SHAFTS:

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

Is it conducive to delicacy that a girl should be taught to regulate her conduct to suit the taste of man, who is stronger, is also (as a rule) coarser; that she should dress for him, study his fancies, conform to his codes, learn that which will attract his attention and leave unlearned those things to which he is indifferent, though her own health and her children may be ruined by her ignorance? The wife who spends her time and strength for the welfare of the family is entitled to her share of the common earnings. She should not be compelled to beg for every farthing that she needs from her husband, nor receive as a favour that which is hers by right of value given. Dependent women will never attain to the full stature of their womanhood. The social evil, with its boundless misery, and immeasurable woe, may be ascribed chiefly to the dependence of woman upon man. — From "What We Have to Do," by Elizabeth Kingsbury.

THE position accorded to women in this life more readily than any other is the position of mother. No man wishes to deprive her of that. As mother, she is, for a few years at least, supreme. It might be well, therefore, to contemplate at present that position only. What does it imply? What does it involve? It implies the creating and bringing into the world of a living human being, a being with an existence that knows no end; whose eternity is not something to come, but something that is; is now, and in the future; a being whom the mother must so train, and educate in good principles that no false system of teaching can have any over-mastering power in its life. It involves a great, deep, grave responsibility, which the mother dare not lay aside with impunity. She is responsible for the existence she has created; for its health, physical and mental; for its welfare in this life, and possibly in other lives. She ought to be the first and highest supervisor of her child's education and conduct, not only while a child, but after it has grown to maturity. Is this always the case? Is not the very reverse most frequently what prevails. The position of mother brings with it some of the most important duties life demands from us.

In the first place it calls upon her before entering upon it, to choose as the father of her child a man physically and mentally healthy: to demand from him a past, present, and future, as unblemished as she herself brings into, and means to maintain in the contract. It is also her serious and solemn duty unflinchingly to assert and

support her right to be herself the judge, as to whether she will, or will not, undertake to add to the great multitude of human beings. From her decision there ought to be no appeal, either private or public. She ought herself to be solely in command of herself.

When a mother, there can be no shirking of her grave and honourable duties. Do women know and feel this, do they with courage and determination act up to it? Do women ever ask themselves how their husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers, spend their time when they are not with them?

Do they know? Mothers ought to know, ought to insist upon knowing. If husbands and brothers cannot be approached, what of your sons, the life of your life, to whom you have given existence, for whose actions you are to a large extent responsible? If you have neither authority nor influence over your sons, is it not that you have not so trained them that your word, your counsel, your approbation, or disapproval are of the utmost importance; are to them a help at all times, an anchor to hold by? Some mothers may be able to answer to this question with sincere glad hearts, "I know all, I am satisfied." That is well, but such, alas, are in the minority. The deplorable fact is that there are mothers, wives, daughters, sisters innumerable, who know well that the lives of those they love are hidden from them. There is a remedy for all this; a remedy for the wretchedness and misery, wrought by the wicked, thoughtless conduct of men. Our streets are thronged with those that sin!

Where are you, wives and mothers, while these work iniquity continually and venture to return to you who deem them pure and good; you who pure and good yourselves, have married men unworthy to be the fathers of your children, and even permit your young innocent daughters to marry such. So the generations are produced with a blight upon them. Where are you while your sons are ruined themselves and ruin many others? You are in your homes—shut away from it all! You know nothing! Is this right? Is it enough that these male belongings of yours will not tell where they go? Is it not your duty to find out? The streets are filled with your near and dear ones. Where they are, would it not be well that you also should go, and with quite a different intent; with a

determination to take these women by the hand, as sisters, whom you by your silence have helped to destroy; with a determination that you will help them, that you will see that they no longer starve; that you will raise them and place them side by side with the men who sin with them, and without the same excuse; that you, if the women must be ostracised, will ostracise the men also, that both must be raised from their awful life equally. How many men would go through the streets with an intent so vile did they know that they would certainly meet there their mothers, wives, friends? Not five where there are now hundreds. How many women would seek such a mode of living, could they obtain well-paid work? Not twenty where there are now thousands. Mothers—wives -daughters of unblemished life could soon clear the streets, could soon raise their sisters and brothers, could soon put an end to immorality if they would determine to do so, saying not I will try, which is weak, but I will, which means strength. Unutterable shame is ours if we let this thing go on. Mothers, begin with your sons. Begin while they are of tender years-infants. Teach your daughters and sons the solemn beauty and majesty of life, and life-giving power. Stand by the dignity and privilege which is yours, and resolve that womanhood shall no longer be so reduced, nor your husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons degraded.

The highest and purest, the noblest among women and men, will not be shocked at anything which has been here written; the time for such affectation has died out, in the presence of the Great Spirit of Purity who walks among darkest ways with unsoiled feet, holding up her light, throwing its rays into the most hidden places, that all the evil may be revealed, for only so can it be slain, and encouraging weary sufferers to come out of these dens, never more to return. Desperate evils require desperate measures, and immorality will never be swept away from our social life while women under any pretext are secluded, or seclude themselves, within their own homes, and know nothing of how their male companions, their husbands and sons, live. Let women go everywhere, constituting of themselves a vast woman police force, against which no power of evil can prevail.

Influential Lives.

MR. JAMES WILSON MILLER.

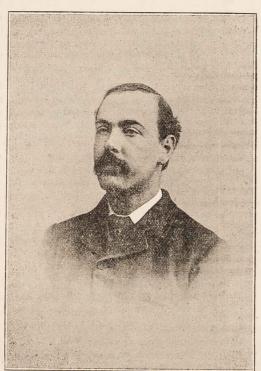
towards the amelioration of their own position, and the sympathetic interest taken in such movements by those not generally denominated workers. All progress tends eventually towards the good of the community; it is, therefore, a most gladdening and inspiring promise when the move- and happy factor in Mr. Miller's life. He brought into his soul, and to understand ment becomes general. Now, as one step follows another in advance, as people become more and more enlightened, and awake to the needs of the human being as they make themselves felt in the present; time and to the greater and higher demands made by all sorts and conditions of people, as widening thought opens out everincreasing possibilities; it is to be hoped that the different classes will earnestly avoid the prejudice which might induce them to act against each other in any acrimonious spirit, and wisely amalgamate, working together for the general good.

The movement among the Labour party is making steady progress, the progress which attains. In Islington one of its most prominent and earnest friends is Mr. James Wilson Miller, who was in 1892 the West Islington Labour candidate for the London County Council. Mr. Miller carries on at present the business of a retail newsagent, which he has worked up by untiring zeal, energy and industry, from a small beginning into a very

flourishing condition. He is a man of remarkable perseverance and great he has a happy knack of entering readily and sympathetically into conversationwithout perceiving at once the frank honesty carries into his work, and his warm enthusiasm on all subjects affecting the advance of human thought and the interests of labour. He has also a clear and just now thick with the rust of time. So thinking, and so acting, Mr. Miller wins

takes of many questions now rising to the surface of public discussion, notably, the respective claims of labour and capital. To these qualities, no doubt, he owed in A MONG the many encouraging features distinguishing progress in the present day, may be cited the earnest, intelligent council Labour Representation League. efforts now put forth by the working classes | These qualities also make him now a most prominent and active member of the Newsagents' and Booksellers' Union.

Home life, which generally constitutes so great a portion of our existence, the mother influence which helps so materially to make us what we are, has been a powerful



MR. JAMES WILSON MILLER.

force of character. It is not possible to | was born on the Tees' side, in the centre of | Mr. Robinson for a better and more converse with him for many minutes-and | the ironwork district, in 1852. While he was vet an infant his mother went to live at Redcar, at the mouth of the Tees, close to the German Ocean, moving from thence to and determination of purpose which he Brotton, which town is most delightfully situated, overlooking all the northern ironwork district to the north, and commanding on the south side a fine view of the moorlands and, the wide expanse of the appreciation of the determined struggles of German Ocean stretching out to the horizon. women to throw off their heavy shackles, Here Mr. Miller must have learned to love, on one side, nature in its grand and beautiful aspects, on the other, the great hive of many friends among those who strive and human industry, representing, as it did, aspire; all such may reckon confidently upon | human effort, human skill, and human pain; his hearty and active sympathy and support. also, above and beyond all, the claims of One of the greatest recommendations which | human beings to justice, fair wages, a fair Mr. Miller possesses as a leading member of day's work, and to an amount of leisure for

justice, and the fair and considerate view he | important needs. From this height overlooking, as it were, both sides of life, this old beacon head from which the fires of an earlier day often gleamed and flashed as signs of war and tumult, there must have entered into Mr. Miller's thoughts another and greater battle, the battle of right against might all over the world, a battle which shall eventually be won. It is not difficult to picture how, on looking back to this familiar spot, these thoughts took deep root as the boy grew into the man, his sense of wrong and injustice, on the one hand, softened always by the sense of beauty and power which nature, on the other hand,

how such an influence has tended as time passed on, to make his thoughts and actions fair and just.

The boy received but a meagre education, which he supplemented later by attending evening classes. His education, we may say, continues to the present day, for those who earnestly desire to know are learning ever, and rarely make a backward step. He was apprenticed, at an early age, to the carpentering trade under John Robinson, of Whitby, and worked at Abbey House, said to have been the residence of the beautiful Saint Hilda, celebrated in legendary lore as having charmed all the snakes in that district : like St. Patrick she "bothered all the varmint." Snake stones in the shape of a coiled snake body, but headless, are found here in great quantities. Mr. Miller says he has seen thousands of these stones, but never one with the snake head; they are evidently fossils embedded in stone. Whitby also is the home of the jet industry, which Mr. Miller graphically describes.

When he had reached nineteen years he left the employment of lucrative position. He was unusually thoughtful and advanced for his age, which, with his great tenacity of purpose, he very dutifully and gratefully says he owes to his mother, both as an inheritance and as an influence. She was a woman of great strength of mind, active, industrious, and capable, a good woman of business, these qualities having all been strengthened and brought to greater perfection by the hard battle she had to fight against difficulties nearly all her life. She managed a very large business, a general store, Mr. Miller calls it, where everything, from boots and shoes up to newspapers, was to be obtained. She took the entire supervision of this business, managing both her own and her husband's part (her second husband). a rapidly moving body, is his strong sense of the purpose of satisfying higher, even more having very little leisure, yet taking also an

active interest in all public movements and questions of the day. She was highly respected in the district, and when she died, at the house of her dear friend Mrs. Goodfellow, of Brotton, she was followed to her grave by Mrs. Gibbs and all the old inhabitants of the place. It was a matter of great regret to her son that she died just as he was gaining a position and had made arrangements to give to her remaining years the case and comfort which she deserved, and which it would have been his delight to bestow. He tells with great pleasure a little incident which occurred just before he came to London, when his mother, having given up business, had gone to live in the country, where, being quite unable to remain inactive. she attended to a large vegetable and flower garden and kept bees; her son, wishing to give her pleasure, constructed a bee-hive, which he sent to her, and he himself walked thirtytwo miles to her residence to set it up. Also how she twice paid him a visit and was a guest in the little house in Holloway-road, upon which occasion her old business instincts caused her to take the greatest delight in going over the shop, and in listening to her son's accounts of his rapidly increasing trade. Mr. Miller acknowledges with beaming looks that he owes no little of his business success to the able assistance he has received from Mrs. Miller and their two We may as well mention here that in the

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course of the interesting details given of his experiences Mr. Miller pays a well-deserved tribute to the successful work of the Salvation Army in temperance matters in cases which have come under his own notice.

Memory records joys more readily than

sorrows. It is good to see the pleasure with which Mr. Miller recalls incidents of his past life, dwelling fondly upon the fact how, while still a lad, his mother allowed him to keep his salary for four weeks to buy himself tools; and to note that these times of hard and constant struggle with difficulties eventually overcome, are now transfigured into sunny memories, among which stand out prominently his mother's tender love and care, and the names of friends who at different portions of his life have helped him so much with their companionship and sympathy, such as Mr. Thomas Armstrong, with whom Mr. Miller worked while he followed the trade of a carpenter, and with whom he enjoyed some pleasant times; also Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and James Harvey, who were among his first friends in London, and whose kindness he will not readily forget.

During his stay at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Sunderland Mr. Miller joined the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, and began to take a more active part than ever in all trade movements con-

interest was continued after he came to London in '73. He led a busy, active life as a carpenter some time after coming to London, working for nearly all the principal firms. His reason for eventually leaving this employment was the difficulty of obtaining a permanent situation, owing to the conditions under which the engaging and dismissing of the men was carried on. But previous to taking the final step he had, under great difficulties, pecuniary and otherwise, commenced his business as newsagent at 76, Holloway-road, in spite of many discouragements and dissussions on the part of those who deemed it a hopeless attempt. Mr. Miller's courage and hope remained, however, for which he has now reason to be glad, as they have brought him a satisfactory reward. His idea in starting his present business was suggested to him by the great difficulty he experienced in obtaining the papers he desired to read, especially advanced periodicals which feed the thought of the time; he, therefore, resolved that in the business which he had pictured to himself as his ideal to come, he would keep ever before himself this fact, that a newsagent ought to supply to the public the papers which the public demands, either individually or collectively; that it is not the place of the newsagent to criticise the why and the wherefore of these demands, out to have as far as possible a store of every description of newspapers or pamphlets demanded from him by the different convictions and opinions of the time in which he lives, remembering always that he has established himself to cater to public requirements, not to dictate to his customers what they shall or shall not read. Mr. Miller has frequently had to make a stand for his principles in this matter, and many amusing

incidents have resulted therefrom. The West Islington branch of the Labour Representation League has done some important work since its early days, in which it has received much valuable assistance from the Workmen's Times and the Northern Light. It is but fitting to mention here the names of gentlemen who figure conspicuously and honourably on the committee and in the work done by it, also in Mr. Miller's appreciation as friends and sympathisers. These gentleman are Messrs. G. Kilpack. E. Drew, O. Beecham, J. Morgan, Stan, Gale, Jno. Moore, T. Cook, G. W. Patterson, Augustus Steward, F. Bartlett, and J. Wilson.

Mr. Gowing Scopes, the gen. secretary of the Newsagents' Union, on behalf of the executive, invited Mr. Miller to preside at their first annual meeting held at the Memorial Hall Farringdon-street in April, 1892, where he, (Mr. Miller) brought forward prominently the unfair conditions imposed Guardian Election committee. He also

which resulted in Mr. Miller being invited by the Telegraph management to interview the proprietor, Sir E. Lawson, who put before Mr. Miller all the difficulties attending such a change as was suggested, describing it as impracticable. Sir E. Lawson was himself familiar with the details of all the stages of management in the Telegraph offices, having been there since his boyhood. In less than a week after this interview he proposed to Mr. Miller to give the suggested plan a trial for a fortnight, sending to him alone copies of the paper on sale or return. During this fortnight, however, Mr. G. Scopes wrote to the proprietor, representing this as a poor test, and asking for an extension of the same privilege to 100 different members of the Union. This was agreed and afterwards extended to over 200 more. It is now hoped and expected that this will soon become a general and established practice.

When the Sunday newspaper question arose, through Mr. Miller's exertions he gave his opinion on the subject to a representative of the Westminster Gazette with good, sound common sense.

He said—"I work for six days in the week about sixteen hours a day; why should I be compelled to work on the Sunday, too?" He had, he said, to consider the matter in a business light, as the work had to be done. and he must do it or lose his customers. He thought that the state of things might be changed if Sunday newspaper publishers, instead of advertising—"Read the special Sunday morning edition," would make a late Saturday edition their feature, and use every means to circulate that. He did not advocate abolishing the Sunday edition altogether at first, but suggested a very reasonable plan by which it would come gradually to be superseded.

In issuing his addres as Labour candidate in 1892, Mr. Miller gave a very clear and succinct account of his principles. After alluding to the "needlessly heavy" burdens which had to be borne as one result of the defective management of public affairs, the extreme poverty and misery which resulted from it, and the intemperance which disgraced the "richest city in the world," Mr. Miller proceeded to say that among other things he advocated an eight-hours day for all employees of the Council, a reduction of the rates of occupiers, and that power should be given to the County Council to tax the ground landlord; also that he voted for the better housing of the people, a strict enforcement of sanitary laws against the owners of slum property, and various other

Mr. Miller has taken an active part in the matter of Poor Law Guardians, and is chairman of the Islington Labour and Progressive nected with the building industry, which upon the trade by the Daily Telegraph, is a firm believer in, and a solid supporter of Home Rule, not only for Ireland, but "all round." He thinks if more responsiblity were centred in the individual it would serve to strengthen many and bring out capabilities which our present system of government renders inert. Bitterness existing between classes he proposes to gradually destroy by promoting the free interchange of thought and feeling in the mingling together of these classes where they might reconcile their different standards of culture and approach each other with better understanding, and so approximate towards the end which lies before all equally-such a happy condition of things as prevails in the Pioneer Club, of which Mrs. Massingberd is president, and where women of all grades may meet on equal terms.

Mr. Miller is ardently interested in his work as a newsagent and all it gives him an opportunity of doing; but dislikes and deplores, need it he said-also doing his best to change—the conditions under which trade is conducted : the long hours, the want of rest and time for the development which the human intellect seeks more and more as the years come and go. One great inducement which moved him to turn to his present business was that under existing opinions his girls could not be carpenters; therefore he and Mrs. Miller decided that the best they could do for them was to establish a business they could follow. They are bright and happy girls, full of life and intelligence. active, industrious, ambitious to rise, to do all things thoroughly, and to make the best of everything. They are already of great assistance to their parents, both at home and in the business, and have for some time taken an intelligent interest in public affairs, so that when Mr. James Wilson Miller is called upon to take his seat in Parliament, as he jokingly says, there will be two youthful members of the Labour Representation League, the Newsagents' Union, and probably many other associations, to follow where he has led, and also to take paths of their own; to carry out boldly and energetically many schemes for the emancipation of women; the full development of the powers and capabilities of woman, the interests of labour, and the highest good of humanity, not only in their own land but everywhere.

All the world is everybody's.

Woman is the crown of the creation: the keystone of the fabric of humanity.

The sting of a sorrow is the fact that it might have been avoided, in nine cases out of ten.

The majority of men cover their nakedness by animpenetrable garment: they wrap themselves up in Selfishness!

He who promulgates a kindly idea which grips the world is a benefactor to his race: for the world is never the same after receiving a new idea.

R. HARTY DUNN.

The Best of Fathers.

CHAPTER VI.

CAIN AND ABEL.

THE home-coming of the heir was celebrated

right royally at Holmbury.

The tenants were entertained at a groaning poard in the fine old banqueting hall, which had echoed in its days to the toasts and cheers of the contemporaries of Raleigh and Drake. Elizabethan hospitality could not have been more lavish than that which entertained these loyal subjects of Queen Victoria.

Although no bullocks were roasted whole, a good many contributed their choicest joints to the entertainment, and the poor folks who were too ill or too old to attend had generous gifts sent to their homes to console them for issing the feast.

Nut-brown ale and glowing wine sparkled in ready glasses, and many a bumper was emptied with hearty good wishes for the young

squire's future happiness.

Isaac acquitted himself well in the rather difficult position of hero of the day. He was never troubled with shyness and was not at all self-conscious, so he managed to deliver himself of a brief but manly speech, ending with an affectionate reference to his father, "who had he said, "done everything that a father could do to train up a good squire for them, and who, above all, had preached by example what a noble life a true English gentleman could lead ; shame to himself that he had not been a more worthy pupil of his master in the days that were past. He hoped in the future to make up for short-comings, and would try hard to follow in his father's footsteps. He knew they could wish nothing better of him."

At which good sentiment there broke forth oud and lusty cheering; for Sir Stephen was deeply beloved and showed at his best when dispensing hospitality, and the men who were eating his meat and drinking his ale and wine felt vastly kind towards him. They brimmed over with admiration as they saw the handsome squire, still in the prime of life, his hair ungrizzled and his tall figure unbent, though a little fuller than in the days when he had first become their landlord, and showing signs in his kindly face that he did not find it easy to keep up his British stoicism, as he glanced at the fine young fellow who was to succeed to his duties and his honours if all went well, and who promised on the whole, notwithstanding his early short-comings and errors, to do it worthily.

Many a hearty good wish was showered on those two golden heads, the well-wishers little dreaming how ere another day came round both were to be bowed to the dust, one by pain, and one by sorrow.

Ah, well! Everybody knows what such a festivity is like and can imagine for themselves the bucolic jokes and cordial good will at the tenants' table, and the more polished congratulations of the members of neighbouring county families, who came later to dance their welcome to the young squire, and the up-turned faces, both rustic and aristocratic, which gazed together at the fine display of fireworks given n the grounds when darkness had fallen.

Isaac was the soul of the evening, whether he was occupied dancing in the ball-room with some silken partner whose ancestors had first set foot on English shores in the following of Norman Will, or passing from group to group amongst the crowd of humble lads and lassies gathered in the park to see the fireworks, laughing and joking and setting everybody at

"All went merry as a marriage bell," and no inopportune incident of any kind occured to mar the brightness of the evening, till the carriages began to roll away with the satisfied and contented guests.

In the gaiety of the final round dances few nad noticed the absence of the hero of the day, though more than one pair of bright eyes had looked for him in vain; but in fact, though the dancing went on till past two in the morning, no eves had seen him in the ball-room since

The silver moonlight lay like snow along the ground in the Holmbury woods, and the fallen leaves were really fringed with a white rim of hoar-frost, while the long shadows of the trees stretched black and weird into the night.

It had been a late moon and had not risen in time to mar the background of dark starlit sky which had served to show out the full beauty of the fireworks in honour of the heir's home-coming; but when it rose no clouds dulled its clear splendour and in the Holmbury woods it was well-nigh as light as day.

The night was silent as sleep itself; no wind stirred the bare branches of the trees or rustled the withered leaves that clung to them here and there, and if a leaf did fall its fluttering descent to earth was audible in the

Through the sleeping wood crept a party of men with guns and bags and all the paraphernalia of "sport." Their faces, as the moonlight struck them, showed black as the tree shadows some indeed wore masks; the speeches which they addressed to each other were well peppered with oaths and decidedly cockney in accent.

Well, if country squires have their amusements why should not London blackguards have theirs also? A possible chance of penal servitude as the price of their entertainment, no doubt heightens its zest and adds a charm which the gentleman misses in the tame security of the battue.

Presently, the echoes were startled by sharp reports, and the frightened pheasants whirred from their roosting perches, to fall one after another under a smart fusillade. The intruders had chosen their ground well; there was no hotter corner in all the Holmbury woods, and they had disposed their forces well and shown that they were knowing hands.

In the midst of it all rose a shout-"They're on us! By h—, the bobby is with 'em! I'll swing for it rather than be took, I will!"

The man who shouted pointed up a long white glade. Along it came a dark group of figures. It was the keepers, and they advanced at a swinging trot, having every intention to catch the marauders red-handed if such a consummation should prove possible.

With many a fierce invective the poachers slunk away, leaving much of their booty behind them, but, even so, hampered by the weight of

But the foe was too near and was gaining

Thinking all danger behind them the thieves sped on, to stop with a sudden fierce vell of surprise and execration as old Hay, the headkeeper, and a stout young comrade, sprang, gun

in hand, to bar their way.

The man who had said he would "swing for it rather than be took" was within a couple of yards of the younger keeper.

With a howl like that of a wild beast he flew at his opponent and the two closed in a fierce

Hay instantly turned to help his comrade,

and the rest of the gang made a rush like a at the thought that the gay young fellow who herd of cattle, and left the three men in their

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The poacher, finding two men upon him and the first no mean opponent single handed, grew desperate. A knife gleamed in the moonlight and the young keeper gave a deep groan, as his hands relaxed their hold of the throat they were strangling, and let the poacher free.

Hay's yell of anguish was echoed by the body of keepers who had just come up. "Seize the varmin! Seize him! Hold him! Don't let him get free! He's stabbed Mr. Olroyd!" he shrieked as he fell on his knee by the prostrate man, who lay as still as the shadows of the

In a moment the poacher was surrounded and taken prisoner, and stood bound and help-less amid a circle of cursing, furious men.

Sir Stephen and Lady Olroyd stood side by side, speeding their parting guests.

Old Lord Hoveton, who had been one of the old Sir Isaac Olroyd's closest friends and who loved and esteemed the son, had honoured the grandson's fête with his presence and was among the last to go, a stately handsome old man, enjoying a green old age.

"Good-bye, Olroyd, good-bye!" he said as he shook Sir Stephen's hand. "Accept my thanks for a pleasant evening, and also my congratulations on the hero of it! Heigh ho! I wish I had such an heir, instead of a second cousin five years younger than myself! A fine young fellow and quite absurdly like you. By the way, where is he? I should like to shake hands with him before I go."

Ah! where was he? The room was not so

full of guests but that Isaac's tall head would have been easy to see if he had been among them. A footman despatched to look into the refreshment room reported him not there, and then went off on a fresh voyage of discovery.

In two seconds he returned with a white scared face, and tried to speak to his master in such a tone that Lady Olroyd should not hear, but her quick eyes soon detected the attempt. 'There's been an accident, Sir Stephen. They are now bringing Mr. Isaac through the hall. Keep her ladyship here," whispered the footman incoherently.

Sir Stephen turned whiter than his man, and his hands shook with agitation, though he kept a smile on his lips for Dorothy's sake.

But mother-love divined at once She clasped Sir Stephen's arm, her great eyes wide with terror.

"My boy is hurt! Let me know all, Stephen! Don't keep me in suspense! What is it?" Then the footman told all he knew, which was not much.

"There has been a row with poachers and Mr. Isaac was in it somehow, and one of the fellows showed fight and wounded him. They took the blackguard though. They were bringing Mr. Isaac through the hall as I got there.

'Let us go to him, Stephen!" said Dorothy, and when the husband and wife had left the room, the guests who still remained clustered round the footman with awe struck faces, smitten as by lightning.

"He looked like death," the man said, his own face not much more like life and his teeth chattering. "I'm afraid he's badly hurt. Pray God he isn't killed, for if he is, it will

The company waited till they were told that the sad procession had crossed the hall, and then stole out to their carriages, whispering and speculating and grieving, for it would have been a hard heart which had not felt saddened had been so lately amongst them in all the glory of his manly strength, was no v struck down and lying at death's door.

CHAPTER VII

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Sir Stephen strode into the hall with the delicate wife leaning on his strong arm, whom he had so nobly shielded from every grief that he could bear for her, since he had vowed at the altar to cherish and protect her.

But he had long since discovered that evils existed from which he was powerless to shield her, and with the true instinct of love he knew that on this occasion it was kinder to let her face the worst reality than to leave her in the agonies of suspense.

So they went forward together, listening with beating hearts to that ghastly shuffle of heavy feet which those who have once heard the home-bringing of a wounded man, or the carrying away of the earthly remains of one who had been dear to them, that it so much resembles, will never forget.

As they reached the hall, the mother's eyes rested on the white insensible face of her only child, who had been so lately restored to her arms from all the dangers of travel; had he indeed come home but to die, to be foully murdered? could it be?

Her hand slipped from her husband's sustaining arm; she darted forward to be beside her

Sir Stephen, seeking explanation as to how this awful thing had happened, turned to old Hay, the head-keeper, who stood near the hall door with his arms crossed, looking fiercely sorrowful, while behind him stood three men, the middle one with his hands bound together and a sullen defiance on his young and not incomely face, from which the black mask had

"It's him as did it, him as did it, Sir Stephen," said Hay, jerking his thumb over his shoulder

Sir Stephen's eyes and those of the young

With the glance of those sinful eyes, a deep conviction entered Sir Stephen's soul, and a choking lump rose in his throat; he turned away hastily without a word, for, if a murderer once doubted if he were his brother's keeper, no father but knows that he should be the keeper of his own son.

Best have out the light-cart and drive him to the police-station, I suppose, sir?"

"Oh yes! Take him away, you know the procedure," gasped Sir Stephen, and followed the slow procession that was creeping up the

But it was not of Isaac that he thought most. when, a few minutes later, he bent beside his wife over the bed on which their only child lay, in awful unconsciousness, with a ghastly wound in his side.

It was that other face which haunted his brain; that other soul whose curse of sin seemed to weigh him down with a frightful accusation of blood guiltiness. If this boy on the bed died and that other now on his way to prison was banged for it, his conscience told nim that he would have murdered them both!

His face was ashen, his knees trembled under him, and great drops of sweat gathered on his brow. He watched Dorothy moaning over the child of her love, and he felt that his sin had

For the thought which had come to him with a mighty wave of conviction on that day at

Eton when he had caught the young thief's hand in his pocket, came to him again with unshakable persistence now, when he had seen that same face again. How else account for that double likeness-to Isaac and to Nellie Miles?

There are some truths which strike home with almost supernatural clearness, though they are incapable of proof; and so the conviction that this possibility was a fact struck home to the awakened conscience of this wretched father.

In vain he reminded himself that it was a mere fancy, an improbability, a thing which was utterly unproven and probably a figment of his own shaken nerves. If it were not so he felt it would aid him but little, for, since the thing night be, he was equally guilty

He saw the whole reach of the iniquity of his youth, the fearful consequences it might entail; whether or no it had done so made no difference in his sin.

As he watched the woman he loved weeping beside the son he loved, and thought that it was possible that a son he had never loved had wrought this woe upon them, and realised that wretched outcast's probable fate, he could have screamed aloud in his agony, he could have welcomed lightnings from Heaven that would have burnt up body and soul together, so they could have given him oblivion.

In his anguish a deep groan broke from him. Then Dorothy looked up from her insensible darling to his tortured face.

"Oh, Stenie, forgive me!" she said, rising and going to him with out-stretched arms. " forgot your grief in the selfishness of my suffer-

"Do not touch me !" he exclaimed, hoarsely

Dorothy thought that he had perhaps uttered ome impatient exclamation against the poachers which had set Isaac on to meet them.

"Oh, no! my dear, it was through his own high spirits and wilfulness" she said, and then added with a wan smile, "Lads must sow some wild oats, you know.'

"Do not use that accursed phrase!" answered her husband, with a sudden fierceness of tone that surprised her. "It has sunk more souls to hell than any other lie in the world! Then changing from vehemence to intense depression, "Pardon me, Dorothy," he said you cannot know-your sweet innocence cannot conceive—the horror I see in that phrase. I never saw it myself till this night. God help me!

All that they knew how to do had been done for their darling, but it was not much, and the leaden minutes seemed like hours as they waited by that sad bed-side, feeling that life was ebbing away from him with every tick of the clock, and in awful suspense as to the seriousness of the wound.

Yet every mortal pang must have an end, and the doctor came at last. He could not give them much comfort, however. He was onstrained to tell them that Isaac's life hung by a thread. When Sir Stephen learned that the wound had been made with a knife, a cruel stab, he turned sick with shuddering disgust; if indeed, as his morbid fancy was, the wretched culprit owed life to his sin, that use of the knife was a further proof of the utter depravity in which he had been reared; more than anything it brought home his degradation to Sir Stephen, who hated the idea of a stab with an Englishman's hatred, and he writhed in fresh loathing at the thought.

The days went on and Isaac still hovered between life and death.

Dorothy was admirable. Love triumphed

over physical weakness and she was not only the most devoted but the most capable of nurses; more than that, her courage never gave way, and she was the never failing support and comforter to her husband. It was the delicate mother who showed strength. The robust father was as one struck down by a pestilence. His bronzed cheeks grew ashen, his eyes hollow, and hope seemed dead within him.

The image of the wretched poacher's sullen countenance so strangely like the white face be fore him on the pillow, was always in his mind, ac eusing him with a double accusation, nay, three-fold, for if that outcast was indeed his son what about his mother?

The days went on and the culprit had been haled before the bench, examined by Sir Stephen's fellow-magistrates, and remanded till more should be known of Isaac's plight.

Sir Stephen, instead of taking his usual place beside them, had to go into the witness box, and so went through the most awful ordeal of his life; more awful even than those long hours of cruel suspense passed by Isaac's bedside which he had scarcely left since the night when his tall, brave son had been carried in helpless and nigh unto death.

On the day following, after a night of black depression which Dorothy was powerless to lighten, he ordered his carriage in the morning; except for attendance at the court he had not left the house since the accident.

"I am going to see that unhappy lad in prison," he said in a low voice, when Dorothy's tender eyes asked questions, for it was never his custom to do anything or go anywhere without her knowing what and where.

"Ah! how like you, my own generous love!" she exclaimed, but he turned away with a strange quick movement of deprecation that puzzled her beyond measure. He had perplexed her greatly since their heavy sorrow nad fallen upon them; he seemed to avoid her eyes, even to shrink from her kisses; sometimes she thought that he had knowledge about Isaac that he feared to break to her; that perhaps the doctor had told him the lad could not recover and that he feared to let her know it and dared not let her look in his eyes lest she should read the truth in them.

> (To be continued.) ---

WOMEN FACTORY INSPECTORS.

The feeling that for some time past has been rapidly growing in strength, of the need for Womer Factory Inspectors to overlook the conditions under which hundreds of thousands of women and girls do their daily work, has at length borne fruit in the appointment, by Mr. Asquith, of Miss Ma-Abraham and Miss Mary Patterson to that office.

Miss Abraham is already known for her efforts to improve the condition of working women and for the determined fight she made to obtain an extension to laundresses of the benefits of the Bil brought in by the late Government to amend the Factory and Workshops Act; at which time she led deputations of laundry women day after day to the House of Commons to interview the members. Miss Abrahams was also one of the four Lady As sistant Commissioners of the Labour Commission and during h r year's service travelled over all the North of England and the greater part of Ireland visiting factories, which experience will, without doubt, be of considerable value to her in her new

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Reform in Domestic Life.

AS REQUIRED BY SCIENTIFIC

By JANE HUME CLAPPERTON.

FIGHT years ago my work, "Scientific Meliorism and the Evolution of Happiwas published. In it I pointed out the necessity for Domestic Reform in our middle class social life, and the only lines upon which t seemed to me such reform could be dequately accomplished.

In the interval that has elapsed a variety of

movements within the general social body have manifestly increased and intensified the above necessity, and public opinion-at all times low to support any proposals of radical change has openly recognised that necessity. Nevertheless, no notable step has been taken in the way of actual experiment, and therefore I think the time has come to review the whole position and urge upon such individuals—undoubtedly they exist—as are prepared and gifted by nature for the delicate public service of pineering in lomestic reform to come forward and initiate he progressive movement.

Upon closely examining the reviews of Scientific Meliorism," written in 1885 and 1886, I observe how few are the remarks made on the subject of domestic reform as compared with the elaborate attention given to other proposals the book contains. Nor does this fact surprise me, for the innermost, sacred shrine of British social life was, and still is upposed to be, the domestic hearth, and intrusion there, with bold suggestions of revolutionary explosives (so to speak) to be consciously and deliberately applied, was a stroke of rash eminine enterprise likely to be severely handled. Severity, however, is nowhere visible, and I attribute this to the fact that, preparatory o enunciating any scheme of reform, I de picted as realistically as I could the present mperfect domestic system, and my critics, no matter how unfavourably disposed towards change, felt utterly unable to enter the lists in its defence. One review contains this paragraph Very fearless and practical, too, is her criti cism of family life of the average, isolated English type, with its tyrannies, its failures, its tedium, and its incalculable waste of opportu-

Where there is favourable notice of the general scheme of reform the reference to that domestic life is meagre and misleading. One critic merely remarks: "Miss Clapperton very properly insists on the immense importance of great changes being made in our family life and our social arrangements. She is in favour of Associated Homes for single or married persons who are not in a position to keep a louse comfortably and honestly forthemselves. As a matter of fact I go much further than this. Another says: "We cannot do more than mention that there are chapters pregnant with wisdom on 'Home, Sweet Home,' the Expansion of Domestic Life,' 'Marriage,' Heredity, etcetera." Strange to say, the only lisdainful allusion to this matter is from the pen of a woman of talent and considerable iterary fame. In an otherwise appreciative review she says: "A certain scepticism may make one smile at some of Miss Clapperton's proposals like that of the united homes for milies of the middle classes." It is a masculine critic who sounds a note of direct approval. though in a somewhat cautious tone: "Perhaps the expansion of our domestic system, otherbe found the most startling of all the theories put forth; but, as stated, while not prepared to endorse all that is laid down, we cannot but allow that, in theory at least, the writer scores a point in favour of unitary homes." A proposal that scores a single point to the good ardly merits consideration; I claim, however, to have shown that in many points of human relations, both moral and spiritual as well as physical, economic, and social, the broaden-ng of the basis of family life will tend mmeasurably to the improvement and elevation of the race.

One of my Australian critics would deny this assertion while appreciating the reform on ts economic side. "Another favourite idea of the authoress," he says, is the merging of family life in what she calls unitary homes. Let us grant that there is a distinct and visible tendency in the present day towards ssociated life amongst the lower section of the middle class arising out of the servant difficulty, the pressure of taxation, and the need of ever stricter economy. It may be put down as certain that families could be grouped together in a great, well-conducted hotel, and be better lodged and fed for less money than they now spend. There is always a great waste in separate action, and always an economy in organized action. . . . Let us grant that there might be a saving of money under such an administration. But what proof is there of any sort that there would be a social or a moral gain? The ever-growing need for economy may force the realisation of this idea. But up to the present time all social phalansteries have been failures; the only approach to success has been under a despotism, and the Americans already tell us that botel life for permanent residents has many drawbacks." I shall presently show that associate.I home life has no essential resemblance to hotel life and as little to life in a cheap hydropathic, to which another of my critics compares it. Phalanstery life, again, implies to most minds a change in sex relations that would traverse the prevailing moral ideas and sentiments. On this point I need only quote from a different review, in which this passage occurs: "The advocacy of unitary homes is, perhaps, Miss Clapperton's most advanced position in the way of social reconstruction, and far reaching as that proposal is-quixotic as wiseacres may pronounce it in view of past failures—it involves

said in the Daily Chronicle of November 11th, 1892: "The Labour Commission, in its task of surveying the entire realm of work vesterday, took up the case of domestic servants. Evidence on the subject was submitted by Mr. Freenman, of the London Domestic Servants' domestic servants is by no means satisfactory, and that large numbers work too long, will scarcely be disputed. . . . It is trying to be run off one's feet all day long in obedience to the requirements of other people, or to the ntercourse which every person should enjoy. Loneliness, long hours, bad or insufficient food, and improper sleeping accomodation are the principal grievances of domestic servants. But these are not universal . . . they are mainly confined to those employed in lower middle-class houses. In the mansions of the aristocracy the servants rather suffer from enforced idleness than from overwork wise the reorganisation of the home circle, will | in the main their sufferings are social rather

than physical. They suffer because they are | do with the particular matter before ustreated as inferiors, and because their treatment generates in them those false notions about real worth which we sum up as flunkey ism. Among the lower-middle classes condition of domestic service is apt to prevail distressing to all right-minded persons. There are hundreds of large and respectable houses in London where young girls, after hard day's work, sleep in places that can only be described as dens. There are thousands of girls employed in London who have long hours, little leisure, no place to read or write in, and but slender opportunities for innocent recrea-What can be done for these tens of thousands of women and girls who minister to the comforts of their employers

Are Mr. Greenman's suggestions as to a legal eight-hours day of any practical value? It would be much easier to introduce an eighthours working day into Grosvenor-square than into the Old Kent-road. That is to say, it is precisely the harder cases where any legal emedy is likely to be least availing . legal machinery is less fitted for the domesti sphere than for any other department of industrial life; we must in the main, look for remedies in other directions. It is quite likely that domestic service may be greatly restricted

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in the future. Many middle-class people will have to do their own work. This may seem a disagreeable prospect, but there is not the slightest reason why it should be unpleasant if only people will live in a sensible manner Instead of each householder cultivating 'greasy domesticity' in a little villa, with its mean as pact and utter inconvenience, rational people in cities would prefer to live in associated homes. groups of which enjoy their large common kitchen, laundry, washhouses and other con-

veniences, fitted up with the best scientific improvements to save labour. This, combined with the cultivation of domestic capacity among the girls of middle class homes, is the true solution of this problem."

of a growing public thought. It is never far

in advance of that thought, while underneath

the latter, in the profound depths of the

structure of society, lie the forces that

dominate, regulate, and mould the changing

public thought. What is the nature of these

forces? Visibly they are economic-that is to

say, they are affecting the industrial, com-

mercial and political life of the nation and

acting upon the financial position of every

woman and man alive within it to day. But

the roots or causes lie deeper still. These are

implanted in humanity itself. For we belong

to a race which is not only advancing rapidly

in knowledge, and consequent control over the manifold forces of nature, but also is rapidly

acquiring new springs of conduct through

development of a public conscience unable to

tolerate the gross injustice of the present

social system. Our epoch is characterised by

the total absence of repose. Agitation and restlessness are everywhere visible. In fact,

we are threatened with an upheaval and

dislocation of Society to be followed by

anarchical confusion if forces of reconstruction

are not waiting ready to hand.

Here, then, is a distinct recognition of, 1st, the defects of the isolated family system; 2nd, the claims of servants to a more elevated existence; 3rd, the necessity for radical change 4th, the feasibleness of association in domestilife, and this recognition is publicly made by a Press which, in 1885 and '86, had nothing to say on the subject. Now journalistic expression shapes itself to every temporary phase

o new departure in morals.

Turning, now, from the Press of 1885 and '86 o that of the present day, let us see what is Union, whose contention that the condition of demands of a capricious mistress; it is even more trying to be prevented from that human unitary homes? The relation is vital, though lifficult to grasp and formulate. Unless our cheme of domestic reform is in line with, not the superficial, but the deep organic movements within the social body; unless it responds in every direction to the changes in humanity, and the changes in environment that we see to be nminent or already consummated, it is not worthy of more than the indifferent notices and passing smiles of my critics of 1885. The criticism I invoke now is that of evolutionists who, possessing a clear conception of the general trend of movement and march of events, can test the unitary home in its relational value to other social reforms, and pronounce whether or not it belongs to the main current of progressive evolution.

The Trade Union that made Mr. Greenman the exponent of domestic servants' grievances is only an offshoot or branch of the Labour movement, that economic force that made necessary and caused a Labour Commission Now it is not for me to pronounce an opinion concerning the great struggle taking place between Labour and Capital, but two points will, I think, be admitted by all economic thinkers, whether individualists or socialists, First, we are fairly embarked on a path of gradual, steady rise in wages; second, our workers, as a whole, are no longer hereditary bondsmen. The impulse to be free has become an organic endowment and every condition of industrial activity that involves the degradation of personal slavery will give way or become transformed.

A "maid of all work" in the homes of families of parrow means is unavoidably a slave—that is, she is daily, hourly, momentarily at the command of the wishes of others; moreover, her occupations are conflicting so that a state of mental repose and calm control over the nervous system is impossible. There may be no "capricious mistress" in the case, but, on the contrary, a dutiful conscientious wife and mother striving as painfully as her "slavey" to fulfil the distracting engagements of an overwhelmingly difficult social position, and make, as the saying goes, "ends meet." If a bond of love unites mistress and maid consola tions will arise even amid toil; but the case is rare, and we marvel not at its rarity, but that it should ever occur, for the beings in question belong to different social spheres. Their environment in childhood and youth was so d fferent that there is no common ground of experience in the past, and (what is more fatal still) there is no common ground of self-interest in the present from which sympathy might spring. The mistress intent on "ways and means," naturally seeks to get as much work out of the girl with as little pay as possible, and the girl, if possessed of the self-protective qualities absolutely necessary in a competitive struggle for existence, must perforce, in her own interests and those of her order, demand as much wage and do as little for that wage as possible If tenderness is developed in the maid she yearns for the companionship of her equals, with whom she has mental affinity, and meantime her mistress's affections are lavished on her own kith and kin and thoroughly exhausted in the process. She has no inclina tion, no time, and no energy to overthrow the barrier of feeling that exists between her and the alien in the house, she is thankful, in short, if the barrier does not change into discord and animosity. Inward loneliness haunts the kitchen, and, perhaps, also the parlour. The paterfamilias, if there be one, has public But what has this general state of things to paterfamilias, if there be one, has public in stamps. See "Review," on page 109, No. 7, Vol I, of Shafts.

meetings with congenial spirits outside the home to distract his mind from private cares and worries, but the wife and mother has no such relief. However elevated may have been her aspirations and capacities before marriage, she s slowly sinking now to the level of a mere lomestic drudge, and in this process society at large is fatally deprived of a wholesome and vital force of infinite promise. But her outlook for the future is no less discouraging. Other educated women, helplessly dependent like herself on domestic servants, are ruthlessly, she thinks, raising wages all round. The shoe of a narrow income does not pinch them. They are willing to buy comfort at a higher price and they talk of superior justice to the working classes, while never casting one sympathetic thought in the direction of those of their own order who are totally unable to follow suit. We find it possible to ignore such cases as these in our own immediate circle, because they may be fewer than those of a different kind-dwellings where two or more servants are kept-therefore life is easier to all the inmates, and our minds instinctively turn to the pleasurable rather than the distressing aspects of life. But if we pause and ponder upon the innumerable homes, hundreds if not thousands of them in every city, great or small, throughout the kingdom, where behind the scenes two human beings are struggling from morning till night, day after day, week in week out, as the years roll on, with a task that is at once monotonous and distracting, trifling in its details, momentous in many of its consequences, unrelieved by leisure to enjoy life or change of scene to refresh the mind, and never satisfactorily accomplished, for the forces at command are not equal to the strain, we shall realise for once how serious is this question of domestic service in detached homes of a limited order. As a matter of fact, domestic work everywhere requires subdivision of labour and sympathetic co-operation in labour. It taxes the nervous system severely, vet it falls to the lot of the sex least able to bear a nerve strain of undue pressure, moreover, that pressure comes upon women in hundreds of thousands of cases at a period of life when they are further taxed in fulfilling a function of extremely complex and critical nature that yields to none in point of public importance—I mean the reproduction of the race with the nursing and rearing of the future citizens of the state.

> (Continued on page 32.) - - 6 -

CHOICE MORSELS.

SEEK within yourself and you will find everything, and rejoice that without there lies a nature that says yea, an answer to all you have discovered in yourself. - Goethe.

WHEN the law of growth and unfoldment is recognised in man, as in nature, instead of looking upon him as a special creation we shall have true progression.

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

A LL readers of SHAFTS who have not yet read the "Vital Question," by Edith Ward, author of "Shafts of Thought," etc., as advertised in our columns, should not fail to do so. It can be sent from this office (post free) on receipt of 72d.

Extracts.

This extract sent for insertion is too good to be lost, though the name of the paper in which it appeared was not sent. - Ep.]

It is not a pleasant truth to tell; but it is true that every woman finds herself at the threshold of her career confronted by a hundred perils and hindrances from which men are free. Sentiment, prejudice, the law itself, are unfavourable to her, and she must fight against the stronger human creature under every disadvantage. Where one snare is spread for his feet a dozen lie in wait for hers; and while he may stumble and rise again time after time, to her one fall is fatal. Think of our cruel social code; think of the fate awaiting every woman who slips, the merciless decree which

gives her no hope.

Under the best conditions it seems a pity for a woman of talent to be wedded, to sink her Heaven-born gifts and graces in the duties of a nurse and a housekeeper; but to condemn a pure and high-souled girl to serve for life as the slave of a loafer or to be the drudge of a drunkard and a bully is a thing which no man with daughters of his own can think upon without feeling his blood boil in his veins. And as such things are, and are common, the sooner the law is made more amenable to reason and to justice the better for the nation. Among all the many reforms we contemplate in the near future there is none more urgently needed than a reform of the conditions of law and society which now bear on women with such cruel stress. As yet, we are mere barbarians, and women especially but a few removes from slavery; our marriage laws and our social customs alike are a disgrace to our humanity our religion, and our much-vaunted civilisation As things stand now under this heathenish régime, parents can have no greater anxiety, and no bitterer trial, than that which should be to them a solace and delight-a family of

TWO BRIDES.

Bathed in the great west window's ruby glow, Down the broad aisle she comes, her long white

Brushing the flower-strewn path like tinted snow Vhile on her sweet, sad face the roseate stain Lingers, with loving touch, as loth to go And leave its marble paleness all too plain. From the high organ loft the bridal strain Joyous, triumphant sounds, but in her heart The solemn words, "Until death do them part. Are ringing, like a knell, dead hope's refrain Oh, cruel mockery of earth's holiest tie; Oh, sordid wealth, won at so great a cost-To make of woman's life a piteous lie Or bar the gates of Heaven against the lost.

Around the cottage porch the roses cling, Than she who pauses in their shade to gree Her marriage morn, and hear the church bells ring. Who on life's threshold stands with timid feet, Yet strong in faith and love, nowise afraid The unknown future with calm eyes to meet. Upon her nuptial hour no rank or state Shed their false lustre. Hope and meek content, Smiling beside the cottage fireside, wait
To welcome home the bride—Heaven's teachers,

In humble cares to show love's daily sacrament.

JANET A. McCulloch.

A LL those desirous of helping Shafts would do so by favouring whenever possible, those firms advertising in this paper. See advertise-

A Dream.

I OVE stood by me, and I wondered at her starry eyes fathomless as the midnight skies. "Who are your children, Love?" I asked; 'show me those over whom your heart bleeds and yearns, those whom you prize and whom you hold dear." "Come with me," said Love, taking my hands in hers and leading me forth. We crossed the sunny seas till we came to a lonely island with cliffs rising steep from the ocean. The surface was green and the sun shone brightly on a number of small neat dwellings. Children played round them and women sat and worked at the doors, while some men lav listlessly on the ground. Love bent over one man who seemed more languid than the others and lifted his head on to her reast and took his hand in hers. As she drew nim closer to her I cried out in horror, for hideous sores and scars covered his face, his eyes were dim and bleared, his hands mere stumps for the fingers had dropped off. The man was one mass of disease, that foulest of all

But Love bent over him and kissed him tenderly, holding the poor maimed stumps in her soft palms and folding them to her breast. The dim eyes brightened and the man's whole frame trembled with joy. "Oh," I cried, with an irrepressible shudder of repulsion, "oh Love, that loathsome being cannot be one of your children, not one of your heart's delight. may pity him, but you cannot love him." But Love looked up and in the fathomless eyes I saw a glow of tenderest radiance. "I love him," she said, simply " Can the mere wasting of the flesh destroy love; can an earthly disease destroy a divine essence?

She lifted the man's swollen disfigured face from her breast and with a farewell caress like a benediction rose, and, touching me, we were once more passing over the sunny seas. At length we reached some other shores and came to a large town.

Smoke hung over it like a thick pall, the sun's rays could scarcely pierce its density. A foul court lay before us, we entered it, and climbed up some steep broken stairs in a filthy dwelling. At the top a low narrow door faced us. We opened it and entered. On the floor lay something that looked like a bundle of rags, but from this bundle arose hideous noises, groans, and heavy laboured breathing. Sleepy curses muttered almost inaudibly through clenched teeth filled the air : a sickly odour of drink and dirt poisoned the atmosphere. Love stooped and lifted the bundle showing a man's face coarsened and bloated with drink, almost all humanity stamped out of it. The eyes were closed in a heavy brutish sleep. Love passed her hand over the matted hair with a gesture of the gentlest pity and bending lower whispered in his ear. The heavy drunken snoring ceased for a moment, the curses were arrested on the livid lips, a sign stirred the man's bosom, a tear forced its way through the half-c'osed lids, and a smothered sob crept up into his throat and was strangled there. "Hush," whispered Love, as I tried to draw her away from contact with such brutal degradation, "he is dreaming he is an innocent little child again at his mother's knee."

"But, Love," I cried, in deep perplexity, "this cannot be one of your children. I can understand dimly that Love may not shrink from even the most leathsome forms of disease, but when a human being of its own free will has reduced itself to the level of the least felt your touch and were conscious of your

Love looked at me pityingly. "Can love," she said, "ever forget what the loved one has once been; can love once given ever be taken back again?" She smoothed the disordered rags and lifted the heavy head into a more comfortable position, then she touched me and we found ourselves in the noisome court below.

We passed out into the street, and shrill, discordant, mirthless laughter fell on my ears as two girls came staggering past with painted hollow cheeks and burning eyes. I shrank shuddering against the wall as they passed, but Love glided softly and swiftly up to them and laid a gentle hand on the shoulder of the girl nearest me. She started with a look of terror and unutterable anguish on her face. "Madge," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "I don't know what's come over me, I fancied I saw my mother there, and she touched me. Oh, God, have mercy upon me! I broke her heart with my wild ways, but, oh, if I might be an innocent good girl again, or hear her say 'I forgive you, Jess.'" "Go on," cried the other girl, laughing bois erously, "it's likely, ain't it? why, your mother has been dead and gone these five years. You must have got the shakes or something." But even as she spoke a sudden trembling seized her, for Love had touched her on the arm. "Oh, my God," she cried wildly, 'something made me feel for an instant as if I had my little baby that died when I came up to London once again in my arms, and its innocent blue eyes were looking up at me." And she sobbed convulsively, and sobbing passed. While Love and I were left.

"Love," I said, moved by the deepest pity, vet shrinking as the wild voices once more broke the stillness of the night, what have you in common with such creatures? How can you, who are so pure and holy, bear to touch them?" Love's voice answered me with deepest yearning and tenderness in its tones, while her eyes pierced my very soul by reason of the unspeakable depth of longing and most pitiful love. "Is love for the pure only, does the mother only love the child that has never sinned and strayed? was there not One once Who was perfect purity Who yet came to seek and to save the lost? was He afraid to touch the fallen ones for fear of defile. ment? and it may be that in the last day that these shall be justified rather than some whom the world holds righteous; and it may be they are far more sinned against than sinning. At whose door lies their fall?" Love ceased, and her eyes followed the fast vanishing figures still with the mother's pain and yearning

At some distance we heard sounds of hard blows and bitter sobs and cries. A big evillooking man stood there holding a slender hungry-looking lad, whose gaunt form scarcely covered by his wretched rags bore witness to a life of daily neglect and ill-treatment. stunning blow with a thick-knotted stick descended on the child's shoulders as we approached, and the lad cried for mercy, but the bystanders only looked on with stolid indifference. Blow after blow fell on the shrink. ing, cowering lad, till at last he sank bleeding and fainting at his father's feet. With a parting kick to the prostrate form the man turned on his heel. Love glided towards him and touched him on the arm, but no gleam of recognition passed over his debased and evil face. "Oh Love," I cried, wringing my hands, "that wretch, that devil incarnate, cannot be one of your children. The others, repulsive or bad as they were, low as they had fallen, at brutes surely Love cannot own such a one." | presence, but this man-let him alone, he is a brute; a brute did I say? nay, I malign the brute creation, he is a fiend, for he knows not love and has never in all his life felt its gentle promptings.

April, 1893.1

Love turned her eyes upon me, though before the radiance had been most tender, most lovely, now the light in her eyes was like that of the sun at its height, so dazzling, so full of warmth and splendour. "He needs me most of all," she said, in a voice that thrilled through me. "A life that knows no love is of all lives the one which needs love most. He who loves finds life and warmth for himself also in the love he gives to others, but the man without love in his soul is like a heap of burnt-out cinders, no longer capable of giving warmth and life to others, as it has no life of its own. And in the awful time before him when he wakes hereafter to his own anguish and remorse and the knowledge of what he has wilfully crushed out of himself, who but Love could bear to look upon his anguish, to lift his bowed head, to clasp his hands in prayer in the fire of his purifying, and point im to the All-Loving, the All-Merciful.

I bowed my head, I could not gainsay Love She took myhand and led me forth into a wide place. "Look," she said, "at the sands of this hore; countless as these sands are my children. I am but a shadow, a phantom, but a dim reflection of the great Love with the throbbings of Whose heart the whole world is filled, Who is above all, and through all, and in you all, for God is Love.'

The Way of Ten Thousand, BY WARNER SNOAD.

Yes, I accosted the gentleman! Maybe it was half my fault;

When a girl's drifted down like I have—well, she isn't worth her salt. But the gentleman I accosted was very ready

It's no use striking matches if the wood's too damp to burn.

I came from the country to London, as good a girl as could be; Thinking to better myself—bless you !-- there's

thousands like me. I was a "hand" at a shop, and I managed to live on my pay-

Though five and sixpence a week isn't a fortune, To and fro from my work-I used to meet with

a swell : A right down swell he was, too, that any girl could tell.

You know him-he rides in the Park; he's a hand'e, too, to his name. He reckons a dozen like me, but, of course, we

girls is to blame, I could take care of myself! I had no doubts

nor fears! My word! When he follow'd one evening, I pretty near box'd his ears-

Though, my heart used to beat and tremble at the step I loved too well; Such soft, winning ways he had, and he was

such a thorough swell. Then came one Saturday night-oh, God! I remember it yet!-

The season was nearly over; the evening was pouring wet;

We went for our weekly money—"Come up on Monday?" "Well no— Business is getting slacker, and ten of the

hands must go,'

Ah! those that have felt it, know it-the shudder that ran all through. Five and six in our pockets; times "slack;

what are girls to do? I liv'd for a fortnight after on bread and butter and tea,

And I tramp'd from morning till evening, wherever a job might be. Then my landlady gave me notice-she couldn't

give tick, she said She had her living to get—the room was let

over my head-And I-well! I thought of the bridges-that evening I met that swell,

And-but why tell you the ending !- it's the story that all of us tell.

I lived for a time like a lady - everything honey

And then he took up with another; I drifted into the streets;

Some trot there, and some gallop quicker, the ending of all is the same,

The men that we live by you welcome! you brand us with sin and with shame.

From The Woman's Tribune.

____ Reports.

The Calcutta Missionary Conference passed the following resolution on February 13th,

"The Calcutta Missionary Conference deem t wise at this their first meeting in the year 1893 to reaffirm their abhorrence of State regulation of vice and their hope that the Government of India will insist on the resolution of Parliament of June 5th, 1888, being faithfully obeyed, and they accordingly pass the following

"'The Calcutta Missionary Conference have always unanimously condemned all State regulation of impurity, as carried on under the now abolished Contagious Diseases Acts, and pro tested against any continuance of the system under the Cantonment Act, and reaffirm their view that the resolution of the British Parlia ment abolishing it in India ought to be enforced.'

THE DECENNIAL MISSIONARY CON-FERENCE AT BOMBAY.

The British Committee of the British, Coninental, and General Federation for the Abolition of the State Regulation of Vice, at a meeting held March 15th, 1893, unanimously assed the following resolution :--

"That this Committee expresses its great surprise and regret that the Decennial Conference of Missionaries at Bombay should have separated without condemning the East India Cantonment Acts and Regulations concerning prostitution, as demoralising to British soldiers and shamefully unjust and oppressive to native women.

HELL.

Hell is always the outgrowth of an erroneous religious belief. A true religion cannot have a hell in it, for its influence is complete har mony—there is no place for a lost soul.

All those interested in the Economy of Time should not fail to try a specimen hundred of George Beeching and Son's "Save Time" Letter Card Speciming and Son's "Save Time" Letter Card. Specimen enclosed. If any one will forward 1s. 6d. in stamps to "Shafts" office one hundred of the cards will be forwarded post free. Addresses neatly printly 1s. 6d per hundred extra, or 500 printed complete for 7s. 6d.

What Men Have Said.

WHAT business of life must daughters be brought up to? I must confess, when I have seen so many who have lived well in their childhood, grievously exposed to hardships and poverty upon the death of their parents, I have often wished there were more of the callings or employments of life peculiarly appropriated to women, and that they were egularly educated in them, that there might be better provision for their support. What if all the garments which are worn by women were so limited and restricted in their manufacture that they should all be made only by women? This would go a great way towards relief in this case; and what if some of the easier labours of life were reserved for women nly ?"-Dr. Watts.

"The first great law is that the sexes were reated to help one another, a law of partnership in work. Work cannot be done truly without both. Women are as necessary for true work as men. Single or married are lost in common honour as soon as work takes the first place. This fact determines the treatment and education of women. Honour as workers, and a worker's training is their due. The goddess theory is simply lust disguised. Condemn a nation or a generation which puts women aside from the work of life with a false idolatry. The petted slave of the wealthy becomes the beast-of-burthen slave of the poor. When women receive true reverence as fellowworkers, not as females, then much impurity will vanish. It is one of the great hopes of our time that woman's work is largely recognised. As strong a religious conviction of the true honour of women and men is needed as the monks and nuns of old had of what was imperfect or false. The world seeks to revere woman with the sober reverence due to one who, by God's law, is a fellow-worker. . To raise womanhood is to purify the world." Rev. E. Thring, at Church Congress, 1884.

"In this age, it is not too much to say women have fully sustained their right to equality with men, in reference to all the productions of mind."—S. C. Hall, in Art Journal for 1865.

"If the standard of social purity is to be raised, our main reliance must be on the women of England. And I must express a somewhat confident belief that this generation has seen the greatest step towards securing their assistance that the history of this nation can show."-Rev G. F. Broome, at Church Congress, 1884.

"A man without character is not a man: he is a thing.

"The king's little daughter, playing with her nurse, looked at her hand. 'What!' cried the child, in surprise, 'you, too, have five fingers like me!' And she counted again to re-assure herself."—Chamfort.

"Tombe aux pieds de ce sexe à qui tu dois ta nère."-Legouve

"Does one judge kings from Tiberius? Why then do you decry all women because there has been a Catherine de Médicis?"-Legouvé.

A LL those desirous of helping Shafts would do so by favouring, whenever possible, those firms advertising in this paper. See advertise-

THE INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY.

(Continued.)

NOW, having glanced at the raison d'être of the New Party, we will briefly con-

It has been said that private enterprise is plan-

less and in the nature of gambling. Be that

as it may, one thing is certain, and that is that vast evils accompany the present competitive system of industry. As long as the few monopolise the means of existence, and employment, or no employment, depends on the whim, caprice, or selfish aim of the private capitalist, working women and men will never enjoy any real freedom, nor be anything better than wageslaves at the mercy of their employers. It is not in the interest of the nation that this wrongful system should continue. It is not right that any man should have to go, cap in hand, to a privileged and unsympathetic neighbour, and beg for work, with the sure and certain hope of having to sell his labour (if he sells it at all) at a disadvantage, on account of his own pressing bodily necessities and his fellow-workers' competition. And in accepting work in this way, as a favour, a man often has to sell something more than his labour, viz., his free rights of citizenship. The private right of employment and dismissal is not only used as a whip by means of which to extort the maximum of work for the minimum of wage; but it is also not infrequently used as a bribe for social and political purposes. Every-body knows this who has had anything to do with local or Parliamentary elections. Moreover. the management of one's work and even of one's self by another, continually, weakens the sense and the power of responsibility, enslaves the will and destroys the moral fibre of the workman. And his whole environment, and his needs, tend to uproot the domestic affections and the neighbourly love and good will compatible with a more natural system of industrial employment. Besides the competitive, or individualistic method of work, enriches the already rich at the expense of the already The free use of private property ends in making a few capitalists of enormous wealth and labourers abjectly dependent on them. CRISES are also the direct production of private enterprise, and who can picture the distress they cause to the poor? We hold that there is no necessity for this state of thingsthat the injustice it fosters is a great mistake -that the mass of mankind were not born with saddles on their backs for a favoured few to ride them to death—that he who hath more than enough is a thief of the rights of his brother—and that all are brothers and sisters. For these, and other good reasons, the Independent Labour party decided that its chief object should be "to secure the collective ownership of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange." Others may pin their faith to the cold political economy of RICARDO, or the capitalistic philosophy of MILL, but we believe in political humanity, or "the law of love" in politics. And it is an axiom of political humanity that all the world is everybody's! humanity to be taught, weekly or daily, in all humanity that all the world is everybody's! elementary schools. The people in every have taken possession of the masses. The

In fact, in our opinion, the primary object of the New Party is its principle raison d'être.
The London daily, and the provincial newspapers, religious and political, have well-nigh overwhelmed us with contemptuous allusion or scorn, but we shall survive it as did Trade Unionism, and many other once ostracised movements. Our gospel of industrial salvation is for the poor, not the rich! At various times, in various resolutions our programme has been approved by the Trades Union Congress; and even by BENJAMIN PICKARD when he voted for the nationalisation of mines, and the labour employed in connection with them. We will. of course, work up to our ideal, nor scorn the day of small things! Co-operative productive, distributive, and banking societies, assisted or unassisted by the State, will be helpful. Also communal farms established by County Councils or municipal workshops started by town and district councils, in towns and villages, and managed, conjointly, by members of the councils and a committee of management selected by the operatives. Just as the labour and capital involved in our postal system is a national undertaking, so may the labour and capital of mines be nationalised, and the minerals and royalties as well. Moreover, the State may assist co-operative groups in all directions (by advice, money, credit, and supervision), to establish co-operative farms and factories, and thus organise labour for abour's own and the State's benefit. But eventually all forms of labour must be national ised in the fullest sense, so that the 25 per cent. embargo with which it is saddled by private imployers may go to the State, and thus into the pockets of the many. And ground-rents must be taxed, so that the unearned increment of value created in populous places, may become the property of the people. Farm rents may also be taxed 4s. in the £1 at once, according to the statute of WILLIAM III: and graduated Income-tax levied on all incomes over £500 a year, so that no man may be unduly wealthy, or in power able to bribe, suborn, or coerce, his poorer neighbours. We will not live in our own land on sufferance. Our cry is Britain for the British and not for the wealthy few! The re-conquest of our country is our object, legislatively.

AUXILIARY AIMS

Meantime, while keeping our main object in view, we can advance, by our support, many subordinate and necessary measures. A maximum working day of eight hours; a minimum subsistence wage, so that working-class life may be sustained in decency and comfort. For the agricultural labourer a decent house and bit of and of his own, subject only to a small State rental of 6s. an acre. State pensions for the sick disabled, and aged, and for widows and orphans Those who have worked thirty-four years from the date of attaining their majority to be considered aged. The abolition of precarious employmen and of poverty. Adequate Government inspec tion and control of all factories, workshops, mines and farms, with a view to protecting the health o the workers, and the national interests involved. Factory and other inspectors to be in sympathy with the workers and with the law. Abolition of over-time work and abandonment of the halftime system for children under fourteen years of age. A Government Labour Department and Minister of Labour with a correspondent or representative in every parish, and its prime object the same as ours, Temperance physiology, co-operative principles, and political

locality to have a direct veto power over liquor licences, this being a labour question. Man-hood and womanhood suffrage. The abolition of all property qualifications. Payment of members of Parliament, and other representatives. Payment of Parliamentary election expenses out of the taxes, and of local election expenses out of the rates. The full and direct epresentation of labour in Parliament, on the Bench of Justice, and on all local and county boards. The "ending" of the House of Lords. The abolition of all indirect taxes, and of Excise and customs duties. School Boards for all schools, and popularly elected University Boards for the Universities. As regards foreign policy we believe in Universal Brotherhood, International Co operation, Law, and Peace, a Free Sea, and Free-trade.

OBSTACLES. My esteemed friend, Mr. THOMAS BURT, M.P.,

will possibly characterise this programme as "a short cut to the Millennium." But its transla-

tion into law and practice is very likely to mean a long, weary, toilsome, uphill march in the face of inveterate foes. We have not only the political apathy, and the mental indolence of many of our own class to contend against but we have the whole of the privileged class of monopolists opposed to us, and, with a plethora of pelf, power, predominance, and prestige to sustain them. The present system has trained vast masses of workers in habits of abject submission and stolid indifference, who will give us but little help-nay, will rather be against us-till they have been educated in our principles, and can see what tends most to heir advantage. Then, again, not only amongst the rank and file of the educated class of labourers is there much petty jealousy and narrow-mindedness; but amongst Labour eaders also. We have the Scotch leaders, the Northumberland-Durham leaders, the Lancashire leaders, Mr. PICARD and friends, "MABON" and friends, and the London Socialist leaders, all divided in politics-each against the other. Nothing will reconcile them; and Liberals and Fories, and landlords and employers, know this, and will take every advantage of the fact, and stand in the way of unity or cohesion. At present Labour is like a house divided against itself. The only hope is, that a majority of the toilers will, in furtherance of their own redemption from wage-slavery, throw in their lot with the National Independent Labour party. Every effort will be made to win over the nasses of the people to our views. And none too soon, for we have it on the authority of HALLAM, the historian, that "the labourer is much inferior in ability to support a family than were his ancestors four centuries ago. THOROLD ROGERS also tells us the "relative position of the workman was one of far more ope and far more plenty in the days of the Plantagenets, than it has been in those of the House of Hanover; wages were, relative to their purchasing power, far higher, and the margin of enjoyable income over the necessary expenditure was in consequence far wider." He also says that from 1563 to 1824 a conspiracy, oncocted by law and parties, was entered into to cheat the workman, and that both the historical parties in England have been equal adepts in oppressing labour. The sin of Liberals is aiding what Conservatives sanction. There has, however, been a movement among the dry bones. Labour, like a RIP VAN WINKLE, is awaking from the sleep of ages. Already wages and prospects have entered on the path

toilers and moilers are straining their eyes in the direction of the hill-tops of Betterment!

April, 1893.

The time has gone by for half-measures, Full justice must now be designed, And labour's accumulate treasures No longer to drones be assigned.

The nation itself is uprisen, To give unto all and to each, A freedom man feels as God-given, The freedom of thought and of speech.

The nation is wholly uprisen, That labour henceforth may be FREE, Not fettered, nor hamper'd, nor driven As machine or as cattle may be !

And in spite of the contumely and opprobrium, the partisan rage and scorn, which may be heaped upon us by those who feel their craft to be in danger, we will steadily press on to the realisation of our industrial ideal. For we are persuaded that one year's united action under our banner—the banner of their own Parliamentary party-will do more for the permanen benefit of the WORKERS than all the reforms and reformers of the past hundred years. Our party will be as a warm, genial Gulf Stream in olitics, tempering the extreme rigour of the capitalistic zone or atmosphere. And, in spite the amphictyonic resistance of the various upper class" grades; the unsympathetic attitude of a powerful press; the lack of present and hereditary experience in national administration and government; and our own dissensions, fallibilities, and mistakes, we have a hope that the time is not very far distant when there will be no more strikes nor lockouts: no more internecine strife, neither lack of remunerative employment,; and when poverty and misery shall flee away; and all tears be wiped from the eyes of the infirm and aged, the widow and the orphan; and the doom of caste, the tread of the oppressor, and the wail of the world shall cease. A time when industrial humanity will supplant death in the workshops and dearth in the slums! And the real and the ideal shall have drawn nigh to each other

RELATIONSHIP OF OTHER PARTIES.

Our future policy, or line of conduct, towards other political parties must be magnanimous, but firm. All men are brothers! We must always remember that, in dealing with others. I opine that, while acting independently in Parliament and out of it, and while always giving the preference to a suitable working-class candidate, we shall support men and women belonging to other parties if they are prepared to acknowledge our independence and to support our objects-especially our chief object. There will be many Parliamentary constituencies in which, for a long time to come we shall not be strong enough to elect an approved Labour candidate; but in which we shall be able to greatly influence elections, and even to hold a balance of votes. In the constitutencies if a candidate put forward by another party (whether Liberal or Tory) will reasonably approach our political cr social ideal, we shall I trow, give him our support. Of course, we shall seek to strengthen our position in every part of the kingdom, that we may be able to run our own men in every constituency. But Rome was not built in a day! It has been suggested to us that instead of acting indepenlently, we should seek to permeate Liberal and other associations with our ideas. Experience, however, shows that that policy is very much like the lamb lying down by the side of the wolf. All through the present century the of labour; and unfortunately their fault has

"The fault of the Dutch.

In giving too little and asking too much." Some of us may have been Conservatives; but

most of us have been life-long, hard-working

Liberals, and not a few of us are still local

Liberal officials or delegates. And we know what the permeation idea means. Take my own case, for instance. For many years I wa a vice-president of the Frome Division Liberal Association, and, as such, and as voicing the miners and other workers, I was able to save Frome in 1886 (for the Gladstonian party) from becoming a Liberal Unionist Constituency which it was on the verge of becoming. even got Mr. LAWRENCE BAKER, its M.P., to push on one side his Unionist proclivities, and to vote for the second reading of Mr. GLAD-STONE'S first Home Rule Bill. But I was not powerful enough to get the Liberal Associa-tion to look with favour on an Eight Hours Bill, a Reform of Poor Law Administration or any of the English labour demands. At the present moment I am a delegate from the Street (Somerset) Liberal Association to the Central Liberal Committee for East Somerset and worked hard for the Liberals both in that division and the Wells division at the last election. And what do I find? Why, that Labour is nowhere looked upon as aught more than a mere tool or voting-machine. It is not represented on the Executive Committee of either division, and, if it were, would be treated as a nonentity. The officials are all capitalists and the sworn enemies of working class claims. As regards our local Libera Association it is from our point of view, a farce Its committee meetings are seldom attended by any genuine working man. They are chiefly omposed of employers and foremen, and a few shopkeepers. Should a man dare at such meetings to promulgate advanced views, he soon begins to feel that the air is surcharged with Polar frigidity; and afterwards it is sometimes found that he "does something wrong in his work," and so he is dismissed from his employment, or is "pecked upon," as they say here It was for this reason our local Labour Association was brought into existence. And to dis play his disapproval of the Labour movement I have known a secretary of a Liberal Execu tive (who is also an employer and a magistrate dismiss from his employ a fellow-Liberal who had had the temerity to stand as candidate for the School Board by invitation of the work ing men. Under these circumstances is it any wonder we "set up business for ourselves" as politicians? We have given the best years and the hardest work of our lives to Liberals, and in return they have given us-well, as little as they could! Of course, it will be a wrench-s cause for regret-the severing of the bonds which have kept us, and our fathers and grand fathers before us, attached to the Liberal party; but stern necessity leaves us no choice We have one life only, and what remains of i must be spent in permanently uplifting labour and our common humanity. The cry of the oppressed and the suffering has become burden to us! We cannot get away from it And every instinct of our God-given nature and every process of reasoning borne in upon

R. HARTY DUNN.

us, compels us to a warfare with the destruc

tive Competition, Greed, and Industrial In

humanity, which form our Stygian environment

daily, on every side!

Liberals have had the support of the aristocracy | THE ELIMINATION OF THE SWEATER

A curious commentary on the favourite theory of Radicals that modern Liberalism has removed almost all the miseries under which the workers groaned forty years ago, is to be found in the fact that such pamphlets as Charles Kingsley's Cheap Clothes and Nasty as accurately fit our own day as the times in which they were written. Sweating is as rampant now as it was then, and modern progress has only opened new fields for its operation. To close one's eyes to the good which has been wrought during the past half century would be obviously absurd, but it is high time we awoke to the fact that there are numerous classes which stand apparently stranded and left behind by the waters of progress, and it is to these classes that attention should at once be given. Almost all thoughtful people to-day recognise the unfortunate position of the sweaters' victims, but few have taken any trouble to seek a remedy. A big Royal Commission met only a year or two ago, and elicited facts which are heart-rending, but it is difficult to trace any beneficial results from the half-serious report which the Commission made to Parliament. It is useless to expect the victims themselves to do much towards their own emancipation for the present, although it is certain that until they fall into line with the masses of the workers by efficient organisation no permanent solution to the difficulty will be found. There are, however, three parties to the bargain, besides the sweater himself, and from some better understanding between these parties something may be done to improve the weater out of the business. The sweater's employer is the first factor in the case. The umer, the public, is the next, and, lastly, the worker.

It is well to bear in mind at the outset that the sweater's direct employer is extremely unlikely to take the initiative in depriving himself of so useful a servant to whom he can give out whatever work needs to be done, and receive the completed garments or other articles back again finished, without the outlay of an atom of responsibility on the part of the employer. The sweaters' direct employers, nowever, are within certain limits all-powerful. The word of a customer is law to the tradesman, and on the day that the consumers are largely in earnest against sweating, it will

A well-balanced judgment is, however, almost as necessary as a large heart, and it is useless merely crying out against cheapness in the nope that if more money were paid for articles, sweating would be unnecessary. Some of the most expensive articles of dress at the present time are made under most horrible conditions, details of which are too familiar to need repetition here. Moreover, the poor must necessarily buy cheap goods; to them the alternatives are heap goods or none; even the question of relaive cheapness is a minor one; an immediately ow-priced article is demanded when the pinch of poverty is too keen for nice discriminations as to intrinsic and relative values. Consumers Leagues for boycotting flagrant offenders would no doubt do something towards stopping better class tradesmen from employing sweaters, but experience has proved how impossible is any universal union of this kind. The public protest must be voiced in a more efficient manner. The ballot box must be called into requisition. There are few candidates for Parliament who would dare, if shallenged, to commit themselves to opposition against a measure aimed at eliminating the sweater. A short Bill, with

half a dozen lines, would suffice to enact that in certain trades it should be illegal to accept an order for any garments which should not be made upon the premises.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

---REFORM IN DOMESTIC LIFE.

(Concluded from page 27.)

Mr. Greenman's State interference remedy does not touch the root of the evil and it favours the interest not of the maid and mistress alike, but of the maid only. Increase of wage and leisure to her imply increase of work and care to the mistress unless the latter's pecuniary position expands with the household expenses.

Now the bread-winner or paterfamilias may be a wage-earner in some department of industry, and, if so, the general tendency of wages to rise will affect his position for the better. On the other hand, if he is a small employer of labour with an income derived from fluctuating profits these are far more likely to diminish than to increase; while if no bread-winner exists, but the mistress is a widow living on the interest, of a small invested capital, there is nothing more certain than that her income must shrink in consequence of the trend of economic forces that are pushing wages up and rent, interest and profits down till some issue of reconstruction is reached. A little more money to spend and some idleset daily—to use a good old Scotch word-would make life more bearable to the maid-of-all work, and State protection for domestic servants may become law, whether we like it or not. The masses as they realise what political power is involved in their numerical strength are sure to take prompt measures of some kind to relieve domestic wage slavery, and are likely enough to hit upon wrong measures unless from the opposite camp-that is the classes-there springs a guiding control towards readjustment based on intelligent knowledge and right feeling.

My contention is this: State interference cannot possibly cure social suffering in domestic life, nor even diminish it in quantity. What it may do is vary the proportions by shifting a part from one pair of shoulders to another, and that probably the weaker pair of the two. The voluntary union of families, however, to form groups, great or small, according to the dispositions, tastes, and pecuniary circumstances of the members, would meet the most urgent difficulties of the case, and secure permanent relief by means of the economic co-operation and subdivision of labour. My reader may grant it would do all this-viz., put an end to overwork, anxiety about money matters, and loneliness within the house, yet doubt gravely if it could create happiness to any appreciable extent. There is no question that jealousy, if aroused, would militate against happiness, and certainly our present home system has been calculated to foster in women the smallness and meanness of mind which begets jealousy. Nevertheless, I am convinced that, in spite of this fact, the average woman or the typical woman-in the classes where life is not mainly an effort to kill time pleasantly, but full of carnest purpose—is not self-important, or subject to jealousy. To put it differently, humanity in the mass has become social although not yet socialised. I mean we have not yet acquired the habit of fitting ourselves into the lives and feelings of others, so as to eradicate the separateness or sense of aloofness which in itself is a prime

But, after the general, particular cases remain to be dealt with; and thousands of ndividuals fall far beneath the average type. In my own private advocacy of Unitary Hom life I am constantly met by a direct statement given in a tone that implies: And that settles the matter. "I could not bear a Unitary Home," it is said, "I like to be mistress in my own house." Does not the speaker perceiv that to be mistress in her own house necessi tates a staff of one, two, three, or many subject beings for the high-minded dame to rule over And the problem we have to face is that subject beings are becoming scarce. The babes of the present generation are not likely to grow nto counterparts of our grandmothers' servants, who were content and honoured to be thus chosen. Is it not a fact that to hire servants at all becomes yearly more difficult, and, when trade is good, girls eagerly seek employment in factories at lower rumuneration rather than enter the private houses of the rich as domestic servants? This revulsion from household work under present conditions will gather force ought we not, in consideration of it, to look ahead and create a counteractive movement that will smooth the path of our grandchildren Be that as it may, wherever personal happiness rests mainly on the exercise of arbitary sway over others, and the indulgence of self-importance, and self-assertiveness, the union to be desired is impossible. Let the fine-lady style of woman, then, keep well out of the Unitary Home. She is likely to wreck the enterprise. and certain neither to give nor receive happiness there. Fortunately for her we are not yet quite at the end of the domestic wageslave era. By a high premium she may still ecure the servile deference she claims, and it s a lesser evil to foster "flunkevism" in the survivals of a species fast disappearing than to carry the malign spirit of masterfulness into a circle striving to cast out the elements of discord and create inward sunshine for all by an intense, an electrical social atmosphere of spontaneous gentleness and love. Neither personal despotism nor haphazard irresponsible ife can be tolerated within a Unitary Home. A systematised order with discipline has to prevail, while the supreme authority belongs to the collective body of adults, and is only delegated to special individuals as functionaries oro tem. to carry out the will of that body in

the interests of the whole. On entrance an adult-even though he be paterfamilias-ceases to act on the principle that blood is thicker than water. The exclusive family corps d'esprit must be subdued and efforts made to bind together the entire body by intersecting it throughout with affectional ties which, although not of blood or water, are warmer and purer than either. In short, the inmates not more than kin and less than kind, are more than kind though less than kin. Let it not be thought, however, that this implies close affinity of nature. There is no necessity for uniformity of character in a Unitary Home. On the contrary, opportunities will be given for the development of varied types, the creating and cherishing diversity of gifts, so that humanity itself within the group will present such differences as to stimulate interest and banish monotony, even when careful guard is set over all the essentials on which domestic harmony depends. (To be continued.)

A LL those desirous of helping Shafts would do A so by favouring, whenever possible, those firms advertising in this paper. See advertise-

Labour Notes and News.

THE SOCIALIST CONGRESS AT GHENT. April 3rd.

The Socialist Congress sitting at Ghent nas adopted the following resolution:

"The Congress declares that the Labour party will take all the means in its power to suppress all the legal disqualifications which endorse the civil, political, and economic inferiority of women; and it claims the right of voting for women on the same terms as

The assembly decided, besides, that the ight hours day should be valid for all o-operative employments, and that a voman could, in future, be a member of the General Council.

From Le Petit Marseillais of April 4th, 1893.

In alluding to Mrs. Besant, Mr. Vivian ommends that lady and her friends for their efforts to start a laundry in the interest of the hard-worked, and in too many cases underpaid, laundresses. He says they deserve the support of all who have the nterest of labour at heart; and it is not too nuch to expect that trade unionists, labour eaders, and public men who profess sympathy with the workers, should do a little practical work in carrying out their proessions by aiding with their custom welldirected efforts of this character

The trade unionists are not fighting against "free" labour as such, for all trade unionists work daily side by side with men who do not belong to any workmen's com-bination But the "free" labourers introduced into Hull by the shipowners are emergency labourers, drawn mostly from the most degraded classes of the slums in town and city, to aid the employers in their attempt to smash trade unionism-not on a nuestion of work or wages, but because the Shipping Federation are wholly opposed to combination amongst dock labourers. Yet the employers accept the principle of combination for themselves. They are combined or federated for the purpose of uprooting combination and federation amongst their employees. It is not a fight, for individual freedom in the sense in which it is interpreted by capitalists. It is a struggle between organisations as such, and the question at issue is the right of combina-

The special correspondent of the Daily Chronicle (April 10th) says: "Like all other labour battles, it has been long waited for and the combatants have been driven into the fight by some trivial issue, which five minutes' simple talk round a table could have settled. But let it be clearly understood what the present fight means. It means a deliberate and systematic attempt on the part of the employers of the port of Hull to break up trade unionism. I say this without entering into any discussion as to whether this is neccessary or unnecessaryright or wrong. But such is undoubtedly, the case. For the shipowners of Hull have ssued a notice that on and after Tuesday, April 4th, they would give preference of employment to those persons who were members of the British Labour Exchange a body which is formed and controlled by themselves, and which they well know the dockers, and stevedores, and coalies of the port will not belong to. The latter " have eason." For the British Labour Exchange s another name for the Shipping Federation, and wherever that body has been introduced, and with it free labour, wages have gone down to their old level, and all the penefits which trade combinations have conterred upon the workers have been lost. Hull (which is to be made the cockpit for the most decisive battle between Capitalists and Labourers) is one of the best organised centres in the kingdom. Nearly every man, no matter in what capacity he works, is a member of a trade union. In no port has trade unionism done more for the workers than in Hull. Since the formation of the Dockers' Union in 1889 wages have gone up forty per cent all round, and their condition as to hours, &c., have been obtained."

April, 1893.]

Alderman Ben Tillet is having a stirring time of it, what with one thing and another. Besides all the work and worry entailed by the Hull dispute, Bristol and many other seaports have been the centres of considerble trouble lately. Then, again, there is Ben's trial, which is fixed to come off at the Old Bailey during the week ending April 5th, for alleged incitement to riot at Bristol n December last. Much indignation has een felt amongst trade unionists in Bristol owing to the men indicted for rioting having by advice of their counsel) pleaded "guilty the charge, as it is feared such a course vill prejudice Ben Tillet's case, and do harm the labour movement in the west. But, though those men pleaded guilty, it must be remembered they told the judge of the Assize Court that it was the presence of the military, and the tactics of employers, which incited or constrained them to do unlawful

The past month has almost outrivalled all its predecessors in the variety and multilicity of important events in the labour vorld. The prolonged strike of the Lancashire cotton-spinners has been brought to a termination: a compromise slightly in favour of the operatives having been arranged.—The appointment of an addiional staff of sub-inspectors of workshops has been made by Mr. Asquith. Fifteen male and two female inspectors have been appointed and placed under the superinence of Mr. J. B. Lakeman. Miss May Abraham and Miss Mary Patterson are the wo women inspectors. Mr. Lakeman is olding a series of meetings amongst workers in the East End of London for the purpose of explaining some of the provisions of the Workshops Act. - There is said to be great depression in the coal trade. Some eductions in wages have been affected. In Durham 9,000 pitmen are out of work, and the employers in the North and in the any use it must be exercised.

South West of England, are "agitating" for a reduction in wages .-- The great demonstration of workers in Trafalgar Square, London on April 8th, which was originally intended to curse the Local Veto Bill, resulted in a blessing being pronounced on that measure through the superior tactics of temperance working men and genuine trade unionists .-In Parliament Sir John Gorst's resolution in favour of trade union wages and shorter hours for those employed in Government workshops was accepted by the Government and passed unanimously: Mr. Campbell Bannerman saying that the Cabinet no longer believed in competition or starvation wages.—Payment of members has been accepted in principle, but its enactment postponed till a later session.—The Eight Hours movement continues to occupy attention, and to make progress. Messrs. Mather and Platt have introduced an eight hours day at the Salford Iron Works. The miners are pressing for an Eight Hours Bill, but are handicapped by the individualistic proclivities of the leaders of a section of the Northumberland and Durham Miners. Mr. Thomas Burt and Mr. Charles Fenwick are prominent opponents of the movement .-The Registration Bill, the Employers Liability Bill, and the Hours of Railway Servants' Bill, are all more or less unsatis factory, but are evidence of the fact that the flowing tide is with the toilers. The Parish and District Councils Bill is better, and should pass this session.-Women are making progress with their Trades Unions.

The remains of the late Mr. Nilass were interred at Brompton Cemetery on April 8th. The funeral was the occasion of a great demonstration of Radicals, trade unionists and kindred political and social schools; and was joined in by representatives of the internationalists of France and Italy, and the few remaining members of the Chartist Associations of this country. The report of the Royal Commission on Mining Royalties is miserably disappointing. It has just been issued and approves of the present system, and suggests that greater powers should be given to landlords. We expected better things from Messrs. Abrahams, Burt, and Robertson.

At a mass meeting held April 8th, on Plumstead Common, a resolution was passed approving of an eight hours day, without reduction of wages, for all Government employés in workshops and ordnance factories. John Burns, M.P., said "if he were an artillery officer in a hot corner, he would rather have a hundred men with ten guns made under eight hour conditions, than 150 men and twenty guns made by a Birmingham sweating piecework shop." Mr. Tom Mann said, "the wealth produced by the people of this country is very badly dis tributed. He regretted the present Cabinet had not done more for the labourers in the departmental establishments. It should be made ashamed of itself." Mr. Keir Hardie M.P., said everything depended on the energy displayed by the workers themselves. The power is in their own hands, but to be of

The co-operative control of capital is fast becoming the desirable object of factory operatives. Mr. Henry Vivian calls attention to this fact in the London Star of April 8th, and points to the success achieved by the Leicester Co-operative Boot and Shoe Society. The society was started in 1887 by a few trade unionists in the town, and at first employed only five workers. It now employs 250, all of whom are trade unionists. But they have not cost the union one penny since they commenced as co-operative producers. The following is the tabulated story of their remarkable progress:-

Year, Members, Capital, Reserve, Trade, Profit. £. 2800 £. 20 £. 81 173 184 8600 13674 578 708 1889 3480 1890 19730 250 25134 1892

The total profit has been divided as follows:-Credited to workers £1874 being 40 per cent.

TUCK U	WOLKOLIS	27017	Creat		
,,	Customers	937	,,	20	,,
12	Officers and Co	m-			
	mittee	562	,,	12	,,
	Provident fund	468	,,	10	,,
,, [Capital (in addi	-			
	tion to 5 pe	er			
	cent.)	468	,,	10	,,
. , ,	Reserve fund	348			
11	Education	234	,,	5	,,
,,	Special service				
	fund	140	,,	3	,,
,,	Propagandist				
,,	and charitable	9			
	agencies	102			
,,	Other purpose	s 67			
- "					

The society's affairs are managed by a committee elected from the workers, each department being represented on the ommittee. Disputes are settled by a board of arbitrators, elected one from each department. This is a fine example of the efforts of the workers to democratically control their own industry.

Trade unionist workers' productive organisations are increasing rapidly all over the country; and in order to bring their goods more prominently before the London public a few London trade unionists of labour have, in conjunction with these organisations, opened a permanent exhibition and saleroom of co-operative productions in the centre of London. The depot for co-operative productions is at 36, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, W.C., where further information will be supplied by Mr Vivian.

Mr. Vivian tells us there are now over 50 societies in this country which admit the right of the workers to the "industrial' franchise. Their productions exceed £1,000,000 in value. An opportunity is thus presented, to all those who are desirous of improving the lot of labour, to decline to aid the sweating system any longer; as they can get their laundry work, boots and shoes, clothing, bread, furniture, etc., where industry is carried on under conditions that will raise the workers morally and materially.

This launching off into labour partnerships is a happy hit on the part of the workers, who, if ever they are to be free men and well-paid servants, must sooner or later

accept the necessity of being their own employers. More and more it is apparent that the great battles of the future will not be between Liberals and Tories, nor between the democracies of various nationalities, but will be of an internecine nature between employer and employed. At their best, trade unions are only palliatives of a great evil, and they presuppose the continuance of a system under which, necessarily, there will be a standing feud as between " master and servant. The solution of the labour prob lem is to be found, chiefly, in a system of cooperative production and exchange, by means of which the control of capital and labour shall be vested in the workers themselves. We therefore hail, with growing satisfaction, all such work as the Leicester co-operators, Mr. Vivian and others, are

If anything were needed to give force to the above facts and conclusions, it will be found in the labour war at Hull in Yorkshire. For how else can we correctly describe the hostilities now in progres between the Shipping Federation and the Dockers' Union, if we do not call them "war"? We have on the one side a rich and powerful body of employers backed up by a squadron of Dragoons, two of her Majesty's gunboats (the Fire-fly and the Hearty), the police authorities, and everything that a capitalistic régime car command. And on the other side we have the members of the Dockers' Union. Ber Tillet, and the whole force of trades union opinion throughout the country. Hull is in a state of siege. A fierce struggle is contemplated, for nothing less than the extinction of trade unionism is aimed at by the employers. But the ship owners will ultimately fail in their design, as it is far too late in the century to uproot the right of combination for trade purposes. Some 10.000 dockers and others are immediately concerned: having come out on strike. And that means that 50,000 individuals are deprived of the means of livelihood, except what is forthcoming as "strike pay." There seems to be a deliberate attempt on the part of employers' federations to smash trade unions generally, and the Dockers' Union in particular. We had the great miners' strike in Durham. The struggle in Lancashire between the cotton operatives and their employers. And the dockers are engaged in a perpetual warfare at London. Bristol, Hull, and elsewhere. The most objectionable feature of great strikes, from a political point of view, is the calling in of the naval and military forces of the Crown to aid the employers against their workmen. When some 200 or 300 toilers sit on the green benches of the House of Commons that sort of aid will not be available by Dives, and poor Lazarus will be likely to come by his own. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have passed resolutions, not only sympathetic, but likely to aid the dockers in their great struggle against so-called "Free Labour."

When women and men co-operate, man will

Art Notes.

The Whitechapel Fine Art Exhibition was remarkably rich in examples of the French School this year, and for that reason, perhaps, hardly so popular as usual with the lass it was intended to attract. It requires a certain degree of cultivation to appreciate the beautiful little pastorals of Mauve, Jacques, and Troyon ; to feel the tender sentiment which runs through the homely scenes of peasant life that Israel loves to paint. These French pictures are somewhat gray and subdued in tone; the treatment of sheep is especially full of poetry; but to the Whitechapel mind sheep are sheep and nothing more (unless invested with a certain tragic interest on their way to the slaughter-house), and something brighter in colour and more suggestive of a "story" is far nore attractive. We noticed that every detail n Mrs. Butler's war scenes was followed with the minutest interest, and the pathos of Frank Dicksee's "Memories" appealed to a large class of spectators. "Yer see she's a widder, and that other one a-playing on the pianner brings it back loike," said a woman who was standing entranced before it. The children of the district availed themselves largely of their artistic opportunities, and large parties were personally conducted" through the exhibition by kind and patient ladies and gentlemen, who explained the pictures to them. The excitement of voting for the three best pictures was very great. The guides seemed much relieved when they found anything practical to describe, the clay water-pots in the pictures of Eastern ife were always seized upon, and the fact of their only costing a farthing evoked unfailing We fear that the French School nterest. vere passed rather quickly over with not much nore than "'Ere's a sheep, 'Ere's more, 'Ere's pond," from the children.

The immediate result of an exhibition like hat held at Whitechapel may seem disappointng, but the very existence of an institution like Toynbee Hall is an outward and visible sign of that spirit of the age which is leading us more and more forcibly to recognise our duties and esponsibilities towards the poor. In these days, when power is passing from the hands of the few into those of the many, one cannot but reflect how important it is that they should early learn that love of the "beautiful" which vill help them to appreciate and to guard those reasures of art which have been, alas ! so often destroyed by thoughtless ignorance.

It is a matter for regret that the splendid collection of Mr. Burne Jones' pictures at the New Gallery must be soon dispersed, and that we do not possess a single example of this great artist's work in our National Gallery. The genius of Burne Jones seems to lie not so much n his glorious colour and perfect drawing as n his power of appealing to the imagination, of suggesting the soul that lies beneath. Surely it is this striving to express what perhaps is nexpressible that makes the deep grey eyes of is beautiful maidens so full of sadness, that ills the air with "the light that never was on sea or land." The "Chant d'Amour," " Cupid and Psyche," and "Love among the Ruins " are very striking exemples of this peculiar power. In dealing with purely classical subjects, Burne Jones is not so happy (except in the case of the lovely "Cupid and Psyche"); the very qualities in which he excels are at variance with the old Greek spirit of calm serenity, and this produces a certain morbid unreality especially disorder), and this age shall noticeable in "Venus' Looking-glass." For ling of the ancient prophecy.

grandeur of design and execution, "The Wheel of Fortune" cannot be surpassed, it is the very mpersonation of inexorable fate.

From the noble conceptions of Burne Jones to the crudity and intense realism of the Grafton Gallery is an abrupt descent. It is a mystery to the uninitiated observer why Segantini and his followers should think it necessary to throw on colour in thick, dry nasses and then apparently proceed to scratch over the entire surface with a pin. This strange method is happily not universal among the so-called Impressionists, but a generally rough and slip-shod style of painting and an mpatient shirking of honest work as only too prevalent. Nevertheless, it is impossible to leny that much of the work at the Grafton Gallery shows great talent, and some extraordinary effects are produced. For instance, a adv with a lemon-coloured face and a white satin dress splashed all over with great blotches of pink and blue, is standing on a balcony. Seen at a certain distance, these splashes be come the beautiful opal tints cast by the outer twilight upon the white satin and the lemon face appears the natural result of the lamplight coming from within This may savour strongly of scene painting, but one cannot fail to be impressed by its power and originality. There is a very charming picture called "La Terre Promise." A crowd of children are pressing against the plate-glass windows of a toy shop, and gazing at the glories within. The contrast between the rapt, almost awe-struck expression of the children and the stony indifference of the grown-up people, and the hansom cabs beyond, is very cleverly caught.

MEETING.

A meeting of the Bond of Union amongst Workers for the Common Good, founded in 1891, by Miss Frances Lord, to whom indeed it owes its principal life and vitality-was held in the rooms of the offices of Shafts, on Saturday, the 8th inst. The subject of discussion was "Can Questions in Sociology (Marriage, Population, Industry, Property, Crime) be Adequately Treated without a Knowledge of Spiritual Evolution?

The rooms were well filled with an animated, ntelligent company of ladies, who took part in the discussion with great interest, and with an evident desire to know. The groups formed by Miss Lord and her friends are already productive of good results and full of promise. What Miss Lord teaches can only be understood and accepted by the souls ready to receive; souls who can think p to the Highest, and this thinking must be learnt degrees, and practised in a quiet mind, deeply

The leaflet containing the principles and plan of action resolved upon, with many powerfully suggestive thoughts, will be published in the May number of Shafts, by kind permission of the hon. secretary and members.

---Up to this time men have seen the truth nverted; therefore women have been held in oondage, and man has ruled over them; but that time is passing away; she is already beginning to take her rightful place. We may now hope for order to be brought out of the chaos of man's rule. Place man alone, and chaos becomes worse confounded; place woman with him, and out of chaos comes order. It is the seed (the intuitive forces) of woman which shall bruise the serpent's head (inharmony and disorder), and this age shall witness the fulfil-

REVIEWS.

April, 1893.]

"THE BLIND ARTIST'S PICTURES, AND OTHER ORIES." By Nora Vynne.—This book is an ex-ple of two sides of a talent, some of its stories g more or less realistic descriptions of Bohe-life, while in others the genius of fancy have allowed to conjure up visions in which the ohtful reader may or may not discover sub

'The Blind Artist's Pictures " we get a peep Bohemia. Ferdinand Brail is described as eat artist, who might have been one of the test in Europe, only long ago, when he had energe in Europe, only long ago, when he had een young and strong, he was laid low with leumatic fever, which left him a cripple. "This ald not destroy his genius; he still painted and inted gloriously." Then follows blindness, and painting is at an end.

still he has one consolation left, if not to paint on canvas, he will paint in words, and make his

arers see pictures as vividly as he does.
Serena Maulden, who is described as his dear end, in spite of some fifty-five years difference in is a faithfully portrayed portrait of a woman hose better nature, disappointment, and dead reams are powerless to blunt or render cynical. Her lover had been found utterly worthless and

fled in fear and shame from all who knew him long as it was possible, Serena was true to him last, when she realised that he neither valued desired her fidelity, she submitted; but she elieved life was over.

Giving up society, she spends much of her time rith the blind artist, who, with that wonderful uitive perception common to the blind, is conand him to an extent that may well bring home

"None so blind as those that see."
Then follows the introduction of "Stanway Earne," the member for Sedway, who has been jilted by the woman he loved, and who is trying to rget his trouble in follies.

Mr. Brail, the blind artist, feels the drifting of oul without an anchor, and begs Serena to help m to restore to life this man's better self, in fact throw aside what he termed forcibly "femito do a noble and beautiful thing, to try win this man's better self for the good that it n him to do.

After some hesitation she agrees, and her resolu n is not shaken by the entrance of Mr. Earne aself into the studio at half-past eleven in the rning, still in evening dress—yesterday's even-dress. She does not betray him to their blind and Earne leaves in a fit of silent penitence ch is the beginning of better things. How ena won him and loved him at last I leave to the

ader to discover.
But there are noticeably some points in the ry worth marking. For instance, the short and ly description of Earne.

He must be very weak.

No, only very impressionable.' Some men are like musical instruments that ust give out some sound, and if God does not them the devil will. The devil has got l of poor Earne just now, and is making very

Then, later on in the story, when Serena tells him t she, too, was disappointed, Earne exclaims:—
'You did not take to drinking and gambling,

No," she said, quietly, "I wonder what would thought of a woman who did."
"You make me feel very acutely what should be

ught of a man who did."
'John O'Neal's Honour," is a pathetic little

tch of sympathy and friendship between a ed her necessary fuel up innumerable stairs

The most forcibly written of all the stories, howr, is "Miss May's Guest," which shows a keen ervation of nature as well as human nature, and

ereof, is vigorous and healthy.
Miss Vynne has thoroughly mastered the great rinciple of her art—"to portray humanity and and general practice of living men and women

under any proposed set of circumstances and conditions. Her characters are real (I except, of course, the two imaginative sketches), and may be met with in actual life, and though sometimes sad she is never either cynical or pessimistic.

"ALUTEH."-A Story of the Chinese Hills, by Eleanor Stredder. Publisher, G. Stoneman Price 1s.

We are told in the opening of this little book that

"It is woven from facts in no way exaggerated, and faithfully reproduces the feelings and expressions of the Chinese them-

Thus assured we read with sad interest the details of the harm done by the use of opium. We are shown the opium saloon where the mokers lose their strength and their conscience; and the slave market where daughter and son are sold to supply the ever-increasing demand for the narcotic.

The book is written from an entirely Chinese point of view, and no English character is introduced into its pages, but its effects are traced on the smoker and on his victim.

Later in the book we see something of the endeavours of the Chinese Government to prevent the spread of the evil, and many and bitter complaints against the English and their compulsory introduction of opium are placed on the lips of the best of the Chinese people.

"ALUTEH." To read this tale is to make the heart bleed, to make the whole nature groan under a sense of its impotence in the face of the dire need here calling for the most powerful aid. How utterly unaccountable is the apathy which exists in regard to cruelty! In our own land, all over the world, this terrible demon strides unchecked because the people living at ease, the people who are able to help the women of the country especially, who ought to be first in the crusade against evil, close their eyes and ears against evil, against its piteous pictures and its wailing cries.

The prefatory note to this tale almost tells the sad, sad story. We give it here:

"This story has been written to echo the cry of the far off East, and to remind British readers that the revenue derived from the opium traffic is steeped in the death dews and tears of China It is woven from facts in no way exaggerated, and faithfully reproduces the feelings and expressions of the Chinese themselves

The scene is laid in the Chinese hills, and begins by describing the Yamen runner, who was carefully finding his way to some point of

"Night had darkened over the lonely moun tain path. Crag and fir-tree cast bewildering shadows on the broken ground as a solitary traveller descended towards the granite slab bridging a narrow stream.

The business which brought him to the Chinese city he was seeking was urgent-the city hidden amid the wild hills-but he finds it at last, and after a little trouble gains permission to rest in a hut for the night. This hut, as he finds, is the only home left to the family, whose father had become a slave to the opium pipe. Here he meets with Aluteh, the eldest daughter of the house, and the heroine of the tale.

She is thus described:

"The face was full of a bewitching sweetness the large black almond-shaped eyes were lifted to his, shy and beseeching as a startled fawn's. She just looked up and he looked down; but looks, says a Chinese proverb, are born in the

The tender, touching details of home life are

mean so much, to ears and eyes that know how o read them; the beauty and gentleness of 'Aluteh," the home love which made her all her young life so strong to endure the awful miseries which come into the life of a young Chinese girl who is poor, and in such circumstances as are here detailed. Hok-à, Aluteh's brother, on his way to school guides the Yamen runner, Hwu-Fu, so far, and in the bitterness of his bovish heart, yearning for better things, lets the stranger know something of his degraded father's life. They pass field after field, once his father's patrimony, sold one by one to gratify the wretched craving for

"He only lived at last to smoke and sleep, said the poor boy bitterly, "while other men ploughed and sowed the fields that should have een my own. Little he cared for anything but the vile brown cake to fill his pipe. . . . Now he never comes home at all. He has forgotten us.

The wretched man, however, returns to his family, and then comes into action the most accursed injustice of all, namely, that the degraded, besotted creature, utterly worthless and iseless, though he has scattered his possessions and beggared them, has still some property left, namely, his wife, his daughters, his son. They are his, to beat, starve, make wretched himself or sell into slavery, just as he pleases. Out of such a barbarism of injustice as this. Europe has advanced a little. The loyal love of Hwu-Fu, the devoted heroism of Aluteh, the tender, loving efforts of little Chin-chu are pathetically told, till the great crisis in the childish life comes, when her passionate grief for her sister Aluteh, in her awful outlook, becomes unbear-

"Chin-chu ceased her hammering with a cry; a low faint cry, choked in its utterance by the breaking of the little heart from which it rose, as she saw Aluteh walking to her doom.

The tale is unutterably pathetic, in the nisery to which the people are reduced by their incessant smoking of what they call the "Jesus opium," because it was introduced by those who at the same time taught them of

" 'China has spoken out for a hundred years," said the Governor; 'she has steadily resisted the rising tide. But the smuggler and the hawker come on us like the locust bands, to eat out the heart of the nation. It is but jumping into the water to escape from the fire to attempt to drive out British opium by growing it at home. Our hands are tied by Britain, and we cannot help

Here is another terrible sentence .

"but one way of escape . . . he stole off to the door of the Labour office at the nearest port, and sold himself for seven years to go abroad. On the deck of the outward-bound junk he found a select gathering from the very scum of the city
—reduced like himself to this last resort of the Chinaman. There they sat, staking the price in their hands on the throw of the dice, having bargained that the winner should invest his gains in an opium den on the far off shore for which they were bound, and plant, as surely as the Chinaman is planting wherever he goes, another hot-bed of vice, to scatter its seeds over the

And again—

""What of the Christian nation, the murder medicine sellers? What of them?" asked Hwu-Fu, in bitter irony and with set, stony face.
"'I answer not," returned Yin Yueh, 'let

them answer as they can before the judgment bar

To obtain and to read such a book as this is a duty not to be lightly set aside. After readimpressively given; the word, the look which | ing, what shall be the next step. That will de-

pend upon the character of the reader. Here, amid the scenes of this tale, as in India, as in Europe, as even in what we are pleased to call our favoured England, everything that is of misery, pain, and deprivation falls heaviest upon woman, whom the insensate folly of man takes so long to recognise as another human

"DIVERS DIALOGUES," by U and I, are dia logues of society, which they evidently intend to

"EMANCIPATION" may be so described, but whether in favour of women's emancipation or against it it is impossible to tell. Some feeble popguns are fired at the Woman's Emancipation Unio of which a Miss Corcoran is the secretary. Several ladies and gentlemen are assembled at Mrs. Jones's afternoon tea. Some would-be funny allusions have been made to "throwing of dynamite, &c.," which have elicited roars of laughter from the which have encited roars of laughter from the volatile company just as Miss Corcoran is announced. Her entrance is greeted by an aside from Mr. Barker: "Talk of the devil." Major D., who appears to be a former lover of Miss C., sits in a dark corner and asks, as he watches her, "Can it be that despair at my desertion has driven her to this?" Mr. Barker, who talks in an exceedingly flippant manner, calls the Association mild and motherly, and says he thought "that women wished to become like men—votes, clothes, latch-keys, clubs, wages, strikes, everything." He is reassured on this point by Miss C., but it is doubtful if he is capable of reformation. The dialogue proceeds to show Major D. resuming the *rôle* of lover to Miss C., who ends all her aspirations by promising to enlist under his banner as her future husband, with the most approved inanity.

"A BALL-ROOM COMEDY" portrays a man's mode of loving, or what he supposes to be loving, which includes hearty abuse of any young fellow in whom his fiancee may take an interest. For this reason Reginald Rattleton threatens to kick a brother The lady remonstrates: "Why?" to he replies, "I cannot bear you even which he replies, to look at any other fellow," and says that "he wishes to keep her all to himself." Is this love? They have a long conversation. which seems a pity, as there is nothing in it worth transcribing. However, an engagement follows all this by-play, and the curtain falls, it is said, to the ing chords of "Knocked 'em in the Old

The next dialogue would not be worth noticing, were it not to remark upon the utterance by Colonel Musgrave, in referring to a man thirty years older than his wife, "Yes, but in a few years she will be as old as he is; women age so much faster than men." We thought the world had outgrown such absurd ideas as this: if not, it is much to be deplored, as it is an untruth; a dishonest untruth, and an untruth which has been productive of such untold misery to women, that the sooner it is stamped out the better.

"L-Y-A TOUJOURS UN AUTRE" consists of the light surface talk of society, of which it is not a bad satire, involving, as it often does, a something

"THE LADIES' PRIZE" is better, more interesting, more natural. Miss King, as she sits in the stern of the boat with her lover, wishes she were a boy, and though he says she would not be so nice, she asserts she would have a much nicer time, and alludes regretfully to the independence of a boy's position as compared with her own. Her remarks have some point in them, whether intentional or not it is difficult to make out.

In "A House Party" we have some ladies, gentlemen, and two children, who at five o'clock on a winter's afternoon in the hall of a country house, find themselves in the position of My Lord Tomnoddy—"there is nothing to do." One of the party suggests tobogganing on tea trays down the stairs. "You start," he says, "some one gives you a shove off, and the tea tray slides downstairs like lightning till it reaches the bottom." Several

Our verdict on "A Double Mistake" is that Mr. Hume was served right. It, perhaps, is the most interesting as the most natural of all, though estive of one bad trait in human nature.

These dialogues seem intended as a satire on many things; there runs through them, here and there, a minor chord of deeper feeling, but only good ears can hear it. The unavoidable question arises, "Why should they have been written?" One asks why should these people meet when they seem to have little or no thought, nothing to say that is worth saying, and cannot even amuse them elves? There is so much in life more worthy the pen of this writer, whom we cannot h ninking is capable of something better, which we ope, sooner or later, she or he will attempt.

"A NATION REGENERATED."-By I.O. and M. A., with appendices on Food and Drink Reform. Issued by the United Templars' Association. (London: Nichol and Co., Hygienic Publishers, New Oxford-This is a book of about eighty pages, beginning

with an account of the origin of the Order, and proposes to initiate a programme of reforms by encouraging the reception of truth and light to work against ignorance and apathy, the parents of

want, misery, and vice. It proposes in the first place a new metropolis, qualified to be the capital and central seat of government for England, in the centre of which must be placed a grand and beau-tiful cathedral, consecrated to the service of the Father-Mother, the one true God, with a priest good of women and men, elected from the aristo cracy of wisdom, goodness, and unselfishness. This capital is to have a limited population, and several pages are taken up in describing the improvements proposed to be carried out therein in the way of micipal government, &c., which is to act upo the entire kingdom. The motto of this mode and enactments, will be "That all should do unt Amongst other things the book proposes the entir abolition of hereditary pensions, poisonous fac tories, and dens of filth and disease, butchers shops, slaughter-houses, and the unholy traffic connected with them; advocating the disuse of neat or the flesh of any living creature as food and the use in their stead as pure and healthfu food of grains, fruits, nuts and vegetables, with ccasionally milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. gin palaces, and shops dealing with what is generally called "drink," are to be suppressed tobacco, alcohol, and narcotics to be sold only by chemists as medicine, or for use in manufactures Work is to be found for each person. Such work will be healthful and pleasurable, encouraging the vorker in the love of art. The subject of marriage and parentage is treated, and some suggestion thrown out worth earnest consideration. subject in connection with our daily life, public or private, has its suggested improvement, even to questions of politics and the Home Rule Bill. The direct cause of our national poverty and misery is said to be flesh-eating, alcoholic drinking, and tobacco smoking. The author laments very much the difficulties that must be contended with in bringing people to think upon such subjects as these. Examples are given to prove how the apes and monkeys derive their staple food from fruits, grains, the kernels of nuts and other nutritions issues of the vegetable kingdom. It is shown how in the case of the horse the working power is got out of plants, and that the miners of Chili, who work like rses, live very nearly as the horses do. Twenty. e reasons are given for the total disuse of flesh alcohol and tobacco, also a list of names of eminent ersons who were wholly or partially vegetarians. The book is well worth reading and is full of the highest sentiments. The appendices are taken om various sources and are very interesting. The concluding pages contain some beautiful hymns

"A Basket of Fragments." By the same author, ssued by the order of the Golden Age, Paris, lerusalem, Madras.

This volume in its address to the general reader d the introductory comment, sets forth in clear, of them try it, and one of the gentlemen records his verdict: "I say, it is ripping, you know." This chapter is amusing if you try hard to take it so. It ends in some unfortunate bumps, a dénouement, and matrimony.

Several and distinct utterances the fact well-known to most people, that the Deity consists of both He and She in One, and of neither sex apart, declaring that God, as manifest, is of neither sex and yet of both in one. The creed begins in these

words :- "I believe in one God, the Infinite, the Secret Fount, the Eternal Parent . . . the All in All. . . the holy Twain in Whom all things consist, Who hath been, Who is, Who shall be." This creed contains some beautiful ideas, and oncludes as follows :- "I believe in the purification f the soul through many births and experiences, the resurrection of the dead, and the life everlast ing of the just. . . ." On page 12 we have twelve commandments in a new form; on page 13 the Christ's prayer called "Parens noster." The Benediction upon the twelve tribes of Israel after the Spirit is full of poetry, and the Rosary of Humanity is widely comprehensive, consisting of some of the principal ideas of religion in pas The immortal Trinity of Spirit as contained in Humanity is beautifully lineated, and the service given something after the manner of the English Church Ritual. Note these verses from the Benedictus, Psalm Note these verses from the Benedict, 103, verse 1, "Praise the Eternal, oh my verse 1, "The Verse 8, "The soul, praise their holy name." Verse Lord our Lady is merciful as mighty." 'They deal justly with us, according to our sins." Verse 20, 'Bless ye the Holy Twain." Some of the hymns are exceedingly beautiful and cannot be read without benefit. Amongst these we specially ote hymn 91, "The Isle of the Blessed" Peace be within thy walls"; No. 48, "Avatar ome!" and many others. These books deserve the most careful consideration of the souls that ead. They are written in a spirit of holiness, ove, and an earnest desire after truth. Everythin written must necessarily tend forward and up ward, and must help instead of hindering all who tudy them in the right spirit. We cannot do petter than end with a verse from hymn 114 :-

"The dearest fount of Heaven is free, The lowest soul on earth shall reach it; And if a truth is trusted thee, It is that thou should'st teach it.' After each verse of the hymn comes the refrain:

"Oh brothers in your selfish strife,
Oh sisters in your idle pleasure, Come upward to the grander life And taste the fuller measure."

Copies of this book can be had at SHAFTS Office

and the price will be given to inquirers. "THE INDIAN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW."-All persons who have time at their disposal ought to read this Review. It becomes the duty of all English women and men to make themselves acquainted with the history and present condition of a country which is under the Government of England. We ought to be able to compare the present with he past, to gauge so far as we can the pro-ress that has been made in the different adnistrative divisions, and so to make ourselves equainted with facts that will enable us to undertand whether this vast empire of which we have so summarily taken possession, has been in any way benefited by our rule. With the Review, which seems to us to be written more or less in the interest of the Government, we might also ourselves the duty, or shut our ears to the voice that calls upon us to know something of this interesting land, and especially of the condition of its women. A very suggestive article appears in the January and February issues on "Tree and Serpent Worship." Also in the February number three or four interesting pages, first, on the "Education and Training of Women Teachers," taken from a lecture given by Miss Carr, the Government Inspector of Girls' Schools, Madras, quite an exhaustive study of the subject, which will be read with much interest by those desirous of becoming teachers in India or otherwise; second, "Woman's Influence in the East," an account of a young girl who served as a Sipahee with a brigade of troops in the service of Scindia, in which capacity she acquired the favour of her superiors and the regard of all her comrades by her pleasing manner and her conduct devoid of reproach. During these three years no suspicion of her sex was entertained, and she coninued to serve for some months after the discovery, declining any patronage, promotion, or help that was offered her. It transpired at length that she had enrolled herself as a common soldier, gladly bearing all the dangers and difficulties, in order to free from confinement her brother, who was im-prisoned for debt. When this was discovered she

ceived a handsome present and she and her other were recommended to the notice of the Nawab of Bopal. The March number contains an resting account of a home for Bengal widows, which will be hailed with joy by all who know how sad, how terrible indeed, is the life led by a Hindoo ridow. In studying the history of Indian women o longer wonders at the ideas suggested to th and of an intelligent reader by the words, "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she All over the world we find the thing, it is the woman who suffers, the woman ho is blamed. These poor Indian widows, som them mere children, are doomed to the most tel lives because it is said that they are respone, through sins committed in a former state of ugh the most of them have been married from early age of seven to men often old enough t their grandfathers, generally old enough to their fathers, and in conditions of ill-health, decrepit and diseased. European women, and especially Englishwomen, ought to wake up and utter one loud and determined protest, a protest

in India under the name of marriage. "NATIONAL HOME READING UNION."-Cassell's Magazine for April, 1893, gives a very de lightful and satisfactory account of a holiday timespent by the members and friends of the Nationa Home Reading Union, at Weston-Super-Mare and owness-on-Windermere. For reasons detailed in e article, the sketch is given only of the smaller neeting at the latter place, and is made still more nteresting by four well selected illustrations of the peautiful scenery of the district-

hat will not be silenced, until an end has been

at to this massacre of the innocents which goes

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The holiday of the Home Readers must have been very enjoyable, if we are to judge from the anima od description given in Cassell's Magazine. It lasted for four full days and two half days, and was participated in by members and friends from "Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Devonshire, and Essex." They made altogether a party of 180. A small and temporary University was constructed on the shores of the lake, and from rock, copse, and bog, they "gathered in a harvest to last fo months." This was their programme:—The day geology; from 10 a.m. to 10.30, a discourse or otany; 11 a.m., all started by coach or steamboat o explore some point of interest, all things being explained by the guides, "who missed nothing. The National Home Reading Union, whose secre tary is Miss Mondy, whose offices are at Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, and which pubishes a monthly magazine for each of its thre ections, is a society of persons formed for the courpose of cultivating themselves to a high stan-lard by good reading—the best reading. Their summer assemblies or holidays, as above described, are very pleasant, charming excursions, in fact, and productive of both mental and bodily health. Any ne who desires to obtain further information with regard to them will receive it if they will apply to the secretary, Miss Mondy, at the address given. The fifth summer assembly is to take place t Ilkley, from July the 1st to the 8th, 1893.

The illustrations given in the sketch are "Rydal Water and Boat-house," "Head of Windermere," Bowness from Belle Island," and "Kirkstone

"EDGBASTONIA," a Birmingham local magazine gives us an interesting account of the life and actions
political and social, of Mr. William Benjamir Smith. He established, in 1848, the Birmingh Mercury, which was first published as a weekly, price 3½d., a price which the conditions of publica on at that time made necessary. Among his con ributors were Messrs. George Dawson and Thomas Gill. At the time of the Crimean War the Mercur, was published daily at 1d. a copy. Mr. Smith was the first person who decided to issue his paper without a stamp, and the ultimate result of his action was beneficial. It was in the Mercury that the name of John Bright was first mentioned as a it person to represent Birmingham in Parliament The sketch is well and vigorously written, very in teresting and instructive as bringing before us many events now part of the history of the

country. It concludes by saying: "It is pleasant to find the unscathed old general living he quiet life of an Edgbastonian resident, happ in his pleasant surroundings and at peace with all the world." The pamphlet contains some more readable articles, one of which is very amusing under the heading of "Note Books."

THE GIRLS' GUILD OF GOOD LIFE, Hoxton Hall, 128, Hoxton-street, N., hon. president, Mrs. J. T. Rae, 7, Westrop-villas, Canonbury, N.; hon. treasurer, Miss Ruddock, 59, Amhurst Park. treasurer, Miss Ruddock, 59, Amhurst Park, Stamford Hill. N.—It was my very great privilege to visit Hoxton Hall some months ago in the company of the Rev. Florence Kollock, where with the greatest interest and pleasure I witnessed some of the beneficial results already attained by the generous loving work going on there for the benefit of these girls, who have reverse and park art apprils who under the who have proved such apt pupils, who under the who have proved such apt pupils, who that I was become so docile, intelligent, and clever, so capable, so well-informed, even accomplished, full of enthusiasm and active industrious effort, that I was both surprised and delighted. I have not forgotten, nor can ever forget, the pleasant, sweet young faces, all so attentive and affectionately obedient to the slightest wish of their kind teachers and presi-

Mr. W. J. Palmer, J.P., was then alive. and present. I had the pleasure of hearing him addres few kindly, highly interesting remarks to the oung people and those who worked so hard for It was, if I mistake not, his birthday, and the evening was held in his honour.

Mrs. Rae and her assistants may well be con gratulated on the success following their labours They are making the girls helpful to themselves each other, and all the world by teaching then to cultivate and love a high standard of conduct Read On Life's Quick Sands, with its introduction by Walter Besant; it will help all who do to understand the Guild, what it does, and why does it

"The Beacon Light," being Lessons in Physiology for the Young. By T. L. Nichols, M.D. This is a capital little treatise, purely and beautifully written. In the introduction the author gives the reasons for writing the book and giving it forth for the instruction of the young in the laws which go to make up their physical being, in the life and eproduction of "race, plants, insects, fishes, beasts, and human beings." "Parents and teachers are reproduction of Face, plants, insects, listles, hearts and human beings." "Parents and teachers are invited to read the book." . . . "In some way children must be saved. We say, That is fire it will burn you, that is water it will drown, and of this far greatest peril we say—Here is a sin which

The need of such instruction is too evident. Our hores are heaped with wrecks. Our grave yards are full of victims. . . . On every side are signs of this great ruin and woe.

The instruction is given so simply that every child can understand, so sacredly that the vilest can find nothing to rouse the laugh of vice, so purely that the little ones so instructed will grow to feel their bodies temples of God that must not e profaned. We rejoice to see almost entirely absent from this little book the subjection of the female and the exaltation of the male, a principl utterly destructive to all purity, either in thought or action. It approaches in this matter to the perfection even of expression, which we so long to see everywhere.

"WHAT WE HAVE TO DO." By Elizabeth Kingsbury.—Published by the Society for Moral Education, Washington, D.C. The author begins by saying, "Save the Women and they will save the Men"—then throughout the little book proceeds, in well chosen and eloquent words, t justify her assertion. There is, she says, "deep down in the heart of women a willingness to accept sacrifice that is a note of promise for the coming time." [Yes, provided this great virtue is not carried to the point beyond which every

'The true glory of those who have given their lives for a good cause lies . . . in the mental alertness which enables them to discern what cause was worth the sacrifice.

Yes, this is true and easily understood; so many mistake and sacrifice powers and opportunities

which might be productive of so much good, to

unworthy motives.
"We women," she says, "who have seen our sex degraded in the past and grudgingly acknow-

the hour of man's first freedom, too.'

From cover to cover the book is well worthy of study and will be a help, a boon, to many an eager woman soul striving for freedom.

Every page is good, more than good, better than can be expressed here, which makes it difficult to select any part; but from page 118 to the end is splendid. Every mother ought to read it without delay and give it to her daughters. Every woman who thinks, and every woman who does not, ought to make a point of reading this most excellent book. to make a point of reading this most expense.

Its price is very moderate—but a few pence.

M. S. S.

INDIAN LANGUAGES FOR WOMEN DOCTORS.

DEAR MADAM,-Why do not the many women who are interested in India and Ceylon make a study of the languages of the various districts? How many women doctors, nursing sisters, and other philanthropic and plucky women might carry light into the dark corners of the harem if they could speak with tongues! If Englishwomen only knew what good they could do by having even a slight knowledge of an Eastern language, and how much nearer they could get to the hearts and lives of their Eastern sisters, I am sure they would make the effort to learn, if they could get lessons.

Madame Pheroze Langrana, the accomplished sister of the still more celebrated Cornelia Sorabje, who has been prosecuting her legal studies at Somerville in order to plead at the Indian bar the cause of her oppressed sisters, is an Indian linguist, and desires to have it known that she receives pupils with the above aim in view. The two sisters deserve all the support English suffragists can give them.

Yours faithfully, M. E. HAWEIS.

FOR SHAME

You are not angered The blood stirs not Within your veins; Nor passion reigns In surges hot?
The evil deed—the cruel word Is by your placid ears To placid heart conveyed; Nor are the sluggish courses stirred, Nor the red flush of righteous anger stayed Within your cheeks -a holy flame Out on thee !—Shame— For shame!

Leaps not the gleaming tear-drop To your eye,

Nor fast the pulses of your heart
In anger bound and throb? As if they fain would vault Some barrier high Of evil-loathed and hated No. calm and slow they beat Their sluggish round, Nor stir in impulse warm. Nor in most holy anger sound A battle cry—of throbbing blood— Against unholy wrong. Where is that righteous flame? Out on you! Shame -For shame! -E. WARDLAW BEST.

---Love is heart's oil: obviating the friction by which Life's wheels are brought to an untimely

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

ATTRIBUTES OF SEX.

DEAR MADAM, - "Observer" asks why should woman, if the higher human being, be subjected to unworthy treatment at the hands of the other sex? Well, looking at it broadly, it seems difficult to imagine how women, had they always enjoyed "equal" conditions with man, could ever have arrived at the perception of their own immense responsibilities and powers as the higher sex. If "Observer" has mixed largely and intimately with the best of her own sex, she must know perfectly well that all the views as to higher sex-relationship were felt, known, and aimed at by women long before Theosophy was broached in England and it is the insufferable pretension that Theosophists (frequently male) can "teach women about themselves, which will never b accepted by the mass of thoughtful women, especially when the teaching is mixed up with such slovenly thinking as is implied in the suggestion that a shifting about of sex touches the problem of the righting of womanhood in any way whatever. Surely "Observer" must aware that the majority of men have much to unlearn besides mere sensualism As to the examples she mentions in her letter (p. 18 Shafts for March), I think they bear out the contention of my previous letter, viz., that a man can do irretrievable damage only to himself. The woman probably learned the one lesson she may have required to learn-the need of self-assertion-not in spite of, but because of being a woman. But the spectacle of the poor gentleman slipping down lower and lower s surely appalling!

With regard to "Observer's "suggestion that I forget that ideas are the sources of action, I should have thought it was patent enough that my whole contention was founded on the assumption that "Observer's" ideas were erroneous, and therefore likely to be misleading in practical results. But when I recollect how many of us have learnt our best lessons by looking into misleading theories, and thereby discovering that we must trust to no strength but that within us, I feel, after all, there is but little need for disputation, and that most of us are probably travelling along the same

HEREDITY VERSUS THEOSOPHY.

DEAR MADAM, -It is, perhaps, somewhat presumptuous for so inexperienced a lance as I to enter the lists against your three redoubtable champions of Theosophy; but as the glove was thrown down by me, it is but fair that I should defend myself, and uphold what I believe to be the truth.

I will refer to the three letters in the order in which they are published, and not to their writers either by name or initials, so as to avoid entirely the element of personality which is so

apt to spoil this kind of controversy.

Few, if any, impartial readers could be satisfied with the attempt to reconcile Heredity with Theosophy by the statement that "certain eges are born under certain parents, so as to inherit the conditions they need for their future development." It is, of course, open to anyone to fancy and to assert this; but there is no proof to support its assertion. The proof of

the distinct heredity is plain to every observer, but to go behind that fact, and to suppose that heredity is merely the effect and not the cause, is leaving the region of reality for that of unreality; an excursion which every mind has a right to make, and to draw its individual onclusions from its speculative wanderings out the result is after all only hypothesis, and f it poses as dogma it becomes objectionable. According to the line of argument just quoted when an instance is given of low-type cruel parents producing brutal children, who bear ven on their features the impress of inherent criminality, a Theosophist may say the "ego inhabits that personality because it is the one needed for its development. Naturally the vast majority of people think it far more reasonable to believe that parents transmit talent or stupidity, virtue or vice to their offspring, than to suppose that some wandering "ego" in search of a father, selected one to suit its needs-a marvellous discretion truly, considering that the poor thing has no coniousness, and might make the fatal mistake of rushing into the form of a stray cat.

The cobweb structure of the argument for pre xistence afforded by fancied remembrances of laces, has been no obstacle to its being effect tively used by Theosophists, and it has caught o many flies that it was well worth the spin ning; and when alluding to it as the stronghold of Theosophy, I meant no slight whatever to Theosophists, my view being that great point is given to any theory if it can be thrust into personal sensations; as people are more disposed to believe in the truth, or at least in the plausibility of a certain mode of thought if they eel any evidence of it within themselves. In deed many great thinkers maintain that the roots of all religious spring from this personal feeling; therefore whatever argument can appeal to it is worthy of high consideration.

As to sentiment none of us, whether Chris tian, Theosophist or Agnostic, can afford to sneer at it. It is the fountain-head of love and sympathy; but for its beneficent waters, life would be one vast desert unrelieved by an oasis, and unbroken even by a mirage. Certainly "the truth" is not to be "trimmed to suit anyone's sensibilities; but a fanciful theory which runs counter to the hopes and affection of humanity must first prove itself to be the truth before it is likely to be accepted.

Your second Theosophical correspondent appears to oppose heredity altogether, and attaches great importance to the particles of our structure changing and wearing out; but that well-known fact is no argument whatever against heredity; it would, of course, be so if the whole personality of an individual changed with these particles and cells every seven years otherwise, it is as if the origin of an oak-tree were disputed because the acorn from which it sprang no longer remained.

The fascination of the study of heredity lies much in the fact that it often "reproduces characteristics which neither parent possessed, and this is the case in numerous instances in the animal world; a certain type may "hark back" several generations. Natural history students will not dispute that fact, and we often see much the same kind of thing evidenced in old family portrait galleries, when some living member of the family strikingly resembles an ancestor. The mental and moral characteristics are constantly found to be transmitted by grandparents. It is never maintained that a case of madness is not hereditary because neither parent was insane. It frequently skips one or more generations. Why it does so is undis-

covered. Heredity is a comparatively new ranch of knowledge, we are only yet on the threshold of its vast and mysterious domain. The small minority of families who have kept any record of their ancestors is a great indrance to research, but in cases where records have been kept the doctrine of heredity verified.

The able letter of your third correspondent being a clear and pithy sketch of Theosophical pinion, does not call for a reply from me, except that I must maintain that the title of my short article was not a misnomer, as believers in heredity and Theosophists are camped at opposite poles of thought; and I would also venture to question the statement that "Some people never drink, although born in the midst alcohol drinkers; this is the result of past experience." Why not the result of present experience? What is more natural than that the horror of seeing intemperance in a home may lead even a child to resolve never to touch that drink which had caused such misery? As to the concluding paragraph, speaking of "the ego of which we shall later become conscious. may I be forgiven for replying that a prophet cannot be refuted, but may be disbelieved.

All attempts to solve the great problem called Life present interest to every thoughtful person, but it is impossible and perhaps undesirable that we should all agree as to the medium of its solution; and if Theosophy could make the world less sorrowful and less cruel, then none of its followers would wish it God-speed more heartily than yours faithfully,

TWO MORE STAGS MANGLED BY THE HOUNDS.

DEAR MADAM, -Permit me to record the following occurrence, which I greatly regret not being able to give you at first-hand. It has, however, been described to me by an eve witness of the scene, and if there is any misstatement it is open to those concerned to correct it through your columns. I rather think, however, that such details as might be added would serve only to emphasise what is here stated.

I am informed that on Easter Monday a stag was hunted in the neighbourhood of Pirbright. It appeared to be extremely exhausted, and took to the water, hoping to find a refuge there. The men pursued it into the water, whipped it out, and forced it to run again, notwithstanding its condition. It endeavoured, on being driven from the water, to leap a small ditch, but, owing to the exhausted condition it was in, it was unable to do so, and it fell in the attempt. Two of the dogs instantly sprang on to the unhappy animal and began to tear and bite it. The men were unable to reach it on account of the boggy ground, into which their horses would sink in the effort. The result was that in a moment the whole pack was on the deer, tearing to pieces its living body, and before the men could get round the bog to "save" it, it was so horribly mangled that the master of the hunt ordered it's throat to be cut then and there. So it was slaughtered and the mangled carcase sent to the butcher's to be dressed for the tables of its ruthless pursuers.

I understand that but ten days before another stag was killed in the same way near the Worplesdon Station, and that it was said by one who saw the two carcases that he had never seen any deer sent to be dressed so terribly torn and mangled

Here are the facts as related to me. Anv-

one who has witnessed a hunt can fill in the details—the hideous yelping of the dogs, the calls of the men, the terror and cruel suffering of the stag-not to mention the spurring and urging of the horses; and all this presented as a vivid object-lesson to the onlookers, many of them doubtless children. The whole demoralising scene is readily pictured

April, 1893.

This scene I wish to bring before those who have been assured, and who accept the statement, that there is no cruelty connected with hunting. Every time a deer is hunted it is at the risk of such a termination to the day's work as I have described, and those who hunt are perfectly well aware of the fact; neither can it be so rare an event as is asserted by them, since within a fortnight two such terrible examples have occurred in the same district.

The boasted courage and hardihood fostered by the hunt appear here in a miserable light. We neither "gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles," and from the gratification of a selfish passion will be reaped no true manhood but the reverse. We ask our children to be "kind" to animals, and we show them at the same moment their fathers, and, alas, sometimes also their mothers, engaged in the meanest cruelty. Children are quick to think and feel and to draw conclusions; but they can also be hardened, and upon those who commit these acts of cruelty the responsibility of this hardening rests. I have heard it stated by a gentleman living in the North of England that in a certain village where the hunt often passes the Board School, the master tells him that for two or three days after it has done so the boys when in the playground are almost impossible to manage, being completely brutalised and demoralised.

Yours truly

ELEANOR M. BEEBY.

SOCIAL MORALITY.

MADAM, -In attempting to write to sompractical purpose for your valuable periodical, one is slightly bewildered by the variety of topics presented, as deserving thoughtful consideration and thorough discussion. Two of them, to wit, Sexual Morality and Social Morality in its economics, requireall the thought and reasoning power we possess. And I incline to the last-named in preference, because it is less distasteful to the great majority of readers and because a perfect economical adjustment of our mutual relations would go far towards placing the first-named upon a proper footing. I see in your columns and elsewhere much stir made by the Labour party, and a constant assertion made that "labour" should have its due reward. It should most undoubtedly But who is to settle-finally, I mean -what that reward should be; and, most important question, who is to be the employer that shall assess and bestow it? It appears to be very much lost sight of that the mere power to work is useless unless there are some high intelligences that can employ it and give it force and useful direction. As matters stand at present, and will continue to stand, I am afraid, for fifty years to come, this is entirely a matter for individuals. Co-operative societies are a step in the right direction, and are capital schools to learn in; but there must be an entire alteration in our notions about property before they can achieve the grand ideal of Mr. Bellamy and form a single body: it would be pure bathos for them to be at war with each other. And yet, as matters stand at present, the trend of the public mind is less towards Collectivism than Individualism, and the multiplying of an infinite number of

small property owners. To possess "houses," freehold if possible, and to live upon their rents is the general ambition of thrifty artisans. One is amazed at the fatuity of an idea which would relegate us to ancient barbarism, instead of making the present very imperfect civilisation a stepping stone to a higher and better one. Of what advantage would it be to a furnace puddler, a clerk, a mill-hand, an artisan, and the workers in any other employment which does not involve in itself the cultivation of the ground, to have each of them a few acres bestowed as his own freehold? He could do nothing with it save sell it to those who could use it profitably, which would speedily relegate us to our present standpoint. There is really no prospect of an emergence from our present condition until the economical morals of the propertied classes have undergone a thorough purification and enlightenment, shall I say? "regeneration" The only true idea about property, that which is emphatically a man's own, is that it is something acquired by his own exercise of his own mental and physical powers. Nothing else belongs to him individually. He certainly should not have power to bestow stored wealth-which he could not have acquired unassistedly-upon heirs and successors for them to consider as their property, and so to be at ease beyond their fellows by lending it out as capital bearing interest upon which to live without exertion. Just at this point mischief and universal disorder come in. It is, I believe, a North country proverb, "It is only what a man spends that he possesses," a terse comment upon the folly of saving simply for other people to spend Of course it is a proverb of low life and simply the expression of a half-enlightened, selfis instinct. But it has truth as its basis, and means that we ought ourselves to employ our resources, or else lose them. In a rude this is even at present a law of life. But out of this rough material we have to create a perfect form and fashion a humanity in which every part has its necessary connection and due

The question at once arises, How then is capital to be accumulated, and who shall be its custodians if not its present holders? How can it be employed if no one possesses it? The question, too, is innocently asked by thousands who seem to think that no answer can be given to it. I, in return, ask, What do we think of our great national institution, the Post Office? There is no private property in that, Its officers, from the highest to the humblest are paid regular stipends for the work they do, and cannot bequeath their posts to their children. The profits made go to the National Exchequer; the Government expends the money and takes the proceeds. It is a great object lesson which conclusively shows that men can work, and work very well, without thinking of great accumulations of wealth for themselves. And the same remark applies equally to all other branches of national service: the Customs and Excise, and also the army and navy, upon which immense sums are expended annually and that with scarcely a question, because the heterogeneous assemblage of discordant atoms yclept the House of Commons knows that as inexperts they cannot presume to judge upon matters of administration. Why then should not we have a Minister for House-building, under whose control and direction, and administration also, all super-terrene erections of whatever kind should be placed; a Minister for the care of all public waterways, rivers, streams, and canals; a crease women's work and wages sufficiently to Minister under whom should be placed the provide for all the women who are at present

care of our coasts; a Minister for public roads, etc., etc., etc.-the Government having under its direct control an industrial army of clerks, artisans, labourers, and experts thoroughly disciplined and drilled into efficiency. Private corporations have already shown the way. All great factory establishments and houses of business, railways, and steamship lines are conducted upon precisely these principles. The great thing to be done is to convert the chiefs and captains of these into officers of the State, with fixed incomes, instead of being private speculators always engaged in internecine warfare.

The subject is too vast to be other than sketched in the roughest outlines, but I may bring it back to pertinence to women by saying that their great function in the future will be to teach. That under a thoroughly reformed administration, schools, teachers, and teaching will be placed under far better control and management than they are at present. The Minister of Education should be a woman o the highest attainments, of whom we have now not a few. Of what use is it to place schools under scratch "boards of management," local people without, except in rare instances, any special knowledge or power of useful inter-ference? Such "boards" if rightly constituted (i.e., by selection of qualified persons) should indeed everywhere exist, but as counsellors and supervisors only, possessing no power of direct interference with the disciplined staff. I see such in the future as sires and dames, or, if you please, dames and 'sires, exercising parental care over the young until they reach maturity. Under a wise régime all barrack-like establishments will be broken up and replaced by smaller schools with manage able numbers, mostly under female tuition during non-adolescent days, during which the sexes will be taught together upon terms of perfect equality, having indeed no thought that they differ otherwise than in physical powers and conformation. I favour in this conn as in many others, but especially in this, the formation of a corps of female police to prevent suggestiveness of improper ideas, an evil which grieve to say prevails in all large public

I have very much more to say but must no longer intrude upon your space.—I am, madam, very truly yours,

LET ALL BE PURE.

MADAM, -Some thoughts on the difficult question of prostitution have risen in my nind since reading SHAFTS.

Is it caused by our system of late marriages? A man in the upper classes, earning, say, two or three hundred a year, would certainly be refused as a husband for their daughter by any average parents; and, even if she became his wife, she would have to learn an entirely different method of living, having been brought up in idleness, with, probably, no training in domestic work. He says then that he cannot always live alone; temptation comes, and he is not so strong to resist it, as a girl in his own station will not, or is not, allowed to marry him. In France no one can marry without leave of parent, or, failing parents, a family council. This is, of course, always refused, except when the marriage is desirable from a worldly point of view, and, probably, partially accounts for the great immorality

Another point is, would it be possible to in-

supported by men for immoral purposes? Men appear willing to support women as wives or as mistresses, but will only give them starvation wages, and even these closely competed for, if the wish to work. If the 80,000 women leading an immoral life in London were to change to-morrow, how could they be sup-How is the money which at present supports them to be got at?

This terrible evil can never be dealt with until the economic difficulty is faced. Women must have free competition and a better financial position. At present there are not trades enough open to give work to respectable women; yet the money which supports the other sort might just as well take the form of wages as the present lamentable system.

Some women, it is said, would never be reclaimed, but this only the lapse of generations can prove. No one can help them. The saddest cases are those where women are forced to this life by starvation, or from early folly and the difficulty of returning to respecta-What is most wanted is to get men to take a better view of this question. Many, if they realised the suffering and misery many of the girls go through, and the wretched life they lead, would surely cease their hideous sin. A doctor once said to me that experience in a workhouse infirmary which he had had would make any man see the horrors of immorality and the suffering entailed on the women. But unfortunately men are either personally interested to keep it up or shamefully indifferent. Very few take a serious view of the matter. It is only women—and what care they for them. Women need not envy men. The late emancipation of women spares them many old traditions which paralyse men's energies and usefulness, and tie them down to erroneous opinions. Take any question of the relation of the sexes-how free and untrammelled women are, how bound are men by fear of public opinion. Women can play a far more important part in this world's history by coming forward now, when the brute force business is over. They need not envy that, and should be thankful that men have pioneered the way for them.

A Young Woman Whose Thoughts ON THIS MATTER ARE SUFFER-INGS, WHO LONGS FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF PURITY.

YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, SIR!

DEAR MADAM, -What can be done to relieve civilised people from the great discomfort they are put to by the barbarous habit of spitting

which prevails amongst men?

If a man in a railway carriage, 'bus or tram has a cough he must needs hack away at his chest until he produces the cause of the cough, which he proceeds to get rid of (quite regard less of the feelings of his fellow-passengers) by spitting it out between his legs on the floor of the carriage, making it impossible for any woman to sit in that place or even leave the carriage without her dress coming in contact with this unpleasant, not to say disgusting, deposit.

If it is absolutely necessary that a man should in such a case expectorate, why cannot he take the trouble to send it out of the window in a train, or use a pockethandkerchief in a 'bus or tram? Surely in these days when handkerchiefs are to be had for so little, no one need be without, or if he cannot be induced to forego such a small amount of smoke and drink as will

enable him to become the possessor of a pocket handkerchief, can he not either suppress his desire to be rid of the inconvenience until he is alone, or, as I say, deposit it out of the window. Women do not find it necessary to spit constantly, and why need men? To a woman the idea of making such a disagreeable exhibition of herself is distasteful, but men really seem to have no delicacy in the matter; they seem to prefer to spit in the carriages and omnibuses on platforms and stairs of the stations, and on the paths instead of in the roads. Surely it is time this barbarous custom was put a stop to, for everybody knows that it must greatly assist the spread of consumption and other diseases. It is so curious that men do it without seeming to see anything wrong or nasty in it, for sometimes the very man who has nearly turned you sick with this disgusting habit will open the door of your railway carriage and help you down with your bag and bundle in the most polite way possible, as if he were incapable of being bad-mannered. Would it not be a good thing if boys in Board schools were shown how unhealthy and bad a habit of spitting is? I think it might come under the head of religious instruction, for it is truly unchristian to sacrifice the health, comfort, and convenience of your neighbour to your own selfish and thoughtless indulgence.

By remaining silent on this point we are allowing men to degrade themselves, and to be content to remain barbarians I think a pro test against a thing that is distinctly injurious and at variance with all the refined feelings of the race, ought to be made, and I ask men and women who wish to promote civilisation to join

me in trying to lessen this evil.

A. J. C.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF GIRLS.

DEAR MADAM,—The remarks made at the conference held by the Women's Emancipation Westminster Town Hall March 15th, as to the need of physical development for women and girls and their rights to opportunities for the same equally with men and boys, are true beyond a doubt.,

Have they such opportunities? I think not. Let us look at Victoria Park; it is an object

We find this notice: lesson.

"Bathing Lake. Men and boys only during Well and good, but in vain do bathing hours." we look for any baths for women and girls. This is the pleasantest, coollest and shadiest spot, kept almost exclusively for one sex only.

The Gymnasia: "No woman or girl to enter here." Cricket grounds, large spaces for games exclusively for boys. Nothing set apart for the other sex. Why is this? we ask ourselves. These parks are supported by men and women ratepayers. Is it fair, is it just that no part should be reserved for the physical development of women and girls ?—I am, madam, yours,

L. R. PEARS.

---"Slavery lowers its victims to the extent of making them love slavery."

"There would not be many happy people if others had the right to regulate their work and

their play for them.'

"Children are taught to fear and obey, they are even encouraged to be copyists, which they are only too much disposed to be already: no one thinks of making them inventive, enterprising, independent. It, instead of blunting their vivacity, we tried to guide it, what might we not make of a happy nature?"—Vauvenargues.

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