

# SHARPS

## A PAPER FOR WOMEN

### THE WORKING CLASSES

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LIGHT COMES TO THOSE WHO DARE TO THINK

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.





## SHAFTS OF THOUGHT.

## IV.

SOME weeks ago I placed before the readers of SHAFTS some thoughts which had been suggested by a chat with an intelligent police-officer within the precincts of the British Museum. He had something to say on the vexed question of agricultural depression and of land and the labourers, to which I did not refer in my previous article. The flocking of agricultural labourers into our large towns, there to swell the ranks of the unemployed, is one of the most serious features of the times, and to find the best remedy for evils thereby entailed is a problem of gravest concern to all earnest politicians. As an illustration of the severity of agricultural depression and of the great depreciation in the value of farm lands, the following paragraph, which has been the round of the papers during the past week will serve: "An estate of 555 acres has been sold in Essex for £4,590. Twenty years ago it was bought for £21,000, and since then £5,000 has been expended in improvements." And this may be matched by similar accounts of farms offered for sale in many parts of the country and sold for a mere tithe of their former price, or withdrawn for lack of bidders. My policeman, having come up from the country twenty-five or more years ago, told me how sad it was to him to go back into the County of Kent and find scores of acres of what he remembered as the richest arable land drifting back into a condition little better than that of a common. To him the reason was plain. Said he, "It has all been high rents; when things were prosperous, and prices ruled high, the competition for good farms was awfully keen, and in many cases old tenants were turned out to make room for new men, who offered a good advance in rent, and in others, rent was screwed up to the highest pitch. Well, you can't get more out of the land than you can, and by-and-by, when prices began to drop and rents didn't follow them quick enough, the farmers found they couldn't afford to manure; they took more and more out of the land without putting enough back, and the consequence is that hundreds of acres are impoverished and little better than waste." But that was not all. The tithes charges were, in his opinion, a terrible encumbrance on the land, and the vicars and rectors came in for more vigorous denunciation than the landlords and land-grabbers. Thus far the policeman; but, although there is doubtless much truth in his contention, I do not think his socialistic mind had fully sounded all the depths of the land question, nor do I think that even an immediate scheme of land nationalisation would realise all the *chateaux en Espagne* which so many social reformers erect on the basis of "the land for the people."

Something more is wanted before we can assume that division of the land into an immensity of small holdings would indubitably produce a full tide-wave of prosperity in agricultural and, therefore, in commercial England. Miss March-Phillips, in a recent article in the *Fortnightly*, has pointed out how successful, from the point of view of bushel-yield per acre, is the system of what she terms "intensified farming" which she observed in some small holdings in Hampshire; but, as she herself shows, "every corner is utilised, and where the plough will not go the spade does. Work seems not a labour but a pleasure; and I believe this is equally true of owners and tenants. By doing everything with their own hands they develop a real affection for the land, and their resources are increased in all sorts of unforeseen ways."

Given a system of small farms, held by such 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, apart from the practical difficulties which render the probability of realising such a scheme somewhat remote, there is a further and deeper question to be solved.

Are we on the right track when we endeavour by any process of intensified farming to make up the deficiencies of our home-grown food supply, which arises not alone from high rents, excessive tithes, and bad weather, but from our food habits, which are forcing us to turn England into a prairie instead of a garden, into a turnip-field instead of an orchard? I venture to think we are wrong from the starting point, and that what should be our first aim is to so far return to the primitive food habits of the human race, that we could, in any event, feed England from English soil and be independent of all foreign sources of supply. As things at present stand, we are so far from being able to do this that, in the event of any extensive outbreak of war, we could much more easily be placed *hors de combat* through our commissariat than is altogether pleasant to reflect upon. As to the questions of tariffs and Free-trade, such a radical change would work a marvellous effect. At the present time our dependence upon outside food supplies would quickly put us in the position of the man who would cut off his nose to spite his face, if we endeavoured to restrict free import of produce in order to bolster up a decaying agricultural interest; but if, by an alteration in the nature of diet, the food

demands of this country could be easily supplied from its own abundant resources, while at the same time finding work and wages for the thousands now unemployed, England would no longer be at the mercy of hostile tariffs to the same extent that she is to-day, and her manufacturing industries would find a good home consumption far more satisfactory than the fluctuation, worries, and losses of foreign markets assailed by disastrous competition.

Let us look at the matter a little more in detail.

The agricultural difficulty that we have to face is no new problem. Sir Thomas More, in his *Utopia*, reveals to us the fact that in his day the evils of converting arable into pasture land were deep and widespread. The main object of such system was in his time the production of wool, but the disastrous effect on the employment of labour was precisely the same as now, when cattle-rearing shares the attention of the modern breeders. "For one shepherd or herdsman is enough to eat up that ground with cattle, to the occupying whereof about husbandry many hands would be requisite. And this also is the cause why victuals be now in many places dearer. . . . For after that so much of the land was enclosed for pasture, an infinite multitude of sheep died of the rot, such vengeance God took of their inordinate and insatiable covetousness, sending among the sheep that pestiferous murrain which much more justly should have fallen on the sheep-masters' own heads."

Sir Thomas sees in the results of over-stocking and bad sanitation the direct finger of an avenging Providence; and, if we choose to call the agency by another name, we are none the less suffering directly from the same law of cause and effect. The result of turning thousands of acres of richest land into cow pastures and sheep walks, is most assuredly to affect our national prosperity for evil in a two-fold manner. It is true that the farmer may argue that for the moment grazing pays him better than growing, for with foreign wheat pouring into the country at such cheap rates, and a succession of inferior harvests to contend against, the raising of corn alone is not profitable, but such advantage is, as time will surely show, only temporary. American and Australian live and dead meat is being brought over in larger and larger quantities, and, at the present moment the farmers are crying out for the same protection which they demanded in the case of butter as against margarine, viz.—the compulsory labelling of the foreign article. But, in spite of such assertions, we can see, looking at the matter from the point of view of the good of the whole nation, including labourer, artisan, and manufacturer, as well as farmer, that mischief results from the present system in the long run, however temporarily beneficial it may be to individuals. Firstly, because it necessitates, as Sir Thomas More says, the employment of far less labour for the same amount of land, and throws this class into the ranks of the unemployed; and, secondly, because the flesh food is produced at a much greater cost to the community at large owing to the excess of land required to produce a given weight of flesh as compared with the same quantity of any vegetable crop. For example, the amount of land required to produce 200lb. of beef or mutton would suffice to grow 2,000lb. or more of wheat, barley, oats, peas, or beans, and over 3,000lb. of Indian corn, 20,000lb. of potatoes, 26,000lb. of parsnips, 33,000lb. of carrots, or 75,000lb. of beets. It will probably be urged that this statement is discounted by the fact that it has not proved profitable to grow grain crops extensively of late years in this country; but on the other hand we have taken no account of the great possibilities of the various fruit crops for which our climate is eminently fitted, many of which can be grown in conjunction with other produce, and even with the feeding of sheep (for wool), as recent experiments have amply proved. Such fruits are a most essential and beneficial form of food for man, and yet in most of our great manufacturing centres, the excessive prices charged for this class of food render it almost unattainable by large majorities of the population, even while pigs are being fed on plums and apples in the fertile counties of Kent and Hants. Here is a condition of things for which State interference in railway monopolies might to some extent find a remedy; but my contention is that a far more searching and effectual remedy would be found in the creation of an overwhelming demand, such as would arise if our starving millions could be taught to realise that in these and other vegetable products they would find their best and cheapest food.

Our greatest living statesman has endeavoured to interest the British farmer in the production of jam, but even the voice of "the old man eloquent" has not sufficed to charm the average agriculturist out of the rut, in which he is perennially and proverbially struggling. It has taken years and years of persistent effort and energy to induce him to avail himself of advantages offered by Government and private liberality to improve the various classes of farm stock. If only the same persistent energy might now be exercised in the direction of a wise cultivation of fruit trees and other vegetable crops, and at the same time to a spread of knowledge on the subject of the true food of man, there would at last be found a corner in that long lane of agricultural depression which some have deemed to be without a turning. Says an eminent authority: "A given area of ground consecrated to the culture of corn, vegetables, and fruit,

## THE WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN.

AFTER the training and development of capacity, and the recognition of responsibility, comes the adoption of some ethical standard: the placing, that is, of some degree of excellence in life and conduct clearly before us as desirable, and to be striven after, even attained. The necessity for an ideal, and the inspiration of an ideal, are very generally acknowledged. The only uncertainty is as to what that ideal shall be. And this should not be left to chance, so that the first sensational appeal to our hero-worshipping capacity lifts us fairly off our feet in delighted acclamation, and leaves us, after a giddy whirl, a prey to disappointment and flatness, to be none the less the sport of the next gust of popular enthusiasm. Such dissipation of emotional energy is wasteful. But the emotional energy that is spent in finding and trying to realise an ideal is worthily spent. "What we love we are," is an old truth—we cannot love what we have not contemplated and in some sense made our own; we certainly cannot become what we have not even recognised as desirable. The acceptance of conventional standards, and conformity with established usage, which are an unfulfilling mark of good-breeding in women so long as they are concerned with ordinary and trivial matters, are apt to dull and blunt the spiritual perceptions, and to paralyse spiritual aspirations, directly they are permitted to weigh in matters of importance. Let us endeavour to possess a few courageous convictions, a few cherished reverences, a few hearty detestations, not so much for exhibition as for private satisfaction, and a leaven of thought and conduct.

It is not, at present, the lot of most women to take a prominent part in what are known as political matters; but, nevertheless, every woman has a distinct political duty—first towards the Government of the country, and next towards the community at large. Under a despotism, whether barbarous or beneficent, the first apparent duty of a subject is submission, unquestioning and unreasoning. Under an enlightened rule of self-government, such as that of our country to-day, the fewer irresponsible, unintelligent subjects there are the less dead weight is there to drag along. Only those whose interests are unaffected, who enjoy no benefits from a safe and wise Government, or who are without the pale of jurisdiction over the same and the free, can be morally absolved from the duty of responding to the claims of Government upon their attention. It cannot be pretended that the large body of the population consisting of women, the majority of whom are dependent on their own exertions for a livelihood, are neither sane nor free; still less that they enjoy no benefits from a safe and wise Government, or that their interests are untouched by even the most Imperial legislation. To take only a few points: Marriage laws, the care and guardianship of children, property laws, taxation, trade regulations, international treaties, education—in none of these, nor in many others, is a woman unaffected by decisions arrived at or legislation adopted; in some she is profoundly concerned. There is no merit in accepting a condition of things that is manifestly hard or unjust, even though the hardness and injustice are unintentional and devised by the most paternally-minded legislators; still less in accepting it and grumbling. In the case of many of us our position in life may be so sheltered, so secure, so surrounded with safeguards built up by the energy and devotedness of workers more earnest than ourselves, that we hardly realise the necessity that exists for striving to accomplish something which may make life a more desirable—we may even say a more possible—thing for the thousands of women less fortunate than ourselves.

That is, the sense of responsibility is lulled into repose, and the absence of interest in matters of deeper import than the latest conventional "fad" permits us to ignore the political tendencies of the time, and the consequent need for the enlistment of as many individuals of the nation as possible on the side of all that makes for righteousness.

(To be continued.)

## A BEAUTIFUL MOMENT.

Music comes wafted from some unseen spot,  
The mingled movements of a violin and harp,  
Throwing with freedom, joyously, into the air  
A melody not easily forgot.  
The little treble trills spring swift and sharp,  
Outglorifying the bass vibrations, where  
Together they are striving to recount  
Some happy tale whereof their strings are full;  
And the bold breeze, with noisy rushing sweep,  
Takes up the music—to, on high, surmount  
The murmuring trees, whose sighings multiple  
Remind one of the restless briny deep.  
And little birds are mingling scraps of song;  
Keen eager whistlings, which yet harmonise  
With all the sounds of winds in fitful flight,  
And sounds of harp and violin; a throng  
So real, and yet invisible to eyes—  
To form together one strange ear-delight,

E. G. C.

and to pasturage sufficient to meet the needs of a non-flesh-eating people, would yield provision capable of sustaining a population about six times greater than the same area as at present distributed."

Now, it is patent to the meanest understanding that, if from a given tract of land we can support six times the amount of population that is sustained under existing conditions, we hold in our own hands the remedy for agricultural distress, and the means of feeding starving thousands of unemployed, as well as the solution of other social problems which press upon the mind and heart of every thoughtful human being. But, furthermore, there is at the present time a yearly destruction of good grain for the purpose of making intoxicating drink, which, if saved for feeding purposes, would be equivalent to an addition of 1,000 million 4lb. loaves to the nation's food supplies; and, in addition, 60,000 acres of richest land are used for growing hops! Was ever more wasteful abuse of national resources! Thousands of temperance workers are labouring to stem the torrent of evil which this waste (terrible in itself) is the means of producing; is it not possible for them to realise how much easier their task would become if every starving drunkard were in possession of an abundant supply of wholesome, nutritious, *unstimulating* food? For herein truly lies the key to the cure of our national disease. Not only is a flesh diet less nutritious, more costly, less satisfying, and infinitely more wasteful, but it is positively an active cause of resort to alcoholic stimulants. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness," says the prophet in a spiritual sense, and, if prophet was ever needed to preach that message in an actual and physical sense, it is now in the last decade of the nineteenth century. There is no scope within the limits of such brief articles as these to enter into discussion of the great subject of the original food of man, or to investigate the mass of proof which is in existence to show that abandonment of *kreophagy* as a national habit would affect a radical improvement in national health, wealth, and morality. These "Shafts of Thought" are intended to be merely suggestive of lines upon which we may work for humanity. Will all readers who have the world's welfare at heart look for themselves into the literature of this subject? In Dr. Anna Kingsford's little manual, "The Perfect Way in Diet" (2s., Kegan Paul and Trench), will be found an excellent summary of the arguments and facts in favour of a return to the natural diet of our race; and the vegetarian societies in London and Manchester have a fund of information which they are only too willing to impart.

When we find science, common-sense, and the Bible in one accord on any matter (which does not always happen) we have strong presumptive evidence that here at least is a foundation of Truth upon which to rear a superstructure of social reform which shall be enduring in its character. Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard are commencing a temperance crusade which aims at making England sober by Act of Parliament; it is a great conception, a big work, all honour to them and to those who have worked with them and before them; but a greater and grander work, because resting on surer foundations, lies before those who will make England pure and sober by choice and free will of citizens no longer driven to drink by starvation on the one hand or by abnormal stimulation of flesh-fed appetites on the other. Then, indeed, "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," then shall "this earth, this realm, this England" be truly "other Eden, demi-paradise," and

"All men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
Thro' all the circle of the golden year."

EDITH WARD.

## ARROWS.

The just man indulges in no luxury which deprives another of a necessity.

It is wonderful what a multitude of people run to protect the man in armour.

Those who are most timid in their own cause are often brave as lions in the cause of the weak and defenceless.

The man who has slept ofttimes in the ditch is the most likely to complain of the quality of the sheets when offered a bed.

All the beautiful things that are unfulfilled here are not longed for and desired in vain. We go to find them elsewhere.

E. WARDLAW BEST.



## THE BEST OF FATHERS.

CHAPTER I.  
SON, BUT NOT HEIR

ONE lovely summer afternoon the level shadows were sleeping under the trees in Holmbury Park.

The cool breeze from the German Ocean, whose wide waters tossed some twenty miles to eastward, had tempered the warmth of the sunshine and brought invigorating freshness on its wings.

Near the French window of the fine old drawing-room at Holmbury Hall two ladies sat together.

Through the open glass door they looked upon a broad terrace, bounded by a low balustrade of stone, decorated with vases here and there, in which glowed luxuriant crimson geraniums.

Beyond was the level green of a well-kept tennis-ground, where lithe young fellows in flannels, and graceful girls in pale pink, or blue, or white dresses, were running to and fro in the exercise of the game, their mobile figures well relieved against a background of dark green foliage.

The ladies were both of middle age, richly and quietly dressed, with the good taste that subordinates garments to personality, so that a general sense of fitness is given to the beholder, who scarcely notices any one detail; both had kind, motherly faces of patrician cast, and both were smiling in sympathetic amusement as their eyes rested upon a little group gathered on the terrace, whence came much mirth and the ringing laughter of children.

A young man, off duty from the tennis ground, with a blue serge jacket thrown over his flannels and a square, honest bronzed face, a fair moustache, lighter than his brown skin, and a pair of very merry clear blue eyes, stood surrounded by a happy group of children, for whom he was making fun *ad libitum*, with the willing assistance of a large St. Bernard mastiff, who was playing pony to one after another of the youngsters in succession, to the supreme happiness of each of his jockeys.

"Children positively idolise your son, Lady Olroyd," said one of the motherly twain. "Just look at my Harold; he is almost crazy with delight!"

"Dear Stenie! Yes," assented Lady Olroyd, the mistress of Holmbury and mother of the St. Bernard's master, heir to the baronetcy and to the fine old mansion, the spacious park and the large estates attached thereto. Her smile grew deeper and sweeter as it rested on the group; and small wonder, for, in truth, the young man, strong and joyous, with his own happy face full of smiles, surrounded by the circle of pretty childish faces turned to his in laughing fun, was a fair sight, and one that might well warm a mother's heart with pride and gratitude. "Dear Stenie!" she repeated in a love-soft voice. "It is quite true, children idolise him, and he idolises children; he is never so happy as when playing with them."

As they looked on, a dark-haired, brown-eyed girl, with a slender figure, shown to advantage by a gracefully-draped tennis-dress of white flannel brightened with an amber sash, joined the group upon the terrace, patting the dog's head, and lifting a fresh little rider upon his willing back, looking up as she did so into the face of his stalwart young master with an expression of trustful affection.

Then a deep and sweet smile lightened the face of the other lady. "I like to see them side by side," she said. "They look an ideal couple. He so fair and strong and Saxon, and Dorothy so slight and dark, with her antelope eyes. I have brought her up well, Lucy; she is no bold, fast 'girl of the period'; and I was quite determined she should marry for love. It is her first love, too, Lucy; she is so fresh and sweet and good. Oh! I hope he will appreciate her, and be true to her. I grudge her to any man!"

Lady Olroyd laid her hand on her friend's arm and looked in her face with eyes unpeakingly softened and a little humid with tears:

"Is not that a good trait of character?" she asked, nodding her head at the group on the terrace. "You need not be afraid to trust your dear daughter to him, Margaret. Stenie has a good heart. He may have been a little wild. Boys will be boys, you know; every manly fellow has some wild oats to sow, but I am perfectly certain Stenie will make a good husband and the best of fathers in the world!"

In a stifling garret in a squalid court in London, that same afternoon, a girl lay dying. She was only seventeen, but life had seemed very long to her—very long and very hard and very painful. A few days before she had wished ardently to die; she had thought of jumping into the Thames, had even tried to do it; but the flesh clings to life even when the spirit is tired of it.

But now she most ardently wished to live, though she knew life would be fifty times harder to her than ever before; though she knew that, if she recovered strength, she would have to fight hunger and cold, and to work long hours till she was ready to drop from fatigue to earn the barest pittance. She knew that she would have to bear hard words and shame, and jokes that would be more degrading than unkindness, and that she would be handicapped terribly in a race in which she had fallen far to the rear before!

And it was just that which would gain hard words for her and be the token of her disgrace that made her long for life; for a babe lay on her bosom, drawing sustenance for its pure young life from hers, that was sullied to its centre.

"Ah! I must live! I must live!" she said, "for my baby's sake. You'll murder it amongst you when I am gone, for I know you all hate it. I thought I should have hated it, too, for I have gone through enough for it! But I love it now it is here! I seem to see everything different now my baby has come to me! Oh! that I was an honest man's wife, so 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!"

An old woman, with a wrinkled hideous face, and a ragged fine dress, came to the bedside. "You must be stark staring mad, Nellie Miles, and a rare fool, too, ever to have let that brat come to town," she said. "There, go t

sleep, or, at all events, be quiet, for you give me the hump and you'll worry yourself into a fever."

Then the girl shrank down and hugged her child with a convulsive shudder, to which the little one responded with a piteous wail.

"I know they'll murder him when I am gone," she murmured. "They would have had me murder him even after he was quick! Oh! I see the sin of it all now. How wicked I have been. Ah! If only I could have my life again! If only I may live now to take care of my child; I'll not go near the theatre again, where there's temptation, and one sees the rich folks in the boxes and wishes one was like them, and the swells come down to chat at the wings with their soft voices and their coin to fling about! Some of the girls keep straight, I know, but the life was too hard for me. I'm fond of a bit of pleasure, I am, and then the swells are so handsome and clever they'd argify black white and nothin' didn't matter."

She sobbed quietly, the tears rolling down her face upon the pillow. A worn face, yellowed by rouge and haggard with misery, but which had been so pretty a few months before that half the "supers" at the "Jollity" hated its possessor and the "swells" who hung about the wings were emulous of a word from her.

Alas! Her bright eyes had been ready enough to answer theirs. If the men who tempted her wished to excuse themselves they could accuse her of forwardness with little injustice.

One had said to himself, "No tampering with innocence here, at all events. I found her bad."

Therefore he held himself blameless for his own share in the sin. Sophism of sophisms! Two wrongs cannot make a right!

The man was one of those who oppose the enfranchisement of women on the grounds that "the man is the head of the woman." Yet he strove to throw all the onus of moral responsibility upon her slender shoulders.

So he sowed his wild oats and thought no more about the matter, as others had before and after; and his refined and delicately nurtured mother, having vague knowledge of his sins, excused them lightly as a necessary evil—a proof of manliness—as worldly mothers will, who with minds contaminated by the moral tone around them, accept the degradation of their sisters, and think the sole duty of a good woman is to keep herself unspotted from the world. She did not dream the time would come when that son would utter an exceeding bitter cry—"Oh! there surely will come a time when mothers will teach their boys what parentage means, and keep them from incurring such awful remorse as I now suffer."

But that lay hidden in the future, while here now, while he was playing tennis with the spotless maiden he meant to make his wife and amusing her little brother with the greatest good humour, the harvest of those wild oats was being reaped by the ignorant weak partner of his sin in pain and death in this stifling garret in the low London court, where no breath of fresh sea-air could enter.

The wretched girl-mother did not know which of her lovers was her child's father; but God knew, and his name was Stephen Olroyd, he whose mother was just asserting that he would make "the best of fathers in the world!"

(To be continued.)

Speakers in support of the enfranchisement of women are invariably met by some such phrase as, "Yes, things used to be very hard, but they have righted all their wrongs now." It is well always to be quite clear as to what the speaker means. Regarding married women's property for instance, the crying injustice of some examples forced the Legislature to pass a Bill in 1884, which allowed a married woman to hold separate property, and to retain a right to her own earnings. She could also hold the property she owned at the date of her marriage. But very few clearly understood that this only holds good in full as to women married since 1884. The other day I heard a case which illustrated how much hardship remains. Through failure of a bank and a company in which their savings were invested a married pair became bankrupt. The wife thought that as all the furniture was her own that she might keep a boarding-house, and tide over the time of her husband's troubles. The furniture was, however, duly seized by the husband's creditors, and the action upheld at law on these points. She had been married before the date of the Act, therefore it did not apply to the bulk of the furniture which she owned at marriage nor to a large legacy left her in 1883. To the articles she had purchased with her own earnings since 1884, she had a right, but as they were comparatively few, and as the cost of recovering them would be more than their value she let them go in the general ruin. They were mere bought things. What her heart ached for were the treasures of her youth, heirlooms that had been in the family for years; childhood's toys, gifts, and prizes, memories of a dead mother and father, these all went. They became her husband's when she married him. They became his creditors' when he could not stand between her and want. The noble effort to support her family by the means of boarders was frustrated. She is fit for no other industry. They will probably all have to go on the parish, and give another illustration of the self-evident fact, that the main cause of poverty in this country is *unrighteous law unrighteously administered*. No one benefits by this cruelty but those birds of prey, the lawyers.

One of the best portrait groups that we have seen is that of Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Willard, and Miss Gordon, which will be given away with the February issue of *Mothers and Daughters* (the first number of the new volume). Mrs. G. S. Reaney, the Editor, has secured a splendid staff of helpers, including: Bishop of Wakefield, Canon Ellison, Mark Knowles, Esq., Lady Somerset, Miss Frances Willard, Dr. Alice Ker, Clara Goslett, Mrs. Brighten, Lady Hope, Miss Agnes Weston, and Mrs. Barnard. H. R. H. the Duchess of Teck has given special permission for the issue of her paper on "The Needlework Guild." The magazine will be enlarged to twenty-four pages, and be published at *Great Thoughts* Office in future.

## WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

The Girl says she used to wonder why her brothers were so much applauded by other girls, and different people, for saying little nothings, while she was hardly listened to.

The Girl says she often wished that she might go off like her brothers for hours, simply for her own pleasure, instead of having always something to do at home, minding an ever-present baby, or doing housework; as for reading, learning, or practising music, she had to snatch time and do it with baby as best she might.

The Girl says, And yet her brothers failed at exams; while she could only wish she had the chance to try.

The Girl's mother often said she never had any trouble to get her girls to learn, they were always fond of it, and always got on well, although she had not given them anything like the same opportunities, or spent nearly so much money on them.

The Girl says she wonders this reflection did not convince her mother that a girl's capacities were great.

The Girl says, she used to rebel against having been born a girl, and constantly hearing hints of incapacity, and that a girl could not be made anything of.

The Girl says when she was young, girls were made to wait upon their brothers, get the second best of everything, were taught that they must get married if possible and as soon as possible, then act the same with regard to their husbands as they had done by their brothers.

The Girl says as she grew up she began to question all these things, and when she saw girls gather round young men and laugh and giggle at every little thing they said; she began to understand why they did so. It was their education; the education they had never learned to rebel against.

The Girl supplemented the superficial education she had had while young by private study, entered for exams, and passed them. Did her brothers fail because they had not really studied, or was there no superiority after all? She thought a little of each might be the explanation.

The Girl says her mother can remember even now, what an agony shot across her heart when, as a little girl, she read in a history of the birth of Marie Antoinette's baby (a girl), and how the joy bells which were to have been rung if it had been a boy were not rung for a girl—at least, not nearly so many. This sank into the heart of the Girl's mother; she never forgot it; it and many other things which came to her as she grew made her life sad.

The Girl says the sadness of her mother shall make her own life strong. Evil will last while we submit to it. Girls now growing up will not submit to any injustice.

The Girl says she soon began to see that all these assumed airs and claims on the part of men and boys, this usurpation of a right to grumble, to take their ease and leisure, leaving their sisters to housework and loss of opportunity, was the result of generations of training and *laissez-faire* on the part of mothers, fathers, sisters, and wives.

The Girl says she resolved then to do all in her power if ever she had any daughters of her own to give them equal rights with their brothers. She is doing so.

The Girl says if only animals could speak our language what a lot they might tell us. People are beginning to talk a great deal about rights. The Girl thinks much could be said about the rights of animals, who cannot talk for themselves.

The Girl says nearly everybody looks with contempt upon the pig, she thinks the tame pig has been spoiled by captivity. Looking through some illustrations in a book by Darwin, the Girl was much struck with the difference between the pig in captivity and the pig in a wild state. They did not seem to belong to the same race.

The Girl says, the wild pig looked sharp, eager, active, as if it could seek its own food, protect its young, and be ever on the alert.

The Girl says she often thinks we shall be judged, not only by our conduct to humanity, but by what we have done to the whole race. Ought we not to be gentle and tender to all human beings, animals, and even plants?

The Girl says she knows that some people think that animals have power to progress in morals as well as we have. She hopes this is true. Perhaps love and kind treatment would affect them as it affects us.

The latest returns show that 656,600 women are employed in factories in England.

## 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.*

*We are indebted to the WOMAN'S JOURNAL (Boston) for the following as worthy of being inserted under this heading.*

MISS LILLIAN WHITING, in answer to the question, "Is journalism a good profession for women?" says: "The journalists must be born as well as the poet—though they be not so rare. It requires a degree of creative power to be an acceptable Press writer. Therefore women who ask only 'Does it pay?' will find many questions more important before it will pay them. Like all literary work, journalism must to a considerable degree choose her votaries rather than be chosen by them."

MRS. ELLEN J. E. R. WILSON is editor of the *Public Spirit*, of Cocoa, Florida. The *Woman's Tribune* says: "The whole responsibility and work of the paper devolves upon her. She sets all her own type, corrects proofs, writes copy, makes up forms, does her own reporting, and sometimes runs the press. At the same time she takes care of her three-year-old baby girl. Mrs. Wilson took hold of this paper last December, when it had been suspended for about two months. It was a four-page sheet with about half-a-column of local news each week. People said the place was too small and there was too little going on to get locals. Mrs. Wilson has not found it so, and her paper is fairly bristling with interest."

MRS. MARGARET L. WOOD has just completed a life of the late Colonel Sam N. Wood. Mrs. Wood is one of the noblest women of this or any age. During the "border ruffian" times, in the early history of Kansas, at the peril of her life, she went through the lines and brought ammunition to beleaguered Lawrence, which had not an ounce of powder left. More than once in those trying times the courage and wisdom of Mrs. Wood, on critical occasions, turned the scale to the side of freedom. Now she has written the life of her husband, Colonel Wood, in whom she took the greatest pride. He was shot before her eyes. Some day, when the history of Kansas is written, that of its heroines will have a large place. Mrs. Wood was not the least among them.

THE question of woman suffrage is growing more important and more possible every day. Women own millions of property, manage thousands of large business enterprises, participate in nearly 500 different employments, and compete with men in the affairs of the world. They ought to be as successful in politics as they are in other fields of effort.—*Baltimore American*.

THE New Century Club of Philadelphia admits men to associate membership, permits them to attend meetings and classes, and gives them every privilege except voting. Because of this associate membership, the *New York Sun* calls this club "the most advanced and progressive of women's clubs." There are many expressions of laud to the effect that the club of the future will not be a woman's club or a man's club, but a club of men and women on a co-equal footing.

MRS. JULIA LINTHICUM, of New York, was left, at the death of her husband, sixteen years ago, with a two-year-old daughter, and without money. Though a lady born and bred, and belonging to an old family, she decided, despite the protests of friends, to open a laundry as a means of self-support. After considerable difficulty, she secured the contract to do all the work for the Pullmans, and her laundry has grown until she has several steamship lines. She has educated her daughter, and is described as a woman of unusual elegance and personal charm.

MRS. FLORENCE HOWE HALL was elected president of the New Jersey Woman Suffrage Association at its annual meeting last week. Mrs. Hall is a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

MRS. EDITH J. ARCHIBALD, of Cape Breton, president of the Maritime W.C.T.U. (which includes the three Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island), writes: "The Maritime W.C.T.U. is solid on the suffrage question, and those of its members who are qualified duly exercise their limited powers of municipal suffrage, hoping for better things to come in the near future."

A MEMBER of the W.C.T.U. of Fremont, Neb., writes: "We have a hundred members, and they are woman suffragists to a unit. The school elections are conducted under the auspices of our union. The women of Fremont are educated up to the point of going to the polls, and are ready for the full suffrage. We have no suffrage organisation, but our parlour and mothers' meetings are strong on the suffrage question."

At the annual reunion of the "Friends in Council," of Springfield, Mo., one of the toasts, "The men we left behind us," was taken up seriously by a member largely interested in reform work—work that women must do because men cannot; and she left this question with club women, "Shall they always be left behind?"



PRINCESS SUPREME.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

All Leonard's old feelings of holy fervour had come rushing over him; and—for a time—he felt a renewal of divine exaltation. He spent long hours in doing penance for his vacillating thoughts and undermined his health by protracted fasts, he spent the greater part of his time in the poorest cottages, and vigorously abstained from walking in the direction of Olive's favourite haunts.

Since the thought of Olive imperilled his rectitude, he had resolved that he must not think of her until she met him to give her answer. She was a snare and a danger, and a certain horrified distaste for the thought of her had taken possession of him since he found to what vile conclusions his idolatrous attachment had been like to lead.

Could it be possible that he had contemplated abandoning the Church for her sake? He had not seen Olive for some time, and was able to think more temperately of her.

He called the feeling with which she inspired him—love; yet, that feeling of his was but a sorry makeshift for the genuine thing. If his impulse towards Olive had been of the worthiest kind, it would have tended to elevate, not to debase, him. Love can inspire its votaries to rise to sublimest heights, is oftentimes the dormant soul's awakening; love is selfless and eternal; and love is wronged when its name is given to a short-lived infatuation for the outward form. Love that is true is essentially a thing of soul, a religious inspiration; to the devout lover it is not necessary that he should call his beloved his wife; he longs to expend himself, selflessly, in his lady's service, honours her in all his life's actions, whether he may make her his own or not.

Leonard was merely *in love* with Olive—he did not *love* her. To "be in love" and "to love" are two wholly distinct mental phases, although they are generally classed as one and the same state of mind. We most of us fall in love at some time; we are all liable to do so; but how many of us love? How many of us feel that one dear spirit-lit face has filled our lives with sanctification? that thinking of it we desire nothing but to yield it a homage of brave works? How many feel that it is sufficient for us to gladden the one we love without any thought of personal reward? Not many feel so, because, perhaps, not many of us are worthy to be so loved.

Between loving and being-in-love as much difference exists as between praying and saying our prayers.

If Leonard had loved Olive, he would not think of her—he would rather have impelled himself to do so, feeling sure that some good influence would come to him when he held silent communication with her spirit.

Leonard's love was not worthy, it was only violent fondness, a besotted liking, an ungovernable predilection for the rose-red glow of Olive's cheeks and the witcheries of her form; and—he feared to think of her.

He feared to such good purpose that he succeeded in banishing her from his thoughts for several hours at a time, not longer.

Autumn was in the air, and wherever he looked some charm of nature recalled to his memory some enchanting grace of Olive's. The glowing, rare, rich tints were all akin to her; the clustering splendour of the sun-kissed Virginia creeper that went clambering in wild luxuriance round his verandas; the glorious art shades of the tall single dahlias that made beautiful his garden as they bent their comely faces to the swaying breezes; the gleaming red leaves overhead in the woods.

He forced himself to attend to his duties, but the functions of his office were no longer all the world to him; they were, in truth, becoming *duties*, to the doing of which thoroughly he had to bring himself with an effort.

Still those works were not rendered with the same joyous readiness. He saw her again at Christmas, and, if she had enthralled him before, there was a sorcery about her now to which no words could give utterance. When he saw her in an evening robe of gauze, under the shimmer of wax candles, with a wreath of starry flowers in her hair, he looked at her in speechless wonder, and went home feeling that he must win her, come what would. He saw her dancing with others, and felt if he had not been in holy orders he also might have drifted with her through the whirling maze.

She had gracefully sat out a dance with him, but it seemed such a tame proceeding to sit still talking when he looked at the rest of the revellers and thought of what might have been.

He did not want to sit still and to hear his own every-day prosing accents; he was so disappointed that he could not think of anything appropriate to say, and sat on in stupid silence.

Olive, finding him so lugubrious, and fearing lest he should come to personal matters, fancied that she could find nothing more likely to interest him than an account of a Positivist service which she had been to see.

He made no comment, save to murmur some light common-places; but when he was at home once more alone, he brought out Buechner and other infidel authors. He stared at the open pages without reading, he knew the arguments so well. He had bought many books of the kind lately. He conjectured faith to be a thing that admitted of no argument, and the keenest and most logical reasoning left his belief quite unshaken.

Does she scorn me? He had been so accustomed of late to subscribe to the general impression concerning his own supremacy in all things that he could not submit to the indignity of having his ideas—upon any subject—viewed with contempt.

He had laid down the law, and his decrees had been followed, not questioned or discussed.

Subservient admiration was what he was accustomed to, and he found it difficult to brook a different moral attitude.

Could Olive think his intellect inferior because he believed in the faith that had upheld millions of sorrowing creatures? If she read those books and held their views, yes, unquestionably; she would look down upon his intelligence—the thought was intolerable.

He passed the night pacing up and down the room and reading extracts of *Force v. Matter*.

When Christ's birthday joy-bells chimed out, some mornings after, and the white-robed choir filed up the church, Leonard was not in their midst. He had refused all invitations for Christmas Day, and spent the merry tide in solitude, writing to his bishop.

He resigned his living, professing himself unworthy any longer to hold office.

CHAPTER XIV.

A great rest had come to Isolde. She had been searching all her life for some guiding ideal, and at last she had found it—a purpose to live and die for.

She had read a good deal of socialistic literature—since first the idea of self-sacrifice had come to her—and although she did not agree with the extreme views advocated by many of the authors, she felt that a less striking difference between class and class was very desirable.

She had lived in her grand old home, hitherto taking it as a matter of course that she should have everything that wealth could procure whilst others had hardly anything, thinking it even commendable of herself to give so much money away in charity. But, looking at things with an awakened conscience, she asked herself: Had she any right to keep that stately edifice, with its countless unoccupied rooms, to keep it vacant and useless merely for pride's sake—to keep its miles upon miles of valuable land solely as pleasure ground for herself?

Was it fitting that many menials in the house, besides coachman and stable-boys and gardeners, should be retained in her service that she—one unimportant human atom who had never done any useful work in the world—should live in the state to which she had been accustomed, whilst there were still wrongs in the world to be redressed, wrongs which the money squandered upon unnecessary state might help to redress.

There is no human law that forbids my living as I have hitherto done, she pondered, but the eternal laws of justice and of love forbid it.

I wonder almost how I have been able to do it; we are so narrow, so bound by habit, it takes us so long to learn a little sense and wisdom, to arrive even at a feeling of common humanity.

My Keep should never have been left to me; I should have been brought up to do something useful, to do my part in the world's work instead of being allowed to sit calmly down, controlling that which I had never laboured for.

Hereditary riches that we have done nothing to deserve the possession of them, the leaving of them is a great evil. Equality of wealth, of course, can never hold. It is right that one man who has worked steadily should enjoy the results of personal toil; that is fair. But it is not fair that riches should be left to children by successful parents woman or man. The successful should bring up children in comfort, educate them well, put them in the way of earning their living; but then, those children should have no wealth left them, they should be thrown upon their own resources, so that they may work their way in the world as their mothers and fathers have done, and only enjoy riches when they have accumulated them by their own endeavours. We should leave our riches to hospitals, homes for incurables, homes for weary horses, homes for dogs, and so on, or any kind of public scheme, that has as its object to help those amongst us who are unable to help themselves.

If we had been ruled by humane feelings instead of by family pride hitherto, the world would be a very different place, society in a much more advanced state than it is now.

I shall act in that way; if I ever marry and have children they shall have the tenderest care that I can give them, the most judicious management I can think out; but no child of mine shall be lady, or lord, of my Keep.

I have no doubt that by this leaving of great wealth to our children we have defrauded the world of many great women and men, and we have swollen the sum of immorality.

Crime, she said, is oftenest found amongst the poor; but immorality is a distinguishing feature of the higher classes; immorality results chiefly from indolence.

Work is the greatest safeguard, the greatest boon, the greatest sweetener of life. Not laborious uncongenial toil—though even that is better than indolence—but the work for which our capacities fit us.

I know there is nothing like work for giving satisfaction—I used to be so melancholy and so bored; but after I began to write I felt, and always feel, such exhilaration, such content. Yes, work is divine.

Isolde was walking by herself in a wild bit of cove land, far away from the house, and looking up suddenly she saw Jerome leaning over one of the boundary fences which divided his grounds from her own. He was gazing at one spot so attentively that Isolde involuntarily followed the direction of his eyes, to see what it was that attracted his attention, and found that they were bent upon an old rustic seat under some drooping willows.

As she realised what it was he stared at with a look of despairing fondness—with a look such as a drowning man, shipwrecked in sight of land, might have cast on the lost *El Dorado* of his dreams—her own heart began to beat with quick, loud throbs.

The spot was holy ground to her as it was to him—soul had responded to soul once, there under the shadow of the willows; that little sheltered alcove had seemed like the threshold of a mysterious aerial realm, the earth-world and its rude facts were forgotten, and two human beings had looked tremblingly into a beautiful beyond of infinite possibilities. The man held in his hand the mystic key wherewith he might have unlocked the magic portals, and he had stretched out his hand to do so. When honour looked him in the face chidingly,

his hand fell inert to his side—two human beings stood in the work-a-day common world, unsatisfied—their glimpse of heaven vanished.

Yet that garden alcove could never seem to them again like common ground. To each it was a hallowed spot for ever.

Isolde had not known that Jerome regarded it in the same way, and it touched her strangely to know that he did, to see the mournful passion in his face.

She understood what he was thinking of, realised the bitter, bitter pain in his heart, and knew why he had called to see her so seldom.

She longed to escape before he caught sight of her, but as that was impossible, she felt it right to make her presence known, and silently stretched out her hand to him across the paling.

He took it as silently, and then, noting the pallor and gravity that emotion had brought to her face, he said hurriedly:

"I ought to ask your pardon, and I do sincerely; I thought you were always in the house at this time. But you need not be afraid of meeting me here again," he assured her, keenly annoyed at his apparent intrusion.

"But it is a pleasure to me to see you," she answered, with an effort speaking lightly, "you come so seldom to the house. I did not know that little Glen was yours; I thought it was public property."

"So it is," he replied. "It is one of those roads that I could make my own if I could keep the public from using it for a certain number of years; but I do not wish to do so. You will remember that it is public, will you not, and come here without being afraid of my being in the way?"

"I am not afraid," she began, with a little arch smile, but before the gloom in his eyes he smiled died away, and she said quietly, "I understand. Thank you. You were quite right, we generally are in the house at this time. Are you quite strong again? Madame de Baromprez was saying the other day what a good patient you made."

Jerome had become aware of her agitation, and looked away from her, setting his lips firm. His face grew white with the strain he put upon himself, but he answered without making a sign:

"I am glad I was not objectionable."

He thought he made no sign, but the harsh abruptness of the tones he desired to render indifferent only, was a sign of feeling that it was piteous to listen to. They smote upon Isolde's heart like a knell—she listened and could find no words to give in answer.

Seeing the wistful compassion in the face he loved so dearly, he added, with a softened expression, "I notice you hardly ever give me my name—thank you—I do hate it, as you no doubt suppose."

"Do I not?" she asked with the air of one who had acted without forethought, although in reality she had omitted the name for the reason he imagined. "I do not think it is my way to bring in people's names often. I sometimes think," she continued with a cheerful avoidance of morbid personalities, "that it is a pity people do not stand more upon their own merits in the matter of names. I have a kind of idea that a surname is a superfluity altogether. The ancients who did anything do not come down to us with a double name; they individualised their own—'Christian' name, I was going to say; you know what I mean. They were not merely satisfactory daughters and sons of such and such families; they were worthy independent units of the great Human family. They were self-reliant, self-distinguished, self-honouring individuals, who took their stand entirely upon their own merits. They made the distinctive name given to themselves great. Even as late as Raphael, for instance, we remember him by his very own name, his Christian name. He was *the* Raphael, and I daresay that a letter addressed to Raphael, Rome, would have been more likely to find him than one addressed to R. Sanzio, Rome. It seems to me so stupid that people should always be known as the son or daughter or wife of some other person."

"You know the mode of address that they had in France at one time: 'Citizen.' Well, I think it would be nice if we put citizen before our Christian names, and did away with Mr. and Mrs., Miss, Lord, Sir, and titles of all kinds. I would be Citizen Isolde, and you Citizen Jerome."

"It would be delightful," cried Jerome, who was naturally inclined to appreciate the idea. "But would it not be rather confusing; there are so few Christian names, and they are so often repeated?"

"Yes, but I would never let two people be called by the same. No child should have its parents' Christian names given to it. The parents should have to make up some new cognomen characteristic of the child to whom it is given; or else they could make up a mixture of their own two names; supposing they were Elizabeth and Thomas, they could call their children Lisma, Elistom, Tomabeth—oh, there would be countless plans for making new names. Each creature should feel that its name was exclusively its own, a thing to dignify or to debase, and if they stood entirely upon their own merits, and did not inherit rank, or disgrace, or honour, they would be, so to speak, put upon their mettle. If they felt that something exclusive and precious was entrusted to them, they would be more careful, I think, not to sully the thing for which they only were accountable, and they would also have a double incentive for shedding lustre upon it."

"It is a charming idea," commented Jerome, "only how are people going to begin? The world thinks so much of rank and styles of address."

"Well, in Spain, for instance, a married lady is hardly ever addressed as Mrs. Husband's Name; she is Dona Isolde, Mercedes, Elizabeth, as the case may be, not Signora Courtenay, Smith, Brown, etc. I do so like that idea that I shall be Dona, lady, citizen (whatever the prefix in fashion happens to be) Isolde for ever instead of Miss Courtenay or Mrs. So-and-So—a kind of hanger-on of my father or husband—that idea seems to hurt my dignity. I want to be the individual Isolde, always with my own reputation alone to maintain."

"I like the idea particularly," he agreed, looking at the spirited entity before him, and feeling that she did right in objecting to be known as the belonging of someone else. "But would you not make any distinction between a married and an unmarried lady?"

"No," she emphatically asserted.

"Why, wifehood is——" he began, then halted as though he did not know how to express himself.

"The immense importance and supremacy of wifehood is an obsolete idea," commented Isolde, with a light laugh. "We are women and citizens primarily—if we elect to assume the responsibilities of wifehood we may, but we take our stand as citizens, not as the retainers of certain men."

Declining further to discuss the aspect of the case just introduced, she continued:

"It is only in England that the wife's individuality has, so to say, been merged in that of the husband, so that she is known as Mrs. Husband's Name from the day of her marriage. The Continentals have at least the grace to add on the matron's card the maiden's surname, and in Switzerland the husband assumes for life, and adds to his own, his wife's maiden name. Instead of citizen," she exclaimed, with a sudden pretty idea, "I would rather say brother and sister, and then every time we addressed each other we should remember that we were all members of the great human family. I think it would be well even that those whom we now call our inferiors should give us no more exclusive titles; they are our sisters and brothers, and it is just as well that we should be reminded of the fact. I shall call you Brother Jerome in future."

Jerome acknowledged her grace by bowing his handsome head, then asked: "And what may I call you—Sister Isolde?"

The soft syllables sounded wondrous sweet in the way he uttered them, and his friend said gently:

"I should like you to do so," and then hurried on, to hide the emotion that his utterance of her name aroused. "It is so much juster to accept our sisters and brothers for what they have made themselves, instead of bracketing them with the undeserved honour of their forefathers."

He was so absorbed in watching the mobile features before him with the light of animation on them that he answered absently, "Yes," thinking to himself: "Oh, lovely, tender-hearted, beautiful creature! so full of high and deep and noble thoughts—to have seen and known and to pass it all by as though I had not seen." A wrinkle of pain contracted his brow as he dumbly looked at her, and against his will a glance of impassioned love rested for a second on the face upturned to his.

Isolde tried hard to appear unmoved, but a flood of conscious crimson came surging to her cheeks and she looked away at the distant sea, trying to still the wild beating of her heart. He gazed at her with a stricken look; it was almost more than he could bear to see those signs of feeling and to say nothing, yet he knew that he must bear it, this hard, hard thing, as he had borne all the rest. He set his teeth together. No words came from him.

Isolde meanwhile, feeling how he loved her, and knowing that he would not speak unless she mutely petitioned him to do so, was trying to bring herself to return his look. She felt such compassion for him, and loved and honoured him so well that she told herself it would be an act of mercy and of grace to do so; and yet—— She had not brought herself to the point of ignoring her maiden dignity, which was as life itself to her, when Jerome said quite calmly in matter-of-fact tones:

"There will be a splendid sunset to-night," and Isolde, answering in like manner, turned presently and left him.

She did not rejoice that she had not done what she had tried to do, for she had no doubt about his feeling, and she knew what force he must have put upon himself to speak as he did. She had seen the whiteness that emotion at sight of her had caused, and that pale, strained look smote her piteously. She felt for him infinite compassion; but all her feelings of respect were heightened, and she felt for him also infinite regard.

"Your self-control was not in vain, Jerome," she said softly to herself, tremulously whispering his name. "It touched me far, far more than any pleading speech you could have made; the surrender shall not be only on your side."

They met several times again in different places, but Jerome was so cold and unemotional that Isolde found it impossible to give him the encouragement she had contemplated, and a gulf seemed to be widening gradually between them.

A weary wretchedness possessed them both, and the better they were able to dissemble in each other's presence the more utterly miserably they were when they found themselves once more alone.

At times, against his will, the tenderness he felt for her declared itself in the tones of his voice; otherwise he resolutely restrained himself and no fond words crossed his lips.

At the united temperance demonstration held last week in Manchester, remarks were made which ought not to pass away with the occasion. Lady Henry Somerset said that the great gospel of this century is that evil is not a necessity. We no longer clasp our hands and believe that thousands of the race must go down, a great sorrowful army, into the valley of destruction, while certain privileged human beings stand aside and watch their tortures. We believe that each one is to go into the arena of life and grapple with the evil, not for oneself alone, but for all fellow-creatures. The changes which are taking place on every hand are the signs of progression, of truth and right. Her ladyship did justice to the working classes of this country when she said that England would only be free, when into the hands of the working classes was given that key by which they could unbar the door and step into the open air of liberty. Miss Frances Willard, in advocating prohibition, said that the hammer with which the work is to be effected must be the hammer of politics, and the hand that grasps the hammer must be the hand of woman, whose sentiment on the subject is already educated.

More than a decade ago *Punch* had a picture representing a pair of small children—a boy on the top of a step calls out in a lordly manner to his little sister: "Come here, Effie, I want you" while the wee girlie toddles com- posedly in another direction, replying, "Thanks, I want myself."



## Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

A Paper for Women and the Working Classes.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1893.

## WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

Mere DEMOCRACY cannot solve the social question. An element of ARISTOCRACY must be introduced into our life. Of course I do not mean the aristocracy of birth, or of the purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That only can free us.

From two groups will this aristocracy I hope for come to our people: from our WOMEN and our WORKMEN. The revolution in the social condition now preparing in Europe is chiefly concerned with the future of the WORKERS and the WOMEN. In this I place all my hopes and expectations, for this I will work all my life and with all my strength.—IBSEN.

THE present century has made for itself a distinct place in the story of the ages, as a period of great and wonderful change. Accompanied at birth by immense strides made in physical science, material advance has continued, till we find ourselves modified by it to a degree of which the most astute of our grandparents could not have dreamt. When steam became a locomotive power, placed at the disposal of every individual at the rate of about a halfpenny per minute, moral possibilities began which, up to the present time, have not yielded a hundredth part of what the full harvest will be. Just suppose that we could on the last day of December, 1899, endow the first locomotive that ran through the country with thought and language for a few hours, and then bid it tell its modern successor, an engine in use on that same day, the story of its early career. What a tale it could unfold. How it could speak of the tracts of dark ignorance, oppression, suppression, superstition, and all narrowness, through which it had passed in its daily travels, and how by degrees light had come and gradually illumined the land, till at last there was great hope for the future. It might tell, too, of its first appearance on a new line when the whole country-side took holiday, and made long marches to see the flying wonder pass, little knowing that it brought in its track the better time for which they indistinctly longed. If fetish-worship must remain with us, what of all man-made things is so worthy of the honour as the steam-engine of the nineteenth century? And how did the unthinking thing become so great a benefactor to thinking things? Simply by bringing men and women together near enough to know each other. For the first time they began to see each other clearly, and not through a glass dimly, and so misunderstanding, that fertile source of strife, began to give place to understanding. Distance was, as it were, lessened. A nearer view is generally a clearer view, showing us that the queer figures looming in a fog, which we took for real pictures of our fellow-creatures, are not portraits at all, but, instead, caricatures. And so it has come about that people have become more united since they have known each other better. And the process goes on till now we hear, with antiquarian interest only, of those homely but somewhat spiteful sayings of the past which every little town and hamlet had at the expense of its neighbours. We smile as we recall them, and find it hard to believe how much of the spirit of feud they at one time encrusted.

The old order giveth way to the new. We travel about and at first dimly perceive that among many millions of people there may be possibly two or three, or even more, equally good ways of doing a thing. It next dawns on us that the second, third, or fourth way may be as good as ours, which we call the first; and by the time we are genuinely awakened it even occurs to us that other people's plans may be better than our own, till at last we reach the belief that no mortal is infallible, not "even the youngest of us," as some one has cynically said. When we have learnt, however slowly, to compare thus, a great gain has been made and honest discussion of subjects nearer home becomes possible. Knowing once for all that we are not born infallibles, the suggestion comes that possibly we may be taking a share, more perhaps from want of thought than want of heart, in the continuance of some old wrong that ought to have died out long ago. We look around for guidance and find that in some countries the evil thing does not exist; we look further afield and perhaps in some wretched autocratic state the evil thing exists in still worse form, and with the bright light shining against the black darkness, we set to work to put our own house in order. And to this kind of progression is due the many attempts we are at last making to work out our salvation. The contrast between the first decade of the present century and the last decade is great enough to make us hope for everything that will make life beautiful to live. Things

as they near the coming century seem to proceed with increased momentum. At least one cannot help so thinking when, reading the daily papers only a few days since, a letter was reported by the press to have been written to a great public body by the Gas Workers and General Labourers' Union of South Woolwich, of whom many are ex-soldiers, sailors, and marines, "whose observation on foreign service" they think should give them a hearing. In this letter are these words: "Endeavour to sink the vault of racial superiority, and encourage in the young mind the nobler ideals of a reign of universal brotherhood and peace." These men are the successors of the rank and file of Trafalgar and Waterloo, whose boast was to be able to beat single-handed half-a-dozen or so of frog-eating Frenchmen, or Spaniards, or Portuguese. From this vault to the quotation from the letter is a far cry. Where may we not be in 1993 if we all put the shoulder to the wheel of progress? Not only may racial pride be then dead or dying, but the old superstition of sex superiority, of class distinction, and all other unnatural vaults may be breathing an expiring cry.

## CORSIKA.

BY DOLE.

CORSIKA in shape roughly resembles a bunch of grapes as seen hanging from a greenhouse roof, the stalk being represented by the northern peninsula of Cap Corse.

Visitors at San Remo in the crystalline air of dawn, or of sunset, on a clear day can see Corsica painted on the horizon like a fairy island, although it is eighty miles distant.

It is visible so far off, owing to its excessively mountainous character. Lofty ridges streak the island in every direction, except along the east coast. Snow-capped ranges are always visible from the sea in winter, and form a beautiful amphitheatre round the turquoise bays and inlets. The colouring is either intensely bright or soft. At sunset the snow flushes into a pale rose hue, while the lower sky turns into the colour of a duck's egg.

There are few towns or villages along the coast. Ajaccio, the capital, lies on the western side in a bay so shut in that it appears almost a lake. It is sheltered by a triple row of mountains on all sides except the southwest. The mistral, that scourge of the Riviera, does not penetrate the bay of Ajaccio.

The town architecture is not remarkable, the houses being built in large monotonous blocks of six or seven storeys, each family occupying a floor or portion of one.

Servants are not numerous. The French bourgeoisie are unpretending in their family life. An officer's widow, for instance, will live with a grown-up daughter without a resident servant, only requiring help for an hour or so from some poor woman or girl, who dwells on the sixth floor above her, with her own family, and serves the various "rentiers" in their different flats. The officer's daughter has her economical little range, fed with charcoal, by means of which she cooks very appetising dishes for her maman.

*Pâté de merles*, or blackbird pie, is the great Corsican delicacy. These birds feed on the arbutus berries, which are so plentiful in the interior of the island. They are exported at the rate of 8,000 per steamer. Fowls are only kept for eggs in Corsica, and cows are conspicuous by their absence. Milk shops do not exist.

At 7 a.m. a knock is heard in the flat. It is the milkwoman, Diane, a handsome peasant, with two rows of perfect pearls for teeth. She bears her heavy cruche on her head in a statuesque attitude. She measures the fragrant goat's milk into your jug. But she is not too idyllic to be incapable of "baptising" the milk, which is very inferior to the excellent milk obtainable at a London Express Dairy shop.

Perhaps it is owing to this paucity of milk that the children of the poor are so pale and delicate-looking. Another cause may be dirt. Bathing appears to be unknown. The energy displayed in washing of clothes is in marked contrast with the utter indifference shown to clogging of the pores. The sun bleaches the linen to a dazzling whiteness, but it does not tan the children with a healthy glow. The women are far more industrious at Ajaccio than the men. The latter lounge about, sit in cafés, or play cards. The old men cluster in the sunny corners and gossip. The old women are always walking about, either bearing heavy cruches on their heads, or immense bundles of firewood, or large baskets of linen. They have a serious expression of face, and are generally thin and dark, with a coloured handkerchief tied over their hair. In London men pass you, as you walk; in Ajaccio you pass the men, their pace is so slow. The Corsican *patois* is very difficult to understand. It is a kind of elliptical Italian, mixed with Spanish and Arabic. About half or a third of the long Italian words is uttered—you have to guess the remainder.

Formerly the silkworm was reared, also the bee industry was flourishing. The honey of Corsica was renowned among the ancients. But the laziness of the Corsican peasant has prevented his keeping up these employments. The magnificent chestnut forests of the interior supply him with chestnut flour, which he principally lives on, and this crop is so easily gathered that it fosters his natural inertia.

The climate is of the loveliest character. Eight hours' sunshine daily is the rule in winter. The granite soil prevents dust.

The small English colony is well provided with the services of a clergyman and two English doctors. A rich Scotch lady, Miss Thomasina Campbell, who died in 1888, aged eighty-four, was completely fascinated by Ajaccio, and spent twenty winters or so there. She was the matriarch of the English colony, and built an English church and parsonage. She also left some hundreds of books, which are circulated for a nominal subscription. She collected a choice set of Corsican shells, some of great beauty. She wrote an excellent guide book of Corsica, describing fully the various towns and routes.

The wild flowers of Corsica are renowned. They comprise numerous very rare species, including a dwarf crocus, yellow violet, and a striking orange-coloured thistle. On the coast a semi-tropical flora prevails; aloes, prickly pear, palms, olives, and oranges. The lower slopes are covered with cistus bushes and various aromatic plants.

The best route for English travellers is *via* Marseilles. The passage from Marseilles to Ajaccio is 14 hours. The cost of the journey, including sleeping two nights on the road, is about £10. Let all who are hesitating whither to go in order to escape the English winter, come to Corsica. They will not be disappointed. Let them follow the excellent advice of the following rhyme:

"N'avoit jamais faim, jamais froid, jamais chaud,  
Prendre tout en bien, et voir tout en beau."

## MEETINGS.

## WOMEN AS COUNTY COUNCILLORS.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross, on Monday afternoon. The chair was taken by Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., and among those present were many well-known names.

The Chairman said he was one of the oldest advocates of the women's cause, and was against all restrictive laws which men presumed to pass for the purpose of artificially limiting the functions of women in the line of life which they might determine to take. Under the oldest Government of England, the parochial law knew no distinction of sex, and there was nothing to forbid women fulfilling any parochial office. At the present moment, women, both single and married, were enabled to sit on School Boards and Boards of Guardians; but here came the anomaly, that married women who could not vote for the election of Guardians were yet able to sit as members of those bodies. This he regarded as supremely absurd. He held that women ratepayers, married or single, must be enabled to vote at all local government elections, and also be enabled to sit on all local government representative bodies.

Mrs. Charles Mallet moved the following resolution, "That this meeting hears with satisfaction the decision arrived at by the subscribers, at their meeting, to reconstitute the Society for the Return of Women County Councillors, so that the society may include within the scope of its efforts the return of women to all local governing bodies," which was supported by the Rev. Fleming Williams, and was carried unanimously. Sir W. Phillimore also spoke at some length.

## WOMEN AND LONDON REFORMS.

A PUBLIC meeting was held in the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End-road, on Thursday, January 26th, at 8 p.m., under the auspices of the Women's Liberal and Radical Associations of the Metropolitan Counties, on London Reforms, with special reference to the usefulness of women in municipal life. The chair was occupied by Mr. Samuel Montagu, M.P., and he was supported by the Countess of Aberdeen, Miss Florence Balgarnie, Mrs. Annie Hicks, Mr. Haldane, M.P., Mr. J. W. Benn, M.P., Mr. Tom Mann, and others.

In opening the meeting, the Chairman declared himself to be a staunch supporter of the principle of Woman's Suffrage; he said that the extension of the franchise to women was not merely a matter of justice, but would also considerably raise the estimation in which they were held, and give them a much better social standing. Referring to the work of the School Board, the London County Council, and other local governing bodies, he considered that much of the work under their jurisdiction could not be efficiently done without the help of women, and that, therefore, it was necessary that women should sit on all such bodies.

Miss Florence Balgarnie moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting is of opinion that a thorough reform of the Municipal Government of London is necessary, and insists on the importance of the presence of women on all municipal bodies now in existence or in course of formation, whether they be county, district or parish councils, local or school boards, &c., and approves the appointment of women as factory inspectors."

Speaking of the more recent work of the London County Council, Miss Balgarnie said that that body was much to be congratulated on the attitude it

had taken up with regard to the Labour Question, and the example it had set in becoming its own contractor and paying union rates of wages. Many might scoff at the idea of the Council devoting a portion of their time to discussing the wages of charwomen, but she considered all honour was due to a council who did not consider it beneath them to take into consideration the remuneration of even the worst paid portion of the community. We were at present handicapped for want of district and parish councils; but women must be extremely careful, in the event of such being established throughout the country, that it should not mean excluding them from the posts they already hold on the existing local bodies, as would be the case if they were established under the present County Councils Act, which does not permit women to hold office, and would, if it were applied to all councils, dispossess 136 women Guardians, at present doing splendid work. A few days ago a municipal doss-house was opened in Drury-lane for men only. The speaker said that surely accommodation of that kind was wanted for women as well as men, and declared that if women had been on the committee for drawing up the scheme, women's needs would not have been so entirely overlooked. The Home Secretary had announced that he intends to appoint two women as factory inspectors; the speaker hoped that they would not be women of the middle class, but women who themselves had worked in factories. (Great applause.) She considered that two women inspectors were not nearly sufficient, and felt sure that if women only had had a voice at the coming election Mr. Asquith would not have treated them so cavalierly, but would have at least appointed an equal number of women as men, of whom he appointed fifteen.

Mr. Steadman, in seconding this resolution, said that his experience on the London County Council had forced him to the conclusion that women were absolutely necessary in order to enable it to do well the multifarious duties that devolved upon it. Their aid was especially wanted in all matters connected with asylums and orphanages, where at present the children of the class to which he belonged were left almost entirely to the mercy of officials who had little or no sympathy with their feelings. Working men, the speaker said, owed much to the women of England; it was chiefly owing to Mrs. Besant's energetic action that the London School Board determined to adopt the trade union rate of wages for its employés.

The Countess of Aberdeen said that London was now, under the enlightened and energetic leadership of the County Council, progressing with leaps and bounds, and was at last beginning to realise the great future that lay before it, when it might boast to be a city where there were to be found no unsanitary houses, where fuel and food were sold honestly, and where all the employés of the municipality would have fair conditions of labour. In referring to the appointment by Mr. Asquith of two women factory inspectors, Lady Aberdeen said that it was a new departure, and was, therefore, more important than it appeared upon the surface. If women were only in earnest, they need not fear stopping at two, or even fifteen, women inspectors; they would soon get as many as they wanted. One of the peculiar features of the awakening of London was that it had come to women as well as to men, for from the beginning votes were given to both women and men.

Mr. Haldane, who spoke next, said that women at present were not sufficiently united; they wanted the cord of the franchise to bind them together. Women, he considered, would make more headway if, instead of airing their grievances as a class, they set to work to show that their advance would be truly to the interest of society at large.

Mrs. Hicks, speaking in support of the resolution, said that it was not women who had made themselves into a class, but that that was the work of the legislators of this country. She called attention to the want of women officials in police-stations, asylums, and in board schools, and declared that women would no longer be any more content to be represented by men than working men were to be represented by their landlords.

Mrs. Wynford Phillips, in a spirited speech, moved the second resolution:—"That this meeting is strongly in favour of full municipal powers being granted to the London County Council, including control of the police, markets, trams, docks, water, lighting, and other monopolies, that they may be administered in the interests of all the citizens of London." It was supported by Mr. Benn, who gave a humorous review of the progress of the London County Council from being the butt of every joke to its present enviable position. Mr. Costelloe and Mr. Tom Mann also spoke, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the speakers.

WHAT IS TRUE LIFE?—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep—to expose to the darkness and the light—to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—that is not life. In all this but a mere fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities will slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the hearth; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxieties that end in trust; all these are the true nourishment of our natural being.

Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit you seldom see them again.

Health, cheerfulness, willingness, promptitude are invaluable, if not indispensable factors in the efficient worker; and those conditions which tend to educate and sustain these attributes ought to be ascertained by the labour employer, and when discovered fostered and facilitated. Such conditions are not to be found in the long hours, starvation wages, foul workshops, and harsh treatment which are still rife, and if employers would experiment . . . in the direction of improving these conditions in the interest of their employés . . . they would ultimately find their business had likewise been proportionately benefited.—*Natural Food.*



## What Working Women and Men Think.

### LABOUR NOTES AND NEWS.

THE new Labour Department has begun work. The first number of the *Labour Gazette*, the official organ of the department, will probably be issued on March 1st. On the whole arrangements appear fairly satisfactory, and far more complete than the Socialist party in this country believed were likely to be obtained from a Gladstone Ministry. The effects of this policy remain to be seen, but every step taken by the Government with a view to elucidating labour problems must be regarded as immediately useful and fraught with far-reaching possibilities of a most hopeful character.

The Thirk disaster seems to have had an excellent mellowing effect upon the authorities of the North Eastern Railway Company. The directors have had interviews with the leaders of the Railway Servants' Amalgamated Society, and have even been courteous enough to send passes for the use of the secretary of the society. In other directions an observer will notice similar signs of the times. The Postmaster-General no longer maintains a dignified ignorance of the post-office employees' unions, and only last week a committee of the London School Board met in consultation with the committee of the National Teachers' Association. In the provinces it is not an unusual occurrence for a local employer of labour to take the chair at a Fabian lecture. The fact needs reiteration in some quarters that the labour movement of to-day recognises no personalities in its fight against the present system. Those who at present happen to be capitalists are not necessarily to blame for their position, and if they will join to fight against the system which has wrought so much injustice and cruelty their aid will be welcomed in the spirit in which it is offered.

South Wales is on the brink of a great labour crisis. The owners of the great collieries are determined to raise the price of coal, and the men naturally ask that since they invariably suffer through any reductions in the price they shall participate in the advance to the extent of 10 per cent. on their wages for every shilling added to the price of coal. So reasonable a request is met with a stern refusal by the masters, and the men are determined to stop work if they do not get what they ask for. This case is decidedly one which the new Labour Department should undertake to investigate. A favourable report from a Government department would at least induce sympathy from the public.

Our young friends of the dead and lamented *Whirlwind* have broken out in a new place. Their latest literary venture is called *The Houghnham*, but notwithstanding the absurdity of its unpronounceable title, the young editors seem to have lost their sense of humour, which was the saving feature of their former paper. Who can fathom the density of a writer who thus unveils a portion of his ignorance? "Women's hearts wax colder, and their passions hotter methinks in these days, when often they take the manner and appearance of a man."

The *Houghnham* declaims against the tradesmen of this country in these words: "The tradesman, whose walk in life it is to supply us with our daily needs, maketh it ever more and more his wont to do so as best fitteth his own pleasure and convenience, with less and less care for those of his customers, to whom he oweth his livelihood. Every year he shutteth up his shop at an earlier hour. What we want now is an Union of Buyers, pledged only to deal with those shops which keep open reasonably late and reasonably often. 'Twould perchance bring our high and mighty servants to their senses." Well, well, Messrs. Vivian and Erskine, the happy days when such reprisals were possible are past and gone like a bad dream. The fact of the matter is that the tradesmen are the servants of all of us, not of the idlers alone, but of the workers as well.

A miniature general election is being fought. Besides Hexham and Walsall, there are three Yorkshire contests, namely, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Pontefract. In no case have the Liberal party managers considered the Labour party worth consulting as to candidates. All the candidates have been put into the field against the wishes of the Labour party, and this is sure to lead to a revolt on the part of the advanced section of the Liberals. In Halifax, where Mr. Shaw, whose past history is far from creditable from a Labour point of view, is the Liberal candidate, Mr. Lister, a well-known and thoroughly popular Labour candidate, was first before the constituency. The official Liberals, while quite within their rights from the point of view of principle, are acting most

unwisely if they wish to convey to the country the impression that they are anxious to help the workers. Halifax is a neighbouring constituency to Bradford, where at the last election Mr. Ben Tillett, the Labour leader, polled almost as many votes as the successful Liberal.

### THE GYNÆCOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of the British Gynecological Society amongst the names of new candidates submitted were those of six ladies, duly qualified and on the Medical Register. The names will be balloted for at the next meeting of the society on Thursday, February 9th. It is considered by many of the members to follow logically upon the legal admission of women to the practice of medicine, and on the recent vote at the Nottingham meeting of the British Medical Association. On the other hand, there are some members of the society who are understood to be opposed to this innovation.

### A WOMAN'S OFFER.

Mrs. Harvey, of Shanklin, has made an offer to the Girls' Friendly Society upon conditions easy to be met. She has promised to hand over a seaside convalescent home, capable of containing 100 beds, and completely furnished, ready for occupation, if a ground-rent of £40 a year is guaranteed. Revelations of the sweating system, and woman's pay in the ordinary labour market, tend to make one almost impatient of mere "philanthropic" acts. Attention to the roots rather than to the results of the existing evils is what is wanted. But until the happy time comes when the circumstances of a working-girl's life make for health and independence, rather than for disease and prostitution, such a kindly offer as that of Mrs. Harvey deserves appreciation, and, where possible, the flattery of imitation.

### HER PART OF IT

The late Mr. Blaine's success in politics is said to have been largely due to the tactful help and talents of his wife. It was at her suggestion that he took the step which inaugurated a highly distinguished career. She advised him to give up mathematics for journalism, and so paved the way to his election as the Speaker of the Maine Legislature, and ultimately to the position of Senator and candidate for the Presidency. The *Fall Mall Gazette* ungrudgingly accords Mrs. Blaine the credit due to her, and which must be particularly welcome in her present bereavement.

### HOW TO BUILD.

Members of the Architectural Association heard some sensible remarks—and otherwise—last week, when Mr. Sydney Vacher delivered his lecture on suburban houses. The interior of the residence, he maintained, was of the first importance, the exterior being able to take care of itself. He advocated a cosy kitchen, with the window so arranged that one could comfortably sit at it and work. Thousands of domestic servants who slave all day in damp, underground, artificially-lighted kitchens, and sleep at night in some little ill-ventilated cupboard-room adjoining, will heartily echo this idea. Its realisation would mean a new lease of life for them, a new moral and intellectual nature, even! Mr. Vacher was justly criticised for upholding the too common doctrine that if sitting-rooms are large and airy the bedrooms may be left to take their chance. When men reason like this the need of women architects is more than ever apparent.

### A WOMAN LABOUR CORRESPONDENT.

The appointment of Miss Clara E. Collett to the post of Labour Correspondent for Women in the new Labour Department is a most satisfactory selection on the part of the head of that department. From the time she left the North London Collegiate School, where she received her early education, her career has been both brilliant and successful. In 1880 she was one of the first four ladies who obtained the B.A. of London, and six years later she took her M.A. degree, having meanwhile won the Joseph Hume Political Economy scholarship. She has always taken a great interest in educational matters and in questions affecting the employment of women. While thus engaged she collected a vast amount of information respecting the conditions under which women worked in the East End of London, and from this material contributed one of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour in East London." She is a determined reformer of existing abuses, and in this capacity may be expected to do good service in the new department to which she has just been appointed.—*Daily Chronicle*.

It is said that the movement in Russia to establish a Medical College for Women was defeated by the ministers of religion, who claim that the study of medicine by women leads to Nihilism and Materialism.

### WHAT IS WANTED?

Adriana Marcello, one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy, has just died. That her interests and time were not entirely absorbed in attendance upon royalty is evident from the fact that she made it a part of her life-work to revive the lace industry at Venice, and founded a large institution with that object. Those who have lived in the sunny South and have become personally acquainted with the working classes of Italy will feel that something much more than a revival of the feminine art of lace-making (!) is needed for the women of Italy. It is sad, indeed, to see how the advance movement has scarcely touched the shores of this lovely land, which once boasted a "Mistress of the World."

### HIS "BLOTTER."

"A lady disguised herself as a blotting-pad." This was a fact which occurred at the Covent Garden Theatre fancy dress ball last week. It would be interesting to trace how the idea originated. Possibly the lady in question had noticed how frequently men require that women should play the part of blotting-pad to their particular notions of social, political, and even religious matters. But the days are fast going by when such an absurdity will be tolerated. Women will refuse to absorb the creeds of men; they will write their own.

### THE TRUE MEANING OF IT.

"I can't quite make it out, but it seems to me it's polygamy for you men and nothing for us," said a lady, after hearing the Marquis of Queensberry's much-discussed lecture last week on "Marriage, and the Relation of the Sexes." And she was right. The Marquis argued in favour of "a certain plurality of marriage," which, in plain language means, that he wants a man to be free to take as many wives as he wishes, of course being independent of the trouble and expense of a divorce court; but wives—well, their part would seem to be voluntarily to admit other women into union with their husbands, and if it should happen that they desire to take to themselves new husbands, "that can be done by obtaining a divorce." It is a remarkable fact that the storm of disapproval which has followed the lecture is concerned mainly with the immorality and want of religion which it is alleged would result from the practice of such sex relationships as are advocated. As an example of openly avowed sex bias, hardly anyone takes the trouble to condemn it. Yet such, before all things else, it most certainly was.

### THE LUST OF GOLD.

THE greed of ambition, the love of power, and the desire of conquest have stirred dark depths in human nature; but for many reasons the scope of these three passions has been more limited, and their play on the largest stage has been less deadly than the sway of the lust of gold. It is, of course, impossible that in the history of so widespread a disease no incidental benefits to races and individuals have accrued, but the aggregate result is more terribly evil than that of wars, pestilence, or famine.

Money, as we understand it to-day, is itself a necessary product of our evil system. If people are to scramble for the comforts of life, to fight with each other in eager and pitiless competition for the privilege of exploiting the labour of their fellows, it is natural that this power should be represented by some fitting symbol—some glittering medal which may designate the owner's triumph in the fray.

Bulwer Lytton suggested long ago that the false emblem of the saint subduing the dragon, which appears on the sovereign, should be reversed, for in the use of the coin it more frequently happens that the dragon conquers the saint. The use of money is, however, a minor consideration. How one spends money depends very largely upon how it was obtained, and this is the essential point. Those who by fraud and selfishness obtain wealth are indeed unlikely to exercise altruism in its expenditure, and when they do expend money on public objects such as those to which Mr. Carnegie subscribed, the receivers become in a measure contaminated by the gift.

In the final analysis, all money represents the command of labour. Unless the possessors of money could, to the extent of their possession, control the work of those without wealth, all the millionaires in the world would be as poor as the inhabitant of the poorest slum in Stepney. If only this fact were known and publicly recognised in every monetary transaction, the workers would, certainly, soon put their omnipotent veto upon a course which is now relentlessly pursued behind the glamour of the glittering coin.

Meanwhile the lust for the possession of the lives and liberties of the workers goes on apace. The lust of gold has entered almost everywhere—statesmen, preachers, editors, authors, even poets, have come under its withering spell. The lawyer, "eloquently misrepresenting facts," as Ruskin says, has a keen glance towards the guineas marked on his

brief; the candidate for Parliamentary honours thinks of the remunerative directorships open to all who can sign their names followed by the magic letters M.P.; the Church is full of men whose eyes are always open for a more highly paid corner of the vineyard. *Vox fortuna, vox Dei*.

Besides these can we not almost weep for the innumerable struggling tradesmen, the small manufacturers, the hand-to-mouth professional men, all of whom strive after the success which will probably never be theirs?

All these classes might have some share of life's enjoyment, some pleasure in their work, and the prospect of a little rest before the final silence of the tomb, if only they would join their fellows whose work they want one day to be able to exploit. Competition cannot grant them relief—only union can save them from the elusive desire which urges them on towards unattainable wealth.

When will these people learn what they lose by the lust of gold? When has taken possession of the human breast there is no room for any nobler passion. The voice of nature is dumb, the instinct of affection is eradicated, and man becomes a machine, a human money chest.

### THE SUPREME RANK OF LABOUR.

#### "LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

Come all who towards labour indifferent have stood,  
Enlist in the army of workers for good;  
If the van or the rear or the ranks give you call,  
There's only one duty and purpose for all;  
The good of the whole, not the few or the one,  
Giving justice to all, injustice to none.

Will ye longer be slaves and servants to laws  
Which stand on false tenets and widen the flaws  
That mar and disfigure our social régime  
And make it a wrong and iniquitous scheme,  
A scheme where a moneyed and privileged class  
Are advantaged above the labouring mass?

All labour, when useful, claims equal esteem,  
And stands as the law and the factor supreme  
In the weaving and plaiting of social life's threads,  
Be it labour of hands or labour of heads.  
Then recognise labour of every degree  
As honourable, dignified, equal, and free.

Let each individual worker refrain,  
Whether skill'd or unskill'd, from seeking self-gain,  
At the cost of another's distress in the strife,  
In the march, in the hope, in the struggle for life.  
Let the strong help the weak, not with them compete,  
For in union there's strength, in division defeat.

Rise, Labour majestic, be righteous in wrath,  
And insolent indolence sweep from thy path.  
March, army of industry, intelligent, just,  
And crush the usurping of Capital's lust;  
Stay the one man monopoly, spurn property greed,  
And pledge to all, means, to meet equally, need.

See ye not, workers all, that on labour alone  
Rests capital, property, classes, and throne;  
That the wealth, and the power, from beginning to end,  
Of the national life, on your labour depend;  
And yet ye are scorn'd by those whom ye feast,  
And of labour's results ye are reapers of least.

Amalgamate, therefore, be united in one,  
Organise, organise, be subservient to none  
But your own party's voice and your own party's will;  
Reverse the old methods, new orders fulfil,  
Where the national, social, imperial élat,  
Is the issue of labour's grand *coup d'état*.

That *coup d'état*, which is first to proclaim  
That each one at birth does inherit the same  
Right to existence, and is entitled to reach  
What will meet the necessities common to each,  
Which proclaims that, while want and poverty are,  
All luxury's crime, all affluence war,

That the earth and the fulness thereof is for all  
Who answer to labour's imperative call;  
That sufficient to each is offered, no more  
And no less than enough from the natural store  
Is intended to any; that 'tis man who creates  
The conditions of poor and rich, as estates.

ROWLAND BUXTON.

Mrs. Samson, author of *Why Women should be Secularists* (recently noticed in our columns), asks us to state that she will deliver a lecture in the Hall of Science, Old-street, City-road, on Sunday evening, February 5th, at 8 o'clock. Subject: "Is the Bible the Friend of Woman?" She will be glad if readers of *SHAFTS* who are interested in this question will endeavour to be present.



## UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

## SYNDICATE FOR LOCAL LECTURES. SUMMER MEETING, 1893.

THE fourth summer meeting will be held at Cambridge, from Saturday, July 29th, to Saturday, August 26th, 1893, and will be open to all *bona fide* University Extension Students. Persons engaged in the profession of teaching and holders of certificates, which in the opinion of the syndicate show that the holder is capable of profiting by the opportunities offered, will also be admitted.

In extending so general an invitation the syndicate have thought it desirable to provide for two main classes of students, those whose chief interest is in the results and methods of natural science, and those whose bent is rather historical and literary. Students will be asked to declare beforehand which line they prefer to follow, and invited to give their chief attention to the corresponding part of the programme.

The work will accordingly be divided into two main sections and a general group. Tickets will admit to the general group and to the lectures in one of the main sections.

On former occasions students have been expected to stay the whole month, and no provision has been made for those who might be unable to spare so much time. It is thought that this has proved a serious impediment to many of those whom the syndicate would wish to see at Cambridge. This impediment, it is believed, may be removed without in any way interfering with the work of those who are able to stay to the end of the meeting. The syndicate have therefore decided to make the work of the first fortnight so far as possible complete in itself. In each of the main sections the course of study will be arranged to extend over the whole month, but there will be a natural break after August 12th. The lectures of the miscellaneous group will also, for the most part, be given in the first fortnight.

On Saturday, July 29th, the inaugural lecture will be given by R. C. Jebb, M.P., Litt.D., Regius Professor of Greek.

Work will begin on Monday, July 31st.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

## HORSE PROTECTION LEAGUE.

MADAM,—I rejoice to hear that a league is to be started for the protection of horses. May I suggest that there is another class of yet more cruelly oppressed animals, who seem to be absolutely friendless, and that is donkeys? Thoughtlessness is, I am sure, the cause of a great deal of the misery inflicted on them. But we need to have public opinion roused on their behalf. The fact that their name is used as an expression of contempt does much to harden people's feelings towards them. It is not only by kicks and blows alone that they suffer. Here, in the country, they are turned out in fields for the night, no matter how bitter the cold, and have to find food as they can—the grass often covered with snow; which they must melt by their breath before they can reach it. They get rheumatism in their legs, and you see them stiff and tender when moving; yet just as heavy a load is given them. To me it is simply inexplicable that any woman can help protesting at their sufferings. Our sex has endured just the same cruelty and injustice for all these hundreds of years; should we not sympathise beyond all others?

Could we arouse public opinion as was done in the case of bear and bull baiting, men and boys would be ashamed of their cruelty.

Of all those who are fighting for the cause of suffering creatures, I would also entreat by word and deed to open other women's eyes to the horrors of "sport" in all its forms, especially to do everything possible to prevent women following the hounds, and attending coursing meetings. I remember in one of Dr. Anna Kingsford's papers, when speaking as an anti-vivisectionist, saying that as she thought of the horrors of the practice against which she worked, the whole atmosphere seemed poisoned to her, and I think this is just what we feel when we see acts of cruelty which we are powerless to prevent.

If women would only have the courage to risk being sworn at and insulted, and to speak out when they see ill-treatment of any animal in the road. But so many are afraid, and yet is not silence at wrong-doing condoning it?

Faithfully yours,  
MARGARET E. J. WATSON.

P.S.—May I add one word of warning to those who are in the habit of leaving horses at inn stables for an hour or more? Ladies usually order the horses to be given corn. It is best to go yourself, and look at the food supplied. Old horses with bad teeth eat very slowly, so that very often they have hardly been able to get through more than a few mouthfuls when given hard and dry chaff—a thing constantly given them—though it looks as though they were having a good meal. Also, in warm, dry weather, often they cannot eat because they are thirsty, and the food is taken away with the idea that they are not hungry, so they suffer from both hunger and thirst. I only venture to make these simple suggestions to those who have not been used to horses and their ways, nor to the ways of country ostlers.

## HATS OFF.

DEAR MADAM,—I trust that among your many correspondents there may be a sufficient number interested in the matter to thoroughly thresh out the very vexed question of "hats off" in places of public entertainment. I grant the time is not ripe for women to appear with heads uncovered in our churches, for the *dictum theologium* which has condemned us for centuries to wear a head-dress intended, in the first instance, as a badge of inferiority still exists in the form of a custom too strong to be yet overthrown. Apart from this, women's headgear (except in occasional cases) is not the unmitigated nuisance in church or chapel that it is in theatres, concert and lecture halls.

The pulpit in most of our places of worship is so elevated that the preacher is generally (not always) above the level of the nodding plumes in the pew in front, and those who care to watch the facial expression of the preacher may do so with no more inconvenience than an occasional crick of the neck. Moreover, our churches are not often so crowded that it is impossible to shift one's position when a bonnet of undue proportions obstructs the view. But it is in places of public entertainment that the thoughtless selfishness of middle-class women comes out in full force. Women of position in society do appear with their heads uncovered. Mrs. (or Miss) Dowson "thinks she sees herself untying her bonnet," and—putting her own meaning upon her words—so do I, for it is in these little matters of fashion that women think so little of the rights of others. It can surely never occur to them that the elaborate millinery concoctions which tower above their piled-up hair and spread out in fashionable halos of brim over their shoulders, effectually screen singers, speakers, and actors from those who sit behind them.

The *crux* of the whole matter is this—hats and bonnets worn for show—"confections" (I believe, dear Editor, that is the correct term)—confections suitable for the park, for calls, for at homes, are completely out of place, and therefore vulgar, if worn where they are a nuisance to anyone else. They are in direct contravention of the one great rule which should guide us all—"Do unto others as you would others should do to you." There is no need for a woman to "nurse her bonnet" during meetings. Many years ago I adopted the plan of providing myself with light felt or silk hats for concerts and theatres. They are warm and comfortable for out-of-door wear, are sufficiently *comme il faut* to excite no comment, and are so uncrushable that they can be stowed away in the pocket or laid in one's lap without damage.

Dear madam,  
Yours fraternally,  
MARY POPE.

## MAN'S JUSTICE.

DEAR MADAM,—The shameless outrage perpetrated on Mrs. Jenkins, of Clynderwen, will, I hope, urge women on to more strenuous efforts for justice. The reason given for this outrage is the unchastity of Mrs. Jenkins; and why, I should like to know, was her companion in guilt not subjected to the same treatment? Because, in the eye of man, she had no companion in guilt. An unchaste man is not a guilty man, it is the woman that sins with him that is guilty—very often the woman he leads into sin, and at whom, shielding himself behind his "divine right to do wrong," he then points the finger of shame, and pushing her lingering foot from the ladder of hope, sees her sink to the level of the "unfortunates." And who are the "unfortunates"? They are the women who live a life of sin and shame and ignominy, that our brothers, our fathers, our husbands, and our sons may live a life of sin without shame and ignominy. The shame and ignominy is in reality shared by those women of pure life who condone, perforce or otherwise, the sins of men. But the consequence of no act is avoided; wherever and whenever it be, the penalty will be paid by the guilty party, and very terrible is this thought, not in regard to this crime only.

It would take a great deal to make me believe that the men who committed this cowardly assault are themselves of pure life. "Let him that is without sin amongst you cast the first stone" is a command it is convenient to forget, along with many others laid on us by One Whose purity is unimpeached.

To pure and good and open-minded men the event of which I write will be more humiliating even than to women. Us it embitters, and naturally; but a right-minded man it must shame. Though not unmindful of the efforts of such towards inducing a purer life, yet I think they might well be more outspoken on a subject which it is so far more difficult for a woman to champion than for a man.

Yours truly,  
ELEANOR M. BEEBY.

## A WARNING TO INDEPENDENT UNMARRIED WOMEN.

DEAR MADAM,—Will you print my letter in your strong true woman's paper? All joy is taken from the life of the woman I describe. I was struck with her subdued, sad, timid manner. Such lives should be a warning to other women not to seek for marriage as the only thing in life. If women will carefully think things over, their present difficulties will gradually wear away, and be replaced by advantages.

I now give my illustration:—A woman had a hairdresser's business, and she did very well indeed. A hairdresser proposes, and marries her, and she finds "that he insists on her only looking after his house, and minding the shop when he is absent." He gets sulky and savage if she attends to lady customers' heads of hair, and thereby gains a little (much needed) pocket-money for herself. She has enjoyed independence for some few years, and now she is roughly spoken to and given work to do by an ill-tempered task-master, who is always about her, giving her no chance of being able to take up a favourite book or a woman's paper, or do anything without being watched and pulled up by him.

She has three children, who are some comfort to her at times, though the father tries his best to spoil them, and make them cheeky to her. I think this example shows that a "different" business is best for a husband and wife, and one that takes him away clear for the day from home affairs and her.

A. E. O.

## THE WISDOM PRINCIPLE AND THE LOVE PRINCIPLE.

DEAR MADAM,—May I say a few words on the subject of "A. L.'s" letter in *SHAFTS* of January 28th? I entirely agree with your note to that letter, where you say that the idea of man being the representative of the wisdom principle tends to retard, and that no creature can be perfect without both principles (*i.e.*, wisdom and love). If we look at the highest lives we know of—the lives of those who have laboured most and sacrificed most to make life better for their fellow-creatures—we see that, whether the lives are those of women or of men, the power that has moved them has been love. No mere intellectual perception of evil suffices; one's heart must ache for the sufferer before one endeavours to alleviate the suffering. The love principle must be in each individual who strives to live for "humanity's salvation." That "the perfect type of love is (necessarily) woman," that it is only "the ever-womanly" that "draws us on," is surely a man's idea. It must certainly be love that "draws us on," if anything can do so; but the type may differ for each individual; it may be childhood or age, manhood or womanhood; it must depend for each human being on what she or he has deeply loved—on where each has seen the divine that is in humanity, shine with the brightest and steadiest light. And to the highest characters all types would be alike.

In regard to the wisdom principle, one can scarcely look without prejudice at the lives of many women without perceiving that this principle is in woman's nature just as in man, and she cannot afford to stifle it or ignore it. However much we may have leaned on others, and endeavoured to shake off responsibilities, there come times in our lives when we find that we are alone. We have to make decisions, it may be on matters of life and death, and we must make them alone. We find that there are responsibilities which cannot be shaken off or shared; we must bear them alone. And in our most crushing sorrows we are always alone; and sorely do we need all the strength and all the light that can be drawn from any divine principle that may be within us, for from without there comes no light and no help. If any principle inherent in human nature, and necessary to the happiness and powers of usefulness of each individual, is systematically stifled or neglected, the whole nature must suffer, and the happiness and usefulness of each be incalculably lessened.

Yours truly, E. LOTHIAN.

DEAR MADAM,—Can you send one or two back numbers of *SHAFTS* that contain an account of Miss Sharpe's school at Highgate? I always post my copy of *SHAFTS* to a friend, and a German friend writes from Germany of it: "Each line breathes humanity and freedom. No narrow ideas; no hypocrisy. Do send me a copy now and again."

Believe me, yours sincerely, E. B.

## IN RE "ENFORCED MATERNITY."

DEAR MADAM,—With reference to the subject of enforced maternity, I think an immense improvement in the social and physical health of the people would result if the matter were more thought of and understood. Women should be taught that by bringing children into the world when suffering from weakness or chronic disease they are doing society and themselves a grave wrong. Having more children than they have strength to manage and work for is both a cause and result of the unjust chaotic state of society to-day. If it became impossible for middle and upper-class wives to obtain servants and nurses for their children, I think we should soon see an effect on the number of births in many families. But there are two things which don't enter into the list of accomplishments taught our modern misses and future mothers. These are honesty and justice. Girls of the classes mentioned are encouraged to reason thus (in the spare moments when unoccupied with "deportment," "religious history," &c.): "Well, if I do unfortunately happen to have a lot of children I shall just take care to have nurses, and leave them alone." Then these accomplished ignoramus marry, go on producing children indefinitely, and throw all the labour connected with them on to some unfortunate girls or women whom Providence, or, to speak more exactly, our capitalistic system, has placed at their mercy. Far from taking this view of the matter, and admitting the barbarity of the position, the lady will tell you, plaintively or complacently, that she deems herself a benefactor to the race. "Here are all these children wanting attention; here am I, delicate and, perhaps, expecting more;" and here is the excellent invention of the servant class, piously and patiently waiting for an engagement. The position would be absurd were it not disgusting. There are cases where a woman may need help. Her health may fail, and there be no assistance of relatives at hand. She may have such undoubted genius that the devotion of her time to the service of humanity by its expression, is imperative. But it is only justifiable when it is asked for and rewarded in a right and just spirit, as between sisters and equals. If a woman or man whose help we need is not our equal, that is not their fault; and it is removable by an equality of advantages. At present we utilise their ignorance and inferior circumstances to "grind them in the mill," as the greatest writer of to-day puts it.

Then, may I be allowed a word as to the "dress" discussion, which I see peeping over the horizon of your paper? I am in agreement with the writer who says no sensible woman will wear a crinoline—that is, no woman of average good sense. I think the amount and extent of a person's (especially a woman's) intellectual development may be fairly gauged by its expression in her habits and dress. Such women as Mary Wolstonecraft, George Eliot, and Harriet Martineau showed their strength of mind by calm disdain and disregard of extravagant styles or unhealthy developments in dress. I am surprised to find anyone writing like "Marie," in an advanced paper like *SHAFTS*. She says, "We shall wear the crinoline, though we may grumble, and no matter how conducive to ill-health, &c., it may be. I beg to differ from her. Only those women and girls will wear it who are slaves to vulgar opinion, and I am thankful to say

there are a few left who are not in that contemptible condition. One is astonished to find Mrs. Fawcett, even, stating that if she found that not to wear a crinoline caused a crowd to gather when she appeared in the street, she supposed she would give in and wear one.

Why a brave and enlightened woman should submit to wear what she must despise at the bidding of a vulgar crowd is beyond my comprehension. This same stupid, unreasoning, and brutal British crowd will not let a solitary woman wear in peace the comfortable ugly dress which men are privileged to wear. But it will allow woman to indulge, in her dress, in cruelty, vulgarity, and absolute indecency. She may scavenge the street pavements with the trailing skirts, which some of the weaker-minded have been coerced into wearing. She may empty the forests of singing-birds that she may fasten their little corpses in the folds of her hair, her hat, or her dress. She may crush the most vital organs of her body within a steel compress until the surgeons may have to operate to separate them. (I knew of a lovely girl who died under such an operation, necessitated by wearing tight stays.) She may sit beneath the gaze of strange men in a dress, or half-dress—which would be more modest if it were entirely absent—but this tyrannical, half-savage crowd, which English women elect to obey, will gaze on all this with wide-mouthed admiration, and say she shall not be allowed to wear a decent, healthy, simple dress. I cannot say all I would like on the subject, but for the present those of us who have strength of mind to defy and despise fashions which don't happen to be healthy or beautiful—they can be, and are, both sometimes—and who have not time or means to fuss about a particular rational dress, can easily satisfy the necessities of the case by simple means. Without being what is called very strong, I have for the last ten years found my comfort without corsets increased immensely. As I was not born a cripple, I need no such artificial support. As I find walking in a dirty town with a dull atmosphere sufficiently trying without any additional and unnecessary burden, I wear no skirts. The warm woollen combination garment, with a modification of the masculine (?) knickerbocker in a warm material, and its ungracefulness concealed by a dress (all in one piece) quite away from the floor, is what seems to me the best we can do at present in the way of rational dress.

Yours truly, A YOUNG MATRON.

## ONE OR TWO ARGUMENTS.

DEAR MADAM,—All success to your Horse Protection League. Only yesterday something caused me to note the various abuses, miseries, cruelties, &c., *ad lib.*, which were on my path up Park-lane. No horse without blinkers, almost all bitted up to a tight bearing rein, and some suffering from sores, some being beaten, &c., &c. If every woman who has given thought to this matter, because of the love in her heart which rebels against cruelty of every kind, would but resolve to reason her best, and think out her best (*for thought is more powerful than action*) with and at her friends who possess horses and place tight bearing reins on them, surely before long there would be fewer equine martyrs in our parks and streets, all over the United Kingdom. . . . If only horses could give tongue, our streets would be a hell of horrible sounds! In my experience a driver asked not to thrash his horse has hardly ever touched him again with the whip during the rest of the drive. Then a kind pat to the horse and some cheery words to it, and a sentence to the driver as to his horse being one of the best friends he has in the world, go a very long way often towards tender treatment of his beast. People who are advocates of the Horse Protection League should refuse to employ both blinkers and bearing-reins. But how often is it that wondrous inconsistencies are to be met with—even a letter to a paper in the morning, against cruelty to animals; and tight bearing reins used in the afternoon! That there are some horses (whose mouths are very "heavy") almost impossible for a weak-wristed woman to handle in a crowd without bearing reins (slack ones) is true, but every woman who pretends to be a driver should not use such without judging of their adjustment to a nicety—*i.e.*, that her horses should but just feel them; otherwise she should not attempt to drive them in crowded streets. A horse always answers soonest to the lightest hand.

Touching another point in your correspondence column. Will not some other correspondents give their views anent the question of restaurants run by women suited to meet the needs of all classes?

Next, why do not more women who are forced in one way or another to work for their livelihood, and who can afford to do so, insure themselves against accidents? Lately, at one well-known assurance office, this reply was given to a lady who wished to insure herself: "Oh, we only insure men, not women."

Lastly, we fail to see how "the idea that man is the representative of the wisdom principle" should "tend to retard." Perhaps it is forgotten that mankind were formerly, even on the material plane, dualities in unity. In the present "expression" of humanity they are not so; therefore, till this is again the case in the evolution and involution of nature on this plane of illusion, man, as separate from woman in materiality, would represent "Wisdom," and woman "Love"; but the "perfect" unity, spoken of in "Editor's Note," is not—yet! Positive and negative, fire and water, sun and moon, male and female different, yet in the essence one, light and darkness, all dualities on the material planes, yet one whole—Divinity! Differences in *expression*, and only cognised by our senses as separate. Sex is but "temporary"—in that the ego must pass through all experiences.

Yours, A———L.

[We are sorry to disagree with our correspondents in print, and never do so save on a point the teaching of which we feel is likely to do harm. We disagree entirely with the idea that man represents the wisdom principle. It is, of course, not possible to assert on either side, as we are all students only, and cannot know as yet. But if wisdom is represented only on one side to us, it would seem that woman is the representative. Certainly the results of man's rule in the world would not lead us to the conclusion of our correspondent.—Ed.]



## LOVE AND WISDOM.

DEAR MADAM,—As you invite comments on "A. L.'s" letter in SHAFTS of January 28th, I trouble you with a few words. I find, however, that it is first to support your note to the letter that I am moved to write.

With you, I am very sure that in assigning to man wisdom and to woman love, we retard progress. We thus retard the enfranchisement of woman, the enlightenment of man. If woman represents the love principle there must be something for her to love—something worthy to command love—and can a being guided solely by wisdom be said to be such? Again, with what feelings is Wisdom to regard her? What also is she capable of inspiring in him? Love exists in the very foolish, but these are not they who command our highest respect. This is one precise reason why women have been despised of men. They have loved, but without wisdom. And are we to perpetuate this? Of course, I apprehend that "A. L." and others of this mode of thought refer to a high development of love—to intuition—and that she does not intend to assert woman to be devoid of brain and man devoid of heart, but only that these should be developed in different degrees in the two sexes. But whatever seedlings implanted in our nature may grow to a spreading tree, and, as I hope and believe, God never intended that one-half of humanity should encourage the growth of one of these twin attributes of Divinity to the denial and suppression of the other.

These are points on which we feel, rather than are possessed of, certainty, but my own sympathies have ever been with the idea that perfection shall be sought by each individual—perfection that is of each and every worthy attribute—and I therefore am entirely with you in feeling that no creature can attain this condition without the equal development of both love and wisdom within him or herself. Whether sex is temporary, or whether, as some of us hope, life is ever dual, and God yet to be revealed to us as Mother no less than Father, we have yet to learn.

Yours truly, ELEANOR M. BEEBEY.

## IN RE DOSSERS' PALACE.

MADAM,—After reading the account of the Dossers' Palace, which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of January 30th, I went to see it.

The London County Council have done their work splendidly. The amount of care and skill displayed in providing such comfort and convenience for the housing of poor working or out-of-work men for the charge of 5d. a night is deserving of all praise. But the point I want to bring before the consideration of your readers is this:—If the London County Council have done so well for men, should we not ask them now to do the same for women? The councillors are all men. They have understood and thought of the needs for men; should not we women, many of us electors of those councillors, press upon them the fact that women's needs for decent and cheap lodgings are the same, and deserve equal consideration? I am sure if they are asked to consider this matter in a way which the urgency of the case demands, they will take steps to comply with our request.

If all your readers who agree with me will take the simple trouble of sending me a post-card, signed with their name and address and stating "I wish the need for a lodging-house for women to be pressed on the London County Council," I will immediately convey their wishes and my own to the chairman of the London County Council, and I have little doubt but that I shall have a favourable report to give of the reception of our communications. County Councils require to be instructed on all points of the needs of the women of the nation. I do hope your readers will respond to my appeal and support my view of the situation by thousands of signatures and expressed wishes.

Yours faithfully, LAURA E. MORGAN-BROWNE.

## HORSE PROTECTION LEAGUE.

DEAR MADAM,—I am a business woman and generally considerably over-worked, but I have for years taken so much interest in horses that I should be glad to join your League if I can be of any use—though I can't afford much time or money.

My ideas are the dissemination, if possible, of literature bearing on the abolition of horse shoes, bearing-reins, and blinkers, also some simple physiological work on the formation of a horse's leg, foot, and hoof.

Hoping to hear that the League will soon be in full swing,

Yours faithfully, O. H. TAYLOR.

## ENFORCED MATERNITY.—A CORRECTION.

DEAR MADAM,—I desire to thank your correspondent, "Knowledge," for calling my attention to an inexcusable slip of the pen in my article headed "Enforced Maternity." Instead of saying "It is fatuous to deny that women are passionate," I intended to express that it is idle to assert that women are not passionate. It is a physiological truth that some women and a few men are lacking in sexual emotion. But, as "Knowledge" points out, to deny that women in the aggregate are irresponsible to a powerful and beautiful instinct is "at variance with the known facts of the entire social history of woman, past and present."

GEORGEY MORTIMER.

NOTE.—More space than usual has been given to letters this week as they are important, but several must still be held over till next week.

The Home Secretary says that personally he has always been a supporter of every movement to extend the area of female employment. And most wonderful sentiment to emanate from a man, he admits the existence of a peculiar knowledge—which, without complaint and without injury, a woman necessarily has as to the wants of her own sex. It is to be hoped, however, that the new women inspectors when they set to work will not too much depend upon this "intuitive and instinctive" knowledge. For plain answers and straightforward answers are the most sensible, reliable media of communication for both women and men.

## ANSWERS TO LEGAL QUESTIONS AFFECTING WOMEN.

A "Legal Column" will for the future be devoted to answering brief questions upon "Women's Law." Correspondents desirous of information upon subjects in which there is a liability to litigation, or in which legal proceedings are pending, should write a clear statement of their case on one or more sheets of foolscap (written on one side only with a broad margin), and enclose it in a letter to the Editor with the proper postage stamps affixed and the words "Legal Editor" on the left-hand corner. It will be forwarded and the answer will appear in an early issue.

The subjects should relate to Legal Questions affecting the rights and liabilities of Women in respect to Marriage Settlements, Interests under Wills, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, Hiring Agreements, Bankruptcy, Creditor and Debtor, Landlord and Tenant, Matrimonial or Divorce Law, Liabilities on Shares of Joint Stock Companies, Contracts with Servants, etc., Money in Chancery, or unclaimed Dividends in the Bank of England.

## No. I.—HIRE-PURCHASE AGREEMENTS.

"Ada" has purchased furniture of the nominal value of £12, against which amount she has paid £9 15s. by instalments under an hire-purchase agreement, and having fallen into arrears with the balance of £2 15s., the hiree, under a clause of his agreement (presumably in her absence), breaks open the door and forcibly removes the furniture upon the ground that the legal possession does not vest in the hirer until the whole of the purchase money is paid. "Ada" wants to know if the hiree is possessed of the power of breaking into her house to retake possession of his goods, and if she has any remedy. "Ada" has two remedies. First, the simplest way is to tender £2 15s., the balance due to the creditor, when he will, if he is properly advised, deliver up the goods seized. He may, however, under the usual hiring (!) clause of his agreement, have sold the goods, and in this event he will bring in a counterclaim for expenses, leaving the hirer in his debt. Should this be the case, "Ada's" remedy, secondly, is to sue him in the County Court for "money had and received by the defendant for the use of the plaintiff and for failure of consideration." The amount sued for should be the money paid—£9 15s.—and damages for trespass—say £10 10s. When the case comes on for trial "Ada" should employ a smart solicitor who practises in the County Court, or employ counsel. The furniture dealer would produce his agreement, which will contain what is called a "leave and license" clause authorising the hirer to forcibly retake possession in case of default. Such clause cannot be enforced at law where it involves a trespass, and if the servants of the hirer obtained improper access to your premises to remove what was undoubtedly his own property he is liable for trespass. If "Ada" was deprived of furniture by means of a "tort," even though she was in arrear, she can recover as "damages" the £9 15s.

This question of hire-purchase agreements is in a most unsatisfactory position. Since the Bills of Sale Acts (1878 and 1882) came into operation, money lenders have been prevented from swooping down upon their victims at a moment's notice under the iniquitous clauses of their mortgage deeds, and they migrated into the hire-purchase system. They can make any agreements they like, and the hirers are too poor to fight the question upon appeal from a County Court to a Divisional Court. When anyone is bold enough to take this course these hire-purchase agreements will be declared invalid, either on the ground that the hirer has acquired an equitable interest in the goods, or that the agreements relied upon are properly bills of sale, and void for want of registration. If any of our readers have suffered substantial injustice from this system, and will forward us details we will privately advise them as to a remedy.

## MARRIED WOMAN'S PROPERTY ACTS.

The correspondent who has not supplied her name or initials and who is afflicted with an unfortunate husband, inquires whether she can sell her furniture and put the money in her pocket without the risk of being dragged up before a magistrate on the charge of stealing her husband's property, as was the case lately where a husband wished to prosecute his wife before Mr. Lane, Q.C., a Metropolitan magistrate. Our correspondent says that if she does not sell the property her husband will do so, as he is drunken and worthless. In reply: if the furniture belongs to the wife and has been acquired since 1881, or under some circumstances since 1870 by the gift of friends, or by bequest, or by her own personal earnings, she can dispose of it without the consent of her husband, and if he sells it no property can pass in the goods if she gives notice that it is her own separate estate. Should the husband attempt, or even threaten, to sell it, the wife should make a short affidavit and take it to the County Court judge, who will then grant an injunction restraining the husband from disposing of the goods. She must head the affidavit "In the matter of the Married Woman's Property Acts, 1870 and 1882," and also in the matter of Janet Smith (wife), plaintiff, against John Smith (husband), defendant. She will have to issue a plaint out of the County Court against her husband to allow an injunction to be granted, but it will be effective and cheap. The ordinary method is to issue a writ in the High Court and obtain an injunction in Judges' Chambers upon an *ex-parte* application, but under a limited amount (£50 in contract and £500 in equity) the County Courts have equal power with the High Court, although it is hardly ever exercised. So much for the wife's remedy where the furniture is her own property. In the converse case, where the goods are legally the property of the husband, a wife, as her husband's agent, may sell domestic furniture to any person who will acquire a good title with it, provided he has not received *express notice* that the wife has no authority to sell it. It may be a marital but it is not a legal offence, excepting under one condition, and then it becomes larceny. Where a wife lives a chaste life she is the implied agent of her husband, and however unjustly she acts towards him, she is absolutely free from criminal responsibility.

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All copy sent to this Office must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only, and must arrive at the Office on Monday morning, or by twelve mid-day, at the latest, if intended for insertion in the current issue. Persons desirous of remuneration for MSS. must make previous arrangement in writing to that effect. Such arrangement cannot be made after the article is in print.

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