

# SHAFTS

## A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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### What the Editor means.

Do you fancy your labour lost—?  
Are you ready to try no more?  
For shame!—Faint Heart!  
Cheer up,—uneasy complaining one,  
No labour is lost.—

Matilda Sharpe.

Oh star of strength I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain,  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand  
And I am strong again.

Oh star of the unconquered will,  
\* \* \*

Serene, and resolute and still  
And calm and self-possesst.

Longfellow.

FOR two years, with little or no rest, SHAFTS and I have worked, endeavoured, striven together. See-saw, see-saw, now up, now down, SHAFTS and its Editor have gone on working almost night and day alone; we two against the tide. The one that was up ever cheered the one that was down, with an invigorating "Arise, look ahead!" And so we arose ever, buckled to renewed combat, and with renewed strength, for there was that in us which could not die. Many souls know how hard is the struggle, and how dark often is the way, of those who would enter upon the upward flight, but know that the struggle is to be won, the way made light; also, glad thought, they know that side by side with us, in our sorest strivings, runs ever, gladness and the light of unconquerable hope.

Many have helped; in small sums so far as money goes, in great outpourings of sympathy, and kindness, the strengthening power of which I can never tell. Before me as I write, lies a gift of ten shillings, just arrived, from whom I know not, no name, just these sweet words, "To dear and good Mrs. Sibthorp." How they warmed my heart this morning! I hope the sender will accept my earnest thanks, here given, for the impetus she has conveyed from her strong, kind spirit to mine, perhaps somewhat dejected (at present). I wanted, I said, £200, after which my course would be clear sailing, and I should trouble my readers no more. The £200 has not even *begun* to arrive, though I have watched the post-box anxiously. New subscribers have, however, come pouring in. But as it will take many 4s. to make £200, I have hit upon a plan to get free of my present fix, namely, to let one paper stand for two months,—making the paper somewhat larger than a single issue, until I have settled this difficulty. I may have to do so three times, possibly once will accomplish the purpose. But it is my only way, and SHAFTS *shall not die*. The number for January, 1895, will appear as usual, and will develop some new features. SHAFTS is making its way splendidly, but as it only appeals to thinkers, and as I am without funds, its way is necessarily slow. I have to thank most warmly the friend through whose generous gift it was first started, and many friends since, through whose accumulated gifts and warm sympathy I have been helped and encouraged. Also, with great joy I assure my readers

that the work of SHAFTS has prospered abundantly. On all sides, from far and near, by word or by letter, I receive most gracious, most gladdening assurance of this. If my subscribers will rally round me, help to make the paper known, and obtain other subscribers, make others read it, I have not one doubt that ere our new friend "Ninety Five" has arrived at the autumn of her existence, SHAFTS will look the whole world in the face, serene and strong in the knowledge of its power to do unhampered the work that it has before it, self-supporting and complete in the armour-proof of its vitality and continued existence.

So a time of joy and progress to all until we again congratulate each other and SHAFTS on a New Year well begun.

### An Obstacle.

I was climbing up a mountain path,  
With many things to do;  
Important business of my own  
And other people's too,  
When I ran against a Prejudice  
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,  
My path quite clearly showed;  
My strength and time were limited,  
I carried quite a load.  
And there that hulking Prejudice  
Sat, all across the road.

So I spoke to *him* politely,  
For he was huge, and high;  
I begged that he would move a bit  
And let me travel by.  
He smiled, but as for moving  
He didn't even try!

So then I reasoned quietly  
With that colossal mule:  
My time was short, no other path,  
The mountain winds were cool.  
I argued like a Solomon—  
He sat there like a fool.

And then, I begged him on my knees—  
I might be kneeling still,  
If so I hoped to move that mass  
Of obstinate ill-will!  
As well implore the Monument  
To vacate Bunker Hill.

So I sat before him helpless  
In an ecstasy of woe;  
The mountain mists were rising fast;  
The sun was sinking low,  
When a sudden inspiration came  
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick.  
My load I settled fair—  
I approached that awful incubus,  
With an absent-minded air—  
And I *walked directly through him*  
As if he wasn't there!

CHARLOTTE STETSON.

[The above in verse 7 expresses the policy of SHAFTS so well, it might have been written for the purpose.—Ed.]

## Pioneer Club Records.

"I can't tell the way on't, but nothing is so sure,  
Ez that principle kind o' gits spiled by exposure.  
A man thet lets all sorts o' folks get a sight on 't,  
Ought to hev it all took right away, every mite on 't,  
Ef he can't keep it all to himself when it's wise to,  
He aint one it's fit to trust nothin' so nice to."

SO writes James Russell Lowell, in *The Biglow Papers*. He must have meant, that to be always shouting out our principles may run the risk of having them "spiled by exposure." Human nature, too, is not so steadfast that its principles can always be worn on the outside. They want to be cherished warm within, to keep them alive and growing, yet not without their fresh air exercising either, lest they grow weak. The truth would seem to be, that the same laws of hygiene which hold good on the physical plane will tell equally in the case of principles. These laws expressed *in parvo* might run:—A reasonable supply of most things, not too much of anything. Principles, like everything else, must sometimes lie "to hum;" now and again, return to nest, not be always on the wing. When our principles are too frequently stated, they have a trick of ceasing to be our own, yet must they not be hidden, and so this word to the wise.

Now the Pioneer Club has stated its principles openly. Having done so, it wisely leaves the great world without—to which all things are known!—to find out more fully still, from its actions and its development, what these principles are, and for what end the Club has been established. When discovered, this same wise world may perchance the better express these by means of the daily press. Meanwhile, it will do neither the Club nor the public any harm to grow more firmly seated on the one hand, more teachable on the other.

"Debate night" is always hailed with delight by the Pioneers, and the debates grow in interest, in power, and in the choice aptness of the addresses and the discussions following. The first debate of this term was, "What amendment of the law is needed to secure the due punishment of wife beaters?" It was opened by Miss S. Crawford, and we give below a report of her address, being specially excellent.

On October the 25th it was debated "Whether the attitude taken by some advanced women towards men be calculated to injure women's best interests?" The Pioneers in discussion concluded that no attitude hostile to man was taken by advanced women anywhere, certainly not in the Pioneer Club. They deprecated the meaning of the term "advanced," as understood by the world, but said, that men must expect to hear some plain truths if they accepted invitations to women's clubs. They were rather surprised to find that men did not see in their very courteous admission to this WOMAN'S club, how much less exclusive women were than the men who charged them with exclusiveness, and yet allowed no women in their own clubs. The conclusion came to that night was in favour of the attitude of women, and against the idea conveyed in the wording of the title of that evening's debate. It was well, and humorously argued, but full of deep meanings withal.

"Can Realism in Literature be defended?" brought out many and diverse opinions of exceeding interest. It was curious to find the writings of Zola, for instance, condemned altogether by some and praised by others. Some went deeper down than the surface appearance of things, and saw the meanings lying there. Marie Corelli, Olive Schreiner, Hardy, Marion Crawford, and many others came in for severe criticism. It was good to be there. Nothing opens people's mental sight like hearing the thoughts and opinions of others so openly expressed.

"THE SIMPLE LIFE" did not seem to recommend itself quite so fully as might have been expected, as will be certainly, when our ideas on the point are more fully developed, and we understand that it does not mean returning to our ancestors' mode of life, nor yet dispensing with the many beautiful ideas and beautiful things, which civilization has rendered as necessary to us as the blanket of the savage is to that embryo human.

THE READING of "James Lee's Wife" produced a very animated discussion; the votes were in favour of the action taken by her in the great crisis of her life; also the Pioneers were fully awake to the necessity of woman having an entity of her own; a standing ground of her own; in fact, of each human being standing, as the Ego first, the social or united creature afterwards; that no life must be capable of being shattered by love, but must have its true strength within. Perhaps the most animated of all the debates this term, with the exception of WIFE BEATING, was, "THE DRAWBACKS OF CIVILIZATION." The opener, Miss O'Connor Eccles, spoke with grace and fluency, putting her farcical case with so much apparent good faith, that many were not quite sure whether she meant it or was joking. As in the case of "THE SIMPLE LIFE," the vote was decidedly in favour of what civilisation brings, in spite of what may be its possible drawbacks.

MISS SHARMAN CRAWFORD said that the blinding effects of custom with its deadening influence on the conscience permitted many gross abuses to be perpetuated, and retarded the progress of good government. The way of reform was always a fight against inveterate prejudices, born of an instinctive clinging to the maxim "whatever is, is right." History proved this fact. The cruelties sanctioned by law in the early years of the present century denoted callous insensibility to suffering. The scaffold now reserved for crime was then a punishment for theft, even to the value of five shillings. In times of war sailors were waylaid to man the fleet; prisoners decimated by gaol fever languished in filthy cells; animals were ill-used with impunity, and bull-baiting and cock-fighting were favourite sports. During the middle of the century young children worked long hours in factories, and in utter darkness in coal mines. The perception of evil was blunted by familiarity. As we wondered at the past, so a coming generation would wonder at our want of perception of many evils, perhaps the most glaring of which was the cruel treatment of wives by their husbands, sanctioned by public opinion and the mal-administration of the law. The married ladies present might consider this an unfounded charge, but though Miss Crawford admitted that many men were kind and considerate towards their wives, it must be borne in mind that the position of wives in every country must be determined by that which they occupy amongst the masses of the community. The charge she made was derived from evidence of the strongest character also endorsed by judicial sanction. At the Liverpool assizes two years ago, Mr. Justice Denman, in memorable words, declared, "that married women were not duly protected by law or public opinion against marital ill-usage, that it was lamentable to find the view pervading certain classes, that the life of a wife was less sacred than that of other people." He suggested that the present cruel treatment and frequent brutal murdering of wives might be due partly to the public administration of the law and encouraged by the leniency shown to such offenders. This indictment was serious, but could not be denied; it was based upon facts. Up to the year 1878 a husband convicted of a gross assault upon his wife was liable only to imprisonment, fine, or a binding over to keep the peace. The inadequacy of this punishment was apparent. These sentences, as it would be seen, tended to punish the wife more than the husband, as she must support herself and children during her husband's imprisonment. It was not till 1878 that, at the instance of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, power was given to the magis-

trates to grant to a seriously injured wife a separation and an order for maintenance. This, however, was practically suspended through the unwillingness of magistrates to enforce its action. It was a rare thing that any ill-treated wife received in a magistrates' court the benefit of this law. Yet in spite of their injurious bearing on the wife and children, the sentences of fine and imprisonment still continued to be passed, and often gross cruelty was condoned by "bound over to keep the peace." Well might Mr. Justice Denman have condemned such punishments.

The lecturer then proceeded to give some instances verifying her assertion, all proving how necessary it is that immediate steps should be taken, and taken by women themselves, towards a more just administration of the law. The lecturer went on to say that it was impossible to deny the truth of Mr. Justice Denman's words, that women of the working class were subjected very frequently to gross ill-treatment by their husbands, that the assertion of the frequency of the murder of wives by their husbands was equally incontestable. From the cases which she had shown which had been tried during the summer, surely the judge was well justified in assigning to the mal-administration of the law a large share of responsibility for the prevalent brutal treatment and murder of wives. Magistrates disregarded the Act passed in 1878, and there was a popular belief existing that a husband had a right to enforce obedience to his commands by kicks and blows. On the occasion of the trial of a collier for the "manslaughter" of his wife, Mr. Justice Vaughan said:—"The public opinion of his fellows had not done its duty by this man, for though he was known to be a brute, yet there was nothing to show that he had been ever made to suffer morally on that account; he hoped a time would come when a wife beater would be effectually scouted by all decent men, as they would now scout a cheat at some game at chance." That time, the lecturer emphasized, would not be hastened by the action of such magistrates as Mr. Plowden, who at the West London Police Court said to the wife of a coal porter convicted of a gross assault, "Be more patient with him the worse he behaves." The sentences usually passed upon husbands for brutal treatment at present simply aggravated the misery of the wife. If retarded from kicks and blows by his fear of a prison cell, he was not retarded from curses and foul language. It was a cruel fate to be engaged with the human tiger, though his claws had been clipped, yet that was the fate to which wives were consigned from day to day by the administrators of English law. The magistrates had failed to see that the protective order was required by the injured wife to save her from the imminent danger of murder. This was proved by the fact that in a large proportion of wife murders the husband who committed the murder had previously undergone punishment for aggravated assaults. Though she thought the lash a well-deserved punishment, she did not urge its infliction without separation and an order for maintenance, the lash so applied would have a powerful deterrent influence on husbands of the brutal type. In a case tried at the Westminster Police Court a year ago, a husband candidly confessed that when he left off work on a Wednesday he beat his wife as he did not know what else to do with his spare time. Had he known that this amusement would bring upon him the lash, with separation and an order for maintenance, he might have discovered some other way of spending his spare time. Though the protection of wives from marital violence was the first consideration, it was not the only one, for every home where the mother was subjected to kicks and blows became to her sons a training school in crime. The lessons learnt in childhood in homes where the mother was a tyrant's slave, exerted an influence for evil far more powerful than any influence for good that could be brought to bear upon them. The fear of punishment constituted the only efficient check on violence in natures of too low a type to be influenced by moral considerations.

A resolution was then put to the meeting:—

"That magistrates shall be obliged by law to grant a separation with maintenance order to the wife of every husband convicted of an aggravated assault on her, that the sentence shall take effect at once without the preliminary imprisonment; that the legal force of the separation order shall not lapse through any subsequent reconciliation between wife and husband; that fines shall be abolished as a punishment on husbands for assaults on wives; that on a conviction for a first offence, if the injury inflicted is not of a serious character, the husband shall have the benefit of the First Offenders' Act, but on a second conviction he shall be subjected to the penalty attached to aggravated assaults on wives."

The resolution was passed unanimously. The debate which followed was full of earnestness, and many excellent remarks were made not possible to be given here.

In addition to these debates, there was given this term by the Dramatic Club, which is led by Mrs. Massingberd, a representation of Shakespeare's play of "The Tempest." Mrs. Massingberd's daughters, and other Pioneers, took parts; the performance was excellent, and drew forth plaudits from all who witnessed it.

A meeting of the Independent Anti-Vivisection League was held in one of the Club rooms, upon Friday last, to protest against the practice of vivisection, and against the erection of buildings for that purpose. A large audience collected, but though opposition was expected, no opposing voice was heard. Perhaps the eloquence of the speakers, and the soundness of their arguments, were too convincing, and created out of opponents, sympathisers. At least we may hope so.

The chair was taken by Colonel Coulson, who gave a stirring and practical address, calling attention to the existence of cruelty everywhere, and to the supineness of persons who expect progress to be made, without remembering that they must themselves each buckle to the warfare. He alluded to the cruelty of the slaughter houses, and in the transit of animals, urging upon all present to be in deadly earnest if they wished to overthrow these reprehensive practices.

Miss Jessie Craigen moved her hearers to great enthusiasm by her powerful address. She was not a scientist, she said, but she was a politician. She thought the subject of vivisection should be treated from that point of view. She advocated the moral side of the question, and in the course of her remarks said that we might become very scientific indeed, and full of inventions, but yet have amongst us hate, malice, rage, cruelty, deceit, lying—all evil things, and so exist as a very unhappy race, if we left the high moral culture out. On the other hand, if we cultivated morals and a higher life we would produce a happy contented race, that might do very well without science if need be. So she contended the moral view must be the higher, and the most needful.

Mrs. Lee and Dr. Haughton spoke very eloquently and to the point, Mrs. Lee taking a very high ground. Mrs. Laura Mallet made a very interesting speech. Mrs. Sibthorp spoke a few words, reading a letter which had been sent her in favour of vivisection, to which Mrs. M'Kinnel had written a clever and spirited reply. This letter was read by Mrs. M'Kinnel, and produced a profound impression on many present. Colonel Coulson closed the meeting with a few more well-chosen words, after which several numbers of SHAFTS were purchased by those present, containing a powerfully-written tale in *re* vivisection, and a well-written article to the same effect, by Mrs. Mary M'Kinnel.

Lectures on "WOMAN and Women" were given during Oct. and part of November by Mrs. Sibthorp.

It is very pleasing to witness the rapid development going on among Pioneers. The President may congratulate herself on the undoubted success already achieved.

The Club will be closed on Christmas and Boxing Days. Announcements for the next term will be made in the January issue. But many will be deeply interested to hear that the debate on December 6th is to be opened by Madame SARAH GRAND.

## Cuttings from the "Commonwealth."

"THERE is a Christianity in the nineteenth century, with which the common people will have nothing to do—a Church which the working people all over the world have forsaken and repudiated; not only have they deserted the institution which once was their best friend, but they are now out in the world suffering the miseries of indecision, unrest, neglect and conscious oppression. Their desertion is seemingly final. The working people are not hostile to the person and the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. It is not Christ-ianity but Church-ianity which they have come to hate. The cause of this lies not with the people but with the Church."

"Girls employed in a mill at Pittsfield, Mass., won a strike for a five per cent. raise."

"Socialists are advancing in Belgium. Latest report gives them thirty-three members in Parliament."

"It doesn't read 'the earth hath He given to some of the children of the earth.' No man made the land: it is the original inheritance of the whole species."

## It Is Not His.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house—nor anything that is his."

But the million dollars he "made" by exploiting labour for the lowest living wage is not his.

The lands, originally procured by force and fraud, and now held by my neighbour out of use for speculative purposes, are not his.

The railroads that he has so manipulated as to dispossess the innocent shareholders of their investments are not his.

The money he squanders on trips to Europe, fine equipages, lordly mansions, is not his.

The capital he does business with behind the bank counter is not his.

The values which society creates should be exclusive property of no individual, because no one person has ever earned them.—*Freeland*.

## WAGE-SLAVERY THE WORST OF ALL.

Do you want to know how cheap men are? Then hang out a sign "men wanted" on any street in any city, and see the swarm of ragged, hungry men who will gather around it like jackals to a feast, offering themselves to do any work, no matter how vile, dangerous or dishonest—only asking for enough food to keep them from starving. Could any slave-owner have secured services so cheap? Could he have put out such a sign and filled his cotton-field? There must be something wrong with a system that forces people to be worse than slaves.

The *Commonwealth* is a capital little paper, full of suggestive thoughts and quotations tending freedomward, though somewhat inclined to be invective, which is perhaps natural to struggling human nature, but does not conduce to conviction. Strange, also, that men who see clearly the rights of sons of earth, should be so much in the dark with regard to the rights of its daughters. The word man may be intended to include women, but I fear women, who are rapidly marching onward, will demand a new word, suggesting the race; the word MAN with its pronouns has come through centuries of usurpation and oppression to mean, to women, injustice and tyranny. Who will coin a word expressing humanity and excluding sex? a word convenient to use and without awkwardness, even in the most elegant phraseology.

## The Delesart System or the Theory of Gesture.

THE idea of the Delesart System is to gain absolute control over the whole body, to bring each part into conscious and harmonious relation with the other. Our gestures express much that we do not realise, freedom, expansion, or, on the contrary, contraction, fear, and many other errors we desire not to express. Conscious control over the body is most desirable.

The body expresses or symbolises the physical, moral, and mental. It is composed in groups of three. The first large division is the entire body. The head mental, the trunk moral, the limbs physical; these can be divided and subdivided to any extent. All movement must be from the centre to the circumference. As a rule those portions nearest the centre move first, thus in raising the arm, first raise the upper portion, which we call physical, then extend and unfold the fore-arm, *i.e.*, moral; then the wrist, and last the hand, *i.e.*, mental. The extremities are the last to move. In all movement, as in Nature, the law of succession holds good; and the succession should so exquisitely blend the one movement into the other, without jerk or break, that one is conscious only of rhythm and poetry, but unconscious of how the movement has been accomplished.

In shaking hands every bit of the arm should come into motion (but imperceptibly) and not the hand alone. It is very important that our movements should all be slow. Slowness betokens calm, control. When doing nothing let the arms hang loosely down; every limb should be in a perfectly easy, natural position when in repose, thus there is no strain only rest. Strive after opposition, that is, when extending the arm let the head move backward and the eyes upwards, thus expansion is expressed; if the head is allowed to move forward in the same direction as the arm no expression is conveyed, unless it be cringing or fear. The idea of freedom, the realisation that the all is yours if you will claim it, is beautifully expressed in that reaching outwards and upwards of the arms and head. In every movement begun at the top the eyes must move first—upwards, downwards, around, it matters not—they lead; the head next, and so on, bit by bit, the whole body following in slow succession.

In a sweeping bow or curtsey if this principle is followed the grace and harmony is perfect. The body is our machine, and we, the will, should have absolute control over it. Let every movement float and flow, blend and harmonise. Strive to have no separateness, no break or halting anywhere in the movements; relax, don't hold on to anything either in mind or body. Avoid too much eagerness and anxiety, which will express themselves in tension, and so retard the good. For instance, do not tilt up the chair, it is an ugly habit and useless force is expended in the action, force which benefits no one but is merely useless effort. It may be argued that too much thought of our bodily actions tends to self-consciousness. Granted; it may be so for a time, but that consciousness does not act as a deterrent; on the contrary, when we feel ourselves sitting, walking, or acting in a constrained manner, it instantly pulls us up; we relax and are free. To hold in the mind the idea of rhythm, freedom, floating and blending, does express itself in outward physical harmony; the result is an ease and abandon which is very charming. Another great benefit is, that in getting rid of tension the body is able to accomplish infinitely more than formerly, and that without experiencing fatigue. While taking lessons in and practising these movements people generally instead of being exhausted and tired after them, feel more vitality and energy than usual. The power of controlling the body means presence of mind. In breathing, the short jerky breath which comes only from the chest at once

conveys the idea of a person who would easily lose her head and become embarrassed in a sudden emergency; whereas one whose breathing is slow, regular, and calm from the depths of the abdomen would, if placed in similar circumstances, act without excitement or effort.

The advantages gained by the conscious control of the body are so great that everyone ought to learn this easy and sure method of Delesart. Delesart was a Frenchman whose system has been worked out and perfected in America, and is now pretty largely taught in London. No expense is involved such as clubs, expanders, and the *et ceteras* which many of the physical exercises taught at present require. In the way of costume any loose dress will suit, a pair of slippers without heels, and no corsets!

AGNES HARVEY.

## "All the Rights she wants."

She's got the right to handle a broom—  
And why does she want any more?  
She may wash the dishes till day of doom—  
And why does she want any more?  
She's got the right to cook and to scrub,  
To take the piano, or rub-a-dub-dub  
In a lowlier sphere at the laundry tub—  
And why does she want any more?

She's got the right to a clerk's employ—  
And how can she want any more?  
To take the place of a younger boy—  
She mustn't ask any more.  
The right to labour as hard as she can,  
Wherever they cannot afford a man,  
And to get her pay on the half-rate plan—  
She mustn't ask any more.

She's got the right to a student's hat;  
Now, how can she want any more?  
But somebody had to fight for that,  
And she mustn't want any more.  
She's got the right to a choice of schools,  
And to quite a respectable lot of tools,  
Such as have never been used by fools—  
She cannot want any more.

She's got the right to a soul, oh, yes!  
And why does she want any more?  
The right to be pious for two, I guess—  
Could anyone ask for more?  
She may hear the brethren preach and pray:  
She may serve the Lord in a quiet way,  
With schemes for raising the parson's pay—  
And how can she ask for more?

She's got the right to be taxed—or hung—  
And nobody can have any more.  
She isn't forbidden to use her tongue—  
And she never can want any more.  
And she has her representative now,  
A piece of a man—somewhere, somehow—  
Mixed up in all the political row—  
And how can she want any more?

But, ah! how manners and times do change—  
Somebody's asking for more.  
Something has happened that's terrible strange—  
Somebody's asking for more.  
O Oliver Twist, can it verily be  
Your name is Olive? And what do I see?  
A dreadful, unfeminine, malapert She  
Actually asking for more!

Exchange.

## Women and the School Board Election.

WE are all rejoicing just now at the new citizenship opening up to women in connection with our parish vestries and our new parish councils. And we are earnestly hoping that the best use may be made of them and that we shall soon see, in consequence, many of those social improvements which women have long deemed desirable and thought practicable. But with our rejoicing some of us confess to a feeling of distrust in the matter; we remember that for nearly a quarter of a century women have not only had the right to vote at School Board elections, but also have had the right to sit upon them as elected members. And what has been the outcome? It has been very meagre indeed. Women have neither come forward for election as numerous as might have been expected, nor have they as voters given enough attention to popular education. And yet, seemingly, no other public question should appeal more strongly to them. The most conservative lady can, in it, find scope for all her abilities without treading one step beyond the old idea of what is womanly work. In caring for the children of the State she is only walking in the steps of every mother from the earliest times. No infringement here of man's ancient rights; rather it is he who intrudes when he tries to play the double rôle of father and mother simultaneously. Of course he does not do it well. All public institutions elected in the interests of both sexes need *mothering* as well as *fathering*, and those institutions most need it which exist entirely in the interests of children.

"What is home without a mother?" asks an old song. We have seen what a School Board can be where women are next to none in its councils. Fifty-five members and only four of them ladies! It is passing strange that women of the newest school are not irresistibly drawn to offer themselves for election. Under the London School Board alone nearly half a million children are being educated. And these are children who will shortly be the working woman and the working man of the day. What they will do in the near future depends upon what we are doing for them now. If confusion and all disorder are to be the order of their time, that state of things is in preparation now. And when we remember that one half of these children are girls; that two-thirds of them are girls and infants; that two-thirds of their teachers are women teachers, we think there is scope enough in the work for the most active woman's brain amongst us. If the interests of the girls are not to be lost sight of in those of the boys, and if the women teachers are to have a fair field of labour, there must be at the head of affairs some strong women workers.

It is to be devoutly wished that amongst the candidates at elections many such will be found. At present too few seem to be in the field. No division can afford to be without at least one lady member, and women voters should rally round them. There is little doubt that such candidates are really in earnest. They are not seeking election with a view to prepare themselves for parliamentary work later on, and they know that plenty of hard committee work awaits them if elected. If women voters wish to know whether lady members are industrious or no, they can refer to the records of such ladies as Miss Helen Taylor and Miss Muller, of Mrs. Westlake and Mrs. Besant in the past, and to such ladies as Miss Davenport-Hill, Mrs. Homan and Miss Eve at the present time. No unseemly wranglings have proceeded from them, no waste of time on questions beside the mark. Work, work, work, seems to have been their motto. But what are they among so many?

## Love's Secret.

SPEED the day when the wonders held in that one word "Love" will be so thoroughly appreciated, that people will gladly welcome its advent into their lives without being too critical as to how it got there, and instead of having a lot of love-sick, heart-broken, disappointed people, downcast because they cannot have for their very own the one whom they think they love, they will thank God for having revealed to them what it means to love. They will see with clear, wide-open eyes what love has to reveal, that though we were loved by many thousands it could not do for the person so loved what one honest thrill of genuine, unselfish love felt by that person will certainly do.

All the world must learn what *loving* means, must see that love is worth anything that can be given for it, that when we understand, we see that it is not *necessary* the one so loved should know of our love; enough for the lovers to love, for in that loving they have scaled heights, sounded depths, found sweetnesses and possibilities in their own natures, previously unguessed.

Does this sound cold comfort to those now groaning under the sting of unrequited love? Take heart, then, for it will soon pass away; you may cherish your sorrow, hug it to you, try to believe you have received your death-blow, but some morning you will waken to find yourself free; it was not love, only wounded vanity. Love would have been satisfied to do the loving without reward or appreciation.

Glorious day that shall reveal that characteristic of love to the masses instead of to the few, for until one loves one has not lived. Deep within the secret places lies a precious jewel, the pearl of great price; no power in the universe except love can bring that forth to enrich our lives, all else fails, try as we may; all else means loss of time. Wait! wait and learn! some day—a day just as other days have been—we shall meet a face, look into eyes, look to find springing into life something within ourselves hitherto unfelt, undreamed of. That face, those eyes, have revealed to us the power of loving; we think we drew the power from this other. Oh, how mistaken, it has come from ourselves, we have found the pearl close locked within our *own* hearts. Ah me, how long it takes to learn this lesson, this secret of love, which is only forgetting of self, putting self last.

LAMIA.

## Truth.

We look around and see a something which we call the Universe. We know something or somebody must have caused the Universe to be. "Truth" means that persons claiming to hold "Truth" know themselves to be one with that something which is the *Cause* of the Universe. As we are (visibly) part of the thing called the Universe—equally so must we be part of the *Cause* of the Universe. This is the Truth of all truths, and all inclusive. Being convinced of this, our business is to be true to what this knowledge demands from us. Such faithfulness will result in a perfectly adjusted mentality; one which repels every suggestion which is not in accordance with this conviction, and from this will flow a perfectly adjusted body. We ask to know "the Truth;" so we are led to a knowledge of *what* that something is, which is the Cause of the Universe. That something is Love, in which is inherent, Wisdom and Power.

LAMIA.

"THE NEW WOMAN" seems to exercise the minds of men greatly. From whence the name? Is it woman or man who has so named this righter of wrongs? this One who cometh from all parts of the earth; the long prophesied, the greatly desired, whose heel is ready for the serpent's head; who is fast learning the true nature of the serpent, learning also, that she, and she alone, is the one appointed to end his reign. The *New Woman*? Yes, both new and old; born of old wrongs, resolute, strong; watch and wait for her, be glad! she cometh!

## Review.

NOTES ON PARISH COUNCILS AND THE FIRST PARISH MEETING. By Mrs. Wynford Philipps.

This little handbook cannot fail to be very useful to many. It is small, compact, and neat. It gives all the necessary information upon the subject of which it treats, wasting no words, burdening the memory with no more than it can easily carry, besides being of a portable size, and thus equally useful as a referee to be turned to in a case of uncertainty, by those whose memory notes are either non-dependable or too full. Mrs. Wynford Philipps has given great care to its compilation, all has been entered with an evident desire to supply information ready for use at any moment, which is just what busy women want. She says:—

"This little pamphlet is published to meet the desire, expressed by many Parochial Electors, to have in a handy form a list of the chief powers and duties of the Parish Meeting, and the Parish Council, and the main provisions of the Local Government Order giving the rules for the first meeting and election."

Its contents are—The First Parish Meeting; Voters; When will the Parish Councillors Come into Office? Where will the Parish Meeting Assemble? Chief Duties of Parish Meeting; Lighting and Watching Act; Bath and Wash Houses; Burials Act; Public Improvement Act; Public Libraries Act; Chief Powers and Duties of the Parish Council; Additional Powers of Parish Councils, etc. To all these dates are given, and all needful knowledge supplied.

It is not possible to overrate the importance of such a book to women entering public life, especially such women at the present, who, just emerging from a past overburdened, are entering upon new work ere they have fully arranged how to consign to a well-deserved oblivion many of the unnecessary burdens created by society in its incipient and growing stages.

Notes on Parish Councils, etc. can be obtained at SHAFTS' Offices, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand; or at the Women's Printing Society, 66, Whitcomb Street, W.C. Price 1d. each, or 6d. a dozen.

## Fulham Parliament.

ON Friday, October 19th, the Fulham Parliament (the only one in London which admits women to a full and complete membership on the same terms as men), met and had an animated discussion on the action of the Licensing Committee of the London County Council respecting the Empire Music Hall. A Bill was brought forward from the Tory benches doing away altogether with the Licensing Committee as at present constituted, and speaking of Mrs. Ormiston Chant as "an hysterical idiot"; this epithet evoked almost unanimous hisses from the House.

After a somewhat discursive discussion on the difficult subjects of the lounge and drink licences at the Empire, the introducer of the Bill withdrew it, to the great gratification of those present who wish to see the rich man's music hall purified so as to make it impossible for it to be said that licences were revoked after proved misconduct in poor East End Halls, but left alone when buttressed by the riches of the West End.

M. GREENWOOD.

## Women's Imperial Federation Scheme.

MRS. PERCIVAL JOHNSTON wishes to inform those friends who are interested in the progress of her scheme for organising a Women's Imperial Federation, that she has been and is confined to her room for some time with rheumatic gout, and is forbidden—by her medical adviser—to engage in any work for the present. Her plans are, however, only temporarily suspended.

## The Educational Advancement of the Women in Ceylon.

IT will be remembered that on his visit to England, Mr. Peter de Abrew, a Sinhalese gentleman, addressed the educated English public in order to enlist their sympathy and aid for the education of the women of his Island. After his return to Ceylon the "Ceylon Educational League" was formed and the following officers elected, *viz.*,

Mrs. Marie M. Higgins, President; J. Cameron Smith, Esq., Vice-president; Peter de Abrew, Esq., Secretary; Wm. A. English, M.D., Treasurer; Mrs. G. Hunt-Hony, Treasurer in England. It was organized for the following objects, *viz.* :—

First, to secure aid for the erection of a permanent and suitable building for the Girls' School and Orphanage (already founded) on the land donated by Mr. Peter de Abrew for this purpose.

The temporary building on the same site where the School is now conducted, being of mud walls, covered by a roof of palm-leaves, will of course not be durable, though it is at present comfortable, and shelters just now twenty girls, with Mrs. Higgins, their Principal, Miss Allison, Miss English and Dr. English (volunteer workers from the West), and Mary, *Gurumansè* (the native assistant), together with two *Ayahs* (maid servants), a cook-woman and a gardener. The girls are taught English in all its branches, music, drawing, needlework, cookery, gardening, and Sinhalese, the native language of the Island.

There are also a number of girls attending the School as day scholars only. That the Sinhalese branches of study may not be unprovided for, a native gentleman, or *Pundit*, is employed as teacher. The Lady Principal and the other workers from the West render their services to the Institution without fee or reward. They left their homes and country and came here to work for these poor ignorant girls from love of the cause of woman's elevation, knowing that in such advancement rests the national welfare.

Most of the children of this school are either poor orphans or are in destitute circumstances, therefore the school is not self-supporting, and it depends largely for its maintenance upon the generosity of its friends. Another object of the "League" is to enlarge its circle of friends and secure additional aid to found free scholarships for a limited number of these poor girls and also for the extension of educational work to other parts of the Island.

We desire to take a few more deserving girls for education, yet in order to do so we must have help. It is estimated that the sum of £10 will furnish food, clothing, instruction and text books for a girl in our school for one year, and it is earnestly hoped that the friends of women's education will respond to this call and contribute according to their means.

Through the kindness of a lady friend in England we were enabled to distribute, on the 3rd of Sept., some prizes to the worthy girls of the School—which by the way the "Educational League" has christened the "Musaeus Girls' School and Orphanage." A tea-party followed, and games on the lawn and a magic-lantern exhibited in the evening, made the measure of the girls' happiness for the day an overflowing one.

The deficiencies of the expenses of the school have thus far been borne by Mr. de Abrew, but as his means are not unlimited, this outlay cannot long continue. Who of the friends of women's education will help the "League" carry out its objects and join its ranks as members?

All communications may be addressed to the Secretary of the Ceylon Educational League, Musaeus Girls' School and Orphanage, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, Ceylon; or to Mrs. G. Hunt, 12, Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.; or to Mr. Peter de Abrew, to his London address at the Imperial Institute, London, S.W. ONE OF THE STAFF.

## Running Commentaries.

MR. W. T. STEAD "looks to the time when even *fallen* women will have votes." Fallen men have always had votes, have votes to-day; why not fallen women also? Why not to-day?

"An Indignant Woman" writing to the *Star* on the subject of Mr. Stead's speech, mentions the fact that after Mr. Stead, each speaker was restricted to *five minutes*. She considers this a grievance. So do we. But is it not often the case that when the women's turn to speak comes, the chairman is heard to rule "Five Minutes." Nothing of moment can easily be said in five minutes. It is much to be regretted that the women speakers were not heard at greater length, and more of them. Women of great ability were there.

Mrs. Chant gave a stirring address on the 29th ult. at Old Street Tabernacle. Are the dailies incapable of reporting serious subjects, especially when connected with women, without trying "to provoke in the *silly* a smile"?

Mrs. Josephine Butler, writing to the *Star*, and thanking John Burns for his words at the London County Council, objects with great justice to the wording of the resolution, which runs:—

"That the place at night is a habitual resort for prostitutes in pursuit of their traffic."

What madness of blindness is this? Where were the *noble-hearted men* women are so fond of alluding to, when this thing was worded? Did no one suggest that the place was "a habitual resort for male and female prostitutes?"

Mrs. Josephine Butler goes on to say:—"Why are these unhappy women alone mentioned? There could be no traffic for them at all except for the fact that the place was also the resort of a class of men, of whom, said Mr. Burns, the women would say if asked, 'Save us not from our fallen sisters, but from those scoundrels who have nothing to do but to play with vice here night after night.' I had hoped that someone would have drawn attention to the oneness of the wording of the resolution. I knew that one member of the Council to whom I had spoken felt the defect as much as I do.

"It may be objected that I am only cavilling at words and expressions. But words are powerful. Words and names go far to bolster up, age after age, many a rotten convention and moral and social falsehood. Men have fastened the ugly word 'prostitute' on women only, and the fact that there is no accepted equivalent by which to designate the men who prostitute their manhood, has helped in no small measure to enable these 'gentlemen' to escape the reprobation of society which falls with such crushing weight on their companions in vice, who are weaker than they.

"Mr. John Burns has observed what must strike everyone able at all to read the human countenance, that there is no real gaiety among these unhappy women. 'What surprised me was their dismal melancholy,' he said. That melancholy does not surprise those who have seen somewhat into the inner life and heart of these women. Many have spoken to me of their 'weariness, their disgust,' the 'gnawing pain at their hearts,' their despair, and these things are scarcely concealed by the paint and the forced smiles in which they go out nightly to the market. Their unhappiness (though disguised for a few hours nightly it may be) hangs like the shadow of death, like a curse, over, not the Empire Theatre only, but the whole of London, just so far as the present unequal judgment concerning them and their male patrons holds sway and finds expression in action and custom."

Brave, noble woman. How many men are there to follow her fearless example, her tireless efforts, made through many troublous years, to gain some way of escape for her sisters

whom she loves, whose sufferings she pities, from her pure soul's depths. The voices of these "noble-hearted men" are not heard, except few and far between. Is it because they love the sin, and know it cannot be gratified if women are made free and independent?

Where are the women who ought to throng to the help of their sisters? Are they entertaining their male friends at five o'clock tea? talking to them at the dinner tables?—perchance to some of the very male prostitutes whose names ought to be written on a lower line, even, than the poor "fallen" women who are debarred from the dinners and the teas, where their more fortunate sisters "are shocked" even to hear some earnest woman speak in noble advocacy of purity, or instruct her fellow women how to act.

Shame upon these scoundrels of men, who take of women so dastardly an advantage; shame upon those women who permit such a condition of things by receiving the men into their homes; shame upon them also that, instead of helping gladly any other woman brave enough to speak out, they shut their ears, and are shocked. Oh, unutterable shame to the women who fancy they "keep their white skirts clean by picking their way through earth's foul streets," while God asks, "On what?"

### A Woman's View of "The Parish and District Councils Act."

BY E. MARY FORDHAM.

ON December 4th, the villagers of England and Wales will receive from the hands of a Liberal Government the management of their own affairs. At an hour forbidden by the Act to be earlier than 6 p.m.—so that all working men and women can attend—those men and women whose names appear as voters upon the Parliamentary or County Council Register, will assemble together to take part in what will be the beginning of an entirely new life.

The only business of the first Parish Meeting on Dec. 4th, will be (1) To choose a chairman for the meeting, and to elect the Parish Council. Both of these elections will be by show of hands, unless any elector or electors prefer their Parish Councillors to be elected by ballot.

Any person, woman or man, who has lived in the parish, or within three miles of it, for twelve months preceding the 4th December, may be chosen as a parish councillor. For the first time in their history—unless we except three or four hundred years ago—women have the same opportunities as men to take part in the government of their villages and small towns. They may be Overseers, they may act as District (Rural) Councillors, and will as such be Guardians of the Poor, as Urban District Councillors in the places which have had Local Boards, and as Guardians. Hitherto the Guardians' vote has been "open," papers have been left at the houses of the voters, and called for, the rich have had as many as eight votes, the poor but one, the difficulty is easily seen. Now is the opportunity to have a really representative Board, of men and women, of all classes, who understand the needs not only of keeping the rates low, but of kindly treatment of the old folk and the proper bringing up of the young in our Unions, and who will give grave attention to one of the most serious problems of the time. Up to the passing of this Act marriage has, to a great extent, been a bar to women who desired election upon public bodies. All this has been swept away, and women—married, single, and widowed—may, upon exactly the same terms as men, seek seats upon the Councils created and altered by this democratic measure. As voters, women have not yet the same privileges. To have a vote means

being a householder, which again means that, as the house usually stands in the name of the man, women, unless widowed or spinsters, or owning property, will have no votes. Married women voters will necessarily be drawn from the richer class, and the women in the villages will therefore be in much the same position as heretofore. The Parish Meeting will elect the Parish Council of not less than five or more than fifteen, the exact numbers have been decided by the County Councils. Any elector may demand a poll if not satisfied with the voting by show of hands, but unless this is determined the candidates will be elected at the Parish Meeting. A poll means putting off the election until December 17th, when the Rural District Councillors will also be elected, necessarily by ballot, and in the towns the Urban District Councillors.

The powers of the Parish Council include:—

The holding and management of parish property other than ecclesiastical.

Village greens, allotments.

Power to make complaints as to unhealthy houses, or obstructive buildings.

To provide or acquire public buildings for purposes connected with parish business.

To provide or acquire land for such buildings, recreation grounds, walks, etc.

To utilize any well or spring or stream for obtaining water supply.

To deal with unhealthy ponds, ditches, which interfere with the health of the village.

To appoint trustees to look after the charities (other than ecclesiastical) and to see that they are used for the benefit of the people in the parish.

To acquire and provide suitable land at a reasonable cost for allotments.

To carry into effect any or all of the *Adoptive Acts* if passed by the Parish Meeting (other than the first on December 4th) which are as follows:—

(a) Lighting and Washing Act. 1833.

(b) Baths and Washhouses Act. 1846-1882.

(c) Burials Act. 1852-1885.

(d) Public Improvements Act. 1890.

(e) Public Improvements Act. 1892.

In all these questions, which touch in one way and another the entire life of the inhabitants of the parish, women have as deep an interest as men. In some of them they are more keenly interested; for instance, in the power to make complaint as to unhealthy houses, ponds, ditches, etc. Women necessarily spend a greater part of their life in the house, and therefore feel its insanitary condition to a greater extent than the men, who leave early only, as a rule, to return at night.

Women must come forward, women of all classes, to deal with these questions, which help to make or mar the happiness of the home and the village. As to the *Rural District Councils*, what nobler work can be found than the visiting of the aged and infirm in receipt of out-door relief, and ministering to the wants of the poor old souls in our unions, whose resting time is coming, and whose last days have a right to be made as happy and easy as possible; looking after the children, their food, clothes, and education.

We delegate this work to men on our Workhouse Boards—men who would never dream of taking up like duties in their homes! The workhouse is a big home for those who for various reasons cannot stay in their own; and the influence and care of women is needed in the big home just as much as in the small. Let women seize this opportunity, and as Parish Councillors do their best for the villages they live in.

The "Local Government Act," 1894, has realized that our country needs

"Everywhere—

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,

Two in the tangled business of the world,

Two in the Liberal offices of life."

### Magdalene.

"NELL'S got a soul as good as his mother's if ever he had one—which I don't believe!"

"It was a shame"—said another bitterly—"there's one fellow I know as 'ud chucked his grace downstairs."

"He ought to go to Hell himself—insulting a dying girl and perhaps got sisters no better. No use talking though, poor girls is cattle to the likes of he."

The notes of lament died in shrill ironical laughter. The speakers were a group of women flushed and branded with the indefinable marks of sacrifice—the serpent trail of the social evil obvious on their faces. An artist friend and I were strolling curiously through provincial slums—noting odd gables and picturesque misery—the artistic spirit subduing municipal sympathies with compulsory improvements, the indifferent assent to Evolution submerged in approving perceptions that the worship of beauty is consistent with survivals of quaint brutality.

We threaded the grimy maze with toleration for the existence of evil. By a dismal "entry" we chanced on these agitated girls.

"What's amiss?" queried my friend—"Who's dying?"

"Poor Nelly up there," answered a lass with rural beauty not yet faded from her face. "She's been goin' all day an' we got the City Missionary to come, thinkin' he'd comfort her. 'Stead o' that, he goes an' tells her she's a sinner an' 'll go to Hell as safe as 'ouses. It's a shame—that's what it is." The speaker had been jerking her thumb towards the foetid passage—no tempting shelter from rain just beginning to fall.

"Take us to Nelly," said my companion impulsively.

I groaned inwardly. He was a disciple of Herbert Spencer; a cynic in morals, with touches of tenderness by way of relief, and known among our set as "The Philosophical Sinner."

To stoop and pat a mangy dog was painfully infrequent, while also it went against my regard for appearances to be obliged now and again to assist a *seance* in any confectioner's shop with the Sinner as a good spirit, and a belated cripple or a wistful dirty child as medium for his preposterous manifestations.

To Nelly we were taken—through sickly alleys and up horrible stairs—I shuddered, and cursed the Sinner in my heart. Into a squalid room we stepped and understood everything.

There was beauty in that face—the strange melancholy beauty one sees in dreams or in Continental picture galleries. Generally such living faces belong to "women with histories." This face suggested Madonna in travail—set over the bust of Cleopatra in all her pride and passion. The seeming of saintly grace was there—but whenever the pain was deadly it was piteous to see the convulsive cowering as if blows were dreaded. Most trying of all to see the white fingers gently close as if on flowers.

"Oh Mammy, these cowslips are nice. . . . Will Jesus let me play in His cowslip-fields if I keep my pinafores clean in Heaven?" I tried to connect this with some of Herbert Spencer's illustrations of primitive reasoning. There was an awful look on the Philosophical Sinner's face.

"Mammy say 'Our Father,' I'm so sleepy and Jesus won't be friends if somebody doesn't say it. . . . I should like to see Daddy to-night and show him these cowslips. . . . you had no right to kiss me and I shall always hate you."

I shivered—the attic-window was broken probably. I know the wind was rising and the rain pattered hard. Somewhere a solitary newspaper vendor quavered—

"Evening Messen-gerr, 'Orrible murder in—" I forget where. There are so many murders.

"Where is my mother. . . . poor mother, she would come if she knew. . . . you can't marry me. . . . what do you mean. . . . have you got a wife somewhere. . . ."

then why have you made me love you? If my father were alive he would kill you. Oh, I could never have thought. . . . keep away, you have no right to touch me. . . . Have you always been a liar. . . . forgive me, Raymond, I get so foolish when I think of poor Mother. . . . and Daddy. . . . and the cowslip fields. . . . don't laugh, I know it isn't true about Heaven and all that and I'm glad now. . . . I shouldn't like to think as I used to that two of the stars are my father's eyes looking at me. . . . he was a good man and so strong. . . . He would kill you."

"*Eve-nin' Mess-en-gerr, 'Orrible mur—derr*" floated more distantly through the night. The wails of the tempest without increased, as did the delirium within.

"Yes, some new books. . . . and a parrot. . . . and if you want to be very good some cowslips. . . . quite a lot you know. . . . I do so love them and they remind me. . . . they remind me of. . . . Daddy said I looked so pretty when he found me asleep among the cowslips. . . . he kissed me ever so many. . . . he thought I was a little angel from the sky and my pinafore's quite clean. . . . O Jack, for God's sake don't hit me again. . . . nobody noticed me, I couldn't help it they didn't notice me. . . . they were going home with things for their children. . . . it's Christmas Eve you know and my mother. . . . my father. . . . don't, Jack, I'll get you some money soon. . . . it's snowing so hard and I was so cold. . . . let me warm my hands, Jack. . . ."

There was a movement in the darkest corner of the room. A man awkwardly stumbled forward yawning prodigiously. Square muscular face, small ferrety eyes, black lowering brow, pugnacious nose over a scrubby moustache, exaggerated mouth repulsively opening over a brutal jaw, and the throat of a bullock.

"Sit down, Jack," said one of the women supplicatingly. So this was Jack.

"I'm going out a bit," he answered with a scowl and a somewhat uneasy glance at the Philosophical Sinner,—whose face was white and hard, the veins on his forehead blue and swollen, and a fearful light in his eyes. Jack lumbered down the stairs.

"Raymond, it was a bad dream. . . . you had left me and I knew you would never come again. . . . I had to leave these pretty rooms and sell the books and the birds. . . . and the piano. . . . where are you, Raymond. . . . I want you to find that horrid man and thrash him. . . . He was kind at first. . . . then he beat your 'pretty Nelly'. . . . my father would kill you. . . . and Jack. . . . and every man that. . . . don't, Jack, I'll get some money soon, indeed I will. . . . you'll blind me. . . . my pinafore's clean, isn't it. . . . I fell asleep among the cowslips and Daddy thought I was a pretty angel-baby. . . ."

She sank back on the pillow with closed eyes as if the trampled soul had found its rest.

"Poor Nelly," said one of the women, "she's better off nor us I reckon." The Philosophical Sinner groped to the window and opened it. Wind and rain conspired wildly and a sudden wail weirdly rose as though the elements lamented the passing of poor Magdalene.

"It's the tallygraff wires," said one, "they was like that the night Jack's brother was hanged in the morning."

The words jarred rudely. Through the window wandered the far cry:—

"*Mid-land Mess-en-gerr, 'Orr-ible Mur-durr,*" and so on.

"Nelly gone?"—thickly, abruptly, came from the doorway. "Say now, Mister Toff"—this to the Sinner—"yer mighty put out. I'm that pore gal's friend and trade is bad. Pay yer 'shot'—come, hand over!"

A guttural chuckle ended the words—a chuckle not unduly prolonged.

The Sinner drew back one step with panting chest and

blazing eyes, then darted at Jack and planted two blows between his leering eyes. The bully reeled; the Sinner descended on him like a tiger and flung him down the hideous stairs. There was one sickening thud and two deep groans. The women were distracted—there was reproach in the face of one and a dull gleam of satisfaction in the eye of another—one eye being signally discoloured. And a third woman said—

"I'm glad Jack's mother isn't here."

So the carrion had a mother. It was well also that another mother was not there—the mother that grieved over soiled pinafores in the far far-off years. Well, too, that the stars were not, as Nelly once fancied, the watching eyes of immortal souls. Poor dead Nelly! Dead? Why she was staring and speaking rationally to the Sinner—but so faintly.

"Yes, my poor girl, I will pray for you" he was saying as he knelt by the bed. And this cynic and Spencerian philosopher spoke with infinite tenderness; and, as though at his mother's knee and he a sinless child, repeated the prayer of the Nazarene, "*Our Father which art in Heaven*" until he came to "*as we forgive them that trespass against us*" when he faltered.

"Do you forgive everybody, Nelly?—Raymond even?"

"Ought I?"

"God knows best, Nelly."

"I loved him!" her eyes were gathering the mist.

"Forgive Raymond, Nelly," the Sinner spoke with a low and passionate plea and his face was transformed. But no answer came. Too late, all too late.

I heard my watch distinctly ticking and somewhere a voice was speaking of expenses—what expenses?—another voice said "God bless you, Sir!" "To-morrow" the Sinner was or seemed to be saying, and then a long pause broken by the clatter of wheels and a dim sense of rumbling progress through time to eternity. We were in a cab the wheels whereof awoke silent streets that stretched into infinitude; dull lamps gleaming the while like dissolving stars in immeasurable night. I was in hell dreaming of illimitable cowslip-fields, every nodding gold-head crowning merry girl-faces or hideously confused with phosphorescent skulls which a City Missionary was kicking into a tremendous furnace with triumphant yells.

"You have guessed about 'Raymond'?" said the Sinner.

"Yes."

An artist began the misery—a bully ended it—there was an intervening crowd,—and—so wags this world away.

AMOS WATERS.

### Concert.

An excellent concert was given at the Chelsea Town Hall on Nov. 20th, in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The singing of Miss Elvira Gambogi was especially good. This talented lady has recently set a series of songs from Shakespeare to music of her own composition and her rendering of "Take, Oh take those lips away" was very charming. Dramatic sketches, violin solos, and Miss Kinnison's graceful singing and dancing made up a good programme. We trust the Society may derive substantial help from the concert. It is a matter for deep regret that the Society is in great want of funds, and above all of new annual subscribers. How is it that so many persons who are loudest in their denunciations against any sort of cruelty towards animals should yet never support this noble Society by becoming members? If all of us who love animals would consider it a duty to help the Society by contributing ever so small an annual subscription, it would be able to extend its work instead of curtailing it, which otherwise it will be compelled to do.

### The First Pioneer Lady Dentist.

ON the 6th and 7th of this last October, Frau Dr. Henrietta Hirschfeld Tiburtius, the celebrated and successful pioneer woman dentist of Berlin, commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her establishment in that city to practise amongst women and children only.

Frau Doctor Tiburtius was born in the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, in its Ige of Sylt, in 1834. Together with her three sisters she was entirely educated by her father. In her nineteenth year she was married to—rather than herself married—a country gentleman of some standing and means of the name of Hirschfeld, that being considered the best way of providing for her. As Herr Hirschfeld was a confirmed dipsomaniac, the union proved a most unhappy one. He soon drank himself to death, having completely dissipated his property and broken Frau Hirschfeld's health in the process.

The poor woman—still scarcely more than a girl—was thus left without visible means of support. Having no children, she had no legal claim upon her father-in-law, and, although a rich man, he refused to give her any help, saying that, with her energy, she would soon find a way to help herself. Her brother-in-law, a physician practising in Hanover, received her into his house and gave her the care and kindness she needed until her health was re-established. She then went to Berlin, where some friends thought they could easily find her a situation as lady-housekeeper.

The great difficulty experienced in doing this first made Frau Hirschfeld conscious of the very few opportunities there were for women to earn their livelihood, and when, after long waiting, a situation was found for her, a short experience of the life convinced her that she was not fitted for such a position of subordination and dependence. Previously to this, when requiring the aid of a dentist, she had often thought how great was the need of qualified women dentists, and now the idea flashed upon her that perhaps she could open up the profession to all women by studying for it herself.

Friends were found to give her encouragement and funds towards carrying out this project, and after spending a short time in the study of the purely mechanical part of the profession in Berlin, she determined to go to Philadelphia to qualify herself fully in the Dental College there. She obtained from the Government in Berlin the assurance that upon her return she would be permitted to practise after she had passed an examination which should satisfy the authorities.

Her arrival in Philadelphia and application for admission to the Dental College caused no little stir and opposition, as no woman had ever before sought for entrance. Ultimately, she obtained a majority of votes in her favour and entered upon the prescribed course of two years' study. At its close, having passed a successful final examination, she returned to Berlin. There she underwent the previously stipulated examination to the satisfaction of the Government, and in the autumn of 1869 settled down to the work of her life.

From the first start she had assured success—a success which has continued and increased until this time. Amongst her patients, for long past, have been the Princess Friedrich Carl, her family and household. Indeed, to wait one's turn in the Frau Doctor's anteroom has always been to run the chance of coming into contact with some of the most celebrated and fashionable women of the Berlin world. But to none of these, be it said in passing, has the Frau Doctor ever been ready to give more skilful and kindly help than she has given to the poorer amongst her sisters who have had little, or no fee to offer in return. Indeed, it has sometimes seemed as if the latter received the more careful attention.

In 1872, Frau Hirschfeld married Herr Dr. Tiburtius, a *Statisarzt*, or regimental doctor. He had been a friend of long standing and had been amongst the foremost of those

who had encouraged her in her pioneering. Thus, assured of his sympathy with her aspirations, she made no heedless venture in this second marriage, and it has been most emphatically a happy one, and has added a mother's joys and cares to the Frau Doctor's life in the shape of two sons.

Soon after her marriage Frau Dr. Tiburtius persuaded one of her husband's unmarried sisters, who was earning her living as a governess, to study medicine. This *Fräulein* Tiburtius did, and established herself later as lady dentist in Berlin. Now for many years Frau Doctor Tiburtius, with her husband, their two sons, and *Fräulein* Doctor Tiburtius, have formed together one of the happiest families and pleasantest homes in that city. They dispense the general hospitality, and their home has been a centre of influence for good amongst a wide circle of all classes and all ages, but especially amongst those young folks away from home of whom a great city has always so many. In it the two sons have been growing up under their mother's most constant, tender, watchful and wise care, until now they stand on the verge of a promising manhood, thoroughly equipped in health and education, in the highest sense of the terms. All this is but typical of that which the new woman, in her truest development, will ensure to future generations.

A profession, wifehood, motherhood, housekeeping and hospitality, all carried on at a high level, it might be supposed, would have fully used up Frau Doctor Tiburtius's time and energy. Yet she has found opportunity to assist in the foundation and management of three institutions for the benefit of women, besides helping her sister-in-law in the care and oversight of a small hospital for women, which for seven years they supported by the aid of friends and funds from concerts got up by the Frau Doctors at the upper part of the back of the house in which they dwelt.

Upon the recent occasion of Dr. Tiburtius's jubilee, twenty women dentists went as a deputation to Berlin from various parts of the German Empire to congratulate her. Germany, so slow in all matters pertaining to woman's advance, has shown much courage in this, chiefly owing to the personal example of Dr. Tiburtius, and to the kind practical help and encouraging advice given by her so freely to all suitable women desirous of becoming dentists.

If the portrait of this energetic clever woman could be put before the readers of *SHAFTS*, they would see a dainty looking, well-dressed little woman, with delicate, clearly-cut features, an expression instinct with benevolence, energy and resolution.

MARY MACK-WALL.

### Woman as a Sexual Being; A Man's Views.

NO more striking illustration could be given of the necessity for giving girls and boys right education concerning physiology and the relation of the sexes than the ideas recently published in the *Young Woman*, in an interview with Mr. Hall Caine. This gentleman asserts that women are "fundamentally and naturally inferior as a sex," that "woman is the subject creature," and that "*once a woman marries she becomes conscious of this willy nilly.*" In the face of this, does it not seem extraordinary that such a large proportion of the women who are at work in behalf of the freedom of womanhood from unjust laws and restraints, and who claim an equal position with man, are *married women*, many of them happily married? *What sort of marriage is it*, Mr. Hall Caine, that reduces woman to this abject condition—is there not a marriage which leaves the woman as free in mind and body as the most self-respecting among humanity can desire? The marriage Mr. Caine has in his mind is derived from the baser instincts of human nature—especially the masculine portion of it; it is the kind of thing that old authors revelled in with indecent jest and detail;

one which beyond all question makes marriage for women a physical domination which excludes all genuine respect or true affection. And yet, marriage, whether Mr. Caine knows it and has experienced it or not—and his experience of women must necessarily be infinitesimal—may be a relation so full of equality, *physical and otherwise*, that it may be compatible with the best qualities of the purest friendship. There are passions of the beast, and passions of the soul, and the woman who is nearest to the true ideal of womanhood is the woman who inspires her husband with the latter, and feels it herself.

Is Mr. Caine aware of everything that goes on in the world of marriage? There is sometimes a "pathetic tragedy" for man as well as for woman, and he also "becomes conscious" of various things which may not have dawned upon him in his first growth. Yet what does all this show? That the vast majority of human beings prefer the gratification of the passion of the moment to the living out of a pure and noble ideal, to which, in fact, they have not yet attained. "The woman movement," which Mr. Caine thinks is doing "harm," is simply Nature's effort towards the evolution of a greater race, an equality of the sexes, a nobler ideal of life and marriage, a war waged against those baser uses of ourselves, against the enslavement of either sex by lust and passion. Whatever spots there may be in individual failures or shortcomings in this movement, they can in no wise hinder its progress, since it is based on laws deeper than Mr. Caine recognizes. From the physical to the spiritual; out of the mud into the light; in fair bud and flower and fruit; from the bestial to the human and angelic—*this is Nature's law*. Mr. Caine reads, and will continue to read, Nature according to his own particular proclivities, feelings, passions, information, and we may add ignorance, but he will no more arrest the tide which bears us onward, and which will one day make marriage so chaste, equal, and grand, that it will convert men and women into pure and noble companions, than he will arrest the development in which man proceeds from the savage to the Christ, from the Garden of Eden (in Genesis or the beginning) of untasted innocence, to the New Paradise (in Revelation, or the unveiling) of perfected wisdom.

There can be no greater indictment of marriage as practised by the ignorant and sensual among mankind—a goodly company—than Mr. Caine's own remarks; and no stronger justification for a movement among women, endorsed by the more sympathetic and unselfish among men, towards a new life, than his pessimistic idea that the "inequality" of the sexes is a "*pathetic tragedy.*" We think it is, and that the key of this tragedy is to be found in the subjection of man to his senses, of the inner to the outer, of the "woman," or soul, to the man, or external reason, which obscures the vision of the true pathway, and renders men outcasts from the Eden of spiritual life. Never will man regain that Eden until woman, wifehood, motherhood, are beheld in another light. In proportion as she is cursed, so is he. In proportion as she will regain her rightful place, so also will he. The sense of separateness from the woman on the part of the man is futile; her sufferings sooner or later become his woes; aught that degrades her most surely sows degradation for himself. In the great future men will learn these lessons, and a wiser and nobler manhood will stretch out eager hands to help women to become what God designed—no longer mere sexual beings, but human souls with the very keys of progress in their hands.

### The New Woman.

A LECTURE on the above subject will be delivered on Dec. 6th, at 4 p.m., by Mrs. Sibthorp, Editor of *SHAFTS*, at 5, Prince of Wales' Terrace, near High Street, Kensington, by the kind permission of Mrs. Warner. No charge, all are invited.

## Mrs. Weed Ward.

"RENDER unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's," and to those who deserve our praise and commendation, the meed of commendation due. For no good thing is done by one human being, no discovery made and carried into practice, which does not benefit the race. A great wave of generous gratitude fills the heart of earth's noble ones to all who accomplish, yea, even to all who attempt, knowing that each endeavour levels upwards.

In her own country Mrs. Weed Ward holds, as we have seen in our last issue, a very distinguished place; not only as a photographer, but as an earnest woman, working with heart and brain for the freedom of her sisters and herself; for open doors everywhere. We give her hearty welcome to this England of ours, and trust that no bias of sex, or of nationality, will prevent her gaining the opportunities she has so bravely earned, the recognition she so richly deserves. To the readers of *SHAFTS* she will be specially interesting as a woman of ability, courage and high principle; one who has never yet flinched from the path her feet elected to tread, whatever difficulties may have menaced. Those who have been privileged to talk with her, and to look over her "stored treasures" in art, in photography, in rare and valuable books, will have recognised the invincible determination and pluck she has shown in all her efforts.

Many memorials of the past she holds, of family annals, of facts relating to the history of America during one of the most interesting episodes through which that country has passed. It fills the soul with ardour to hear her tell tales of these stirring times, of incidents in which her mother, Miss Emily P. Weed (Mrs. Barnes of New York), her grandfather, Thurlow Weed, and her aunt, Mrs. Harriet Weed, were familiar figures. Mrs. Barnes was a woman of decided talent and ability, witty, charming, and a great favourite among a large circle of friends. She was also a traveller, which had added to her stores of knowledge and of rich and sweet experiences, and made her a companion of priceless value to her daughter. Between mother and daughter there existed a fervent, steadfast and loving friendship, which Mrs. Weed Ward has not lost sight of, though death has cast a veil between them for a time.

Mrs. Barnes left her daughter a precious legacy of capacity, of culture, and of indomitable perseverance under difficulties, left her also a host of friends, an addition to one's earthly felicity not to be despised. Miss Barnes had the power of attracting friends to herself, also, and was much beloved as well as esteemed. But there came a time when the weird sisters decreed that she should find in another fellow-creature that closeness of sympathy she had not hitherto known, save from her much-loved mother. The acquaintance made with Mr. Snowden Ward, of London, led eventually to a marriage between these two beings of exceedingly similar tastes, both at work in the same profession. Co-workers and co-thinkers, this union is a very happy one. With them the old ideas, the false, ugly ideas of dominance and submission are non-existent. They are true comrades and friends first, mutually helping, strengthening, and encouraging each other. Would we had more of such lives. As co-editors of *The Photogram* and coadjutors in all things which their energy and earnestness induce them to take up, they pursue the even tenor of their useful, glad lives, and are rapidly influencing many souls with whom they come in contact. They edit *The Photogram* together, it does not mean a mere courteous insertion of the name of either one or the other. Nothing is done without joint consultation. Next year Mrs. Weed Ward expects to take a still more active part in the Editorial department. The magazine does not take special cognizance of passing events, but aims at being valuable as a reference paper, on all points likely to be of permanent value in the progress of photography, both as an art and in its constantly growing use in book illustration and

elsewhere. It intends to keep pace with the times and to welcome all earnest work by women or men, British or foreign, which open hearted, unprejudiced action is sure to bring great results. The art of photography is rising to a beauty and grace it once had not, and there are many besides these two active spirits, who are bringing it to a pitch of perfection, which all interested in the world's progress must be truly glad to see. It will please the readers of *SHAFTS* to know that at the Exhibition of Photographic Art, held in the offices of *The Photogram* a few weeks ago, some pictures executed by an Italian lady were considered by judges to be the best in the rooms.

The name of Mrs. Weed Ward, has lately been added to the list of thoughtful, hard-working women composing the Pioneer Club. It is hoped that soon she will be induced to give to the Pioneers, a lecture with lantern slides, illustrating the processes of photography, and the most recent improvements introduced by earnest students, herself included. As women, as pioneers, as thinkers, as practical workers, and as Englishwomen, we rejoice that America has given to us so painstaking an artist; we rejoice that the artist is a woman, and one of whom we can be proud as advanced all along the lines of thought and action.

Some time before Mrs. Weed Ward's marriage she visited this country, and wandering north, south, east, and west, took views of many places and spots of interest in Ireland, Scotland, and England. These she exhibits by means of her lantern slides, as she delivers her lectures here and there. She knows how to put ardour and spirit into her work, and to inspire others with the same enthusiasm. She spares herself no trouble, but will have accuracy, and will perfect what she attempts.

She writes with ease and fluency, and is something of a poet also, having composed several poems of much beauty, one of which, "Milan Cathedral," will, with her kind permission, be published in these pages.

She has written for many papers on many subjects; her phraseology is elegant and very pleasing. *The American Amateur Photographer* contains, in the May and September numbers for 1894, a delightful account of what she calls "A CAMERA TRIP IN GREAT BRITAIN," which is full of pleasant surprises, and ranges far beyond the mere technique of her profession, into some of the grandest and most ardent feelings that rouse the human heart. Coming into the famous battlefield of Killiecrankie, where Graham of Claverhouse lost his life, she says:—

"How I wished for some phase of spirit photography to render visible the brilliant, alert figure, rising in the stirrups to cheer his men ere Dundee and the cause he championed fell together. Back came Scott's ringing lines on the departure from Edinburgh:—

"The Gordon demands of him, which way he goes?  
Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose;  
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

The soul of the woman shows itself in these articles more than in anything we have read of hers, unless it be a verse or two of her poetry; or when listening to her tales of the American War, in some of its most thrilling incidents. Mrs. Weed Ward is a member of many clubs in America, besides our Pioneer Club here in London, where she will soon become well known and as great a favourite perhaps as she is in the States. London is now her chosen home, though she is wise, and knows what travel does to make one complete. She goes about a great deal, and expects ere long to make a trip to the land of her birth, where she intends giving lectures on Stratford-on-Avon, and the Shakespeare country, with lantern slide illustrations of views taken by herself. These lectures will probably be given next spring, and will be full of brightness and interest. The book on Shakespeare's country, of which the prospectus will shortly be published, will contain some illustrations from Mrs. Weed Ward's own negatives. When she took up photography, she knew very little about it, but she was resolute and full of ardour; such

## Indian Native Opinion.

AFTER criticising Sir George White's views on the subject of an Indian Sandhurst and Woolwich to train natives as superior officers for the British Indian Army, as given in an interview at Simla recounted in *Black and White* by Mr. R. Blathwayt, the *Indian Spectator* of October 7th has the following paragraph:—"Amongst other topics of interest, Sir George White expressed himself very strongly against the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act and the system of State Protection of Vice. The efficiency of the army has been seriously endangered on account of the spread of the disease in the British army. 'Our neglect' may therefore be 'criminal,' for we shall in time poison and defile the whole world and all for the sake of a certain feeling of sentiment." Surely exaggeration could go no further. It will not, we trust, serve to undo the work that has been accomplished in freeing the State from a degrading connection. Nor will such exaggeration benefit the soldier. It will raise false hopes in him, and the misplaced sympathy thus shewn will make him sink the deeper in the abode of sin. So long as hopes are given to him of a revival of the old system, so long he is sure not to learn that there are other ways than the protection of the *Chukla* system for him to remain free from the diseases begotten of vice.

MADAME MARIAN VELTRINO gave another of her very interesting lectures on "The Cultivation of the Voice," in her Studio, 167, New Bond Street, on Wednesday, the 7th November. There was a large and appreciative audience, and the explanations given were assisted and exemplified by diagrams and vocal illustrations rendered by herself and one of her pupils. On the following Wednesday Madame Veltrino gave a charming and most successful Song Recital, assisted by Miss Louise Nanney (violin) and Miss Dora Robinson (piano). The programme was a very attractive one, and although there was an announcement that Madame Veltrino had been suffering from an attack of hoarseness, it was scarcely perceptible on account of the artistic manner in which she managed her fine voice. She selected songs very different in style, but perhaps the two most highly appreciated were Chaminade's "Si j'étais jardinier" and Kellie's "Winter Love Song," the latter of which it would be difficult to render more intelligently and musically. Of Miss Louise Nanney's violin solos we can only speak in the highest terms. They were a rare musical treat. Miss Dora Robinson's perfect accompaniment and solos also drew forth the enthusiastic approval of the audience.

## "The Dog."

WE two sit in the room together, my dog and I. Outside roars a violent storm.

The dog sits close to me. He looks straight into my eyes, and I look straight into his eyes.

It seems as if he would say something to me. He is dumb, has no words, does not understand himself; but I understand him.

I understand that at this moment the same feeling possesses him and me, that not the slightest difference exists between us. We are beings of like kind. In each of us shines and glows the same trembling-spark. Death hastens past with a stroke of his broad, cold, damp wings. . . . And all is over. . . .

Who will then settle the difference between those little sparks which have glowed in us both? No! it is not a beast and a man that exchange those looks.

They are of like nature, those two pair of eyes which are directed to one another. And from each pair of these eyes, from those of the "beast" as from those of the man, speaks clearly and unmistakably the anxious yearning for closer friendship. TURGUENIEFF.

always win the battle. Her illustration of Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is capital. The figure is Miss Barnes herself taken by herself. It was this taking of her own photo which made her so great an adept in the use of the camera. She was for a time co-editor of *The American Amateur Photographer*, has read papers before the New York Literary and Photographic Societies, and lectured before several clubs in London. If anything could make us wonder more than we do, at the arrant stupidity of the male genus, in all things connected with women, it would be to read such words as these: "She was the first woman admitted, etc."—connected with such a woman as this, and to see the slow unwillingness shown by the societies of men to recognise her abilities simply because she was a woman.

What a hard up-hill fight she must have had. Let us hope her path here will be easier, brighter, and more free from the jealousy of sex, also of nationality. When will humanity shake itself out of these trammels?

Mrs. Weed Ward appears to have a great love for and appreciation of Scotch poems. In her description of her trip through the land o' cakes she often quotes quaint and appropriate lines. Making pictures of the Stream and Brig o' Doon, she naturally thinks of Tam o' Shanter and his celebrated ride when—

"He skelpet on through dub and mire."

when—

The wind blew as t'wad blaw its last,  
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast,  
That night a child might understand  
The deil had business on his hand.

She has intense sympathy with liberty everywhere, from the wild fresh winds that blow over the mountain summits, to the strong throb of the human heart, exulting in its creative power. She is gladdened by the stand her countrywomen are making in the cause of social purity, and the purity of political morals. She foresees a great day for women, and a great future for this planet of ours, when women shall be free all over the land, "Clear thru from sea to sea." She is doing her part; she and such women as she is will go on building until the old things will topple over, to give place to the new.

It is not possible to give here one tenth part of the exceedingly interesting events and circumstances of Mrs. Weed Ward's own life, of that environment of thoughts and memories bequeathed to her by her parents, grandparents, and the spirit of the age in which they dwelt.

It may be mentioned here that she received the "Diploma of Honourable Mention" from the Congress of the United States of America, "only conferred in recognition of the highest class of work." She also held a position of honour on the Liberal Arts Board of Judges at Chicago and was the only woman representing photography there. She is justifiably proud of what she has gained in the esteem of her fellows, an esteem she deserves to a very high degree, both for her work and her personal character.

In conclusion we give here a verse from one of the simplest of her poems.

Brave hearts and true hearts be our aid in the conflict,  
The world is before us for good or for ill.  
May we fill up our measure of noble endeavour  
And prove that to do we have only to will.  
The swift-flying years never rest in their flying,  
We'll gather the harvest ere nightfall shall come,  
And lay down our sheaves when labour is over  
At the radiant portal of Heaven—our Home.

## A RESPONSE.

A LADY, possessing great musical ability, desires to help *SHAFTS* by giving lessons in music, the proceeds of which she will devote to the funds of the paper. Her fee will be two shillings for each hour of instruction, a reduction being made in the case of two or more pupils. Reply to B.M. at this office.

## "Le Jour des Morts."

Slowly the sad November sun  
Sinks towards the West its sullen rays,  
The dead leaves rustle underfoot,  
The moist earth reeks with Autumn haze;  
We walk within the City of the Dead,  
The yellow dried leaves shudder overhead.

A year ago, and some of those  
Now resting in the sodden clay  
Hoped as we hope, loved as we love—  
Where are their hopes and loves to-day?  
Lie they within the City of the Dead?  
Answer ye leaves that shudder overhead!

A light breeze, like a ling'ring breath  
Of what was summer's lusty life  
Blows on our brow, and whispers through  
The tree-tops;—hushes the vain strife  
And the sad questioning. "Seek not here your Dead"  
Whisper the dried leaves, shudd'ring overhead.

"Look but on us, ye slow to learn  
From Nature's ever open Book;  
We bud and blossom, love and hope  
In Spring-time.—Do ye look  
For signs, here in the City of the Dead?  
List to the dried leaves whisp'ring overhead.

"We bud and blossom, live our life,  
Work and rejoice.—Our short day done  
We wither, shrink, and drop to earth,  
Sure in the hope that this our Sun  
Who bid us deck this City of the Dead  
Will wake us in the Spring, to thrill again o'erhead.

"Our spirit only rests awhile  
In the full bosom of that Life;  
From Whom it came, to Whom it goes.—  
Hush then your questionings and your strife!  
Who walks within the City of the Dead  
Learns Death's great secret from the leaves o'erhead.

"We fall now but to live again,  
Your feet but rustle in our dust,  
The Sun, the Power that gave us life  
Lives on;—lives in the balmy gust  
Of Spring, which through the City of the Dead  
Blows as it listeth, waking Life o'erhead.

"Ye talk of Death as of a Foe,  
We greet him as the silent Friend  
Who takes from us our garments worn  
And bids us rest.—Here do not end  
Our loves and hopes.—The City of the Dead  
Shall once more blossom with fresh life o'erhead.

"Look to the leaves and comfort take;  
From strength to strength we yearly go.  
Learn Nature's plan 'The Great Above  
Linked ever to the Great Below.'  
'Tis but the dust beneath your feet ye tread,  
Look for the New Life pulsing overhead."

D. B. M.

THE following from that excellent paper *The Impress* of San Francisco, is worthy of note:—"In London there is a crusade on to close the music-halls and other places of questionable amusement, with the purpose of driving all the semi-respectable *demi-monde* into the ranks of the mere street-walkers." This movement, and the wide-spread and violent opposition to it, is one of the signs of the times worth studying. The growing restlessness of the public under its load of shame, the many and varied attempts of the reformers to reform this particular evil, and all the new light cast upon it by art, literature, the drama and speakers of all kinds,—all this is indicative of change. Of it all the most healthy sign is the light and air, the keen analysis, the open recognition which is being given the subject. With such study there is hope of solution.

## Reviews.

THE LABOUR ANNUAL, the year book for Social Reformers Price 1s. (In preparation, first year, ready in December, 1894).—*Contents.* Information will be given on:—Socialism; S.D.F., I.L.P., F.S.; Trade Unionism; Labour Church; Christian Socialism; Land Question; Government and Labour; Co-operation; Anarchism; Unemployed; Woman Question; and all Social Reforms. A handbook to the literature of Labour; Biographies, Portraits, Calendar; England, Europe, America, Australasia. Information and Labour literature solicited. Full prospectus and advertising rates on application to the Editor, Joseph Edwards, 64, Carter Street, Liverpool.

This *Annual* will deserve a wide circulation. It is the outcome of this time of upheaval, and cannot fail to be more than interesting. Eager souls athirst for the great To Be, will gain refreshment and strength from its pages. Mr. Joseph Edwards is a man of the age; very quiet, very steadfast, full of on-going power, of the force that moves. He has already given great impetus to many reforms. He says:—

"The Labour movement has at length found its way into the front rank of reform. All the signs of the times point unmistakably to far-reaching changes."

The *Labour Annual* he is publishing, will, he says, "Prepare the way for the coming reign of Labour. Who knows what historic social changes it may not commence or assist?"

The interest of Joseph Edwards in this work is great and practical.

"I am not," he says, "one of those who would force a work, or an idea upon an unwilling world. I have not means to speculate."

The success of the *Labour Annual* will depend upon the response made, which we trust will be swift and hearty.

To show the trending of Mr. Edwards' intellectual conception of things, we quote from an article of his printed in the *Liverpool Pulpit*, entitled "The Gospel of Labour,"—which ought to be well read,—the following paragraph:—

"The forms of enlightenment and progress need uniting; individuals, cities, nations, need saving; the walls of existing churches where they are barriers to brotherhood need breaking down. This new gospel must make continual progress; it is the cry of the new conscience calling on all to prepare the way."

"WHY WOMEN SHOULD VOTE," by the Rev. W. S. Ramsford, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church, New York, is a capital essay on the question of Women's Suffrage, and deals with it from a very wide and enlightened standpoint. Upon intellectual, physical, and moral grounds, this writer argues that the country would be immensely benefited by the votes of women. It is, he says, "the *interested* vote, not the ignorant vote, which endangers a state," and concludes that the charge of ignorance cannot hold, even were women ignorant, which he does not admit. "Women's Suffrage is not a thing of yesterday, it has a history." Also, "the advocates of the suffrage seem altogether to have had the best of it. . . . The fear that if women were granted the ballot they would add relatively to the ignorant vote, is a fear based on supreme ignorance. . . . We can place no limitation to woman's sphere, it is just whatever she can fill, no more, no less. . . . At every advance in woman's education, at every step which seemed to place her in competition with men, she has been greeted with hootings and abuse. But the nature of things is too strong for us, and whether we will or no she *is man's competitor*. The Suffrage simply will *recognise* that she is there to-day. . . . Finally, life has a way of out-growing law, and when it does, law must fit itself to life."

It is altogether the most complete and unanswerable statement on the matter that we have in print in so small a compass. The writer ends by saying—"And so, for my part, I have done and will do what in me lies to win for the womanhood of our nation a voice in its fateful councils."

## Parliamentary Committee for Women Suffrage

REPORT, 1894.

THE Parliamentary Committee for Women Suffrage was formed on the 18th of December, 1893, to secure the Parliamentary franchise for women; to promote the passage of all Bills and support amendments tending in that direction. The special duty of the Committee will be to communicate with members of both Houses of Parliament, and the Society shall be conducted on non-party lines.

Officers and Executive Committee:—President, Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P., G.C.S.I.; Chairman of Executive, Mrs. Grenfell; Hon. Secretary, Mr. Atherley-Jones, M.P.; Secretary, Miss Cozens; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. N. Stevenson. Other members of the Executive, Miss New and Miss Stuart. Auditor, Miss Harris Smith.

The Committee have to regret the resignation, from domestic reasons, of their Chairman, Mrs. Grenfell, who rendered the Society much valuable aid. Miss New has kindly accepted the office of Chairman.

Since its formation the Committee have organised many meetings, all of which have been well attended. One or two of the addresses given have been published and circulated by the Society in the form of a leaflet.

Resolution:—

"That in the opinion of this meeting of men and women, the time has arrived when no measure of Parliamentary or electoral reform should be considered apart from the claims of women."

Copies of this resolution, together with a memorial to the same effect, were sent to the leaders of both political parties and the members for the constituencies in which the meetings were held.

Many members of Parliament were interviewed with the object of securing their practical co-operation in the work of the Society. The following have joined:—Sir Richard Temple, Bart., Messrs. Allison, Atherley-Jones, Bigwood, G. P. Clark, B. L. Cohen, C. A. V. Conybeare, W. Bromley Davenport, H. S. Foster, H. Graham, S. Keay, Justin McCarthy, J. W. MacClure, J. Rentoul, Ernest Spencer, Angus Sutherland, and G. Whiteley.

A new clause for the Local Government (District and Parish Councils Bill) was prepared as follows:—

"For the purposes of this Act, after clause 8 insert the following clause, 'All women who, if they were men would be entitled to be placed on the parochial register of electors as lodgers, freeholders, or persons possessing the service franchise, shall be placed on the parochial register of electors.'

This clause was moved in the House of Commons on the 5th day of January, 1894, by Mr. Atherley-Jones, but was not pressed to a Division.

On the Bill going to the House of Lords at the instance of the Committee, Lord Camperdown moved an amendment to the same effect as that above set out. It was opposed by the Lord Chancellor and the Marquis of Salisbury, and negatived without a Division.

Lord Ripon expressed personal sympathy with the objects of the Society, and promised to lay their views before his colleagues.

At the instance of the Parliamentary Committee, amendments with the object of securing the enfranchisement of women were put down to the "Period of Qualification and Electors Bill" by the following members:—Messrs. Maclure, Cumming Macdonna, Naoroji, Conybeare, Seton Kerr, H. S. Foster, S. Keay, Allison, Whiteley, Atherley-Jones, and Sir Pryce Jones.

A Branch Society is being formed in Edinburgh.

The Executive have every reason to be satisfied with the progress made, and they believe that it is only by legitimate pressure being brought to bear upon members of Parliament that further progress can be achieved.

## Six Hours a Day.

Six hours a day the woman spends on food!  
Six mortal hours a day \* \* \* \*  
With fire and water toiling, heat and cold,  
Struggling with laws she does not understand  
Of chemistry and physics, and the weight  
Of poverty and ignorance beside.  
Toiling for those she loves, the added strain  
Of tense emotion on her humble skill—  
The sensitiveness born of love and fear  
Making it harder to do even work.  
Toiling without release, no hope ahead  
Of taking up another business soon,  
Of varying the task she finds too hard—  
This her career so closely interknit  
With holier demands as deep as life.  
That to refuse to cook is held the same  
As to refuse her wife and motherhood.  
Six mortal hours a day to handle food—  
Prepare it, serve it, clean it all away:  
With allied labours of the stove and tub,  
The pan, the dishcloth, and the scrubbing brush  
Developing for ever in her brain  
The power to do this work in which she lives.  
While the slow finger of heredity  
Writes on the forehead of each living man,  
Strive as he may, "His mother was a cook!"

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON in *Lucifer*.

## IS THIS SO?

I THINK that the greatest misfortune in the intellectual life of women is that they do not hear the truth from men. The consideration for the feelings of women gives an agreeable tone to society, but it is fatal to the severity of truth. Observe a man of the world whose opinions are well known to you—notice the little pause before he speaks to a lady. During that little pause he is turning over what he has to say, so as to present it in the manner that will please her best; and you may be sure that the integrity of truth will suffer in the process."

## CO-EDUCATION.

DEAR EDITOR,—I do not know your views on co-education, but the paper I sent last month contained mine. The School Board Election is on and regretfully I note very few ladies are presenting themselves for election. Why don't the Pioneers take their place where something can be *done*?

Since my paper was written I've read what more than confirms my view (*re* immorality) in connection with a French orphanage on the co-education plan under a man. In the same paper I read of a place in America whose School Board is entirely composed of women, and the schools are the best managed in the States. If these things are facts they are the best of arguments. J'ESPERE.

## PHYSICAL TRAINING AND SWEDISH MOVEMENT CURE.

MRS. FLORENCE DORRINGTON BOYLE is prepared to attend classes or coach pupils privately in Ling's Swedish gymnastics, anatomy, physiology, and hygiene. Ladies and children visited for medical gymnastics and massage. Special treatment for spinal curvature. Hampstead Physical Training College certificates and highest testimonials. 20, Cavendish Road, Haringay, London, N.



## Anti-vivisection.

ON Thursday evening, November 9th, a public meeting was held in the Lecture Hall of St. Mary by the Park, Battersea, to protest against the proposal to erect a bacteriological institute on the Chelsea Embankment, and also against the cruelties of vivisection generally. The chair was taken by the Rev. H. Percy Thompson, vicar of the parish, and he was supported by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Dr. Berdoe, Mr. Sant, R.A., and Mrs. Sant, Mr. Ernest Bell, M.A., Mrs. Henry Lee, Col. and Mrs. Benson, Mr. Bryan, Mrs. Fowle and others. The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said he was not a scientist, and did not go into the utility of vivisection. But as a minister of God he considered that it was unjustifiable to violate the bodies of animals, which were our fellow creatures, and to inflict pain and suffering upon them. It was therefore on moral and religious grounds that he was entirely opposed to the practice of vivisection. (Applause.)

Mr. Bryan moved the first resolution, which was to the effect that the meeting protested against the proposal to erect an institute of so-called Preventive Medicine on the borders of the parish in which the meeting was held, and suggested that sanitary measures would be more effective in preserving the health of the people. There would be bred and propagated the germs of a variety of dangerous infectious diseases, and there would always be risk of such diseases being carried by the attendants or otherwise to people outside. The institute already existed in an elementary form, and experiments on animals were carried on in it. He then referred to the new discovery of a cure for diphtheria, which he said should be received with caution. He gave instances of several operative experiments performed in Great Britain, and said if this discovery were established it would not condone such terrible experiments as those.

The resolution was seconded by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, who protested against the erection of the institute not only on account of the probable danger, but also because of the pain of mind which it would cause to him and others to reflect as to what was going on when the institute should be at work.

The resolution was supported by Dr. Berdoe from a medical point of view, and on the ground that the institute was more likely to be a source of danger than of benefit to the public. He gave an interesting account of a visit to the Pasteur Institute, and referring to the new diphtheria serum, he related that a professor who had been engaged in producing it in Germany has had an outbreak of glanders in his stables, the danger from which to persons treated with such serum might be very great.

Mrs. Henry Lee also supported the resolution on religious grounds, delivering an impressive address from that point of view.

Dr. Hills having spoken in opposition to the motion, it was put from the chair and carried by a large majority. A second resolution protesting against the cruelties of vivisection, demanding its prohibition, and calling upon Mr. John Burns, M.P. for the constituency, to bring in a Bill in that behalf, was proposed by Miss Jessie Craigen, seconded by Mr. Ernest Bell, and carried with very few dissentients. Dr. Hills made some remarks in favour of vivisection; all the arguments he brought forward were confuted by Miss Jessie Craigen.

CHINA'S WOMEN.—Mrs. Van Someren Taylor has charge of the women's hospital at Fuh-ning, in the Fuh-kien province. She says, "Medical missionary work just meets the needs of the women of China—it raises them spiritually, physically, and morally."

## Anti-vivisection.

UNDER the auspices of the Peckham and Dulwich Anti-Vivisection Society, a meeting of the Literary Society of the Baptist Chapel, Mundania Road, Honor Oak, S.E., took place on October 23rd. The Rev. H. Heynes presided. The speakers were the Rev. F. S. Ross and Mrs. Sibthorp.

Rev. F. S. Ross said that vivisection was not a small matter, although many people had not heard of it. He was convinced that the people of England would endeavour to get repealed the iniquitous law and Act at present in existence which sanctioned it, if they knew what it really involved. Vivisection meant cutting up alive for various purposes, ostensibly for the good of humanity. But horrible cruelty did no good whatever. Even if it could be proved that it invariably did good, and that great discoveries were made by it, we should still assert that it was morally wrong, and vivisection meant torture. It was a delusion to suppose that all the cruelties of vivisection were committed abroad. Many took place in England.

The alleged cure for hydrophobia had been called the greatest fraud of the nineteenth century. It had killed many persons. People were deluded by thinking that the experiments were always done under anaesthetics. It was not so. Vivisection must be rooted out altogether. Its moral effects upon character were serious and brutalizing: a horrible training for young students to witness its experiments. Today it was a raging mania with scientific men, a horrible fad and fashion which was almost unknown fifty years ago. The present mania for operations in hospitals he attributed to vivisection.

Mrs. Sibthorp said the question was, how were we to put a stop to vivisection. No evil could be righted until every individual took it up and said, "I am responsible, I must stop it." No good was obtained by vivisection. If vivisection were to be the means of good, we should not be justified in using it. The evil was that we did not think. We accepted other people's opinions on many points, we did not think for ourselves. Women adopted the opinions of the men with whom they had to do. Everyone of us were responsible for our own opinions and for our own actions. Each individual had a right to act for herself or himself. She would ask every person to begin at once, and to try to make some impression on those around them. If there were an evil going on and we knew nothing about it, it was to our shame that we were ignorant. Many people say they know nothing of vivisection. It was their duty to know. It mattered not of what creed we were, we all believed in the religion of humanity. We were full of ideas and prejudices: afraid to act; we were arrant cowards. Women especially must stand on their own feet. Women had always worked for humanity, but without recognition. Women's work was now going to be recognized. Each must be determined to stop this awful iniquity that exists in our midst. It was a grand idea that animals were our "fellow souls." Every person, being the centre of a circle of influence, could do something. Reform must be thorough and wise and many-sided. Thought must be reduced to action before there could be results. Each one of us was producing an impression either for good or evil. Gladness and joy and strength and power came to us continually and helped us; we must go on with our work, and it would not return to us void. The best law we could make was that for all future time there should be no operpartim of an experimental nature performed without the consent of the victim.

Subsequently, Mr. Cyril M. Drew and Mrs. McKinnel briefly addressed the meeting. The vote condemning the practice of vivisection was unanimous.

W. H. MITCHELL.

## Correspondence.

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

## CEYLON ORPHANAGE.

COLOMBO,

October 17th, 1894.

DEAR MADAM,—Thanks very much for your favour of the 17th ult., which reached me here yesterday. Leaving London I made a short tour in the Continent and came over to India, where I visited the principal cities and returned to Ceylon early in September. I was glad to see that our School was growing nicely. I am very glad to tell you that the attendance in the Institution is increasing daily. We have now 106 girls in both the School and the Orphanage. These girls are learning quite nicely, and are very happy. I wish you could see them at their studies in the kitchen, or in the garden, and also hear them sing both in English and Sinhalese! If any of your friends come this way, or are on their way to Australia, please ask them to look in at the Institution. Mrs. Higgins will be very happy to show them round.

I am also glad to tell you that our educational work is getting popular day after day. We are receiving applications from all parts of the Island to send in girls, and we are very anxious to have permanent accommodation. If we do not get any help to build our permanent quarters, we certainly will be in a miserable plight. Imagine our workers and our girls crowded in a building made of mud and which is only temporary! We appeal to you to enlist the sympathy of the English public on behalf of our work.

Last night a very touching scene occurred. A poor man, living in a hut, about a mile off from the Institution, sent for Mrs. Higgins. He was dying. With tears in his eyes he pointed out his little daughter, aged about seven years, standing by her dying father, and asked us to kindly take charge of her. She is now an orphan! and we have now another girl to clothe, feed and educate!

We do sincerely hope that some help will come to us to successfully carry on our work and thus elevate the condition of woman in this Island.

Very sincerely yours,

PETER DE ABREW.

DEAR MADAM,—May I write something about Stockholm, a city which is an ideal summer residence, and too little known. We hear of tours in Norway, but very seldom of trips to Sweden.

Stockholm is built upon many islands, to which it owes much of its picturesque charm. Myriads of steamers of all sizes dart about, hither and thither, giving life to the place, also interest and beauty. There are numerous wift "midgets" which ferry across from isle to isle, thus saving a long walk to a communicating bridge; there are the larger steamers which go to St. Petersburg and other places on the Baltic. Each day finds some pleasant water excursion starting and returning in a few hours or occupying the whole of the day.

We visited Upsala, the great University town of Sweden, with its magnificent Cathedral just completed. The journey by steamer lasted for six hours, and consisted of much wandering amidst islands on Lake Malaren, and crossing several bays, the Skofjord and Fiord Ekoln, finally entering the muddy river Fyrisa. It is impossible to imagine the condition of this river without seeing it, as every movement of the screw churns up liquid mud; unless dredgers are soon put to work navigation will become impossible. We returned from Upsala by rail, which took less than a third of the time. Lake Malaren numbers about 1,209 islands, and the Baltic almost as many.

Another day was spent at Gustafsberg, about ten English miles from Stockholm, which must be reached by a circuitous route, through the meandering of the water-ways. The various islands we passed were very picturesque, dotted over with villas, built in great varieties of size and style, but all pretty and in good keeping. One little steamer seemed to act as postman, parcel deliverer and carrier. Each island had its small bathing-house and landing stage, at which latter, parcels and letters were left in most public and primitive style and without guardianship. The character of the people seems simple, honest and confiding. At Gustafsberg a china factory is the only object of interest.

A new watering-place called Saltsjobaden is springing rapidly into good repute. It has been built by a company with the anticipation of attracting English yachtsmen. Its situation is perfect, and if it were nearer London the place would not contain the numbers who would crowd to it.

I could fill pages with the various interests and charms of lovely Stockholm, but time and space forbid. I could tell of the excellent music discoursed nightly at all sorts and conditions of cafés (for the Swedes are undoubtedly a music-loving nation), and visitors assemble and sit for hours listening to sweet sounds, with no further detriment to their pockets than the small price of a glass of Swedish punch, of Pilsener ale, or of a cup of coffee. The names of restaurants and cafés are legion, for hotels and lodging-houses do not expect their customers to take meals, only rooms are charged for; but the outside attractions are manifold, the water-trips charming, the air exhilarating, and out-door amusements wholesome and abundant.

I should like to tell of a very special and interesting place, the Northern Museum, containing a most interesting collection of Scandinavian antiquities and curiosities, from prehistoric times down to the present day. There are specimens of every department of life—of furniture, arms, church decorations, costumes, trinkets, harness, looms, stuffs, utensils for drinking and cooking, and, in fact, something of everything. The women who attend to these valuables are all dressed in the picturesque costumes of Darlecarlia.

I should like to beg all my readers to turn their steps Stockholmwards as soon as possible, and they will find I have spoken the words of truth and soberness in declaring it and its environments to be a satisfaction and a great delight.

PIONEER 367.

## A WORD FOR "THE OTHER SIDE."

MADAM,—The story published in the columns of SHAFTS, and further, the two calm and temperate articles contributed by Mary McKinnel, lead me to say a few words on the subject of scientific, medical, and pathological research.

The first contention is that those who are engaged in scientific research involving the use of dumb animals to carry it out, are brutalised and hardened, that their finer feelings are destroyed. It is my privilege to be acquainted with some of our prominent researchers, and I can testify to the fact that gentleness of disposition, chivalrous attention to women, love of home, wife and children, animals and flowers, are marked features in their daily life. The same humanity is carried into the laboratory; their researches being made with due regard to the fact that they are not working upon a dead subject. In this connection I will quote a remark made to me one day by a worker in the laboratories here:—"If we caught any of the men doing anything cruel he'd be chucked out." This shows the direction of the general feeling.

The doctors to whom we fly in the hour of grief for others and in our own pain—gentle and sympathetic in the sick room and chamber of death, not isolated rarities, but to be counted only by the columns of the *Medical Directory*—are the outcome of the laboratory and dissecting room—of the hospital and infirmary wards. Do we find, when we go to

them for aid in our bitter need, that they are the monsters so blackly painted by some antivivisectors?

It is argued that scientific research has done no good to any one: that thousands of dumb animals have gone anguished out of life to no purpose. I quote a few results\* in confutation of this assertion.

Inoculation against *Anthrax*.—The veterinary surgeons say (in their report to M. Chamberland): "Results are always very good; it is therefore unnecessary to send you reports which are always the same." From a table of results in which 1,788,677 sheep and 200,962 bullocks or cows were vaccinated, from 1882-1893, the mean mortality during the twelve years was, in sheep 0.94 per cent.; in bullocks and cows still lower, 0.34 per cent. The mean mortality from anthrax before vaccination was 10 per cent. in sheep, and 5 per cent. in cattle.

*Rabies*.—During 1893, 1,648 persons submitted themselves to the anti-rabic treatment at the Pasteur Institute. Of these 4 died—mean mortality 0.24 per cent. From 1886-1893 inclusive, 14,430 persons were treated; 72 died, percentage of mortality 0.50.

Facts and figures are stubborn things, and not to be gained, and the above results testify to the advantage accruing to man and beast from scientific research.

But the greatest victory up to the present time is the triumph over diphtheria. I venture to say that there is not one mother in the ranks of anti-vivisectionists, who would hesitate for a moment to give the child, gasping out its life before her eyes, a chance by being inoculated with anti-diphtheritic serum. Yet this wonderful discovery has been brought about in those foreign laboratories, upon which every expletive in the denunciatory vocabulary is hurled by the anti-vivisectionists. I quote from M. Roux' report in *La Semaine Médicale* for September 8th, 1894:—"While in tetanus, unfortunately, the results of the first attempts did not justify our expectations; in diphtheria, on the other hand, success has been signal; and on the appearance of false membranes we can surprise the malady at once."

Again, however, I will bring forward figures to bear out these assertions. After numerous successful inoculations on animals, MM. Roux, Martin, and Chaillou treated children in the *Hôpital des Enfants Malades*. From February 1st to July 24th, 1894, 448 children entered the special wards; 109 died, *i.e.*, 24.33 per cent.; from 1890-1894 the mean mortality had been 51.71 per cent. in 3,971 children; the advantage obtained, therefore, by treatment with anti-diphtheritic serum, is 27.38 per cent. In the *Hôpital Trousseau*, where the anti-toxic treatment was not adopted during the same time, February 1st to July 24th, in 520 cases, 316 deaths occurred, *i.e.*, 60 per cent.

As to the process by which this priceless remedy is obtained; the toxine is produced by cultivating the diphtheria bacillus in bouillon, and after much careful preparation is attenuated, so that serious harm to the animal (to be immunised) will not follow. Injection is not painful, and is stopped if the animal is found to be losing weight. Roux says:—"To go slowly is to gain time." The utmost inconvenience experienced is "a little passing fever and slight local oedema at the place of puncture, which promptly disappears."

In treating the human subject two injections are generally sufficient, and if antiseptically carried out, there is no danger of untoward accident. Under the influence of the injection the general state of the patient is excellent, temperature falls, pulse becomes less rapid. Wearing local treatment is done away with, irrigation of the throat with boiled water being sufficient. Tracheotomy, that forlorn hope, was only performed once at the *Enfantes Malades*, and that in a child moribund when brought in.

"Mary McKinnel" quotes Mr. Lawson Tait. Those who rail against human vivisection, have a good case here, surely.

\* *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, March 4th, 1894.

The number of women who have undergone successful operation at his deft and skilful hand runs into four figures; if he had not been an ardent dissector and vivisector in his student days, he must later have experimented upon the human subject, thereby becoming a human vivisector and empiricist.

In conclusion, I say beforehand to those who would cry out against my defence of scientific medical research: Would you give up yourself, or your near and dear women friends and relatives to be experimented upon, in order that other women utterly unknown to you should thereby be saved from suffering; and secondly, would you refuse (as you ought to do, if you are consistent) to call in a surgeon whom you knew to be a skilful specialist, because he had been a vivisector, to operate in case of necessity? Then, and in that case only, have you a right to lift up your voice against the work of men whose life labours are in the cause of suffering humanity.

"FAIR PLAY."

#### A REPLY.

DEAR MADAM,—The paper, "a word for the other side," contributed by "Fair Play" to the current number of *SHAFTS*, is written for the most part with a courtesy of tone pleasant to meet with in vivisectors or their defenders, when dealing with their opponents on this burning question. It is pleasant, therefore, to discuss the subject with your correspondent, even while feeling that the statements he advances are open to considerable criticism. It is also gratifying, in the first place, to hear that in the writer's experience of vivisectors, the nobler qualities of humanity are not absent, presumably because of the greatly modified form in which we are led to suppose their experiments are conducted, but what of the 120 men holding special licences for experiments without anaesthetics, and what of the 2,183 experiments, according to the Government Inspector's returns for 1893, performed under these conditions, and including a large proportion in which the suffering caused was both agonising and prolonged? Did the dumb beseeching anguish of the helpless creatures subject to these experiments elicit any response from that "gentleness of disposition" of which we are told? Or were any of the men doing these things—by their own confession often needlessly—"chucked out" for their cruelty? We should like to know how these tender-hearted gentlemen define cruelty. Do they consider, for instance, experiments performed, many of them confessedly not for the sake of gaining knowledge or relieving human suffering, but merely for purpose of demonstration—cruel? It is true that we fly in our hours of pain and sorrow for others and ourselves to doctors, and that the kind and sympathetic among them can happily be counted in round numbers, but it is also true, that many of the best of these have had little or no personal experience of, or acquaintance with vivisection, and that many more silently or openly disapprove of this method of physiological research, and hold it to be unnecessary for the advancement of their own science.

It is equally true that there is a growing distrust of vivisectors in the public mind, which has not arisen without just cause, and which will not be appeased by the sophistries accepted in circles where these "chivalric gentlemen" find their worshippers. I have been informed of one instance in which a patient of high position preferred to die without relief rather than consult a specialist known to be a vivisectionist; and I know families who object altogether to employ as their medical advisers men connected with the practice of vivisection or favouring its methods.

As regards the statement made with reference to Mr. Lawson Tait, he distinctly asserts that though once a vivisectioner he has seen cause to change his opinion, and entirely repudiates this system of investigation, wishing even that he

had never had practical knowledge of its horrors. He also states that it has proved *useless* and *misleading*, and "that in the interest of true science its employment should be stopped, and the energy and skill of scientific investigators directed into better and safer channels."

As for the victories claimed for so-called "Scientific Research" they are constantly disputed and upset by vivisectors themselves, apart from high authorities outside their ranks; and as for that which "Fair Play" says is the "greatest victory," *viz.*, the supposed "triumph over diphtheria," surely it is a little premature yet to speak of the results of the antitoxin treatment of diphtheria in such terms, when the *British Medical Journal* for October 7th announces the fact that "the mortality of foreign cases under treatment of antitoxin is really not much less than the ordinary [italics ours] mortality of our English hospitals," adding that our lessened mortality in England "is to be attributed to that greater cleanliness, more ample accommodation, and good nursing, which contribute so much to diminish our mortality."

For the rest, I leave those more competent to deal with the scientific aspect of the subject to meet the arguments, and confute the statements and often mere assertions of vivisectors and their supporters. To me the moral aspect of the subject is of even higher importance than the scientific, and I would urge what I think can never be too strongly insisted upon, *viz.*, that this side of the question must not be subordinated to the other, that we must never lose sight of the great truth that what is morally wrong in any system, however specious the arguments in its favour, can never be scientifically right, and that in the long run history will repeat itself to their disproof.

MARY MCKINNEL.

#### WOMEN AND THE LOCAL ELECTIONS.

DEAR MADAM,—At the present time, when several women are presenting themselves as candidates at the different local elections, and are in many cases being urged to do so by men, it may not be out of place to point out a possible danger to their independence of action.

It so frequently happens that well-intentioned men simply regard the advent of women to public life as merely a means of extending their (the men's) particular policy or line of action—forgetting that if this were all, women might just as well remain at home. This arises because no man *quâ* man really understands the full drift of the woman-movement. It is not, and never has been, true that woman's interests are included in man's; it is true, and profoundly true, that man's interests are included in woman's. At present, mainly from the blinding effect of past sex-domination, men absolutely *do not know* what are their true interests—and I say this in no spirit of cavil or unkindness. Therefore, I plead, that having regard to this critical period of transition, those women who are deemed sufficiently competent to be invited to stand for election, should have, to a large extent at any rate, a *free hand given them*. What the world really needs is an active *womanliness*, taking its *own* standpoint, judging matters as they appear to woman-eyes, to the mother-vision, and not that women should give away their birthright and shirk what ought to be to them a religious duty, by placing themselves under the guidance and dictates of men.

Truly yours,

HELEN NEW.

#### CO-OPERATIVE COOKERY.

DEAR MADAM,—It has long been a thought of mine that a vast amount of unnecessary expenditure in the way of rent, servants, fuel, materials, and domestic worry might be saved if a Co-operative Company of Supply could be formed in each

town, having well-managed branches in those districts where they would be most appreciated. The company should be formed on a good business basis, the householders themselves taking up the shares, and receiving a share of the profits, which, with proper management, would be considerable. A bill of fare should be sent every morning to each householder, and this one visit would do duty for all the numerous calls we have at present from the tradesmen, which one always feels to be an unsatisfactory way of marketing. Two lists should be provided of three or four courses each, for those who prefer to dine at midday or in the evening, and having made the choice it would only be necessary to say for how many persons the lunch or dinner, or both, would be required. On some days there need be no order at all, as many would prefer having the whole family joint from the Supply on some particular day, and using it up in different ways for themselves. The "Supply" should also provide everything in the way of cold pies, preserves, fruits, &c., a good supply of these being very convenient in houses where none of the chief cooking would have to be done. Each district must be arranged for manageable distances, so that the meals could be sent punctually in hot carts, and the householders would only have to be ready with their hot dishes and plates. Such an arrangement might be an immense saving apart from the profits of the concern, and it would give us as "Materfamilias" says, so many more of the blessings of life for less money. The vexation of it all is that we have to spend so much more than we need do on the necessaries of life without getting the best results. If the Co-operative Supply Company, as suggested, should be considered too risky an undertaking, *why should not some clever, enterprising lady, wanting something to do for an independent living, take the management of a large kitchen in some good neighbourhood for the supply of well-cooked meals for twenty or thirty families to commence with*. If she could get this number to rally round her, the amount saved in one year might be almost or more than sufficient to start the concern. Practical cookery lessons could also be given in this kitchen to the young ladies of these families, which I believe would be very popular with them, especially if they could share some personal responsibility in the matter. The lady manager must, of course, have made a special study of cookery, and I think there are many now who would be glad to turn their knowledge to some practical account.—I am, &c.,

H. P. H.

#### EDUCATION.

DEAR MADAM,—I was much interested in the article on the co-education of the sexes, in your September issue; but protest against the suggestion that women should be employed in boys' schools. It is recommended first on the ground of economy, but how is that economy effected? So far as my practical knowledge goes, it is by employing a woman to do work hitherto done by a man—and at a salary of £10 per annum less. It is evident that this means reduction in the wages of male teachers, whose salaries are low enough now. If a woman can be got to do for £45 a year what a man does for £55 (and he ought not to do it for so little) it is useless for him to continue asking for more.

The second reason given is that women are superior teachers for boys. That may be true of some women, but it is rather a sweeping generalisation, and requires more evidence to support it than the fact that women are eminently suitable as mothers of the boys. Some women can teach boys better than some men, but that is no argument for a monopoly of the teaching profession by women. There are many men who possess in a very high degree the qualities (call them womanly qualities if you will) that go to make a good teacher, and the cause of education would lose much if

they had to find a new profession. Let us have the *best* teachers we can get, whether women or men—neither sex has a monopoly of teaching ability, and neither can be dispensed with. It seems to me that it will be a great pity if, now that so many educational questions demand our serious attention, we have to turn aside to quarrel about which sex shall do the work.

Let SHAFTS and its readers take up the cause of the hardly treated village school-mistress, and they will deserve the sincere thanks of all teachers.

By all means let us have more women upon school boards and among school managers: and I fail to see why they should not ask to be made *Inspectors* of girls' and infants' schools—a position at present most unfairly monopolized by men.

Yours sincerely,  
S. J. HUTLEY.

#### HEAD *versus* BRAINS.

DEAR MADAM,—The following remarks on Women Suffrage in New Zealand were made to me the other day by a farmer of fifteen years' experience in the North Island. He had been strongly opposed to granting women the Suffrage, but now it is a fact, and has to be accepted, his consolation is, that at any rate "it will balance the ground diggers' vote, and a man will have wife's, daughters', sisters', etc., votes, for *of course* they will all vote with the Head of the House." Comment is needless.

I am, Madam, yours,  
L. R. P.

#### CRUELTY.

DEAR MADAM,—A packet of printed matter received from the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection, reminds me of our duties to the lower animals. Nature and Science are twin sisters, and one cannot be elevated by the mutilation of the other. The "healing art" is, as the great physician and philosopher of the Augustan age, Celsus, said, "designed for the protection and relief of suffering"—not to inflict and increase it. But man feeds upon the lower animals—he lives upon death. The fur animals are slaughtered for his comfort, and the beautiful birds are murdered in order that their pitiful little corpses may be worn by the woman who exhibits them as heartlessly as an Indian does the scalps upon his belt. Oh! for the elevation of the human above these inhuman cruelties!

Sincerely yours,  
E. A. R.

#### THE HEREDITARY EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

MADAM,—I have just read the powerful article in SHAFTS of October, on the "Unborn," saying what a solemn responsibility rests on parents. I endorse every word of it, and rejoice to know that this question of hygienic marriage and procreation is now coming to the front. I have studied the health and diet question for many years, and am deeply impressed with the importance of those who are about to marry being perfectly healthy, and having no habits which can injure the health. I write now to say that I think it is high time that the hereditary effects of tobacco were studied by all thoughtful people, and those who have the welfare of future generations at heart. I am very anxious that every woman who contemplates marriage should study this vital question. She is a thoughtful and sensible girl who will refuse to marry a man whose body, blood and brain are saturated with the deadly poison, and who shudders at the thought of becoming the mother of children born with low vitality, weak action of the heart, neurotic and nervous, pale, stunted and puny.

I therefore beg of you, dear madam, to throw open your

columns to the discussion of this question, which concerns the health and stamina of our race.

Yours truly,  
"ANTI-TOBACCO."

#### CLERICAL INVENTIONS.

DEAR MADAM,—Some time ago I met with a statement to the effect that at one period of the Church's history, women were pronounced unholy, and were excluded from the Holy Communion.

Can any of your readers tell me whether there is any historical foundation for this statement?

Also, I should be grateful for information as to the authorship of the following passage, attributed to one of the so-called Fathers of the Church:—

"Woman ought always to go in mourning, to wear ashes on her head, never to smile, never to know a moment's brightness, never to partake of the pleasant and lovely things of the earth; she ought to feel that she is treated with most undeserved kindness and indulgence in being allowed to set her foot inside a church, or to take part in the worship of God." Yours faithfully, H. E. G.

[There is a seeming historical foundation for any amount of lies, but lies, though holding sway for a time, are never assimilated. No woman, or man either, has ever really believed any lie, only the truth becomes part of ourselves.—ED.]

#### International Women's Union.

FIRST REPORT OF THE ENGLISH (CENTRAL) BRANCH FOR THE YEAR 1893-94.—President, Mrs. Warner Snoad. Objects—1. The enfranchisement of women in every country. 2. The preservation of peace. 3. The promotion of friendly intercourse and united effort between workers of all nationalities. This Society was started nominally in October, 1893, but did not commence work until the following December. The results have been more than encouraging. It has prospered exceedingly, until it includes among its members leading women and men all over the world. "The movement," the Report says, "has even penetrated into India and Persia, and stirred a faint ripple upon the dead sea of Oriental life." Surely the work has been valuable, for information has been supplied not only upon suffrage and political questions, but upon literary, educational, sanitary, hospital, and philanthropic work. The International Women's Union was represented at the Peace Congress, Antwerp, "by our Belgian colleagues of L'Union Internationale, and by a letter from the French branch written by M<sup>me</sup>. Potonie Pierre." The work is done principally by correspondence; large public meetings have not yet been organised, the Committee believing that there are already in England enough of these. To be a member of this Union is to be in touch with active women workers and with peace movements all over the world, also to help towards the realisation of many desires of many souls.

THE HAMPSTEAD CLASS FOR MORAL TEACHING.—A class for the moral teaching of children between the ages of nine and fourteen will be held under the auspices of the West London Ethical Society, every Sunday afternoon, from 3.30 to 4.30 o'clock, beginning October 7th, 1894, at Bijou Hall, 219, Finchley Road, next to the Metropolitan Railway Station. Parents who are interested in the subject are invited to send their children. For information apply to—Mrs. Kapteyn, The Oaks, Arkwright Road, Hampstead, N.W.