glory had disappeared—only too quickly.

The darkness during totality appeared, as before stated, as if a tremendous thunder storm was brewing, the sky, however, assumed a darkish, *greyish* blue tint, rather than retaining its own blueness. Everything could be seen distinctly and clearly, the darkness did not appear to me as black as that occasioned in Norway in 1896, during the totality when the sky was clouded. I should like to speak of the wonderful help accorded by the recording voice during "totality" of every ten seconds as they passed by. It prevented flurry and anxiety; the time 106 seconds recorded in this way appeared long and one felt master of the situation. The total eclipse of the sun as seen in India was a sight never to be forgotten by those who were happy enough to witness it. Our thoughts now are turned to the year 1900, when we hope our expectations may again be realised in Spain, where we hope again to see the glorious, surpassingly beautiful Corona of a total eclipse of the sun.

M. S. BEVAN.

A Dream.

THE sun was high, and the road was very long and dusty and white, I was very tired, and the wood along which the road ran seemed a cool, pleasant place.

I dreamed a dream.

I went out and sought for the spirit of woman; I climbed up the highest mountains, but she was not there. A passer-by had seen her, but she did not live there. I sought her on the sea, but she was not there. I went into the churches, but a priest answered me: "She is not here now, it is long since she has been this way, go to the city and seek her, I hear she has gone there." I left the calm, cool air of seclusion and disuse that brooded in that place; I went along a glaring white road that men said led to the city. There was no shade, nor any of that romance (which is fashioned by half lights) and the white glare, which was not sun, beat upon my head, and I said "Can woman, who is weak, walk here," and they answered, "She used to conquer by weakness, now she walks alone and faints not."

I went into the city and everywhere I saw men who laboured and sang and took their ease, they were strong and brave, but nowhere saw I woman, though often at a man's right hand I saw room which might have been filled by friend, wife or sister. But when I asked the man, he shut his eyes and said, "There is no room, and *our* women must never work, except perhaps behind the curtains of our houses."

I went on, and the way grew darker and more difficult.

I said, "Where is the spirit of woman?" and one said, "She works in there, all alone, few care for her or seek her." I went in, she was there; she turned and looked eagerly at me. She was a very noble woman, fair to behold, she no longer held her hand above her eyes to shade them from the glare of Truth, but took the light and the shade of Life calmly at a glance; I thought she had grown in stature since I saw her last. But though her brain was free and clear, her body and limbs were fast bound still in the garments of Old Usage, the ancient seamstress who wove clothes for "the woman who did not work" centuries ago. Her spirit itself was partly bound also by love to man, who kept her back and used her love even as a cord with which to fetter her.

I questioned her, she said: "It is always so. Love is heaven, but heaven may not come till work is done, and that will not be yet."

And I said, "Is it not a terrible price to pay?"

And she answered, "It is for man's sake and the world's. Also, every woman who really loves, may try to raise man to the level of freedom where she stands, and so doing make him see 'tis best for both, and if his love is great enough to raise him for her sake, she has conquered, and heaven is hers!"

"But if she fail?" I said, and the face of the woman grew sad.

"Many have failed," she said, "and some have even gone back and consented to be bound again for love's sake, but the Kingdom of God does not come by such as these."

And then she turned again to her work. The sorrow of it all woke me.

ANON.

Women's Clubs.

AT present, both clubs, the Pioneer and the Grosvenor Crescent Clubs' are "at rest." After re-assembling, I hope to be able to give a fuller report of meetings, etc., in response to many requests which have reached me; I have not in the least altered in my desire in this respect, but some changes, and more especially the fact that I have not lately had the advantage of a short-hand writer, have made it impossible for SHAFTS to report the proceedings of the Pioneer Club, as SHAFTS did during the presidency of Mrs. Massingberd.

The prospective programme of the Pioneer Club will be published later.

By some mistake for which I cannot account, and which I greatly regret, the Pioneer list of debates has not been returned to me with other proofs, it will appear in next issue.

Programme of the Women's Institute.

AUTUMN, 1898.

LECTURES are given on the fourth Tuesday in each month, at 8.15 p.m., to which members are entitled to bring one guest.

Oct. 25th.—"Folklore." By PROFESSOR RHYS (Jesus College, Oxford).

Nov. 22nd.—"Relations between rich and poor." By Miss MARY CLIFFORD P.L.G. for Bristol). Chairman—The REV. BROOKE LAMBERT.

PRACTICE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Oct. 5th (8 p.m.)—"That a knowledge of Domestic Economy should be part of every woman's education." Moved by Mrs. MELVILLE.

Oct. 19th (8 p.m.)—"That Wagner's Art as exemplified in the 'Gotterdammerung' is the highest form of Art." Moved by Miss MARTYN.

Nov. 2nd (8 p.m.)—"Some of the essentials of a 'Woman's Paper.'" Moved by Mrs. SIBTHORP.

Nov. 16th (8 p.m.)—"The Art of conversation." Moved by Miss SUMNER.

Nov. 30th (8 p.m.)—"Dramatic Art." Moved by Mrs. COHN.

Dec. 14th.—"Modern Literature." Moved by Miss MAMIE BOWLES.

REUNION OF MEMBERS.

Wednesday Afternoons.—Members of the Executive Committee will attend from 3 until 6 o'clock in the Reading Room to meet members and answer inquiries.

Wednesday Evenings.—The Institute is open until 10 p.m., and meetings are held of the Practice Debating and Reading Societies; also of the Chess, Whist, Sketching, and other clubs.

(Non-members introduced by members may join courses of Debates, Readings, Lectures, or the Chess Club on Wednesday evenings, on the payment of 7s. 6d. for a course of six evenings. Non-members may also be introduced for a single evening on the payment of 1s.; but, unless taking the course, the same guest cannot be introduced oftener than once a month.)

Programme of the Grosvenor Crescent Club.

AUTUMN, 1898.

Nov. 8th.—"That as a Delineator of Character, Dickens has been and is very much over-rated." Moved by Miss C. JEBB. Chairman—Mr. EDWARD ROSE.

Dec. 13th.—"Is Lady Macbeth really a 'fiendish' Queen?" Moved by Mrs. STOPES. Chairman—Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL.

AFTERNOON RECEPTIONS are held on the third Thursday in each month—Oct. 20th. 4 to 6 p.m., Music. Nov. 17th. 4 to 6 p.m. Music.

A Course of Lectures on "Openings for Women," to be delivered at the Women's Institute, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner, on Monday afternoons at 3.30, during the winter months of 1898-1899.

SERIES I. "ARTS AND CRAFTS."

The object of the Lectures is to show—

- (1) What "Arts and Crafts" may accomplish for life as a whole.
- (2) For women in particular.

Lecture 1. Oct. 17th.—"Arts and Crafts." By Mr. T. I. COBDEN-SANDERSON (to be followed by a discussion.)

Lectures 1 & 2. Oct. 24th & 31st.—"Bookbinding" (with demonstrations.) By Mr. COBDEN-SANDERSON.

Lecture 4. Nov. 7th.—"Glass Blowing" (with demonstrations.) By Mr. THOMAS BOLAS.

Lectures 5, 6 & 7. Nov. 14th, 21st, & 28th.—"Enamelling" (with demonstrations.) By Mr. A. FISHER.

Lecture 8. Dec. 5th.—"Stained Glass (with illustrations.)" By Mr. C. W. WHALL.

Lecture 9. Dec. 13th.—"Sundry Crafts for Women." By Mr. W. R. LETHABY.

SERIES II.

Lecture 1. Jan. 16th.—"Openings for Women." By Mrs. PHILIPPS (to be followed by a discussion.)

Lecture 2. Jan. 23rd.—"Journalism." By Miss MARGARET BATESON.

Lecture 3. Jan. 30th.—"Gardening." By Miss GOODRICH FREER.

Lecture 4. Feb. 6th.—"Photography." By Mrs. WEED WARD.

Lecture 5. Feb. 13th.—"Indexing." By Miss SOMERVILLE.

Other Lectures to be announced later.

Tickets 2s. A few reserved seats at 3s. Members of the Institute, 1s.

Further particulars may be obtained from Miss ELSBETH PHILIPPS, Lecture Department, Women's Institute.

Education.

MESDEMOISELLES HUDRY-MENOS and TEUSCHER reçoivent dans leur maison quelques jeunes filles, qui y trouvent une éducation soignée et tous les agréments d'une vraie vie de famille.

Une importance et des soins tout particuliers sont donnés à l'étude de la langue française. Mlle. Hudry-Menos est Française; elle a une longue expérience de l'enseignement, ainsi que Mlle. Teuscher.

Le prix de la pension est de Fr. 1800 par an, payables d'avance et par trimestre. Il comprend les leçons de français, de littérature, d'histoire, etc.

La musique, le chant, le dessin, la peinture se payent à part, ainsi que le blanchissage.

Pour d'autres renseignements, s'adresser à Mlle. Hudry-Menos, rue St. Léger, 2 bis, à Genève.

Mme. J. Hudry-Menos, member of the *Women's Institute*, will give the best references, 34, rue N. D. Les Champs, Paris.

RÉFÉRENCES: Mlle. HUDRY-MENOS.

Madame Pictet de Saugy, le Reposoir (Pregny), près Genève. Madamie Théodor^e Turrettini, 6, rue des Granges, Genève. Mademoiselle Augusta Tursetini, 4, rue Mont-Sion, Genève. Madame Édouard Favre, 8, rue des Granges, Genève. Madam^e Martin-Du Pan, la Colline, Malagnou, 1, Genève. Madame Victor Fatio, 1, rue Bellot, Genève.

RÉFÉRENCES. Mlle. TEUSCHER.

Frau Rittergutsbesitzer Schulz-Bossen, geb. von Ricaud-Tirégale, Alsenstrasse 10, Berlin. Frau Hauptmann von Jacobi, Tempelhofer-Ufer, 18, Berlin. Ihre Excellenz Frau Staats-secretär von Stephan, Derfflingerstrasse, Berlin. Freiherr von Reitzenstein, Dahlbergsweg, 12, Erfurt. Frau General Kaiser, geb. von Ricaud-Tirégale, Frankfurt a/O. Frau Oberstlieutenant Kühne, Adelheidstrasse, Wiesbaden.

That Eternal Feminine.

TOM, British Householder	.	.	Thirty-five.
KATE, his Wife	.	.	About thirty.
SOPHIE, Spinster	.	.	About thirty.

Drawing-room after a dinner. Guests gone. Candles brought in. The conversation takes place in the presence of Kate, who smiles, but says nothing.

TOM. Really, Kate, you have a good cook.

SOPHIE. (*Interrupting*). But she won't keep her.

TOM. (*With a look of comic alarm*). Why?

SOPHIE. My maid tells me cook won't stay where her dishes, five nights out of seven, go down untasted. I told Rosine to ask her to come to me when her feelings become too harrowed.

TOM. (*Laughing*). Feelings! That's a woman all over. Women's feelings always crop up to prevent one being glad of a good thing.

SOPHIE. But what would be the use of good things without the feelings?

TOM. Show cook how to keep her feelings and keep them under control.

SOPHIE. I can't cook, you see, all the cooks I know are melancholy; I do believe you must be a pessimist to be a good cook, with me, cheerfulness is always breaking in.

TOM. How do you manage to be so cheerful?

SOPHIE. That's a riddle a man could never guess.

TOM. Is it because a man has nothing to do with it?

SOPHIE. Perhaps.

TOM. I wonder you don't marry. You are just the woman to suit a fellow, a man hates a gloomy woman.

SOPHIE. Don't swear at the poor eels for wriggling.

TOM. Do we skin our women then? I can't make out what it is women want.

SOPHIE. They want more attention.

TOM. Men can't be always attending to women's fads.

SOPHIE. No, they have generally enough to do to attend to their own.

TOM. Do you want someone to attend to your fads?

SOPHIE. No; I'm like a man. I attend to them myself, and, for the matter of that, I can generally find a man to share them. If I were married, I might not, and then I should die of *ennui*.

TOM. "S'ennuyer est m'éprisable." By-the-bye, was Rosalind a prototype of the modern woman? *She* dressed "all points like a man," as they do, as far as they dare, and *She* tried to talk like a man, and thought as a woman, bless her, and she was a delightful anomaly; people humoured her fad to appear what she was not, and she really deceived nobody, but was after all a very woman.

SOPHIE. Well hit; I suppose Rosalind was dull without Orlando. I wonder if she was dull after she was married and Orlando went to the club.

TOM. Women with children ought never to be dull.

SOPHIE. That is a pious opinion, but it isn't an ointment you can apply to a soul.

TOM. We are not responsible for women's dullness.

SOPHIE. Yes you are, you won't admit them to your clubs.

TOM. They aren't clubbable.

SOPHIE. Why?

TOM. Oh, they want too much attention. They are not satisfied to give and take like men are. They want all give. Then they *will* quarrel so, and they are so afraid of knowing one another. Then they are "conversationally fair Circassians."

SOPHIE. They may be fair, but you are not, or you would have added with George Meredith, "they are, or they know that they should be." Men don't like clever women; that accounts for each generation's average stupidity.

TOM. I like clever women; I like you.

SOPHIE. (*Making a deep curtsey*). Thank you; but you didn't ask me to marry you.

TOM. I don't think I should like my wife to go to a club.

SOPHIE. Why should your likes be consulted in the matter?

TOM. Oh, come Sophie, that's past a joke.

SOPHIE. I was never more serious. I believe in the perfect equality of the sexes.

TOM. That's a good one, weak animals can't be the equals of strong ones.

SOPHIE. You have the courage of your convictions. We don't often hear the "Turk view" of us.

TOM. Pity you weren't born a man. You would make a jolly chum.

SOPHIE. Can't I be a chum now?

- TOM. Wouldn't do. The other fellows would fall in love with you.
 SOPHIE. Some men would feel obliged to do so, and it wouldn't hurt them if they did. They would be glad not to be taken seriously. A few "harmonics on the strings of sensualism" are not bad bon-bons, the mistake is to take them instead of dinner.
 TOM. I thought with Byron that love was woman's whole existence.
 SOPHIE. The worst of it is you've made women think so too, but it isn't "for a'that and a'that." It is a flattering unction, but has no virtue.
 (Sophie takes her candle and kisses Kate).
 TOM. (Opening the door). Fair Iconoclast, pleasant dreams!
 SOPHIE. Worshipper of graven images! Good night!

ADA LORD.

The Pioneer A. U. Society.

THIS Society, founded by Mrs. Massingberd, is doing its work vigorously and well. A great and growing influence against vivisection must be the result of the work of A.V. Societies everywhere, and indeed, whereas at one time, and that not so long ago, most of us were in the habit of meeting people at every turn who did not even understand what vivisection meant, and others who believed it to be some perfectly justifiable and praiseworthy means by which doctors arrived at conclusions necessary for the welfare of humanity—now we seldom meet any one who does not understand, at least to some extent, the true nature of this infamous atrocity, practised under the name of science. Also we have the great satisfaction of encountering many who are indignant and horror-stricken because of the knowledge that has come to them. So we may take courage and go on.

The Pioneer Anti-Vivisection Society will resume active work in October. The Hon. Secretary in her report says:

"From every meeting of the Pioneer A.V. Society petitions to both Houses, praying for the total abolition of vivisection, are sent up, as well as a resolution to the same effect, to the M.P. for the district. Also, from all meetings for the last year, a memorial to the Home Secretary has been sent, praying that the so-called 'Institute of Preventive Medicine at Chelsea, may not be licensed. Our members will be glad to hear that, in answer to the letters written by the Hon. Secretary, on behalf of our Committee to Professor Syalkay, begging him to use his powerful influence to prevent the subject of Anti-Vivisection from being excluded from the Congress in Paris, the Professor most kindly exerted himself in the matter, and gained his point.

"May we venture to hope that when our work re-commences in October, our subscribers will remember that the loan of drawing-rooms is simply *essential* in our particular line of work, and that the Committee will esteem it a great favour if they will lend or obtain the use of drawing-rooms for meetings. The primary object of the Pioneer Society is to get outsiders interested in the cause.

"We trust that as time goes on, the interest taken in the welfare of helpless and defenceless animals will be so universal that we shall no longer have to solicit so frequently the loan of drawing-rooms, but that they will voluntarily be thrown open on behalf of the cause. A cause, which advances but slowly it is true, but which will terminate finally in the triumph of good over evil, of mercy over fiendish cruelty.

"M. H. A. FERGUSON ABBOTT, *Hon. Sec.*

"57, Ladbroke Grove, W."

There are many societies now in existence working against vivisection, working with zeal and wisdom; there are many people among the people of many of our large and small towns, and even what may be termed villages, fully aware of the atrocities practised, and knowing something of their utterly inexcusable nature, yet vivisection goes on apace, and the Chelsea Hospital for Preventive Medicine, as it is misnamed, has not been closed. Why is this? Because we are not active enough, nor zealous enough. Why not give things their right names. The Chelsea Torture House and Disseminator of Disease would be a descriptive name for this Institution. Why do we not fly to the rescue of animals as we would if the bodies of our children were on the torture trough? Because we are half asleep, the soul within us is not awake.

The Storm Bell.

In connection with Mrs. Josephine Butler's work, and the work being done by ever-increasing numbers, I am distributing copies of *The Storm Bell*, Mrs. Butler's publication, everywhere I have the slightest opportunity. Some quotations from its excellent stirring writings will appear now and again in SHAFTS.

Choice Bits from Choice Pens.

If the law for State Regulation of Vice be passed, it will stand in history as a monument of the Englishman's cowardly acknowledgment that he was incapable of self-control; and as an illustration that his conscience and human soul were so undeveloped that he was unable to see and accept his responsible ties with regard to those on whom he had forced a subordinate position, through making it almost impossible for them to sustain life by means of working at some honourable and useful occupation.—A PATRIOT.

They only who build on Ideas build for eternity; and the form of government which prevails, is the expression of what cultivation exists in the populaton which permits it.

The law is only a memorandum. Our statute is a currency which we stamp with our own portrait.—EMERSON.

There is nothing so easy to learn as experience, and nothing so hard to apply.

What the world wants is good examples, not so much advice; advices may be wrong, but examples prove themselves.

Secrets are a mortgage on friendship.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "little prig";
 Bun replied,
 "You are doubtless very big,
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry;
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track.
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back
 Neither can you crack a nut."

Take the selfishness out of this world and there would be more happiness than we should know what to do with.

It is a safer thing any time to follow a man's advice than his example.—JOSH BILLINGS.

Great truths are dearly won, not found by chance ;
 Not wafted on the breath of summer dream ;
 But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
 Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.
 Truth springs like harvest from the well ploughed fields,
 Rewarding patient toil, and faith and zeal.
 To those thus seeking her, she ever yields
 Her richest treasures for their lasting weal.—ANON.

There is a mystery in human hearts,
 And though we be encircled by a host
 Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
 To every one of us, from time to time,
 There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
 Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joys
 And cannot realize our bitterness.
 "There is not one who really understands.
 Not one to enter into *all* I feel ;"
 Such is the cry of each of us in turn.
 We wander in a "solitary way,"
 No matter what or where our lot may be,
 Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
 Must live its inner life of solitude.—ANON.

But good advice, however kind
 Is thrown away upon a made up mind.

MRS. EWING (J. H. E.)

FROM N. S. WALES.

MY DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—I ought to have replied to your kind letter before this. The copies of *SHAFTS* you promised to send me (including my own) for distribution, I will accept gladly, and do my best to let as many as I can read them—it might result in some taking them regularly. I am sure you have had great struggles but your work is indeed a grand one. This transition stage is such a difficult one, and men so little comprehend the true meaning; so many connect it with *manly women*, *neckties*, and *any copy of men*. With the aid of your paper I have done my best to help many to get a better understanding, and when once the true men get the idea they seem just one with us. I cannot see how it can well be otherwise, because it is not for *personal* woman's gain (rather otherwise) but for the human race, to give both advantages, for the mother's gain goes equally to both sexes. I have thought so much of this want of understanding—because of no proper explanation. I thought of suggesting to you to make a Christmas number out of one, with the true idea fully explained by men and women, with little else in the paper. I will send you later copies from cuttings I have found in Australian papers on the subject, because they may interest you. I have thought of this idea for a long time, because so often it is the false impression that does the harm. Men so fear the home will go, and that all marriage is averse to the "new woman," instead of in reality being so much more sacred in every way. Have you read Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's *Moral Law in the Sexual World*, and *Womanhood, its Sanctities and Fidelities*. I have tried for Carpenter's pamphlets on the sex question, but failed to get them.

The July number of *Theosophy* contains a splendid article by J. M. Greene, "A Great Unpunished Crime," *i.e.*, vivisection. It ought to stir some—even of the minds set going. Thinking in the right direction is a great power. My papers brings me news when the vote has been lost again for women. How eagerly I look for news of the winning day, and my thoughts go out to help you. I shall be glad to have the names of any books or pamphlets you can recommend. If you can any day find time to write me again out of your more than busy life, it will be a great pleasure to me.

With constant thoughts of help for your great work,

I am, sincerely yours, L. S.

Qualities admired by Men in Women and by Women in Men.

"Men admire the girl who is her mother's right hand in household matters, and who is not above taking an interest in the most trivial things in connection with home duties. They admire the girl who is a bright, entertaining companion, and who has ever a kind word and pleasant smile for those around. They admire the girl who is always neatly gowned, no matter if in inexpensive materials, and who never dresses loudly or in questionable taste. They admire the girl who can adapt herself to any society, who never puts on affected airs, and would scorn to do an action of which all the world might not know. They admire the girl who, in an emergency, can turn her hand to anything, from cooking the family dinner to retrimming an old hat. They admire the girl who is unselfish enough to give up some pleasure of her own to benefit another, and does not consider herself aggrieved at having to do so. They admire the girl who can talk of more important things than dress or the last new opera, and who can listen intelligently when deeper subjects are introduced."

THE foregoing is an extract from a local newspaper, recently published in London. One often comes across such interesting, and no doubt, instructive items in various papers and magazines, but never does one come across paragraphs of a similar nature with regard to qualities in men which women, true women admire.

It may not, therefore, be out of place to forthwith introduce one here, for the benefit of the readers of this paper. It may be interesting, and perhaps a revelation to some who may have hitherto been under the impression, a fallacious one, that it suffices for a man to be a man, in other words, to be of the masculine gender, for him to have the admiration of women. That such has long been, and is still, an idea prevalent in many minds, is easily inferred by the attitude assumed by so many men towards women. This, however, is not the case.

Women, *true* women, admire the man who is not above taking an interest in the most trivial things in connection with house duties, and who does not consider it *infra dig.* even to help in them, if necessary. They admire the man who is a bright, entertaining companion, and who has ever a kind word and pleasant smile for those around. They admire the man who, without being a dandy, is always neat in his appearance. They admire the man who can adapt himself to any society, and who is *not* conceited. They admire the man who would scorn to do an action of which all the world might not know, or which he would deem reprehensible in his sister. They admire the man who, in an emergency, can turn his hand to anything, from cooking a dinner to mending socks and sewing on buttons. They admire the man who is unselfish enough to give up some pleasure of his own to benefit another, and does not consider himself aggrieved at having to do so. They admire the man who can talk of more important and intellectual subjects than eating, drinking, smoking, betting, racing, gambling, hunting, shooting, or the last new play, and who can take an intelligent interest when deeper matters are introduced. They admire the man who is considerate of the feelings of those with whom he comes into contact, and who does not consider himself superior to his mother, wife, sisters, or women friends; who, in short, does not consider himself lord and master, to command and be obeyed, and to be waited upon hand and foot.

ADRIENNE VEIGELE.

Shall I Waste, Despair, and Grieve?

WOMAN'S NINETEENTH CENTURY ADAPTATION OF "SHALL I WASTING IN DESPAIR."

A CHALLENGE to "those men who take it upon themselves to say they understand women—using the word in an offensively general sense—as if women were situated midway between the animal and the human race."—*The Sowers*.

"If you leave out their heart you will lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons, of women, of children, of the poor."—*Emerson*.

Shall I waste, despair and grieve,
Die, because man's eyes deceive,
Or, with tears my own eyes blind.
His are phantom lights to find!
If Will-o'-the-Wisp, false sprite!
Lured me in its glamouring light,
Or if their fireworks flashed on me—
What care I how bright they be?

If he virtues grand possess,
Judgment, strength and proud prowess,
Shall I forget I have mine too!
And what to woman's heart is due?
So if Fame his deeds have crowned,
For justice fair is he renowned;
If unjust, unfair to me,
What care I how fair he be.

As if a woman's heart were nought,
He plays bo-peep for watchers' sport,
Looks dumb love, pleading, answering eyes,
Then goads, probes, tortures her,—and flies;
This mean pastime my scorn shall gain,
I will shed no tears of pain;
If he play bo-peep with me,
What care I, where'er go he?

For, was I caprice's toy,
Some chance moment to employ,
Then 'twas fancy—not the heart,
Better so, that we should part.
True Love is not a moment's play
But twin-souls faith through life's long way;
Will he trifle and rove free,
What care I, if he leave me.

Or deems man, woman meek to make,
By galling blows, her spirit break,
Servile subservience will he choose,
Her faith's deep worship he will lose;
Were I ever meek at all,
'Twould be for Love, the Lord of all,
Am I to him as dog or tree,
What care I where'er he flee?

"Sigh no more," shall be my song,
Watching man his game prolong,
And from me he'll only wile
Just a mocking, scornful smile.
Did he for me True Love show,
I should grieve to say him: No.
Sees he no twin soul in me,
What care I, who e'er he be?

Machine Room Chants.

THE MINOTAUR.

HERE in the heart of the cloud-wrapt town,
Where strong men thrive upon weak men down,
Where trade prepares its rank soul for hell,
Oh here, along with the damned I dwell!
And maidens are brought from near and far,
To sate the lust of the Minotaur.
I prey on your budding womanhood,
And drain the colour of life from her blood:
I scale her skin till 'tis yellow and dry,
And dim the lustre that lighted her eye;
The marrow out of her bones I draw,
Her breast I grip with a cancerous claw,
Her husk in the end to the dogs I fling,
A bloodless, soulless, sexless thing.

Cholera rags, diphtherial tags,
Are bundled to England in bales and bags,
Worn-out stockings, and socks, and pants,
Shirts and bodices, blouses from France.
In short, all wear that has reached its last level,
Is forwarded "Yorkshire—*via* Leeds"—to the "devil."
The rags are cast in the "devil's" wide maw,
He tears them to tatters with steel tooth and claw.
From tatters he tears them asunder to shreds,
Till nothing remains but manure and fine threads.
A few stray hairs from Ability's skull,
Are mixed with the mass in lieu of sheep's wool,
To act as straw acts in the making of bricks,
Whereon it is sized until—somehow—it sticks.
Then dyed in the water of rivers whose stink
Can be palpably felt twenty yards from the brink.
And thus are the sheddings of every poor body,
Reclaimed from the gutter and made into Shoddy.

Fast and faster flies the machine,
Threading the soapy seam,
Binding the ends of a cloth unclean,
Hark! to its steely scream.
All the hope of your Womanhood
Crossed by a fateful star;
All that is best of her pure heart's blood,
Sapped by the Minotaur.
Stuffy and foul the workroom reeks
With shoddy fumes and breath!
Breath that tells of disease, and speaks
Of a silent creeping death.
Clothes are cheap in the world to-day—
Cheaper the women are,
And mournfully they their tribute pay
To the factory Minotaur.

As rags to the "devil," your maidens to me
Are thrown with the curse on them;
And out of the mouth of the brick bastille,
With clatter of shuttle, and rattle of wheel,
Shrills the wild requiem.
And the poor blind souls grope into the night,
And gather in mists afar—
They list to the shriek that follows their flight,
From the blood-fed Minotaur.

T. MAGUIRE.

Grain from other Cornfields.

The World's Advance Thought and Universal Republic, edited and published by Lucy A. Mallory, Portland, Oregon, has always something worth reading, and contains many very important truths, and often of very special value. With (we are sure) the very cordial permission of Mrs. Mallory, a few of its wise thoughts are here quoted for the benefit of those readers of SHAFTS who may not have seen the paper. From a letter taken from *The American Sentinel* I quote some lines on the subject of "Murderous Millinery."

The writer says:

"It is an extraordinary thing that, despite all that has been said on the subject of 'murderous millinery,' and the proved and reiterated statement that every graceful 'osprey' plume nodding in a woman's bonnet means the slaughter of a whole family of birds, under circumstances peculiarly revolting, Christian women, some of whom are leaders in Christian work, still wear these barbarous adornments. At the May meeting of the different religious societies, ospreys were in evidence everywhere—even on the platform. At one meeting a woman pleaded for self-devotion—with ospreys in her bonnet! At an important ladies' missionary gathering the lady who presided, and one of the missionaries who described the cruelties of Indian life, both wore ospreys. It is hardly conceivable that after all that has been said and written on the subject, any woman can be unaware of the barbarity of the trade in ospreys. Perhaps some comfort themselves with the idea sedulously fostered by drapers and milliners, that their ospreys are only imitations. But in nineteen cases out of twenty the plumes are real, and are only called 'imitations' in order to salve the easily soothed consciences of the women who buy them. As Ruskin says, 'A woman who would wear relics of murdered birds in her head-gear, would almost make her dead baby into an ornament if fashion demanded it.'"

Now in this assertion Ruskin is quite wrong, so also are many other writers. It is positive nonsense to say that "a woman would almost make her dead baby into an ornament." It shows that Ruskin is either ignorant of women altogether, or that he writes extravagantly in order to attract attention. It seems incredible, but it is none the less a fact, that very few women *know* that the wearing of ospreys is cruel because of what it entails. Women have been for centuries so overweighted with the conditions of their life, so crushed and bound by the toilsome overstrained, or needless, though *forced* occupations, which have been all through the centuries making up their daily DUTIES (save the mark), that the great majority of them are wholly, or partially ignorant of facts, which they, of all human beings ought to know. How many of them read the daily papers? How many of them study deeply and earnestly the FACTS of life? The *problems* many think out, as they work wearily day in and day out, but *facts* require to be read and ascertained, a work which cannot be all done by the quiet heart and brain, shut out from all participation in active public life, chained like a slave to her post. The women who know partially are few, they who know *fully* greatly in the minority. Of the latter I need not hesitate to declare not one will be found wearing these plumes. Once convince the heart and brain of women, of the truth that all this cruelty exists, and is practised towards helpless creatures without let or hindrance, and no more ospreys will be seen on hats, no more seal skins will be worn, no more astrachan used, or kid gloves purchased. We must find out the means of doing this, of bringing this knowledge home to women in thousands, we must cease to talk and write sentiment, we must act. We must not forget also that not women only but men are to blame, that while wholesale dealers are purchasing all these goods in large quantities, so causing men in great numbers to go out to the forests and seas so far away, to club and capture the intelligent seals with unheard of cruelties, to tear

out from the heads of brooding nesting birds their exquisite plumage—there is little or no sense in the eternal parrot cry against women. True, where there is no demand there will be no supply, but a reason for a cessation of cruelty no deeper than that, can never be more than temporary. Earnest persons are wanted everywhere to speak with eloquent tongue against cruelty, but also to bring *facts* before the public, facts well proven, clearly given, facts that cannot be denied. Such work needs great and untiring patience, for it can only be done by "line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, here a little and there a little."

A second champion of truth writing from Japan says:

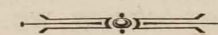
"In these closing years of the nineteenth century, the most highly civilised and powerful nations are competing to perfect their armaments and vieing in organising means for wholesale slaughter at enormous cost, to the criminal neglect of education and of means tending to the amelioration of the condition of the toilers who are so oppressed by the militarism of the age.

"The increasing burden of taxation for armies and navies is most felt by the wage earners, especially by the women and children who have to work for a wretched subsistence, and the other bread winners whose lives are a long dreary and monotonous struggle, ending in a grave only. Conscription in many countries forces a large percentage of the population into the ranks of the army to fight at their master's bidding: the physically 'fittest' of the manhood being drawn away from honest industries for years, and even if not slain, or sent back to their friends—should they have any—wounded, or otherwise unfitted to work; the men are not always improved by their 'service.' "Now the citizens of the great Republic of North America have been goaded into 'warring for the sake of peace,' and thousands are volunteering to take up arms in the cause of an oppressed race.

"This new departure opens up a career that has potentialities of a far-reaching character, the future effects of which cannot be over-estimated, as to their important bearing on the future; and will become factors for good or for evil under circumstances that will be entirely moulded by the statesmanship and wisdom of those who are at the helm of the ship of state.

"C. PFOUNDERS."

It is time for women seriously and with unflinching purpose to consider the question of war, the question of our army and navy and the why and the wherefore of its enormous expenditure, while all over our dominions people are starving for want of food. Men become thieves and cowards and women lay their honour in the dust.



The Society for the Protection of Cats.

THE chief object of this Society is to rescue starving and forsaken cats from the streets of London, to procure good homes for such as are healthy, and to put painlessly to death in a lethal chamber those that are diseased and for whom no homes can be found. To carry out this humane work, it is necessary to establish Homes in the outskirts of the town, within easy reach of a given area, and it is hoped that in course of time these Homes may be partially supported and managed by local residents.

It is proposed to provide in these Homes accommodation for boarders during absence of owners. The Society has already opened one Home at 5, Wendell Road, Askew Road, Shepherd's Bush, to which any stray cat, packed securely in a ventilated basket, may be sent by Pickford's or Carter Paterson's Vans, whose charge for carriage is 6d. or 8d., which should be paid in advance, a post-card being sent to the caretaker.

Funds earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully acknowledged by Mrs. W. GORDON, Hon. Secretary, 7, Nevern Road, Earl's Court, S.W., who will also answer all enquiries.

Sixpenny, threepenny and one penny collecting cards can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary.

Trust and Help.

How rare, how precious is trust! trust in each other, trust in ourselves. Weary hearts struggling to live and act in response to the inner voice, panting with heavy burdens on life's highway, wasted by many hindrances, are cheered and made strong for the conflict and the long journey by such trust, and the help which inevitably evolves from it. Alas! the deep sadness of the knowledge that so many drop out of the ranks, dragging themselves to the hot dusty wayside to die, just for want of this trust and help, help that can so easily be given and would readily be given were trust and help and hope in our hearts, instead of that demon imp of suspicion, fault-finding and indifference, characteristic of the average human being when looking on its fellows. Distrust of others proceeds from and breeds within us, distrust of ourselves. We deem ourselves wise and clever, cautious and practical, when we are only suspicious, silly, dastardly and mean. We listen to the whispering demon and lose all cognisance of our own spirits, all trust in their high atmospheres, all faith in their ready help. When we help others with willing hands, loving words and glad hearts, we help our own growth to the greater heights, and we build ourselves into the magnificent peaks that go straight up among the eternal verities. Many have time at their disposal which drags wearily, or is wasted on frivolous matters, leaving them empty handed when their need is sorest; many have wealth in their coffers which they know not how to spend to soothe their endless unrest; which they cannot spend on their own and their friends vain wants in one life, while hard-worked, worn-out strugglers are daily dying around them for want of the help they withhold. Such selfish ones, unwise to their best interests, prefer to spend all on a vain show that never satisfies and when they die prefer to leave their hoarded sums to those who will follow in their shortsighted steps, rather than part with a portion to those to whom it would bring health, joy, and strength, to go on in their much needed work.

To every human being cometh sooner or later, the glad outcome of a well spent life of help and trust, or the awful judgment given to the opposite course. We shall be our own judges, and there are many punishments which we would gladly face, to be spared that awful anguish of the soul, when in the *pauses between* we gaze straight into the stern eyes of the face of our own conscience, and receive its relentless pronouncement.

ANON.

This world remains as most of us find it; a tomb, save for those superb spirits who come to bless the wretched dwellers in it, with deeds of beautiful self-sacrifice, and words of divine love. In the depths of its darker recesses, still the snake-like seducer shines his victim, and the slanderer spits his venom, and the literature of the Liar still festers like a feverish sore, spreading moral sickness and contamination all around. Thence, and thence only, comes the voice which would fain proclaim to the unhappy that there is but one gospel—"Eat and drink, for to-morrow you die." But God is, as sure as Love is, or Hope, or Heavenly Purity and Light. Therefore, let none despair, though now, as ever, "the Light shineth in Darkness, and the Darkness comprehendeth it not."—From "*The Martyrdom of Madeline*," by Robert Buchanan.

THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.

To the Editor of SHAFTS.

DEAR MADAM,—I should be much obliged for the insertion in your paper of the following brief account of an important Conference of the members of the International Brotherhood, just held at 21, Paternoster Square, by kind permission of Mr. Jaakoff Prelooker. In our circulars, printed in English and French, particulars are given of the practical ways in which we are ready to do everything in our power to advance fraternal feeling between members of different nations. The Brotherhood, which it was my privilege to start little more than a year ago, has already made itself useful to many persons, representing nineteen different countries, and at the Conference mentioned, it was unanimously decided to continue our work with increased vigour. We find it exceedingly desirable, from many points of view, to start in London an International Club-room, which would form a convenient meeting-place for members of different nations, and might further be developed into a Reading-room, Reference Library, Art Museum, etc. We intend also to organise during the approaching winter season, an International Literary and Musical Conversazione. All these enterprises naturally require for their successful accomplishment much forethought and experience, as well as much effort and labour. We should therefore appreciate any kind suggestions and advice as to our plans from friends of the movement who have not yet joined our Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood strictly avoids political and religious questions, appeals to the sense of human fellowship alone, and claims therefore the sympathetic support of members of all political and religious creeds. The practical work already done has consisted chiefly of giving introductions to persons going to foreign countries for purposes of study, business or travel—supplying addresses of lodgings, hotels, and pensions—putting persons of different nationalities into friendly correspondence with each other, welcoming foreigners to London and other cities, and effecting the exchange of English and Foreign newspapers, which give an insight into the social life of other countries. I shall be happy to forward our circulars post free to any applicants, and thanking you in anticipation for the insertion of the above lines,

I am, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

BERTHA M. SKEATY, PH.D.

Hon. Sec., The International Brotherhood,
County Girls' School, Llandovery, S. Wales.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON ARMENIAN RELIEF.

PROGRAMME

As arranged by a Committee which met in London, July 25th, Mr. Bryce in the Chair.

Friday, September 23rd, 1898. 1. First meeting of the Conference at 2.30 p.m. Chairman's address. Reports on the work in Armenia from Professor Ramsay, Aberdeen; Mr. Rendel Harris, Cambridge; and Mr. Edward Millard. Resolutions—(1) Recognising thankfully the work already done. (2) Affirming the need of continued effort and the responsibility of British citizens.

2. Public meeting in the Park Hall, Cardiff, at 8 p.m. To bid farewell to Miss Elsie Jenkins and other volunteers. Speakers—The Lord Bishop of Hereford; Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.; F. S. Stevenson, Esq., M.P., and others.

Saturday, September 24th. 3. Second meeting of the Conference at 10 a.m. Discussions on—(1) The Establishment of a Journal for the Societies in common. (2) The development of Armenian industry, and the best means of obtaining a sale for Armenian goods. (3) Future Work of the Conference; and other subjects.

Vegetarianism.

THE Women's Vegetarian Society, under the auspices of Madame and Mdlle. Veigelé, is doing some good work. The address is now 87, Praed Street, Paddington, and here Madame Veigelé has opened a Dépôt for the purpose of supplying vegetarians with goods of a satisfactory quality. Madame Veigelé and her daughter have for some years worked arduously in connection with this Society, also in connection with the Women's International Union, founded by Mdlle. Veigelé, and carried on with a very encouraging amount of success.

Meetings, etc.

ON the 11th July, Mrs. Somerville, P.L.G., read an interesting paper on the "Duty of the Individual," at a meeting of the "Metropolitan Association of Women in Council." Mrs. Atherton in the chair. In her soft, clear voice, Mrs. Somerville impressed upon us the duty of each of us to work for our objects, not only in our councils, but individually as far as our sphere extends. Mrs. Somerville's individuality goes far to convince us that she practises what she preaches. In her women have indeed a friend; one who is always on the side of the weak, the oppressed, and the injured. She is intensely feminine, and therefore a most valuable force in all movements for raising the position of women. Manner goes such a long way.

An interesting discussion followed, Mrs. Atherton, as usual, drove home truths with witty arrows, and while making us laugh, made us think. Mrs. Greenwood was earnest, large-minded, and large-hearted on the duty we owed to the women who needed a woman's help to rise out of a mistake. Altogether it was a delightful meeting. Women who feel for women cannot do better than join this Association. The Secretary is Miss Otter, 2, Hyde Park Mansions.

REGISTRATION.

WOMEN OCCUPIERS AND THEIR VOTES.

WOMEN whose names are on the rate-book can vote in School Board elections, except in the City, where no woman can vote. But no woman whose name is not on the register can vote in County Council, Vestry, or Guardian elections. A woman claiming to be registered must be qualified as occupier, either as owner or tenant. No woman owner has any right, in virtue of her ownership, to vote in any local election. Until 1894, women owners, as such, were entitled to vote in Poor Law Guardian elections, but the Local Government Act of that year disfranchised them, while enlarging the voting rights of men owners. No woman lodger can vote in any Local Government election, although men lodgers can vote in Vestry and Guardian elections. For women there is no service franchise, such as entitles men to vote in Vestry and Guardian elections, *i.e.*, no occupation of a dwelling as an official or servant, *e.g.*, as matron or caretaker, entitles a woman to be placed on the register.

WHAT IS AN OCCUPIER ?

Every person is an occupier who occupies a dwelling house, or part of a house as a separate dwelling (even only one room), provided the landlord does not reside in the house. This qualification is irrespective of the amount of the rent. Every person is an occupier who occupies land or business premises of the clear yearly value of not less than £10, and who resides within the County, or within fifteen miles of its boundary. Persons sharing the same dwelling, or the same land or business premises, may claim as joint-occupiers, provided the tenancy is joint, and that the clear yearly value, when divided, amounts to £10 for each person claiming. Husband and wife cannot be joint-occupiers, but, by the Local Government Act, 1894, they may both be registered, provided they are not qualified in respect of the same property, and such registration will entitle married women to vote in Vestry and Guardian elections, though not in the County Council election. It is essential that the poor rates due, in respect of the dwelling house, business premises or land; for the year preceding the last 5th of January, shall have been paid by some person before July 20th, not necessarily by the occupier.

WHAT IS THE PERIOD OF QUALIFICATION ?

The period of qualification is one year, *i.e.*, twelve months immediately preceding the 15th July in any year. This does not apply in the case of the School Board election. Occupiers who remove during the twelve months do not lose their qualification, provided they successively occupy qualifying premises during the whole period within the boundary of the administrative County of London.

Take notice that on the 1st day of August, the overseers of every parish will place the occupiers' list for the coming year on the door of each church, chapel, post office, and other public buildings in the parish. Examine this list, and if your name is not there, go at once to the Vestry officials, or to the Secretary of your Political Association, and learn how to make your claim to be put on the register. It will cost you nothing, and you should make sure of your right to vote. The last day for sending in new claims is August 20th.

"Look after your votes, and use them the right way when you get a chance."