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# SHAFTS

A PAPER FOR WOMEN

THE WORKING CLASSES

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No. 16. FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

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OH, SWIFTLY SPEED, YE SHAFTS OF LIGHT,  
WHILE HOSTS OF DARKNESS FLY  
FAIR BREAKS THE DAWN; FAST ROLLS THE NIGHT  
FROM WOMAN'S DARKENED SKY.

WISDOM  
JUSTICE  
TRUTH

LIGHT COMES TO THOSE WHO  
DARE TO THINK



## HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

## A NEW CLUB FOR WOMEN.

IT is proposed to erect a new club for women in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. We understand that the late secretary of the New Somerville Club will be the manager; and, most important item to women of limited means, the annual subscription will be only 10s. There is plenty of room for a club of this description. Indeed, establishments of this kind are much needed by a large and rapidly increasing class of women. By the way, the hon. secretary's address is 91, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square.

## WHERE THEY SHALL SIT.

Mr. Conybeare has given notice of a resolution in favour of admitting "women equally with men" to the public galleries of the House by members' orders. Eventually women will take their rightful recognised place on the floor of the Houses of Parliament; meantime, it is only fair that they should be enabled to hear without the *grating* obstruction they have hitherto endured.

## WOMEN AS DOCTORS.

To Guy's Hospital Debating Society belongs the distinction of holding the first debate ever held in any hospital. The event took place on Saturday, and the new movement was fitly inaugurated by the discussion of a subject touching woman's interests—namely, the advisability of their admission to the medical profession. Amongst those present were Miss Notts, the hospital matron; Miss Heaton, the Secretary of the School of Medicine for Women, Brunswick-square, with about thirty of the lady students. Several well-known medical men formed part of the audience. The tone of the meeting was generally in favour of admitting women to the medical ranks.

## MRS. SOLLY.

Mrs. Henry Solly's death will be widely regretted in Unitarian circles. She was, for upwards of fifty years, united in marriage with the well-known Unitarian preacher, the Rev. Henry Solly. One of her daughters is married to the Rev. Philip Wicksteed, of University Hall, whose exemption from sex bias is as openly avowed as it is rare. She was sister to Mr. William Shaen, the champion of the cause of women. Mrs. Solly is described as "a woman of rare attainments and of a noble simplicity of character."

## THE GREY LADIES.

The college for women workers, to be known as that of the "Grey Ladies," was opened last week. It is primarily intended as a residence for women engaged in charitable work in the district, but it will also serve as a training home for younger women who intend to take up philanthropic work. As such it may do good service. For while much of the so-called "philanthropic" enterprise of the age is open to criticism, there is no doubt that things would alter for the better if the charitable enthusiast had some systematised training upon rational lines before attempting to do battle with the great social problems of the hour.

## WOMEN AS GARDENERS.

The Women's Branch of the Horticultural College, at Swanley, is said to be making its way. The Hall of Residence for women students was opened about two years ago, and now seven girl gardeners are studying within its walls. There is a large class of women who would find in gardening a remunerative, health-giving occupation, and one, moreover, which need not prevent the cultivation of more purely intellectual products than flowers and fruits.

## WOMEN AS CHEMISTS.

In Austria, and especially in Bohemia, says the *Echo*, there is a movement for admitting women to the career of the chemist—that is, letting girls study chemistry at the public schools, and if they pass the examination, appointing them as assistants. But the apothecaries of the Empire will have none of them, and are about to protest vehemently. The *Daily News* correspondent tells us that there are to be apothecaries' meetings in Prague and Vienna, in which petitions to the Governments will be adopted against allowing the competition of women in a business at present pursued only by males. Women must combine together to prevent the selfish action of these selfish male persons from being carried out.

## PARLIAMENTARY FRANCHISE.

The Woman's Suffrage Bill, to be introduced this session, has many promises of strong support. It is to be brought forward by Mr. C. B.

McLaren, and among the names on the back are Mr. L. H. Courtney, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Lord Wolmer, Mr. Webb, Mr. Carvell Williams, Sir A. Borthwick, Mr. J. Stuart, Sir A. Rollit, and Mr. Jebb. The Bill provides that in respect of the Parliamentary Franchise all women shall be placed upon an equality with men—the question of limitations being left to be dealt with in committee.

## A DONEGAL VILLAGE.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who has devoted so much of her time and energy to the improvement of the condition of the peasantry in Donegal, has just returned from Chicago, where she has been making arrangements for her Donegal village for the Exhibition. The village is intended to give an idea of the manner in which the industries Mrs. Hart has introduced into Donegal are being carried on.

## GREEK STUDIES.

Women are at present showing great activity in the study of Greek life and antiquities. Miss Read Perkins, head mistress of the Girls' Grammar School, Thetford, has just translated Professor Diebl's work on "The Antiquities of Mycenæ, Tiryns, Dodono, Delos, Athens, &c." She was assisted in her task by her sister, Miss S. R. Perkins.

Miss Emily Penrose, whose series of lectures delivered at the British Museum upon the daily domestic life of ancient Greece have given rise to so much interest, has been requested to repeat the course at the South Kensington Museum. The first lecture was given on Monday last, and gave a minute description of the conditions of childhood among the Athenians. Her address was illustrated with models and pictures of toys, such as jointed dolls and swings.

## LABOUR NOTES AND NEWS.

The Boards of Guardians will be elected in London in April next, and now is therefore the time for Labour women and men to look out suitable candidates, and see that they are elected. In contests such as these, where so much apathy prevails, the victory is certain to fall to the most hard-working section. The few women who have already managed to gain a seat have made a splendid show, and deserve what they would regard as their highest reward—a large addition to their forces. There can scarcely be two opinions as to the fitness of women for the position of Guardians—even pauper children require a mother as well as a father.

The Royal Commission on the Poor Law would be bound to take notice of any widespread indication of the desirability of any specific reforms, and the present time is, therefore, particularly appropriate for hard work on the part of all progressive societies and individuals. The *Star* places in the forefront of its programme, reduction of expenses in administration of Poor Law relief, and the cessation of the supply of alcohol to the inmates of the workhouse. We gladly pay our tribute of praise to the *Star's* complete programme, but these are scarcely worthy of being the leading items of reform. First let us see to the humaner treatment of the children and the aged inmates of our unions; the restrictions should apply more to the admission of ne'er-do-wells than to the small so-called "luxuries" which are dealt out so sparingly to the "derelicts of our social system," as Mr. Stead has called them.

The Lancashire lock-out continues with unabated severity. There are fewer signs of a solution of the difficulty now than there were a month or so since. The effects of the lock-out are being felt badly in districts where the mills are still going. The women and the men are standing by their comrades with most admirable heroism. The masters perceive that so long as this *esprit de corps* exists their fight against the operatives is in vain. There is, therefore, now some likelihood of a combination of the masters with a view to a general lock-out throughout the country, so that the sinews of war may be cut off, and the workers forced to give in. Happily, capitalism is incapable of the unselfishness displayed by the operatives, and there are too many mill owners anxious to benefit by their fellow-proprietors' misfortune for this contingency to assume serious proportions.

The London Reform Union is going ahead. Its objects are:—

To reform the existing administration of the river, docks, and wharves, the markets, water supply, means of lighting, locomotion, police, the City funds, hospitals, and other charities, to disseminate knowledge concerning the unfavourable conditions under which vast numbers of the working population live, owing to defective and insanitary dwelling and working accommodation, irregular and ill-paid labour, the competition of alien immigrants, the harshness of the Poor Law, the unjust incidence of taxation, the adulteration of food, and other grave disadvantages, and to obtain for London full powers of municipal government.

## LIVES THAT BAN.



THE SLEUTH-HOUND OF SOCIETY.

"AND this *Sleuth-Houndism of Society*, what maketh it for, and whither? Is it clearing out the dross from your midst, or is it but a means of accentuating evil, where it is not hidden by silk, lawn, or ermine?"

"Truly, I trow not, yet seemeth it to me most clear that the thickest cloak under which evil hideth, is the cloak of sex."

"Which meaneth, that evil in woman, she being most depressed and disabled by the strange laws of your land, is most readily condoned, does it not?"

"Nay, revered stranger, quite the reverse is the case."

"With amazement and awe, and a most deplorable sadness am I overcome. I must perforce, then, gentle lady, report to my INVESTIGATION SOCIETY IN MARS that I have at last found the long-sought-for Land of Contradictions and Supreme Selfishness of which we have vaguely heard, and which we trusted—I now see vainly—did not exist. A prophecy is known among us in reference to your EARTH, gentle Madam, which runs: 'So terrible and so complicated shall be the troubles brought about by the mad mistakes of this Planet of Contradictions that the inhabitants thereof shall be crazed to cure them. But there existeth a fire within it, a power that shall burn all its dross to ashes, when, out of these ashes shall rise a power and might before which the stars shall hide their heads in amazement.'

"Sleuth-Houndism is not the fire of the prophecy, you think, gentle Madam? Can you, then, imagine it?"

"Not Sleuth-Houndism; no, it is evil, wholly evil. The fire you allude to is one of gentle intent and good result, though fierce. Yea, might I suggest what that fire will be? But were I to utter it aloud, men might deem me mad. A word in thine ear—yea, truly that—farewell."

## A SOUL AWAKENED.

"I cannot tell  
What you and other men think of this life,  
But for my single self, I had as lief not be,  
As live to be in awe of such a thing as I, myself."

Now they are clapper-clawing one another,  
I'll go look on.

It is evening. A gay party are assembled in the reception-rooms of the powerful and wealthy Lady Urbane de Triste. Her receptions are always well attended; everybody goes there because everybody else goes. But lately a new fad, as people express it, has seized hold of her lovely ladyship—Society's pet and Toadee, if we may be allowed to coin a word. Toadyism is rampant in the circles that surround her ladyship. That bitterly-acquired virtue, practised to such slavishness, combined with flattery, and a blindness to aught approaching to faultiness in one so fair, so blue of blood, and so wealthy, have surrounded Urbane de Triste all her life. It is supposed by her enemies—those not so fortunate—that she imagines the very tints of the Heavens coloured of a de Triste blue. But fitful, wilful, capricious; as ladies and gentlemen of fashion are apt to be, these qualities caused the Lady Urbane some months ago to take some walks into portions of the Great City, where she dwells: portions, on the soiled greasy pavement of which fashionable feet seldom tread. No one knew of these walks nor of their results; but the soul

of Society's fairest flower was strangely troubled; and had been troubled for months. From these walks rose other excursions; there were meetings attended quietly with a discreet maid; there were editors' offices visited in the same company. The soil of the soul of this daughter of an ancient line must have been full of germs which only wanted the light and sun, so wonderful had been their growth. She stands now within the window's curtained shade with one who vainly strives to understand her mood, or chase the gloom that settles in her eyes, as she moves her fan to and fro, and watches now the rapidly-filling room, now the moonlit gardens and stone balustrades seen without, shaking her noble head sadly to the soft nothings uttered by her companion, and, wondering with amazement at herself for doing so, how they could ever have seemed sweet.

"Why such gloom, dearest? you are not your own sweet self lately. You look on the throngs of our friends as if you saw them not—nay, as if you saw something else. It grieves—"

"I do see something else," she said; "I have seen something else for some months. Crouched in corners, under couches and chairs—even in the very eyes and hearts of many; ah, so many. I see a creature with distended nostrils close to the ground, and fierce eyes on the trail of every poor creature that even goes in the least wrong, or even that attempts to do any good work—real good work, I mean, not curate-worship, not goody-goody, not even in earnest work on this church basis or that church basis, but work to reform the world, to advance all progress—to wake the world up to a sense of what is thought to be, and what actually is. Work that is done in any and every place: church, class, society. Work to promote good, to destroy evil; Oh, Cuthbert, the awful, terrible evil;" and she shuddered from head to foot. Out there, and she pointed eastward, westward, stopping his remonstrances by a quick gesture, in such dens, in such palaces, under every guise, out there and here. Listen!

From a group not far off, in eagerly whispered discussion, came clearly to them where they stood. "Oh yes, it is all quite true—so good, too, as she seemed. She was seen going with him to—and at Kew—it is all known. No, we do not intend to know her. Such audacity to come here to-night"—etc., etc.

Listen, Cuthbert; there it is, the creature with its nose to the ground. Whoever she is who has thus incurred this ban, Poor thing, I pity her. She might have escaped, but they have set it on the trail, and it will hunt her to death.

(To be continued.)

## MEETINGS.

AN interesting address was delivered by Miss Carta Sturge on "Can Philosophy and Science be Reconciled?" at the Pioneer Club, on Tuesday evening last. There was a large attendance of intelligent, highly-interested persons. Miss Sturge said that to her the words "science and philosophy" were nearly synonymous terms. The Greeks, who were very profound thinkers, always studied the two together, and it was not until the time of Bacon that a dividing line was drawn between them. This was a mistake, as the two were absolutely necessary in order to arrive at any comprehensive idea of the universe. Science always starts with an axiom, or axioms, of some sort, which are taken for granted, and however exact its further reasonings may be, these starting points always remain incapable of being proved by scientific methods. It is in order to get at the realities underlying these first starting points that philosophy steps in. Reasoning, or proof, may be said to be arriving at new knowledge from some knowledge already possessed, but when we get back to the first principles, and have nothing further to go back upon, reasoning at once breaks down. In order to gain further knowledge some method is absolutely needed other than that of proof. On first finding that our first principles or assumptions are unprovable, we begin to feel shaky, and ask ourselves, "Are we justified in accepting any of these tenets?" and naturally look around for some certainty, something of which we can be perfectly sure. This certainty we find in our own consciousness, for though we may doubt all else we cannot doubt the fact of our own existence. This certainty is, however, not founded upon proof, but solely upon feeling. We know we exist simply because we feel ourselves. We must not, however, trust too much to feeling. Feeling requires philosophy to keep it in order, just as knowledge requires controlling by the exact methods of science. Miss Whitehead said, she was in agreement with the opener of the discussion. She considered that what had been said with regard to thoughts being things having substance and forms of their own was gradually being accepted by those interested in these subjects. The power of thought underlies everything. If we bring ourselves into absolute quietness and stillness, and reach out into the world of thought around, we can lift ourselves up to a point when even our illnesses are subject to our will. A vote of thanks to Miss Sturge and the speakers, very humorously expressed, closed the discussion.

## THE BEST OF FATHERS.

## CHAPTER III.

"HEIR, BUT NOT FIRST-BORN."

"You must lay all your sorrows on my broad shoulders, you must let me share all your pain, darling," Stephen Olroyd had said to Dorothy on their wedding day, and he had meant what he said, and acted up to it. The first year of their married life had been a dream of bliss, and Dorothy knew all the joy that can come to a woman through the love of a kind and devoted husband.

The future looked very radiant. A hope had come into their lives; but it was a hope which could only be reached through a fear. Stephen Olroyd realised one day that broad as his shoulders were, and willing as was his spirit, there were some things, hard things, which Dorothy must bear all by herself, slender and tender and frail as she was.

Alone she must face the Angel of Pain, and, ah! God forbid, it might be the Angel of Death also!

He acknowledged his powerlessness in anguish of soul, as he paced to and fro, to and fro, waiting for tidings from the room he was not even allowed to enter.

It was what most women go through, some of them a score of times, but he had never thought what it meant before, the dread and the fear of it, the awful perhaps in it.

He wished for an heir, yes, but not at the cost of a life so precious. It was certainly desirable that he, Stephen Olroyd, heir to the old baronetcy, should have a son to inherit the title and family estates, but rather than lose Dorothy he would be heirless all his life, the title might lapse, the estate go to the dogs for all he cared!

Only to know that Dorothy was safe!

Ah me! Little more than a year had passed since a woman, not older than Dorothy, and well-nigh as fair, had gone through a like and had succumbed to it leaving his first-born (though not his heir!) to the cruel tender mercies of the wicked.

But Dorothy's fate was happier. Stephen's misery was ended by the entrance of the experienced old housekeeper, whom Mrs. Forbes had transferred from her own establishment to Dorothy's in order that her beloved daughter should have as few cares as possible at the commencement of her life, and who, with an air of importance and satisfaction befitting the bearer of such tidings, told him that everything had passed most satisfactorily and that his dark-eyed wife's child was born, a strong blue-eyed son, and that Dorothy herself was safe and glad.

The time came when he was allowed to go to his darling's chamber and, treading on tiptoes with slippers on, to make his way to the side of the white bed and see the face he loved looking nearly as white itself as the dainty lace-bordered pillow on which the languid head rested, and by her side a certain little pink-faced, pink-fisted creature that he almost hated for giving him so much anxiety.

Oh! how sweet was the smile on Dorothy's face, in her happy motherhood, as she drew down the curly head of her child's father and kissed his brown cheek.

"I thought I was very fond of you before, Stenie," she said, in her low, soft voice, still weak with suffering; "but I did not know what love meant. No, it was only when I first saw my baby and held him in my arms that I really knew. He revealed it all—the marvel and the mystery, why the man and woman are so much to each other, and how wonderful it is, that relationship from which new souls are born! Look at him, Stenie, the being we have created! Isn't it a glorious privilege? Glorious and terrible. I am so happy!"

"Oh! that I was an honest man's wife, so that I had a right to have a baby and be happy over it. I wouldn't care how poor I was or how I had to work if only I had a right to be my baby's mother!" So poor Nellie Miles had sighed on the bed whence she had never risen.

Did Stephen Olroyd repent him at that moment that he had abused that glorious and terrible privilege, the power to bring a new being into the world?

Who shall answer that question but the Great Judge of all Hearts, before Whom all secret thoughts and hidden acts are open! Certain it is that off the brown cheek of the man on to the white cheek of the woman rolled a bright, shining tear, and the deep voice was anything but steady that said—

"Thank God, you are safe, my own!"

Then he did her bidding, and looked at the pink-faced, pink-fisted little creature she had risked her life for.

"What a comical young customer to be sure," he said. "What a funny little nose! That surely will be a pug, Dorothy; you haven't copied mine."

"It won't be a pug!" retorted Dorothy, indignantly. "It will be as aquiline as yours, but he has your eyes, Stenie; see how blue they are! Look what darling little hands he has, and what rosy, tiny toes!"

Stephen beheld these beauties contemplatively. "It's awfully humiliating to think one was once like that though, really," he remarked; "and that one used to lie in a thing like that." He indicated the bassinette, which stood ready to receive baby, a *chef d'œuvre* of lace and satin, of fine linen and delicious softness.

Dorothy had exquisite taste. All the appointments of the room were charming, in pale gradations of blue, and silver, and salmon, with all manner of piquant arrangements of fans and softly-tinted India muslins, with plenty of cosy wicker chairs and little writing tables and pretty nooks and corners. If it be true that the decoration of a bedchamber is a good index of the character of its occupant, Dorothy's bore witness to a fair and orderly soul, with much daintiness and subtle perception of fitness and harmony.

Through the lofty windows shimmered the deep green of the spreading elms in Kensington Gardens, and the soft hazy atmosphere of a London July; while the low sound of the continuous rolling of multitudinous carriages, the

tempered "roar" of the great city in its western quarters, served as a lullaby for the young aristocrat who had just been born into the world. Born, as they say, "with a silver spoon in his mouth," with Love and Luxury around him, and Hope before him. Though Stephen Olroyd laughed at his young heir's immature nose, and met Dorothy's burst of emotion with a jest; his heart was very full at the sight of this young being, and he was resolving in that meditative way which is a prayer to try hard to do his duty by this young human being—to help him to avoid the difficulties he had found in his own way, and to assist Dorothy in bringing him up to be a brave, generous fellow, fulfilling all the qualifications which go to make up the Briton's idea of "a true gentleman." Visions of the round little head as it might be some years hence, when the straw-coloured fluff with which it was covered should have developed into crisp gold curls, and its owner should have seen some eight or nine returns of his birthday, floated before the happy father's eye.

He thought of the boy well-mounted on a sturdy Exmoor, riding to hounds and scrambling over fences, which older riders eyed with cautious hesitation; he thought of the river and the playing fields at Eton, where he had himself spent so many happy hours; would the lad be a "Wet-bob" or a "Dry-bob," he wondered; it was not very likely that he would turn out a "sap" anyhow, if he took after his ancestors on either side; but he should never be a "muff" if his father could help it. (He used the Eton vernacular of his day.) He had been a "Wet-bob" himself, and had followed up his Eton prowess at Oxford, where he had been captain of the eight-oar of his college; he hoped his heir would do no less, haply far more.

So his thoughts reared airy castles of happy probabilities. It has been said that he was very fond of children, and the joy and marvel of having one of his own impressed him deeply.

Ah! If he could have seen, just then, that son of his who had no inheritance.

Poor little mortal! He sat on the dirty floor of a dilapidated South London garret, more stuffy and squalid, if possible, than the East London garret in which he had first seen the light. He was very dirty himself, and very ragged, almost naked, in fact, and the little limbs which were so liberally shown through the rents of his attire were anything but fat. Fortunate was he that he had been allowed to live at all, if such life were indeed worth living. This was how it came to pass.

Mother Siego took him, for the usual consideration, on the understanding that those who delivered him into her hands were to hear no more of him, and she began to starve him in her scientific way, taking care that a doctor saw him now and then, and that he had a full bottle to suck whenever the good gentleman called.

He was getting weak in a most satisfactory manner, but being a strong child took longer a-dying than quite suited Mother Siego's ideas of what was fitting. She was grumbling over him one day and dosing him with sleeping draught, feeling all the more aggrieved, as a certain baby she wished to keep alive because its mother paid so much a week for it, had died that morning. Then a bright idea came into her head. Why not change the babies? It really would be a most charitable thing to do, as the poor mother need never know her loss. Mothers' hearts were so soft—this one's must be, or she would never pay by the week for the child and ask about it so anxiously. It would be cruel to enlighten her! By substituting Nellie Miles' baby for the dead one the mother would be saved from sorrow, and Mrs. Siego from giving up her weekly wage.

So the life of Stephen Olroyd's first-born was saved. He was even pampered and fed with dainties, and he thrived on his altered fare.

When he was six months old he began to earn his own living. It was near Christmas-time, and very bitter weather. Hansom cabs drove tandem, and four-wheelers a pair. Skaters were hurrying into the parks, and old ladies and gentlemen slipping about on orange-peel. The beggars were making their harvest, for pity stirs at the sight of ill-clad wretches shivering in rags on the snow, particularly if they happen to be women with babies in their arms. The worst of it is, one's own babies won't keep always at the interesting age, moreover, they grow heavy as they grow older; one must hire more suitable infants. People like Mrs. Siego can always let out a baby for a spell of bad weather, and be glad of the chance.

So when Stephen Olroyd and his sweet wife were welcoming their Christmas guests, including the dear mothers and fathers of both, it happened that the master of the house, going to meet Mrs. Forbes at the door, flung a shilling to a miserable woman, begging charity for the sake of the little screaming bundle of rags she carried in her arms. She spat on it for luck, for Stephen Olroyd's shilling was the first money his son had brought her.

He had brought in a good deal since, for he had a winsome face notwithstanding the hardships he had undergone.

So it came to pass that when Stephen Olroyd was leaning over the cradle of his heir, his first-born sat drumming his little fist on that dirty garret floor, dressed in squalid rags, and as dirty as the boards. For the woman whose baby had died, and on whose weekly remittances he had flourished for a time, had ceased to send them, unable or unwilling to spare from her own narrow earnings, or perhaps suspecting that something was wrong; and Mother Siego was rather repenting her ruse and marvelling how to get quit of him.

He was not alone. Seven other babies shared the stuffy room, and five of them were crying. They were not pleasant objects to behold. They were half-starved and filthy, and, in consequence, were covered with sores and pimples and living pests.

Reader, did you ever see a half-starved, neglected baby? There is no sadder sight in this world, as there is no more joyful sight than a rosy, clean, beloved child; and for that reason the contrast is so awful—it is such a fearful conviction of sin.

The shrivelled, tiny, careworn face, showing the death's head beneath the wasted flesh, yellow and wrinkled like that of an old, old man; the cheeks, which should be round and sweet as peaches, only a thousand-fold more delicately lovely, sunken and hollow; the eyes, that should be so bright and joyous, dull with suffering and pathetic beyond words.

## THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

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

## ROLL CALL.

JENNIE LIND—PROMOTED.	C. J. DODD.
MDME. SALIS SCHWABE.	EDITH C. WILSON.
EDITH BRADLEY.	AGATHA PORTER, M.D.
HONNOR MORTEN.	L. J. RUSSELL.
MISS HEATHER BIGG.	FRANCES E. HUGHES.
LOUISA M. HUBBARD.	E. A. CARPENTER.
SOPHIA BEALE.	M. R. WALKER.
M. E. HARGOOD.	E. P. HUGHES.
D. M. SCOTT.	MRS. VERNEY (Bangor).
L. A. BLAKE, M.D.	J. E. EDDISON.
C. W. HAIG.	OCTAVIA HILL.
FRANCES HARRIS, M.D.	MRS. BROADLEY REID.
CHARLOTTE MASON.	ROSE ADAMS.
ETHEL HURLBATT.	MRS. LAURENSEN (Woolwich).
A. C. WELLS, M.D.	GERTRUDE M. BRADLEY, M.D.

## WHAT WOMEN HAVE SAID.

Women who would improve the condition and chances of their sex must, I am certain, be not only affectionate and devoted, but rational and dispassionate, with the devotedness of benevolence, and not merely personal love.

It seems to me that life is either too holy or a matter too indifferent to be moved by every silly thought or angry feeling.

Narrative which sets forth a sick-room as a condition of honour, blessing and moral safety helps to sustain a delusion and corruption which have already cost the world too dear.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Holiness is an infinite compassion for others; greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them.

A great soul draws, and is drawn, with a more fierce intensity than a small one. By every inch we grow in intellectual height, our love strikes down its roots deeper, and spreads out its arms wider.

There is no cant phrase, rotten with age, but it was the dress of a living body, none, but at heart it signifies a real bodily or mental condition which some have passed through.

We of this generation are not destined to eat and be satisfied as our fathers were: we must be content to go hungry.

We have been so blinded by thinking and feeling that we have never seen the world.

OLIVE SHREINER.

It should ever be announced that all persons have a right to be believed until they forfeit that right by having deceived.

The age must not boast of its illumination and refinement until it has discovered the means by which the mind can govern the mind with no other weapons but those itself supplies—reason and feeling.

If right feelings are possessed, the chances are as one hundred to one that right conduct and language will ensue.

Truth has a grace of her own which sets off whatever she dictates, and the deeper we investigate her precepts the more fully we shall ascertain that perfect politeness is compatible with perfect sincerity. We do not see why, in the intercourse of social life, a system of hypocrisy should be so commonly upheld.

LADY MORGAN AND OTHERS.

## NETHERLAND SUPERSTITIONS.

HERE are some of the myths most common in the lowlands of Holland, written down by me that he who runs may read. Wanne Thekla is the Netherland Queen Mab, who rides on a straw, and sails on the sea in a nutshell, and dances with elves and witches in the air on stormy nights. This wizard rout may only be put to flight by the sound of a baptised church bell (in the Netherlands all bells are thought to be soundless till they have undergone the rite of baptism). For fear of Wanne Thekla no man must go to sleep in a meadow after sunset, or let his flocks pasture there in the twilight, or break the bubbles that rise on fishless ponds and are called elves' houses—for all these things Wanne Thekla would resent in some terrible and mysterious fashion. To her troop belong the Witte Wijven, or white women, who roam lonely path-ways, setting wanderers in the right road, and riding straying horses home. Of unlucky omens Netherland tradition is full; it is unlucky to spill the salt, to be the last at the altar for a marriage, or first for a funeral, to spill ale, to hurry unduly on Monday, to tear your wedding-dress, to turn the loaf topsy-turvy, to cross two forks, to burn out hair, to spin after sunset, to bring cornflowers into the house, to forget to feed the cat on your wedding morning, or to rock your baby's cradle when empty. Of lucky omens there are scarcely so many. In the Netherlands will-o'-the-wisps are looked on with mingled fear and pity; they are thought to be the souls of unbaptised children, who will only find rest when a baptised Christian has thrown holy water over them. A good many superstitions are connected with birds. They say that calves cannot be reared where swallows build; that where doves are kept lightning cannot strike; that the jay falls in a trance during thunderstorms; that the scream of a magpie brings pestilence or famine; that the flight of swallows over a house bodes death; that the cuckoo only drinks at new moon. Wanne Thekla, they believe, often adopts the form of a cuckoo or woodpecker, but may always be known by the wildfire ring about her head, and her eyes, which are like opals, are always changing colour. Old legends say the figure in the moon is Wanne Thekla, who may only quit it at the time of new moon, when she leaves the dog behind her, and comes down to plague the inhabitants of middle earth. Every morning the elfin comes out to sweep the clouds away from the sun, and every night sweeps them back again, lights up the stars and sets them in their appointed places. When she forgets to do this (nearly all the legends wind up thus) the end of the world will come.

N. H.

## THE VOICE OF THE MORNING.

In awful stillness of the great dark morning,  
when not a sound has risen to shake the air,  
when not a pulse of light has throbb'd forth warning  
of daily care,

How fair to lie at length beneath its awe;  
in lone and silent concord with its metre;  
mysteriously subject to its law,  
than sleep's far sweeter!

A soul came wandering to its morning waking,  
from out the dimnesses of faint-felt dreams,  
and stayed its measure where the awe was breaking  
in solemn themes.

It stayed and listened, bathed imbued in song;  
such song as floods the universe with mercies;  
until the waking world of wrack and wrong  
crush it with curses.

It stayed, and listened, overborne with wonder  
that so vast silence should be eloquent,—  
that souls should hear so glorious a thunder  
in mute content.

It stayed, and listened; and it drank in strength,  
and felt itself a part of the strange metre.  
All beauty-struck and steeped, it rose at length  
to life completer.

E. G. CAMPBELL.

## PRINCESS SUPREME

By O. ESLE-NELHAM.  
Author of *A Search for a Soul*; or, *Sapphire Lights*.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Isolde and Jerome, when they met, diligently discussed the philanthropic schemes which, unknowingly, they had simultaneously resolved to undertake.

When the subject that interested them was first broached, they looked with glad pride at each other, and something that went beyond ordinary love moved them to stretch out their hands to one another in admiring recognition.

They knew that they were friends and fellow-labourers for all time—akin in feeling and in purpose.

The work they wanted to do for others engaged their attention when they found themselves together; engaged it, but not wholly.

When everything that was to be said for the time being upon the topic under discussion had been said, they could not help thinking of less public-spirited matters.

Occasionally, in the midst of a lengthy exposition, Jerome would gaze at the fair face opposite, and his eloquence would vanish suddenly, and he would forget what he was saying, stammer, and pause.

Isolde would see the longing for personal happiness burning in the eyes that a moment before had been fired by impassioned selflessness, and her breath would come fast, and she too would forget all the world but Jerome and herself.

Once for one moment he looked at her with such a despairing intensity of love that she could not bear to see him suffer so any longer, and said softly:

"Brother Jerome, you are so unhappy, more unhappy than you used to be; it is something new that distresses you. Tell me," she pleaded; and added with a valiant effort, "tell me what it is."

"I cannot tell you," he said with harsh curtness, his voice roughed with the same emotion that brought a stern expression to his features.

Isolde was silent for a moment, and then forced herself to add:

"I must question you, then, because I think you can tell me. Will my friend not give me his confidence? I think he loves someone, tell me." She halted and grew suddenly pale, but added distinctly, "Tell me, do you love anyone?"

"Yes," he answered with fervour, and then, looking at the ground, continued, "you torture me with these questions. I would confide in you if I could, but I must not, I must not," he repeated, as though to admonish himself, and his simple words had the anguish of a wail in them. "Honour forbids me."

"I think you are mistaken," whispered Isolde. She found a curious difficulty in sending any words through her trembling lips; but she looked at Jerome's sad, sad eyes, and added: "I think you should tell me. I want to know the name of the woman who is so happy as to be loved by you—to whom you have given the honour of your love."

And Jerome started and turned to her, with a wonderful light in his face, and murmured:

"Isolde! Isolde! Isolde! is the name of my soul's idol. Isolde is the name of my spirit and my queen. Love, you know it, and you show me royal grace in deigning to ask, in letting me say it. . . . But I know what is due to my dear lady, though in mercy she could overlook what is due to herself. I lay at your feet my homage and my fealty for all time. . . . Isolde. . . . all I have and am is yours for ever; but I can ask for nothing—I must not. I must not," he repeated, with stern condemnation of the pleading doubt that ventured to express itself in the first assertion of "I must not," and Isolde took his hand softly, as she asked with a beguiling smile:

"Are you quite sure?"

He looked at her incredulously, and then, as he raised her hand to his lips, not taking it in his, but laying it upon his own as a queen's hand is laid, he said faintly:

"Yes?" she repeated, "Yes?" and then, in noble indignation, said in tones of clarion clear distinctness, "I require you to demand your due."

As he looked at her in adoring admiration, but did not speak, she glanced at him in sorrowful reproach, and he murmured huskily:

"How could I dare?"

"Dare!" she echoed, "how could you dare to defraud me of my due? I think that love is such an immeasurable thing to give that when we offer love—supreme love, the undying fealty of a whole life—we offer something for which nothing but love of the same kind can vouchsafe any adequate return. . . . I lack the completing half of my soul—you have it to offer, and in sight of such a consummation you can think of the world's poor social laws! . . . On earth, Jerome, we can give nothing beyond love; when we accept love all outside circumstances are forgotten, or included, in that immense gift."

And Jerome could only murmur "Love!" with a transfigured face as he held high the head from which she had conjured its dishonour, and gazed at her as though she were some strayed bright spirit from another sphere.

"Love!" he repeated, drawing near to her; "love!" . . . drawing nearer; and as she stood still with a divine smile he threw his arms about her, and drew her to his heart. . . . When he had realised, wondering, what things had come to him, he said, wistfully:

"You have made me forget it all, my beautiful—the pain and the shame as it touches me; but before the world my disgrace remains—am I not a dastard to let you share it?"

"Do not say the word to me," she pleaded, as though it hurt her; "in my thoughts disgrace cannot come near you; if it touches you before the world I am glad that it should touch me also—we have a double incentive to live well, for we can try and show the world what noble lives a murderer's children may lead."

As she included herself so gently in his inherited infamy, he felt as though he could have thrown himself in the dust before her, and have placed her little unsoiled foot upon his neck, but seeing she would not allow that he suffered from any degradation which did not equally affect her, he looked away from the ground and forgot all things but the face in which he had found his heaven.

They were strangely happy. He listened to her inspiring words, and made resolve that she should never regret her generosity—that the life he was to live in her dear presence should be a worthy life.

They spoke earnestly together of all they hoped to do for others, determining to renounce much and to devote their wealth and time and talents to the outcasts of the great human family.

After leaving her Jerome hastened home in a trance of joy. Having reached the library he threw himself into a chair and gazed out at the lovely scene stretched before him.

"Could it indeed be true," he wondered; "was spring blooming in his heart also, as it was out there in those exquisite green glades? Could the long, chill gloom of winter which had enveloped his life, could it be about to lift? Could happiness be in store for him? And such happiness!"

He felt as though the room could not contain him; and rising, he threw open the wide French windows, and looked into the gloaming, breathing in with a long breath of rapture the keen fragrant air, and then stepped out on to the green-sward, and took some quick turns to and fro for some time. Going back he settled himself luxuriously to dream over his rapture.

The room he was in gave on to a lawn that sloped away to merge itself in the park, the windows grazed the grass when they were opened, so that the freshness came close to his feet.

He sat on, lost in thought; the evening darkened, and presently his reading lamp was brought in. He let the man close the glass door beside him, and draw its curtains, but had the others at the end of the room behind him left open.

When he was alone again he drew a blotting-book towards him, and began to write to Isolde. He had just left his beautiful, dear lady, his Princess Supreme, with the white hands, and white soul, and great heart. He had just left her, but he felt that he must pour himself out to her, and try and express something of the tender reverence and honour with which she inspired him; try and express more fitly what he had offered so poorly, so brokenly that afternoon.

He had a poet's ease and grace of diction, and carried away by the love that incited him, he wrote page after page of a noble love-letter that was like a beautiful poem.

The night had fallen. As Jerome wrote, a figure emerged from the distant shades of the park, and came stealthily stealing over the lawn. Noiselessly it approached—nearer and nearer—and at last peered cautiously in at the window. Unconscious of any sound, of any presence, Jerome, undisturbed, wrote on.

The figure outside remained peering in as though measuring the distance to be traversed, as though wearily calculating the chances for and against the sounding of a footfall on the thick Persian rug.

Some moments' hesitation, and then the figure went slowly creeping in—creeping forward—a glittering something in its hand. As it neared Jerome the mysterious intuition that tells us when human eyes are bent upon us from behind came to him; he turned round and his eyes encountered Leonard's.

The two faces so close together gazed at each other in horrible fascination, and as they gazed the blood ebbed out of each. The moon that had been hidden behind clouds hitherto sailed suddenly into sight, flooding the room with unearthly brilliance, and the two white faces quivered and grew whiter; but the eyes in each held the regard of the other with deadly persistence. The moon shrank behind her veil, then again looked down on the world, but the fixed stare of those eyes was unbroken.

Jerome saw that the other, for some strange reason, had come to take his life. He was alone, unprotected, at the mercy of the glittering thing that held death within it—death at the first moment when life had become precious. He had often longed for death and never feared it, but he feared it now desperately. He would not die, and some instinct told him to master the brute that had gained dominion over his fellow man, as savage brutes are mastered in the wilds.

He crushed down the trembling dread at his heart, and gazing with fearless and commanding scrutiny at Leonard said:

"I dare you to do it."

Leonard confronted him unabashed and tried to lift his arm, but his arm was unsteady, and he kept it where it was; and he stood firm and would not suffer the lids to fall over his burning eyes. Jerome saw the movement, and stared on with steadfast directness.

The tension approached a point at which it would become unbearable, but before that point was reached the stern indignation died out of Jerome's regard; he became aware of deep lines of care, in the face he was observing; it seemed to him indescribably woful all at once, that face with the honour and the manhood gone out of it, and the traces standing forth so clearly of a consuming and degrading passion. It touched Jerome's better nature, and wondering sorrow took the place of condemning scorn. Pity looked out on the evil-doer, and as the latter saw it his arm trembled more and more, and suddenly his eyes fell.

He stood silent some moments—all was quiet as death—then turning he gave a backward glance of unspeakable pain, a glance that held all the lost honour of an outcast soul, and slunk brokenly away.

When he was out in the gloom—alone with himself, alone with his despair—he raised the pistol to his head.

But, at contact with cold steel, the overmastering dread of the consequences of sin and of its punishment that had assailed him before, took possession of his soul again, and throwing the pistol violently to the ground, uttering a hoarse sound, such as a wounded animal might make at being balked of its prey, he rushed away out into the night.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

When Leonard reached the boundaries of Vykyns' Hold, the purpose for which he had sought it was fulfilled; for he left death behind him.

Jerome's heart had never been strong, and the excitements of that day had been too much; for the joy of communion with Isolde had been more than he could bear, he required rest and quiet, but fate brought Leonard Strathgoyle, and through him death.

Leonard did not know what he had done—he rushed out into the night in strange agitation, and hurried blindly onwards till his physical powers were exhausted. He had lost count of time and place, and looked vacantly about him, wondering where he was; he had strayed over the flats, had reached a coppice that stretched down to the sea, and as he sat down he felt the cold salt spray blowing upon his face.

The freshness revived him, his wandering thoughts revived. The moon was hidden, and the darkness of the earth seemed like the darkness of his own soul. But, suddenly, as the sea freshness came drifting towards him, he awakened to remembrance of all the exquisite sights and sounds and sensations of life, and a sudden, curious exultation filled his heart at the thought that they were still for him, their gracious goodness was still to be enjoyed by him. He was not a criminal outcast from the innocent enjoyments and lawful delights of honourable men. Life and its possibilities were still before him. He had not put himself beyond the pale, he had committed no unpardonable sin. Life and its possibilities were still ahead. The thought was incredibly sweet, and with a rapture passing all understanding he cried, "Thank God, thank God!"

He did not know that he shouted the words so that the echoes rang to them—in his ecstasy outside things were forgotten. "To have been saved," he cried; "to have been kept from doing that terrible deed, to be free, to be, in a manner, sinless; to have done nothing that could not be redressed!"

"Thank God!" he said again humbly, with a sob of gratitude.

For the moment it seemed to him of little account that he was no nearer winning Olive than he had been yesterday—there in the solemn stillness, under the eternal stars, earthly passion seemed out of place; and for the time he was removed from it, the higher aspirations of his soul were all in the ascendant, and he felt in harmony with the mysterious beauty of the night. The remembrance of his attempt—of Jerome's nearness—was discord, but he would not let it linger; he pondered exultantly upon all that he would do.

"I will atone—atone—all the rest of my life shall make reparation," he cried, as he hurried on. "My life must be worthier—I must give up the mad struggle—think of the life to come."

The flush of dawn came stealing over the sea—and as the poor human being looked into the roselike glory of the skies, the wonder of it all and the ethereal calm and splendour seemed to break his heart. He asked himself in a passion of remorse, "Why did I do it? Why?" The remembrance would not be repressed and came over him in a rush, so that he shuddered and put his hand before his eyes. The remembrance that he had not accomplished what he had intended to do brought no consolation. The intent, the shameful intent, had been his; and, casting adrift a boat that was moored close by, he rowed himself out over the waters.

The radiance shone about him, spiritualising his thoughts.

He did not pray, he dare not even prostrate himself in homage, but he uttered many voiceless prayers, and the communion he held with the spirit of nature exalted and inspired him.

He rested on his oars for some time under the sunbeams, then rowed back rapidly, steadily, and springing to land walked quickly away towards the town. He was a long way from home, and when he reached Dustleigh the work-a-day stir had begun; he had come back to life intent on making reparation.

Leonard walked blithely down the High-street, the purpose that fired him making his feet as though he trod on air—making him oblivious of hunger and exhaustion.

He met a friend and returned his greeting with a sunny smile, and the friend hastened after him, exclaiming—

"Out early, old man! Have you heard the news?"

"News!" he repeated, in quick apprehension, thinking in concern that the only news could be news of his own doings. "News?"

"No wonder you stare!" continued the other with a laugh: "Dustleigh is not remarkable for news, however—growing grave—this is exciting, though, and bad and sad at the same time. That poor beggar, Vykyne, got engaged yesterday to Miss Courtney, it seems, and this morning he was found lying dead in his room. All kinds of reports are flying about, but—"

"Dead!" gasped Leonard, an awful doubt making his heart stand still; had he killed him, after all? "Dead!" he echoed stonily.

"Yes—I forgot he was a friend of yours—I forgot, I should have broken it—"

Leonard answered nothing, but all his strength ebbed suddenly away, and he felt in a few moments as though he had grown an old, old man.

He lifted his hand to his heart in a feeble and aimless manner, and then let it fall nerveless to his side. He looked at the speaker blankly, but could find no words to set his sickening doubt at rest. He tried to ask "What was wrong—what made him die?" but no sound came from his trembling lips, and when he strove to collect himself, to get the better of the deadly oppression that assailed him, his exhausted frame would not answer the demand, and he leaned upon the arm the other held out, and was thankful for the support.

"You are not well, Strathgoyle. What is it? Shall I help you home?" his friend asked, concerned at his appearance.

Again Leonard strove to speak, but again the words would not come, and feeling too dazed to resent the inaction of his tired faculties, he bowed his head with a look that went to the other's heart, and leant heavily upon him.

His friend saw him home, assisted him to undress, and was about to hasten off for the doctor when Leonard clutched wildly at his coat, and looking imploringly at him, strove to say: "Do not leave me." But again that speechless silence. He looked before him wondering. Was he smitten dumb? Was vengeance beginning?

Explaining that he would only leave him for a few minutes to fetch the doctor his friend hurried off, and Leonard turned his face to the wall, feeling as though nothing in life interested him any further.

After a few hours of nervous tension he was able to speak again, but he did not care to use his recovered power; the indifference of utter prostration had fallen from him, and he lay still, too broken to move.

He was not robust at best, but in general his mental energy impelled him onwards, encouraging him to do much more than his physical powers were equal to, his will being at all times a hard taskmaster to his poor body.

He had been upheld until steps for the carrying out of the deed he contemplated had been taken, but now that it was done—now that he knew it had been done in vain—the reaction set in, and supreme prostration held mind and body in bondage. He lay for hours without changing his position, staring vacantly before him, wanting nothing but rest; he was so worn, so tired—if he could but rest. But rest would not come to him; he found no ease, no comfort, as he lay there, for his brain would not be still. "If it would be quiet for only five minutes," he dumbly wailed. In dreams he attempted that dastardly deed over and over again until it seemed to him sometimes that his reason would not stand the intolerable strain.

But the consideration that touched him most keenly in the matter was the thought that it had been contemplated in vain.

There had been no need for his sin. He had damaged himself, had sunk in his own esteem for nothing. His action had been uncalculated for, vain. He had ruined himself for a mistaken notion. His moral sense was still depraved.

Poor Jerome! An insupportable pity for the tragedy of his fate overcame him, and sorrow for the lover, struck down as he raised the golden goblet of love's joy to his lips, was the sharpest stab that smote him—after sorrow for his own vain sin.

He lay there for days without having the courage to rise, thinking if he could but change places with Jerome in that narrow hard bed of his he would have found the rest that no luxurious couch could give him.

He rose at last because he was ashamed to lie still any longer—no actual disease ailing him—but he was a shattered wreck who went once more amidst the old familiar scenes. A new Leonard with different desires.

From old habit, after he had risen, he whispered her name, as he had been wont to whisper it each morning with dreamy yearning, but when he uttered it now, it hardly moved him. His anguish no words could utter.

As he dwelt on holy things—upon the Christ—all his old love came surging over him. Fear seemed to vanish quite away, he was no longer afraid of punishment, because he courted punishment, and felt that no stripes given him could be cruel enough; he had set himself to render his own future very hard and bitter. He wondered if God would be so merciful as to accept the offering he was eager to give—the offering of the whole life left to him with all its strength and energy.

It had been assumed that Jerome had been startled in some way, and that a sudden shock had led to his death. The approaches to Vykyne's Hold had been minutely investigated, but no traces of any kind had been found. No proof of any unexpected attack being at hand, the finding at the inquest had been that he had died of heart disease simply.

Leonard had contemplated making a public statement of the case, but on reflection decided not to do so. He cast about for some new life to live, for the present at least. He would take menial service in some hospital where the poor were treated for the most loathsome diseases.

Nothing he could do, he thought wearily, could bring back life to Vykyne. "I would have died for you, if I had known, before I would have robbed you of such joy, Vykyne!" he moaned remorsefully. "I would have died before I would have robbed you of such joy—it had just come to you and you had been so wretched always. Devil that I am!"

He longed to give himself up to the law, to get rid of himself by any means, with a longing which he found difficult to control.

For every murder done there are two victims, and the one whose body is murdered is often less to be pitied than the one who murders his own soul.

To Leonard it seemed sometimes that the knowledge of what he had done was driving him mad.

(To be continued.)

AS WE ARE OUR WORLD IS.—If we imagine that into a gorgeously decorated hall a rushlight is brought, and, being held near to some part of the walls, makes visible the pattern over a small area of it, while everything else remains in darkness; and if, instead of this, we imagine that electric lights turned on reveal simultaneously the whole room with its varied contents, we may form some idea of the different appearance under which nature is contemplated by the utterly uncultured mind and by the highly cultured mind. Whoever duly appreciates this immense contrast will see that, rightly assimilated, science brings exaltation of mental life.

HERBERT SPENCER, in "Principles of Ethics."

PERSONALITY has something in it always incommunicable. The great geniuses who inaugurate epochs in human history vanish and leave no successors worthy of them; we are in fact often in the position of men looking backwards for our ideals. The poetry of Homer, the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles, the painting of the Italian Renaissance, the dramas of Shakespeare, represent levels once attained and not again. In religion St. Francis is greater than the Franciscans, Gautama than the Buddhists. Jesus even on the humanitarian estimate remains unique.—CHARLES GORE.

## Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.  
A Paper for Women and the Working Classes.  
LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1893.

## WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

THE establishment of a Doss-house for men, though in itself a matter of rejoicing, and as such highly approved of by women, has naturally aroused much protest on account of the fact that the existence of exactly the same need in the case of women has been entirely ignored. While men have the power and the funds, in their own hands, it is their manifest duty to see that such power and funds, are used for the benefit of women equally with men; and women have a right to require that this should be done. When this is no longer the case, and women themselves are looking after public matters, they will attend, no doubt, to their own interests, and will no longer expect such service from men. Can one imagine the measureless astonishment that would be felt by the inhabitants of some other sphere permitted to roam at large over our globe and inspect our public institutions, our Church Congresses, our Senate, our halls of Medicine, of Science, of Education, of Justice, of Administration. Surely the verdict of such a visitor would be that the one-half of humanity had usurped to itself all that made life worth living, all honour, emolument, wealth, and honourable activity; and had become so absorbed in its unjust possession, so completely engaged in the idea of self, that it had either quite forgotten the existence of the other half, or had habituated itself to see its degradation and to listen to its cries and demands, with an unchanging front and an undeviating moral and mental attitude. Everywhere it would be plainly manifest that provision has been, and is, made for man; that everywhere woman has been, and is, more or less, ignored; that what she has here and there partially gained has been wrested from unwilling legislation through long cruel years of endeavour. What an unaccountable state of matters all this would appear to an unsophisticated mind. That men were only aware of the existence of women to handicap them, would surely be the logical conclusion arrived at by this Venusite, Marsite, Saturnite, or other "ite," if logic is one of the distinguishing mental characteristics of the inhabitants of these planets; as it is said to be—of one half—of the inhabitants of this.

Had this refuge been organised for men in a certain condition of life, and only one-half of these men been allowed to avail themselves of it, while the needs of the other half were ignored altogether, we would have been justified in questioning the sanity of the organisers. What, then are we to judge? For exactly the same sort of thing has been done. Yet, when a large-hearted woman, actively engaged in work for the poor, makes an appeal to all women to help her in obtaining redress, by simply sending in their names to her address on a post-card, very few take any notice of it. So far the number of replies is very inadequate indeed to the great need. Every woman ought to be strongly interested in such an appeal, and strong interest ought to be followed up by strong determined action.

There is no demand that women are making which would not be met and responded to, were women at one with each other on the main points. If women would sink their differences, and join altogether in one steadfast, determined line, to demand their emancipation, entire and full, to have the vote conferred upon them, it could not be delayed.

The fact is that differences not worth considering stand in the way of this complete and universal coalition; and women are neither determined enough nor generous enough to remove them.

"The Douglas turned towards us then;

Oh, but his glance was high,

There is not one of all my men

But is as frank as I."

Such a brave generous spirit of trust in and defence of each other ought to animate every single woman of that large army, which, increasing with every hour, has elected to fight the great battle of oppressed Right against Unjust Might. This is not sentiment, it is sober earnest, and such we must be, ere we win our cause. Every effort made by any woman anywhere ought to, and must, be supported by other women, or it cannot come to a successful issue. Women have less of the world's wealth, but they have enough to do all that is requisite if they have the will. A woman's resolute, cheerful will can accomplish all it willeth. Why, then, are efforts strangled in their birth? Why do not women with money help women who can work, and so speed this advanced and advancing age, with its strange and wonderful theories, all leading somewhere, none as yet having achieved more than one precious feather from the beautiful white wings of Truth?

## THE PORCELAIN CHILD.

BY DOLE.

ONE of the great privileges of life is to be the possessor of a porcelain child. He or she is kneaded of a more delicate earth than the common child of clay, who, perhaps, forms one of a baker's dozen.

The finest specimens of the porcelain child are from six to nine years of age. His or her father is rich; either a genius, literary or artistic; or the head master of a large public school; or the vicar of an important parish, or the head of his own particular clique; or else he travels on the Continent, or is in the Indian Civil Service.

The porcelain child is provided with a few, if any, brothers or sisters; is precocious; often has delicate health, and sometimes is slightly supercilious in manner.

The exotic variety, with travelling parents, is the most difficult to snub, especially if a girl, with a golden mass of hair flowing down her back, and a graceful foreign hat of peculiar chip perched on the top of her head. The air of distinction which travelling gives to a handsome porcelain child is very noticeable. It is quite a delusion to suppose that he or she is ill-mannered. On the contrary, she often possesses that somewhat irritating power of putting you in the wrong when you are really in the right.

Osbert, aged nine, who goes to school, had an imposition given him to do. He was idling about with a schoolfellow whom he had brought home with him when his grandmother ordered him to do the imposition, and send away the other boy to another room. The next morning, on his grandmother inquiring how the boy liked being sent off, Osbert replied: "Well, grandmamma, I had to apologise for your rudeness as well as I could."

The porcelain child is accustomed to numerous satellites revolving round her, and she always has at least one capable adult, usually her mother, in servile attendance on her. If any crisis occurs which occasions a stoppage of the slave's attentions, and so disturbs the even tenour of the way, she feels as if the skies were closing round her; as, for instance, Alured, aged eight, on the arrival of an infant sister, exclaimed, "I can't think what things are coming to, I have had no lessons for four days!"

The delicate variety of the porcelain child is very susceptible to aspect and weather, even as early as six years old, which was the age when my little friend Ulla wrote the following:—

"Arromanches.

"Dear Papa,—Our room has two windows to the south and two to the west. Mamma has bought a little Norman fisherman and fisherwoman. I hope to bring home some roots of flowers.

"There is no chemist's shop in this town. As I was in the omnibus office at Bayeux, there came such a thunderstorm that there was more than three inches of rain in the room where we were sitting. We went to the china manufactory and saw the men making pots and basins.—From your loving daughter, ULLA."

The Anglo Indian variety of the porcelain child ceases to be porcelain when he or she leaves the Residency (where she has been admired by Rajahs in white muslin, with diamond aigrettes) and is farmed out on already burdened relatives; who, indeed, do their best, and are not the fiends represented by Rudyard Kipling. This variety from Simla is doubly precocious and writes a creditable letter at the age of six; witness that of Ferdinand N—:

"DEAR SYBIL,—I saw a monkey, and it salaamed twice. I went on a pony, and it was very quiet, and I liked it very much. Audley gave me a goat. I call it Billy, and it has long hair. There is a gentleman here called Dr. P.—. A bird came into the drawing-room and mamma let it out, and Sally (the dog) tried to get it. Mamma is making some letters, and I make words out of them. Papa gave me four lawn tennis balls. I play with them in the garden.—From FERDIE.

The one thing to be noticed in these early writings is their extreme truthfulness. Certainly the facts stated are not complicated, and the subjective element of the adult, which so stains the white radiance of truth, is entirely absent, except as regards selection of facts to be recorded. Thus these writings are historic documents of unimpeachable veracity.

How amusing it would be if we could unearth from some buried city, from an old Egyptian waste-paper receptacle of charred papyri, some childish letter from a precocious little Egyptian! For that sagacious people had achieved something very like primary instruction for promising boys, who became scribes.

We should probably find *him*, alas! not *her*, describing his balls and other playthings with just the same unpremeditated artlessness. It is an anxious moment for the parents of a porcelain child when they think of putting him to school. Nevertheless, it is as well not to be too suspicious of other people's children, as was one of my friends, when she

wrote to the head master of St. Roman's, with the idea of putting her son there, wishing to know what class of boys went to that school. The potentate replied, neatly turning the tables on her, that, provided the fees were paid, and the eglations of the school conformed to, no questions would be asked her (as to the *status* of her boy).

I was once turned against a porcelain little girl of eight by her lady friend introducing her to me as "Miss" Belmont, instead of "Lettice" Belmont. But I also remember paying a visit to the mother of two porcelain children, and how charmed I was when she said to the servant, "Tell the little boys to come in," instead of "Tell the young gentlemen." I remember that the said little boys were most fascinating in their velvet suits and point-lace collars, with their curly hair and violet eyes. But how taken aback was I when, on their mother asking the elder boy (Rupert) what he was thinking of (always a very unsafe question before visitors), the child came out with slowly, "Mother, is it true that the Queen always gives £2 to triplets?" Of all writers of fiction Mrs. Ewing has described the porcelain boy with the greatest accuracy and vividness in her "Story of a Short Life." She is not so happy with girls. One lesson to be learnt from the companionship of the porcelain child is the very loose way in which we adults are accustomed to think and express ourselves. Isaline Phipps, an observant little girl of seven, had noticed that her mother had been much worried by servants. On one occasion Isaline was reading "The World at Home," and came across the word "nature." "What is nature, mamma?" she asked.

"Nature," replied her mother, grandiloquently, and rather vacantly, "is the servant of God."

"Poor God," replied Isaline; "does he keep servants, too?"

But time fails me to give examples of the quaint mistakes of porcelain little girls, who are more fanciful than their brothers, solely because their bringing up is still more artificial and secluded than that of porcelain boys.

One little girl that I knew thought that choristers were little clergymen, and would grow up into them. Another, who was fond of grand words, used to talk of "a captivity" in her tooth.

Another was much puzzled by the word "second-hand" often seen by her in shop windows. The simple way would have been to ask her elders the meaning of the word. But this is not what shy children do.

They cogitate out a meaning of their own which quite satisfies them. This little girl excoGITATED that "second-hand" must be "made by man," for, of course, "first hand" would mean "made by God."

## WHY WOMEN ARE WOMEN.

BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS.

PART I.

WE have often been amused when we put the question: "Why women are women?" to watch the effect of the inquiry upon different people. "Oh, because they are," says one. "Because they can't help it," says another. "Because God created them so," says a third. In every instance the perplexity remains; each one confesses ignorance of the cause, while only too alive to the effect! Now, every "why" must have a "wherefore." As a rule we have grown so wedded to habit, so contracted in our vision, that the veriest trifles on the surface of life become unduly magnified and shut out its realities. We walk as in a dream, harassed by trivialities intrinsically unimportant. Topsy-turvyism prevails. Things which should be at the top are at the bottom, and *vice versa*, until the majority of us represent only "dumb driven cattle," taking what comes without pausing to ask why these things are so.

Let us, then, rub our eyes to clear them of the film cast by custom, and see if we cannot extend the radius of our mental vision. In doing so we discern one unalterable fact lying at the root of all positive knowledge. The fact that what we see is the certain outcome of a cause we do not see. All nature makes this emphatic declaration. Roots lie hidden, but we see the tree. In human nature it is the same; our visible structures have been wrought in secret; we are active exponents of a hidden machinery whose marvellous intricacy awes the dissector. Thus, this fact—that every thing is the effect of a cause—is carried up from the tiniest germ in creation to the planet of the universe, beyond which finite thought cannot go. Woman, therefore, as woman, is the effect of a cause. To discover this cause is the object of the inquiry: "Why women are women?"

Some will say, "the question is absurd; it goes without saying." Not at all, as we hope to show, judging from the world's present standpoint. The effect of the cause has been apparent enough since the world began, even by a play upon the name she bears, the "womb" of man has become the "wo" of man! In retaliation man has cursed her, beaten her, degraded her, cheated her, crushed her, killed her! He is doing so

still in a lesser degree; but the day is over when he could do so with impunity. The unseen cause, of which woman is the effect, is at length revealed to the inner consciousness of many. And "she coming forth" is asserting her sway. Through her divine influence women are at last awake to know why they are women, and their true place in creation. Never again, as time progresses, can they be ground down by man as his inferior, created only for his use and abuse! All the miseries, all the tragedies of the world, have arisen from the failure of man to understand and recognise the secret of his real relation to woman. Not until he gives her her true place in creation will he find his own, and grow great in the finding. As Tennyson truly discerned:—

"The woman's cause is the man's;  
They rise and fall together."

The darkness of the dark ages; the retarded civilisation—in its true sense—of any country is owing to, and in accordance with, the position given by men to women.

These remarks savour of platitude, because they are the stated convictions of so many thinkers, but what is not platitude, because it has never hitherto been assigned as the Cause at work, is the Source of the effect; or what the laws are—the violation of which have wrought disaster and death. It is this we would unfold to the perplexed.

Shelley tells us the secret in the song:—

"Nothing, in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle."

This is the primary law we must investigate to understand why men and women are what they are, and why and how they act and react on each other. We must dig down to the roots, if we can, to discover the reason for existence. We are too ready to rest content on the surface; we do not go deep enough or soar high enough to find the eternal fact. For our present purpose, therefore, let us examine the story of the first man and woman as we know it, and ask why they were created a pair at all? If the Creator be father only, surely a race of men in His image is all that was requisite in His creation. What need of woman to mar the paradise in which man, created in the image of such a God, reigned supreme, if God were only masculine? Theologians have preached sermons without end on the text, "Let us make men in our own image" to prove tri-personality of the Holy Trinity; and that the Father and Son sat in conclave to create man after their image; in which case still the need for woman seems illogical. Why was she created at all if there were no likeness of her in the Deity?

But we are told, and it is surprising how obtuse the world has remained to this simple view of the fact, that the Creator said, "Let US make man in our own image. Male and female created He them." This statement, taken in its straightforward meaning, accounts at once for woman's place in creation as the counterpart of man, and without whom he is nil. It discloses to us also that the US spoken of reveals the existence in the Father of the Divine Mother, without whom even God would be incomplete. The Two-in-One, therefore, constitute the Creator, as male and female constitute Man. The woman is involved in the man and the man in the woman; the Mother is involved in the Fatherhood of God, equally the Father in the Motherhood.

(To be continued.)

FRANCES E. WILLARD, writing in the *Young Woman*, says: "I rejoice that young women are coming to realise their power; and I would only plead that wherever they are, they should try and turn their beautiful gifts to the best account for the uplifting of humanity. Be as attractive in person, tone, manner, and knowledge as you can—this is to my mind not only the duty of women, but of men, and of every reasoning being—and then let all that power be God's power, for the blessing of the world. If one has this at heart, she will make those around her better by the very irradiation of her smile, by that unconscious atmosphere which scientists say is not a poetic fancy, but a reality, an aura, possible magnetic, that surrounds each one of us, and through which we breathe forth upon every other being somewhat of good or ill. The subject of conversation is one of the most important branches of this general topic. I sometimes wish that such things as weather, ailments, household cares, and new dresses had never been invented. If I had the power, every one of these should be a tabooed thing outside the family circle, and should reach an irreducible minimum within that sacred sphere. I once knew a young woman who, when a young man was presented at an evening reception, had the temerity (being herself a brilliant conversationalist, and a woman in earnest) to make the following her first remark:—"It is a pleasant evening. Everybody that you and I are interested in is in good health as far as I know, and I long ago ruled the personal appearance of my friends out of my list of subjects. In this dilemma, what shall we talk about?" Verily that was a brave girl, with a well-packed brain. The result was that they talked of poets, travel, philanthropy. The young man was delighted to find a woman who was companionable, for he himself had common-sense and a well-furnished mind, and the eventual result was that generally found in the last chapter of well-ordered story-books."

## What Working Women and Men Think.

### INDUSTRIAL HUMANITY.

#### I.—ITS METHODS.

MANY papers have been written recently on agricultural depression and the "best" remedies for it; but very few of them are so interesting and so much to the point as Miss Edith Ward's contribution to *SHAFTS*, February 4th.

Miss Ward says: "Given a system of small farms, held by a class of hard-working men, and combined into co-operative groups, such as we see in Denmark, for the utilisation of products on the larger scale, on which alone effective economy is possible—a combination, in fact, of allotments and the factory system—we should no doubt achieve a vast improvement over the present depressed state of affairs."

But, Miss Ward thinks, there are practical difficulties which render the probability of realising such a scheme somewhat remote. And no doubt there are difficulties, though they are not so insuperable as may at first sight appear. We have but to get the masses of the people to see the greater justice and utility of the scheme, and most of the difficulties will be solved; and the new order in a fair way of taking the place of the old, "God fulfils Himself in many ways" (as Tennyson says), but in no way more effectively than in the substitution of co-operation for competition. With the formation of an Independent Labour Party, having this for its object, we seem to be in approximation to the realisation of our hopes and to the practical acceptance of our ideal. Ben Tillett and Keir Hardie are, in themselves, a power amongst the toiling millions of the British Isles, and they, and many able coadjutors, are constantly going up and down and round the land, advocating the new doctrine of Industrial Humanity. That the masses of the community may speedily flock to their standard must be the desire of everyone who considers the best interests of the human race! And not only is the influence of the great Labour leaders on the side of co-operative production and utilisation, but there is the influence of men like John Ruskin, Dr. Clifford, the late Dr. Lightfoot, the present Bishop of Durham, Dr. Westcott, and Professor Thorold Rogers. So that in this battle between monopolist privilege and communal right the forces are not all on one side. Even the greatest of living poets is favourable to co-operation as against the interecine strife called competition. And the influence of William Morris, the people's poet, is likely to increase with the flight of the years, because his countrymen are fast becoming able to mentally grasp his Socialist ideals. Nor must we forget the vast sway over the hearts and minds of the world's workers which is possessed by men like Count Tolstoy and Henry George. English trade unionists are also quickly falling into line and keeping step with us in the effort to attain the important object we have in view—the humanising of our cruel system of industry. There is, therefore, reason to think that we are on the eve of a new departure in methods of work. We are, indeed, on the eve of the abrogation of the laws and customs which (Thorold Rogers tells us) "are barbarisms, and would be infinitely grotesque if they were not infinitely mischievous and infinitely dangerous."

But what line will the New Departure in industrial dynamics take? Well, "Rome was not built in a day," and it will be by long, weary, plodding, experimental steps that we shall reach the mountain tops of Co-operative Endeavour. Not by leaps and bounds, because we have to carry the bulk of an uneducated population with us! Not even by strides which make *swiftly* for the goal, because we have to achieve a moral regeneration in order to achieve a social revolution! Still, progress will be made, and in this manner: The process now going on of men and women forming themselves into co-operative groups, to gain the possession of the means of production and exchange, will be accelerated, and many co-operative farms, factories, and workshops will be successfully established in this way. There are several examples of such efforts. For instance, that of the agricultural labourers: at Ralahine, in Ireland; Assington, in England; and Bredowa, in Germany. Of the shoemakers: at Leicester, in England, and Shieldhall, in Scotland. Of general workers: at Bolton and London. Besides, the *Familistere* of Guise, and the *Maison Leclair*, in France; the railway and canal engineers and navvies at Ravenna, in Italy; the Socialist co-operative bakers at Ghent, in Belgium, and the colony of integral co-operatives at Topolobampa, in Mexico. Even the London nurses can co-operate, and that successfully! Contemporaneously with this voluntary movement, which will educate in rightful responsibility, a not unsuccessful attempt will be made by leaders like John Burns and Tom Mann (with the blessing of philanthropists like the Rev. C. W. Stubbs) to municipalise the work in towns, and communalise the labour in counties. Already the London County Council seems to be leading the way in this reform. First, by overhauling or supervising its contracts, so as to avoid sweating or the grinding of the faces of the poor. Second, by taking away contracts from the sweaters, and directly employing and paying the actual workers, with a view to their and the community's benefit. Thirdly, by securing healthy condi-

tions in the homes and working places of the people, and providing for their convenience and recreation in a thousand and one ways. This is as it should be. But we look for further developments; and hope yet to see the Council controlling the docks, railways, banks, tramways, water and gasworks, factories and workshops, of the whole of the vast Metropolis, and its police into the bargain. Nor can we see any good reason why every County Council and every Town Council should not organise the toilers in every direction likely to be of utility to them and the public generally—subject, of course, to the vote of every woman and every man within the area to be organised. Agricultural as well as urban counties might advantageously take such matters in hand. Indeed, what *good* are County Councils if they do not do this? They seem to be "bulk, without spirit vast," as they bulk large in popular estimation, while little popular good accrues from them. Surely in a county like Somerset it would be to the advantage of the community if the County Council would organise the agricultural and other labourers into communal, or co-operative, self-governing farm associations. It could easily borrow money and obtain land for this purpose; and it could as easily initiate co-operative self-governing workshops in the large villages. But everything is left to the enterprise, caprice, and monopoly of the private capitalist, which is a dire and wasteful mistake. Human life and limb, and human aspiration and comfort, should stand before private profit, and be considered of greater moment than what Mr. Gladstone calls "the vulgar question of dividend."

But if local representative bodies fail to grasp the needs of our proletariat, the fact will spur us on to capture Parliament, so that by the *imprimatur* of the State our grievances may be redressed and our industrial ideal translated into practice. Nay, whatever happens, there will still be a primary duty devolving on the Legislature, and that is the duty of nationalising the land and the minerals—which duty alone can make our other reforms of any benefit. It may not be long before the House of Commons is asked, not only to nationalise the land, but labour. The latter may be done to a partial extent when mines and railways are taken over by the State; and to a larger extent when a House of Independent Labour members votes the integral reorganisation of the means of production of goods. Meantime Parliament will be well advised if it is persuaded to borrow money to aid voluntary co-operative groups. It can borrow money at 2½ per cent., and by lending at 3½ per cent. or 4 per cent. interest, for a term of 49 years, to co-operative farm labourers or factory hands, or others, it need incur no risk, as the means of production obtained by the toilers through its agency might be mortgaged to it, and the labour of the toilers into the bargain. Parliament has borrowed money to buy out Irish absentee landlords; and it is not unreasonable to expect it to *buy* in the absentee English agricultural labourer!

ROBERT HARTY DUNN.

(To be continued.)

### "ORDERS FROM THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD WITH REGARD TO THE POOR LAW."

SINCE the General Election, last summer, the Local Government Board has been busy, and Liberals throughout the country may congratulate themselves that, although Parliament has not been sitting, the president and secretary, Mr. Fowler and Sir Walter Foster, have issued several very important orders with regard to the Poor Law.

First came the news that a commission to inquire into the state of the aged poor in our workhouses was to be formed to look carefully into the question, and to see how their lives could be made brighter and more cheerful. We note with regret that no woman has been appointed on this commission, for we know that the sympathy and insight of woman is much needed, particularly to deal with the question of old women in such institutions. The reduction of the qualification of the Guardians to £5 rateable value is of the utmost importance, and we hope that in the country districts the men and women hitherto debarred from acting as Poor Law Guardians will at the coming elections avail themselves of this, their first opportunity of becoming Guardians of the Poor.

In the country districts it is no uncommon occurrence for only one-third of the Guardians to attend the meetings of the Board. The Guardians are frequently the parson, squire, or farmer, who do not, we fear, always seek the position from a wish to help their fellow creatures; and, further, do not consider it their duty to make themselves cognisant with the cases in receipt of out-door relief, and of the still more unfortunate persons who, in the sunset of their weary lives, seek the refuge of the workhouse as their only hope. It is, often through no fault of their own, impossible for a guardian, man or woman, to do their duty efficiently and well unless they are willing to give up a certain amount of time and energy to the question which has been, alas! too lightly thought of in the past, but which is in reality one of the most important questions in the local government of our country.

It is to be hoped that women will, at the coming election, come for-

ward as Poor Law Guardians, determined to give their time and brain power to ameliorating the wretchedness of those in receipt of out-door relief, and helping to brighten the dull lives of the inmates of our workhouses. Not yet has the old and foolish idea passed away that women "spoil" themselves and hinder the work of men if they sit upon boards such as School Boards, County Councils, and Boards of Guardians. Not dead, but dying; and now, therefore, has the time come for women to show the use they can be on such boards and councils. Women must in the present take advantage of the positions already open to them, and prove their capability for the work which, in the case of the above boards and council is theirs by education and natural instincts. Work among women and children must come, and does come, easily to a woman. Woman is head of the local government board of her home; to her fall the duties of administering to the education and the health of all within her domain, especially children. The house is under her management, and it lies in her power to make home life a blessing or the reverse. In the same way the family look to the mother for help, influence, and care, and on her depends in a great degree whether the children she has brought into the world shall be good, useful, true men and women. How can we, therefore, doubt for a minute the right and usefulness of women taking a part in the work of seeing after the health and education of children and persons in institutions which need the same care and the same thought as that which every woman and mother expends on her own home.

At the magnificent meeting at St. Martin's Town Hall on January 30th, called to reconstitute the "Society for Promoting the Return of Women as County Councillors," the speakers, especially the Deputy-chairman of the London County Council, dwelt emphatically upon the real need of women on the Vestries, County Council, and Boards in London. This society has now widened its scope for useful work, and is henceforth the "Society for Promoting the Return of Women to all Local Governing Bodies." Mr. James Stansfield, who occupied the chair, dwelt with much earnestness on the need of women working on the Boards which are now open to them; and he is right. We must show that we really wish to act as Poor Law Guardians and members of School Boards, if we expect to have our claims to the right of sitting on County Councils and on the intended Village Councils recognised. At present there are very few women members of School Boards and Boards of Guardians; their work must be to increase the number, and do all in their power to awaken the interest of our sex in the matter, urging all capable women to take up the work.

Mr. James Stewart told the meeting, especially the women, to be careful to guard their interests, and see that their claims are recognised with regard to the proposed Village Councils. If women are excluded from these they must bear in mind that they will of necessity be excluded from the Board of Guardians, for the Village Councils will take over the work of the Poor Law Guardians, and, it is supposed, of the School Boards also.

It is therefore a question of gaining the right to sit on the Village Councils, or losing the power of acting as Poor Law Guardians, and if the School Board work is handed over to the Village Councils—the further power of acting on School Boards.

The last orders sent out from the Local Government Board will be of great use in the country districts especially. It is to the effect that women may be elected by the Guardians to act as a visiting committee to that part of the workhouse occupied by the women and children; anything they wish to alter or improve must, however, be done through the Guardians. We believe that women in the county, who from various reasons are debarred from becoming Guardians, will take the necessary steps and become members of the women's visiting committee. No doubt much can be done by them in a quiet, unofficial way.

At the same time, women must not allow themselves to be "shelved," and by this we mean that those who can should most certainly become Guardians; we only hold out the visiting committee for those who cannot act as Guardians. We have to see that our present position in local government is kept up, and not in any way weakened by ourselves or members of the other sex.

MARY FORDHAM.

### ENFORCED MATERNITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADY AND THE LAW."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—St. Matthew v. 8.

MY hope had been that some woman with an abler pen than mine would have pointed out to your readers the confusion of thought and strangely-mixed morality published under this heading in *SHAFTS* for January 14th, and signed, I am glad to say, with a man's name; but since this has not been done I must try to show the incongruity of the arguments used in it as well as I can.

The writer sees clearly and states chivalrously and courageously the wrongs and evils of the degradation of the wife to the lust of the husband. He says truly that the morality of the lower animals is above that of humanity; but what is the remedy he proposes? The use by the wife of "scientific checks" to enable the husband to indulge himself without restraint. Not the extermination of that lust which fills our streets with outcast women, and our homes with broken-down mothers and sickly children, and our slums with paupers; not the teaching of true chivalry and purity of life, and the use instead of the abuse of the most wonderful gift of our wonderful life, the gift that brings fresh souls into the world to suffer or enjoy; but the further degradation of the wife, who, after being violated, is advised to add to her passive sin of submission to lust the active crime of feticide.

Truly a man's remedy, and one that more than any other displays the awful depths of impurity to which the slavery of woman has sunk our civilisation, and one which, it is to be hoped, all true women will band themselves together to resist.

Let us take stand on our motherhood, and struggle for a true reform and a real and genuine purity of life.

What is the fundamental difference between lust and love? The abuse and the use of the power which is given us to bring fresh souls into the world.

Much has been written of late in denunciation of the words of the Marriage Service of the Church of England, which declare that "the first object of marriage is the procreation of children," but I believe all true women will turn from the theory that the marriage relation is to be one of legalised lust and that children are an unnecessary evil.

If the first object of marriage is, indeed, the "procreation of children," then parents will take care that births do not follow each other too closely, so that sickly infants who survive their birth but a short time shall be produced. The death-rate of infants can be shown to be almost entirely due to the *incontinency of married persons*."

Dr. Richardson, in an excellent article in *Longman's Magazine* for August, 1888, gives the record of a Swiss parish, in which the births were at the rate of one in forty-five, the deaths one in sixty-four, or at the rate annually of 15.62 to the thousand living; and this was due simply to Swiss forethought and the *virtue of continence*." In contrast to this he gives a Russo-Greek community of the same size, where the births were one in seventeen, the deaths one in twenty-five. "Mark," says D'Ivernois, on whose authority this is given, "the figures which announced the proportional mortality of these contracted communities. In the Russian one twenty-fifth disappeared annually, in the Swiss one sixty-fourth. The Russian generations passed away more than twice as rapidly as the generations of the Montreux. In Montreux, too, four-fifths of those born reached the age of twenty, whilst in the Russian district out of 1,000 baptised 661 perished before their fifteenth year. The nuptial garments of the mothers were the destined shrouds of the first-born. In the Russo-Greek community the march of life, seemingly so fruitful and rapid if it had been calculated by the birth-rate alone, was, in fact, the most murderous in Europe. In the Swiss community the march of life, so seemingly slow if estimated by the same method, was towards health and a steady and improving vital progress."

If the first object of marriage is the procreation of children, this means children healthy and likely to live; it also means children fitted with good intellects and of good moral calibre.

To ensure this the same great virtue of continency must be practised by the parents. When we remember the marvels of heredity, and how the mood of the parents at the moment of generation, and their habits of life, are inherited and reproduced in the mental equipment of their offspring, this is evident.

Realise the difference of the mood of parents who regard the mysteries of birth as sacred and strive to fashion their lives so that they may bring forth beautiful souls, and the mood of those who regard children as the tiresome drawbacks to sensual pleasures! Hitherto wives, at least, have been taught the true doctrine that the wonderful gifts of motherhood were to be kept for use alone and not profaned to sensual purposes and the standard of morality for women was grounded on this true basis, though men have been permitted to degrade their corresponding gifts of fatherhood. If the unnatural prostitution of these powers is to be sanctioned in women as well as men it will lead to the double heritage of evil passions and the deterioration of the race as generations go on. "Restriction of the family" is a reform that women should strive for, for the sake of their children as well as for themselves; but it must be achieved by continence in marriage; so-called "scientific checks" are destructive to health, often fail in their object, besides being morally degrading and leading to race deterioration.

As Dr. Richardson says, "Slow production is a sanitary measure, and it and the results of it must be the resultant of purely natural causes. Strive by the unnatural to pervert the natural, and though we may succeed in one way we will fail in another. Limit the numbers of a race, limit growth by the imposition of unnatural laws, and the triumph will

be the development of a limited population of an abortive type. . . . Every unnatural change which may be established only makes it a harder task to come back to nature." We women must be true to our motherhood, and teach men to be true to their fatherhood, and fight the demon of life in married life as outside its bonds.

[This is a step in the right direction. The population question ought to be discussed in the utmost purity. For the sake of the mother and the children, also for the sake of the father, families should be restricted; but, as the writer says, it must be a life of self-restraint and virtue in the home and out of it which must produce this result. Women must themselves be the controlling power, the arbiter, and authority on this point. Such a life would ennoble our women, men, and children, and bring forth

" . . . A nobler race  
In nobler forms enshrined." Ed.]

### REVIEWS.

"ON SLEDGE AND HORSEBACK TO OUTCAST SIBERIAN LEPEHS." KATE MARSDEN. (London: The Record Press, Limited, 376, Strand, W.C.)—Seldom has there been a more interesting story of travel, or one more simply told, than is the narrative of a journey by Kate Marsden "On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers." Moved by a passionate desire to alleviate the sufferings of the most afflicted portion of humanity, convinced that her mission in life was to minister to those "who receive the smallest attention and care of all God's creatures," this lady undertook a journey across the Continents of Europe and Asia, and travelled far beyond the confines of civilisation, enduring many perils and braving every species of discomfort in order to alleviate the miseries of the lepers in the Province of Yakutsk, a remote region in the far north of Siberia, whose temperature for eight months of the year is 60 deg. below zero, Fahr. It is in this inhospitable region that leprosy abounds. The doctors, of whom there is only one to every 70,000 inhabitants, assert that it is incurable, that it arises from the climate, the soil, the condition of life, and the uncleanly habits of the people. Vast forests here alternate with endless marshes, and the air is always damp. The food of the natives consists mostly of rotten fish, their drink is marsh water—bread and meat are very rarely tasted. If the community (in which there is none conversant with medicine) decides that a man, woman, or child is tainted with leprosy, he is thrust out from his people and driven away to some spot in the forest, the less frequented and the most inaccessible, and never again permitted to return or to approach his fellow men, having for his only shelter against the intense cold some small and filthy hut which has previously been tenanted by some other wretched leper. Here he may live in lonely wretchedness for ten, fifteen, or twenty years, or he may herd with many others of his kind crowded together in a yourta, or hut, irrespective of age or sex, all sleeping on the bare earth or on benches along the walls, covered with vermin, the place reeking with the insanitary odours of rotten fish, and of the exhalations from diseased human bodies which are rotting away under the ravages of their awful malady. Food is carried by some members of the community to a spot which is considered at a sufficiently safe distance from the village, from whence it is fetched by the lepers. Often the leper, who lives alone, and whose fingers and toes have rotted off, can scarcely, by the aid of a piece of board which is fastened to him, drag his maimed body along to fetch his portion. Yet is there no human pity for him, no kindly sympathy, no medical relief or alleviation for his torments. In the depth of winter the bears often come close up to the yourtas, and are only prevented by the dogs from attacking the lepers. Happy is the leper who possesses one of these faithful friends! More tender than human beings, he never forsakes his master, but remains with him through all his sorrows, his constant companion and most efficient protector. It was to alleviate such hopeless misery as this that Miss Marsden undertook her perilous pilgrimage. To reach Yakutsk, which is in the extreme north-east of Siberia, she had to brave the inclemency of a Russian winter and the intense heat of a Siberian summer; to ride through trackless forests, when riding in the daytime was almost impossible, and to endure severe torments from countless mosquitos. To sleep in filthy huts, where the dirt and the smells "from cows and calves who were in the same yourta with us was horrible"; and where the walls and the benches on which she rested were black with vermin, so that sleep was impossible. She started on her adventurous enterprise from Zlatonst, a place a few hundred miles beyond Moscow, travelling by sledge for the first few hundreds of miles. She then describes her travelling costume. "I had a whole outfit of Jaeger garments, then a loose kind of body lined with flannel, a very thickly-wadded eider-down ulster, with sleeves long enough to cover the hands entirely, the fur collar reaching high enough to cover the head and face. Then a sheep-skin reaching to the feet, with a collar which came over the fur one. Then, over the sheep-skin I had to wear a *dacha*, which is a fur coat of reindeer-skin. On the feet a long thick pair of jaeger stockings made of long hair, over them a pair of gentlemen's thickest hunting-stockings; over them a pair of Russian boots made of felt, coming high over the knee, and over them a pair of brown felt *valenki*. I had also a fur-lined cap and a large fur bag, into which I could step," besides innumerable wraps. The first part of the journey, undertaken just at the commencement of the breaking-up season, was performed in a sledge, along a dreadful road, bumping and jolting over huge frozen lumps of snow and into deep holes, with an occasional upset into a snow-drift, the travellers sometimes catching the gleams of light from the eyes of skulking wolves, and sleeping at night in dirty sheepskins in a filthy post-station, and yet this was the least toilsome part of the long journey! The vast province of Yakutsk covers two-and-a-half millions of miles, but is so desolate that it contains only 250,000 inhabitants, a proportion of one person to every ten miles!

The letter of the Empress of Russia, which Miss Marsden carried with her, smoothed all difficulties with the police authorities, and ensured for her the courtesy and attention of the highest officials. Travelling as a Sister of Mercy, and with slender resources, she escaped much of the extortion and peculation which is universal throughout Russia. At Omsk she was provided with a special official for escort, an attaché of the Governor of Tomsk. The breaking-up season had fully set in by the time she reached Krasnoyarsk, for the roads are described as now nothing but ploughed fields, with deep ruts. The next stage of the journey had to be performed in a tarantass. This is a kind of covered springless cart or carriage, in which the unhappy traveller is shaken from side to side like dice in a box, the result being not only aching limbs and muscles, but also what is called tarantass rheumatism, which at length reduces the traveller to a condition of semi insensibility. Especially at this season of the year when the roads alternate between thin layers of ice and deep sticky holes of mud into which horses and vehicles flounder. At length Yakutsk was reached, at a distance of 5,000 miles from St. Petersburg. Here the frost is so intense that the poorer people use ice three or four inches thick instead of windows. Here Miss Marsden heard from the Bishop of the town that the herb which was said to cure leprosy, and which she had travelled so many thousand miles to seek, was actually in his possession. At this point the most toilsome part of the whole journey commenced. From here though quite unaccustomed to riding she rode on horseback for two consecutive months, sitting on a wooden saddle, and 2,000 miles through a savage country into the heart of the trackless Siberian forest, carrying with her as food, dried bread packed in fish-skins, tea, sugar and tinned meats. Sometimes wading through marshes in which her horse suddenly sank up to his stomach, in constant fear of attacks from bears, and in even more imminent danger that the horses, as soon as the scent reached them, should become unmanageable, and should fly madly through the forest dragging the rider to almost certain death. Perhaps even more terrifying to the wild Siberian ponies were the underground flames which issued from some parts of the forest; for hundreds of yards together flames could sometimes be seen ascending from holes in the earth, proving the existence of slow, underground combustion. Sometimes travelling by day had to be given up on account of the sufferings of the horses from the terrible horse-fly. The bites of these insects are so severe and incessant that the horses frequently become exhausted from loss of blood, and if heavily loaded are quite unable to proceed. During the whole of the two months' ride the only resting-places were the filthy Yourtas, where Miss Marsden and her escort of twenty men passed the night, where there was, of course, no possibility of undressing, and where sleep was rendered impossible by the constant pain caused by very severe riding and by the torment of countless swarms of insects. What was the object which this heroic lady proposed to herself in undertaking so trying a journey? To plant in distant Yakutsk, in the district of Vilinsk, in the heart of the Siberian forest, a colony, where the healing influences of medicine and the softening influences of Christian love may help to alleviate the life-long sufferings of the outcasts. To establish a Leper hospital, where shelter, nursing, medical relief, may be supplied to the sufferers. Her heroic undertaking has been warmly responded to by many noble and excellent women of high station in Moscow and St. Petersburg. The Countess Tolstoy, Princess Schachovskoy, Madam Costanda, the president of the "Society of Auts" (a society of philanthropic ladies), in Moscow, have all encouraged and assisted her. Her story has everywhere kindled the utmost enthusiasm. Inspired by her zeal and courage, ladies—nurses in the institution directed and supported by the excellent Princess Schachovskoy—started for Yakutsk at the earliest possible moment, in order to commence the noble and self-denying work of tending the lepers there. Considerable sums of money have been collected by Miss Marsden, and much more is promised, to aid in the establishment of the proposed hospital settlement. The Czarévitch sent her a handsome contribution, and the story of her wonderful journey was widely circulated throughout Russia. Miss Marsden is now in England delivering lectures upon this subject, and collecting funds for the undertaking, for which she has already borne and suffered so much.

L. T. MALLETT.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

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

PLEASE address all post-cards in *re* Doss House for Women to Mrs. Morgan Browne, 46, Ridgemount-gardens (not road), Chénies-street, London, W.C.

MEETINGS are in process of being arranged for to be held at the office of SHAFTS for the discussion of various topics. The first informal meeting for the arrangement of preliminaries will take place on Wednesday evening, the 22nd inst., at 8 p.m.

#### A MOTHER'S DUTY.

DEAR MADAM,—An unknown benefactor has sent me a copy of SHAFTS from your office, and I am delighted with the sound and sensible matter it contains. Especially do I congratulate you on your brave and earnest dealing with subjects of the most vital import to ignorant and suffering and perplexed humanity, as in Mr. Mortimer's excellent paper on "Moral Marriage." I am sometimes almost heartbroken by the misery I see brought upon our dear lads and lasses by the intense and cruel loneliness in which, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, they are compelled to fight out the great moral problems of marriage (in its broadest sense) for themselves, and only learn wisdom by bitter experience when it is (often) too late to use it. I am convinced that in the England of to-day, under the wicked economic system in which we live, there is far more immorality in legalised and church-blessed marriage than there is outside of it. What tragedies could I recount, from my

own observation, of sincere and pure-hearted young fellows driven into vice and misery, first by want of frank and sensible sympathy and guidance, and kept there by the awful hypocrisy of the sanctimonious British matron, who dare not face the real social, economic, and moral causes of his blunder, but either ignores his sin and suffering if she be "proper," or, if she be "religious," sickens him into desparation by talk that is cant and not real help. I hope, with all my heart, that "the workers and the women" will henceforth take these terrible evils in hand, and hasten that golden age when—as a wise teacher once expressed it—"the men shall be pure and the women brave."

I am faithfully yours,  
ESTHER WALKER (Fabian).

#### CHOOSING BOOKS.

MADAM,—I have read with considerable interest the three letters on choosing books which appear in your issues of January 21st and February 11th, and as one of the male persons who are supposed to take such a deep interest in the "latest newspaper scandal, or the last novel of Zola," I trust you will allow me to say a few words in defence of this pernicious (?) literature.

In the first place, it seems to me that both "E. McK." and "E. K. U.," whatever their knowledge of newspaper-scandal may be, are absolutely ignorant of the method, and foolishly prejudiced against the principles of M. Zola.

Zola's "muck rake" (to use the euphemism of a *fin de siècle* Puritan) never did one-hundredth part the harm which the incipient reading of the milk-and-water modern three-volume novel, or the still more silly penny novelette has done to English maidenhood; yet I presume that, though your correspondents might condemn such reading as foolish, they would scarcely call it immoral.

Were the moral tone of the young men of the present day "truly Zolaic," as "E. K. U." says it is, there would be no need for such women as Mrs. Josephine Butler, and such organisations as the White Cross Army.

There is no more moral writer than Zola; and, moreover, though his private life has for years been exposed to the rays of a searchlight infinitely more penetrating than that which "beats against the throne," so far as I am aware no single flaw has been discovered, on which the most virulent of his detractors could fasten.

It is as ridiculous to condemn his works as unfit for perusal, as it is to condemn the works of a medical man on the pathological effects of vice.

As a matter of fact, boys do not read M. Zola's works any more than they read the latter. Both are exceptionally interesting, both may be exceptionally disgusting; both are exceedingly necessary, but neither possess the romantic and sensuous interest which may be found in an enormous number of the novels which even strait-laced parents would consider it prudishly ridiculous to remove from the sight of their children. As for newspaper scandals, they are one, if not the only real, protection society has against an overweening vice, and I can see no objection to the young of either sex reading them, provided they are written in a truly "Zolaic" fashion, and not in a delicately suggestive style, as is too often the case. There is a certain period in the life of every one of us, when he or she "begins to wonder," as I have seen it phrased.

Knowing that such a period exists and also that it is the most critical period for good or evil in a boy's or girl's life, it is surely foolish to let them go on blindly wondering until a wrong has been done them which can never be remedied.

As your correspondent, "E. McK.," most truly says, "ignorance is not innocence," but ignorance is infinitely better than imperfect knowledge. Complete ignorance, next to complete knowledge, of vice is perhaps a young girl's greatest protection.

Boys, as a rule, are possessed of this imperfect knowledge early in life, with the result, as "E. K. U." puts it, they "become fit subjects for the vice which is the scourge of our land."

What becomes of the girls who are their victims? Presumably they are to blame also. At any rate, once they have fallen, the Divine influence of the British matron is exerted in every way to give them, not only a complete knowledge, but every possible encouragement for the practice of vice.

Is their fall attributable to a complete knowledge, a complete ignorance, or the imperfect knowledge of vice, which may be gleaned from several of the works which the British matron has no objection to her daughters reading?

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred their fall is due, either directly or indirectly, to the latter cause. A girl's mother ought to be the best judge whether her daughter should have a knowledge of vice or not, and ought to know when and how to communicate the same.

Personally, I would have every sensible girl who was old enough to understand it so fully informed of the evil surrounding her, that her terror and loathing of it would be an infinitely greater protection to her chastity than the strictest vestal vows. That knowledge would make matrimony impossible unless her husband's purity were as unsullied as her own.

It would thus put a stop to matrimony in an enormous number of cases, but the next generation would thank their mothers. Yours, &c.,

JOHN BLUNT.

[Every mother, who is a mother in the true sense of the word, will deeply thank the writer of this straightforward, earnest letter, and will resolve that she herself will be the teacher and guide of her children—both girls and boys—in this matter. No other human being is so fitted to instruct in these matters as a mother, and she should not let the delicate bloom of her children's sweet purity be touched by any other hand. There is no doubt that it is to imperfect knowledge we owe the greater part of the vice which flourishes amongst us. As entire ignorance is neither wise nor possible, especially as society moves onward, the cure is full instruction, and full instruction from a source, the moral effect of which is powerful enough to destroy any possible evil result. Such a moral effect all such instruction would have coming from the lips of a mother. We have had the great privilege of hearing many mothers in language

most delicate, pure, and sweet speak—for the instruction of hesitating parents—of how they taught their own children, then grown to woman and manhood. The lessons must begin in childhood, and must be gradual. Many helps will come to a mother in earnest, and when her work is done, and well done, she will have built up in the world daughters and sons who, in the proportion of eight to every ten, will find vice distasteful and hideous, who will live lives of virtue because they love virtue and elect to follow its happy dictates.—Ed.]

DEAR MADAM,—I will send you twelve copies of *What the Boy Thought* on Monday, and will ask you to apply proceeds of sale to any organisation you may select connected with the cause of women's emancipation, and if you want more copies for same purpose you are welcome to them.

Yours truly,  
JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

#### SYMPATHY.

MADAM,—Only to-day have I seen your paper for the first time, and do hope you may succeed in your venture. I feel so strongly that those who in life are seeking and living truly and for truth, must all agree in spirit, though in the multitude of words that is so often lost, that we imagine we differ. I shall be so glad if you care to publish any little pieces I may send you. For myself, of course, I am interested in woman's cause, but, in everything almost as I find myself unable to go the whole length of the programme or tenets of the leaders, so I often find myself between the proverbial two stools. With all wishes for your success.

Yours faithfully,  
D. B.

#### RE DOSS-HOUSE FOR WOMEN.

DEAR MADAM,—It certainly seems somewhat strange that Mrs. Morgan Browne's request for signatures in favour of a doss-house for women should have met with so meagre a response. If a few friends would unite in obtaining signatures from all their acquaintances, and then send up the sheets so filled in to Mrs. Morgan Browne, they would be doing no small work for Woman's cause. Personally, my experience has been that everyone asked has signed. Now that the London County Council is urging so strongly that women should be placed therein as members, as even to petition Parliament to this end, it is but every woman's duty, and it should be her pleasure to do anything in her power to aid the L.C.C.'s in their enlightened and laudable endeavours to bring M.P.'s to see with them, and conduce to altering the law, as it now obtains, and admit women to the L.C.C., where *men are asking for their help*. Mrs. Morgan Browne's suggestion is an admirable one, and she adds: "Our demand for Women's doss-houses will therefore strengthen their position, and emphasise the urgency of the case." All credit, indeed, also to the L.C.C.'s that they have already desired to see women's doss-houses erected, and are taking such active steps towards this end. If women would but be more united in their efforts—if all the petty differences, the want of initiative which as a rule exists in the less "awakened" woman of the day, the divergence of views which occasions the splits into different leagues and associations, *etc., etc., ad lib.*, could be done away with, what grand progress would be made! But in all ages the less enlightened hamper at every turn the great workers who labour for humanity. Personality hinders the development of Individuality, and the latter has to become merged into Identity, ere any whole-world benefit is attainable. O! for more union still amongst our women workers! *Is not each one really labouring for woman's freedom, and that of the whole world?*

Yours,  
A. L.

#### THE HIGHEST NATURE SEXLESS.

DEAR MADAM,—May I make a few observations on one or two of the letters in your last SHAFTS? With regard to "Duality," I would suggest that symbols referring to the masculine and feminine principles are often misleading, as they refer to the external manifestations of nature. The immortal soul, the divine or Godlike part of humanity, is sexless. "In Christ Jesus" (or on the soul-plane) "there is neither male nor female," and to this the symbols enumerated by A.L. do not, of course, apply. And this is so, even in our present divorced condition. When duality is reached, the powers of that divine self will be far more fully expressed and felt, and in those who *now* "live the perfect life," the external conditions and influence of sex are completely overcome, and the individual lives wholly in the higher selfhood. It is well to be clear on these points, otherwise some like "H." fancy theosophy for instance is "tainted with Oriental contempt for womanhood!" Nothing can be further from its true teachings than this, just as none so well illustrate the law of Divine justice as they do. "H" must surely be aware, however, and shows by her mental attitude that she is aware, as you point out in your leader, of the "terrible, unspeakable degradation of women and womanhood all the world over." This is a strange condition for the "higher sex." What are the causes? Desires carried to their extreme limits in material expressions. Woman will become free in proportion as the external ceases to dominate, and the ETERNAL asserts its control. Meanwhile, it is vain to deny that the *ego* does not suffer in the form of woman. Most suffer practically, and others, the increasing few, suffer in realising the degradation of the sex to which *pro tem.* they belong. But this very suffering and this recognition of its causes, sure to be felt first of all in the form of womanhood, form the necessary evolutionary force in behalf of a higher estate of humanity.

All the Theosophists I know are friends of woman's freedom: some work for it specially, others regard it as included in the very light, the self

knowledge, which theosophy bestows. Women are leaders in it. To quarrel with a few symbols dealing with one aspect of nature only is therefore surely a short-sighted policy. As well quarrel with man for possessing organs which limit him to paternity only, and with woman for those which have been a potent source of physical suffering and moral oppression. These are all our own creation, and all alike experience the results of both. We have desired to express ourselves in the material, and have so come under the laws of the material—good comes out of the experience; and we all take our turn at being woman and man. But in soul the so-called "man" and "woman" are ever equal. If our race were truly spiritual there could be no such conditions of degradation as exist, it is not all the fault of men. All the race have contributed to this.

"Marie-Joseph" would inaugurate a beautiful form of worship in his "Divine Feminine," and probably a reaction towards the elevation of the feminine will naturally take place; but as in the microcosm, so in the macrocosm, and God, the Eternal Source of Being, is *Pure Spirit*, and therefore sexless, like the "god" within us. Differentiation even into ideas of sex is the first step towards material expressions of them. A word which expresses sexless unity and perfect power is therefore needed, and this is not yet coined. But for its negative application "IT" would be the nearest approach to the truth. "God is a spirit," said a seer of old, and since even masculine and feminine potentialities are already linked to the outer, they who "worship in spirit and in truth," will be they who live on a plane where all thoughts of sex are banished. I am only too willing to admit, however, the utility of the "divine feminine" to our race as an intermediate stage, to whom this other transcendent elevation is almost unthinkable.—Yours truly,  
OBSERVER.

DEAR MADAM,—Being a person of small means I have been pondering how I am to help SHAFTS along. Perhaps others in a similar position may be inclined to do what I have resolved upon. I am taking an extra copy of SHAFTS and mean to give one away to a fresh person every week. I am so thankful for the out-spoken way in which various subjects are treated in its columns, and feel I must do what I can to increase its circulation.—Yours truly,  
E. J. T.

DEAR MADAM,—You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that your journal has caused much admiration here amongst all who have read it, and I purpose presenting a copy to the Free Library here every week in future. You seem to supply a long-felt want, and I venture to think that the "Legal Column" will be appreciated by many who are in uncertainty on many points and cannot afford to pay "six and eight" for an opinion. I should deem it a favour if the "legal editor" would give me a little information on what I have alluded to. I have enclosed letter as per notice. Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly,  
L. K. H.

DEAR MADAM,—I have read E. Ward's "Vital Question." Doctors are a great deal to blame for their advice to young men. I know this is the case; how can it be stopped, then? I am thoroughly interested in your paper, my thoughts have longed for something stronger, more thoughtfully progressive and earnest for women than any of our women's papers. Almost all of them are marred by their weaknesses, which a man calls feminine. I see you allow all sides, religious and secular, and that is the only way to get at things rightly. Religion is in me, although I could not outwardly appear religious. I thought "Enforced Maternity," by Geoffrey Mortimer, very good indeed; all articles bearing on that subject and immorality I feel deeply about. Miss Ashwell, who took a prize, is a friend of mine, and she too takes great interest in your paper. We are so sorry our pecuniary circumstances do not admit of any substantial help beyond recommending the paper, but there must be many wealthy women who can do so, and I hope they will. The allegory by A.M. Montague was excellent; it appeared in a paper some time ago. I earnestly hope you will be enabled to keep your paper as a weekly; it is doing much good, and I see it is sold about everywhere.—I am, yours truly,  
C. F. C.

#### WOMEN AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

DEAR MADAM,—Though so long after date I hope a few words from a woman in reference to Mr. R. H. Dunn's letter in SHAFTS for January 7th will not be thought out of place.

Mr. Dunn touches on the key note of success, both of the enfranchisement of Women and of the Labour Party, using the word enfranchisement in a wider sense than when applied only to the Parliamentary vote.

These two great forces combined will form the future of England. They have long and patiently borne their burdens and waited for their day of freedom. Too patiently, I would say, were it not that there is such a thing as "The fulness of time." But the day is here at last, and we are ripe for work.

The Labour Party should be singularly in sympathy with the woman's movement, first, because so many women are workers; and second, because under man's rule they have been hardly dealt with, while with woman's advent we look for better things. Not because all women are better than all men, but because we hope that when the power is theirs they will see the need of helping to make juster laws than either one sex or the other could frame if left to work alone.

And women should be equally in sympathy with the Labour party for the same reason, and, in addition, because they cannot consistently demand freedom as a human right, irrespective of sex, without also demanding it irrespective of class, and also because they have always been willing workers themselves and know how to value work in others.

It is true that all women do not yet see the beauty of labour, but then neither do all men. However, we are daily learning to live a truer life, and by

the time we have gained the suffrage, I think we shall know how to use it in the cause of freedom.

It is, as far as I can see, one of the grandest aims of both these movements, to work for the true development and freedom of women and men, independently of party politics, and I believe that both will be found equally ready to take the higher stand of "No Party, but all for truth and justice."

A great deal has already been accomplished by the Labour party and by women. Both have obtained a hearing, which is the first step. Both are thought weighty enough to be dealt with by the powers, either as friends or foes. It does not so much matter which so long as they are acknowledged as first existing and then growing. Another and still greater effort will do much.

It is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

I think every nerve will be strained by women this year to accomplish their own freedom and by the Labour party to accomplish theirs. Thus the two may well work together and I am glad to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Dunn for the fearless manner in which he associates woman's freedom with man's.

Yours faithfully,

ELIZABETH C. COOMARA SWAMY.

#### LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACTS.—"H. W. S." enquires as to the law as affecting a married woman under the following circumstances. Mrs. S., who has been married seven years, purchased and paid for the furniture in their joint home; the husband contributing nothing towards the purchase money. She has, for reasons—sufficient or otherwise—left the domicile, together with the furniture, and returned to her father's home. To whom does the property belong?

The furniture belongs to the wife absolutely, under the Married Women's Property Acts. The wife can take it away, sell it, or dispose of it as she thinks proper, but if, while in the husband's possession, it is seized and sold under a judgment against the husband, or is distrained upon for rent, the wife could not maintain an action against the husband for rent. He is not an accountable bailee unless he converts the furniture into cash, or encumbers it by mortgage. He is not bound to take care of it, nor is he responsible for injury which it may suffer while in his possession. It is clearly liable to be distrained upon and sold for rent. The wife should go to the house and remove it. If she does not care to do so she can authorise a person to demand it on her behalf. If the husband refuses to give it up after a legal demand has been made, the wife, in her own name, can maintain an action for detinue. She should make an inventory of the goods detained, fixing a value to them, which, if under £50, will enable her to sue her husband in the County Court of the district where her husband resides. If over the value of £50 and under £100 a writ should be issued in the High Court of Justice, and after "appearance" has been entered there the cause can be referred to the County Court; also, should the value exceed £100 the action would continue in the High Court.

Upon the trial the plaintiff (the wife) would simply have to produce proof before the Court that the furniture had been purchased by her out of her own money to enable her to a verdict which would be for the delivery of the goods, or, in default, to pay their value. There are one or two very important points to be observed on behalf of a wife suing her husband for the return of goods detained by a husband:—(1) After the "Jackson case" a wife is not compelled to cohabit with her husband. (2) The old doctrine of Restitution of Conjugal Rights was inferentially abolished by the passing of the "Weldon Relief Act." (3) A husband cannot plead any "set-off" or joint liability for costs of house-rent or "warehousing" furniture as against the wife's claim for its return. By law, a husband is bound to provide a domicile for his wife. He cannot charge her rent as a lodger. He cannot debit her with any portion of the household liabilities. So long as she chooses to reside in her husband's house he has to provide for her. If, however, the wife refuses to live on those terms she may withdraw from cohabitation, and, as a married woman with "separate estate," may occupy a house and take in her husband as a lodger, and if he does not pay his rent to her she can distrain on his goods or sue him, providing cohabitation does not exist. In short, a man by law is compelled to support his wife, but a wife is not bound to support her husband unless he throws himself upon the parish. The anomalies of the law of husband and wife are great, and will be greater until we get a rational divorce law.

"SEQUAH, LIMITED."—"Letitia" tells me that three years ago she bought £200 of shares in "Sequah, Limited," which were to receive a 10 per cent. preferred dividend. She subsequently changed them for ordinary shares which were to pay twenty per cent. There are no dividends now, and the excuse is that the Government stopped the sale of Sequah's medicines from "waggons," and consequently the shares have fallen 85 per cent. in value. "Letitia" has now discovered that the promoters made statements as to their sales which were grossly exaggerated, and wants to know if she cannot, upon the ground of misrepresentation of material facts, obtain a return of her £200.

I regret to inform my correspondent that she has no remedy whatever against the company. She had a remedy at one time, but it slipped through her fingers when she exchanged her preference for ordinary shares. The law is perfectly clear on the subject. Whenever the promoters of a public company make statements in a prospectus which are grossly inaccurate, the directors are personally responsible to any original shareholder who has taken shares on the faith of such statements, provided that the person injured does not sleep upon her wrongs. She must apply to the Court as soon as she has discovered the fraud practised on her by the company. If she holds back our equity judges decline to relieve the victimised shareholders. They say the member has condoned the offence. In "Letitia's" case every original shareholder in "Sequah, Limited," could have recovered the money paid upon the original shares, and

can do so now if he or she can prove that the fact did not come to their personal knowledge that the figures contained in the prospectus were grossly incorrect. The quickest and cheapest course would have been to have issued a summons under the Companies' Acts to take the member's name off the register of shareholders, but "Letitia" cannot do this because of her electing to change the class of shares after allotment.

MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT (No. 1).—"In Hoc Vinces" writes to say that she married a man much older than herself six years ago, who had large expectancies at the date of marriage, but since this money has fallen in he has become bankrupt, and his trustees in bankruptcy have received several thousand pounds for division amongst the creditors, but my correspondent had no marriage settlement executed before marriage, although a number of letters passed promising that a "settlement" should be made on the wife of this expectant money, and credible witnesses can prove the fact. This unfortunate bankrupt's wife asks if she can claim a settlement now, and what ought she to do?

In reply to such request the first step to take is to stop the fund from being distributed to the creditors. To do so she must estimate the amount of the money which has fallen into her husband's estate, then make an affidavit of her "proof of debt" as being money claimed by her to be placed in settlement as a condition precedent to her marriage. This will stop the fund from being divided. The trustee will, of course, oppose and ridicule it, but it will serve its purpose. The "proof" will be "disputed," when the wife will ask for a stay of proceedings until she has been to the Chancery Division on an action against the trustees of, and her husband (jointly), for an order that out of this fund a "settlement" shall be made upon the wife. The evidence will be the letters which passed before marriage, supported by the testimony of the lady and witnesses that such documents were *bona fide*. If a reasonable case is made out she will succeed, or the creditors under the bankruptcy will be afraid of losing all their dividends and will agree to a compromise. The writer recently had a parallel case—a young woman married to a tricky old man, who was bankrupt a few months after the marriage, and had his property seized by the trustees of the bankruptcy. The wife was advised to set up a partly executed settlement, supported by a number of (probably) bogus letters, but they were sufficient for the purpose. The Court granted the request, and a settlement was decreed by the judge. To a woman there is nothing so important as a settlement before marriage, even if the husband has nothing at the time to settle. If he promises to settle, the law will compel him to do it when it comes into his possession.

MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT (No. 2).—"G. T. P." writes to ask my advice as to the legal effect of his lost "marriage settlement," which was executed before marriage, two of his brothers being the trustees, the deed itself being lost, and a considerable amount of new furniture has been added. It appears that the solicitor who prepared it is dead, and the husband wished to know (1) if a copy would be accepted in evidence; (2) if new furniture (purchased since the marriage) would be protected; (3) if at the death of the wife the husband's

creditors could seize and sell it; and (4) if a marriage settlement can be upset? In reply, I say that in law, if a person proves that a document is lost or has been destroyed by accident, an attested copy, or the original draft from the solicitor's office, will be accepted in its place, subject to proof being given of the allegations made. My correspondent is also safe as to additional furniture being protected, because it is usual to have a clause to the effect that furniture as it is worn out shall be substituted by new articles, which fall into the original trusts. This clause will cover a great deal. Besides, there are trustees in marriage settlements, and these functionaries have the goods vested in themselves, so that they are the claimants and not the wife or husband. They are supposed to be the persons who keep the husband up to the covenants in the settlements. There is generally also a minimum limit in value for the furniture to be provided, so that, if at the date of marriage the value was only £50, the deed should contain a covenant that the husband should invest to the amount of, say, £200, and the trustees can compel him to do it.

It is also usual to provide that the wife, in the absence of children, shall have power of appointment over the property in settlement, and she can make such an appointment to her husband for his life, with a gift over, so that it would defeat any of her husband's creditors. As for whether a marriage settlement can be upset or not, I will discuss this matter at an early date.

LOAN COMPANY.—My correspondent, whose motto is "Right is might," has borrowed £30 of the Southern Counties Deposit Bank, "which carries on business at Brighton, and having paid back £25, finds that she owes nearly as much now as at first. She says that they advertise to lend money at 5 per cent., but they mean per month, not per annum. That is 60 per cent. per annum on bills of sale. She says they threaten to sell her up, and she wants to know what she is to do? She must go to the Registrar of the County-court and get an injunction to restrain them from moving her goods, and ask for an account to be taken of what is due to the company. If my correspondent cannot afford to go to a local solicitor, if she sends the papers to me I will put her in the way of getting justice at the expense of the court fees. When will women learn that bills of sale are a curse to every householder? Will poor people insist upon having an English Homestead Law—an inalienable home which belongs to the family, not the father, where £50 of furniture shall be reserved free from landlord or creditor, distraint or judgment—as the inherent right by law of the wife and children?

#### WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

"What the Girl Says" is held over till next week.

#### ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE  
Legislative Committee on Woman Suffrage  
IN THE  
CONN. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, MARCH 2, 1887,  
BY FRANCES ELLEN BURR.  
Published by the Hartford Equal Rights Club.  
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