

# 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.

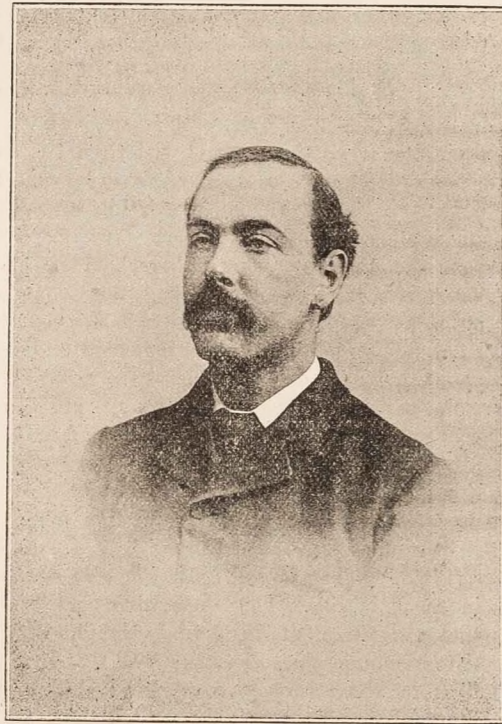
MR. JAMES WILSON MILLER.

AMONG the many encouraging features distinguishing progress in the present day, may be cited the earnest, intelligent efforts now put forth by the working classes 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 movement 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 ever-increasing 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 force of character. It is not possible to converse with him for many minutes—and he has a happy knack of entering readily and sympathetically into conversation—without perceiving at once the frank honesty and determination of purpose which he 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 appreciation of the determined struggles of women to throw off their heavy shackles, now thick with the rust of time. So thinking, and so acting, Mr. Miller wins many friends among those who strive and aspire; all such may reckon confidently upon his hearty and active sympathy and support. One of the greatest recommendations which Mr. Miller possesses as a leading member of a rapidly moving body, is his strong sense of

justice, and the fair and considerate view he 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 1892 his position as President of the Islington branch of the London Trade Council Labour Representation League. 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 and happy factor in Mr. Miller's life. He



MR. JAMES WILSON MILLER.

was born on the Tees' side, in the centre of the ironwork district, in 1852. While he was yet an infant his mother went to live at Redcar, at the mouth of the Tees, close to the German Ocean, moving from thence to 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 German Ocean stretching out to the horizon. 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 human industry, representing, as it did, human effort, human skill, and human pain; also, above and beyond all, the claims of human beings to justice, fair wages, a fair day's work, and to an amount of leisure for the purpose of satisfying higher, even more

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, brought into his soul, and to understand 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 Mr. Robinson for a better and more 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), 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 ease 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 thirty-two 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 daughters.

We may as well mention here that in the 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 connected with the building industry, which

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 dissuasions 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, but 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 gentlemen 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 upon the trade by the *Daily Telegraph*,

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 address 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 useful reforms.

Mr. Miller has taken an active part in the matter of Poor Law Guardians, and is chairman of the Islington Labour and Progressive Guardian Election committee. He also is a firm believer in, and a solid supporter of



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 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 high 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 had 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 Women 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 May 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 Bill 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 Abraham was also one of the four Lady Assistant Commissioners of the Labour Commission, and during her 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 position.

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

## Reform in Domestic Life.

AS REQUIRED BY SCIENTIFIC SOCIOLOGY.

By JANE HUME CLAPPERTON.

EIGHT years ago my work, "Scientific Meliorism and the Evolution of Happiness," was published. In it I pointed out the necessity for Domestic Reform in our middle-class social life, and the only line upon which it seemed to me such reform could be adequately 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 slow 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 pioneering in domestic reform to come forward and initiate the 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 supposed 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 feminine enterprise likely to be severely handled. Severity, however, is nowhere visible, and I attribute this to the fact that, preparatory to enunciating any scheme of reform, I depicted as realistically as I could the present imperfect 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 criticism of family life of the average, isolated English type, with its tyrannies, its failures, its tedium, and its incalculable waste of opportunity."

Where there is favourable notice of the general scheme of reform the reference to that in 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 house comfortably and honestly for themselves." 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,' 'Hereditry,' etcetera." Strange to say, the only disdainful allusion to this matter is from the pen of a woman of talent and considerable literary 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 families 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, otherwise the reorganisation of the home circle, will

be 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 hardly 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 broadening of the basis of family life will tend immeasurably to the improvement and elevation of the race.

One of my Australian critics would deny this assertion while appreciating the reform on its 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 associated 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 hotel life for permanent residents has many drawbacks."

I shall presently show that associate 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 wisacres may pronounce it in view of past failures—it involves no new departure in morals."

Turning, now, from the Press of 1885 and '86 to that of the present day, let us see what is said in the *Daily Chronicle* of November 11th, 1892: "The Labour Commission, in its task of surveying the entire realm of work yesterday, took up the case of domestic servants. Evidence on the subject was submitted by Mr. Greenman, of the London Domestic Servants' Union, whose contention that the condition of 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 demands of a capricious mistress; it is even more trying to be prevented from that human intercourse which every person should enjoy. Loneliness, long hours, bad or insufficient food, and improper sleeping accommodation 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. . . . in the main their sufferings are social rather

than physical. They suffer because they are treated as inferiors, and because their treatment generates in them those false notions about real worth which we sum up as flunkeyism. Among the lower-middle classes a 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 a 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 recreation. . . . 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 eight-hours working day into Grosvenor-square than into the Old Kent-road. That is to say, it is precisely the harder cases where any legal remedy is likely to be least availing. . . . legal machinery is less fitted for the domestic 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 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 aspect 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 conveniences, 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."

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 feasibility of association in domestic life, 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 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, commercial 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.

But what has this general state of things to

do with the particular matter before us—unitary homes? The relation is vital, though difficult to grasp and formulate. Unless our scheme 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 imminent 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 narrow 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 "slavery" 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 consolations 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 different 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 inclination, 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 interests and responsibilities, and daily chance

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 is slowly sinking now to the level of a mere domestic 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, yet 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.)

#### 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 unfolding is recognised in man, as in nature, instead of looking upon him as a special creation we shall have true progression.

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

ALL 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 7½d. in stamps. See "Review," on page 109, No. 7, Vol I. of SHAFTS.

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.—Ed.]

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 daughters.

TWO BRIDES.

Bathed in the great west window's ruby glow,  
Down the broad aisle she comes, her long white train  
Brushing the flower-strewn path like tinted snow;  
While on her sweet, sad face the roscate 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,  
Blood red and creamy-white, but not more sweet  
Than she who passes in their shade to greet  
Her marriage mom, and hear the church bells ring,  
Their music echoing in each warm heart-beat.  
Oh, fair is she and true, this rustic maid,  
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,  
sent  
In humble cares to show love's daily sacrament.

JANET A. McCULLOCH.

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

A Dream.

LOVE 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 lay listlessly on the ground. Love bent over one man who seemed more languid than the others and lifted his head on to her breast and took his hand in hers. As she drew him closer to her I cried out in horror, for hideous sores and scars covered his face, his eyes were dim and bearded, his hands mere stumps for the fingers had dropped off. The man was one mass of disease, that foulest of all diseases—leprosy.

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. You 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 earthy 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-closed 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 loathsome forms of disease, but when a human being of its own free will has reduced itself to the level of the brutes surely Love cannot own such a one."

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 boisterously, "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, yet 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 defilement? 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 in them.

At some distance we heard sounds of hard blows and bitter sobs and cries. A big evil-looking 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. A 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 shrinking, 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 least felt your touch and were conscious of your 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."

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 him to the All-Loving, the All-Merciful."

I bowed my head, I could not gainsay Love. She took my hand and led me forth into a wide place. "Look," she said, "at the sands of this shore; 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 to turn,

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, you'll say. 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 sweets— 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, 1893:— "The Calcutta Missionary Conference deem it 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 resolution:—

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

THE DECENNIAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT BOMBAY.

The British Committee of the British, Continental, and General Federation for the Abolition of the State Regulation of Vice, at a meeting held March 15th, 1893, unanimately passed 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 harmony—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. 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 printed 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 regularly 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 only?"—*Dr. Watts*.

"The first great law is that the sexes were created 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 fellow-workers, 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 mère."—*Legouvé*.

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

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## What Working Women and Men Think.

### THE INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY.

(Continued.)

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

#### ITS OBJECT.

It has been said that private enterprise is planless 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 wage-slaves 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. Everybody 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 poor. 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 things—that 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!

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 labour's own and the State's benefit. But eventually all forms of labour must be nationalised in the fullest sense, so that the 25 per cent. embargo with which it is saddled by private employers 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 a 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 land 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 employment and of poverty. Adequate Government inspection and control of all factories, workshops, mines, and farms, with a view to protecting the health of 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 half-time 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 humanity to be taught, weekly or daily, in all elementary schools. The people in every

locality to have a direct veto power over liquor licences, this being a labour question. Manhood 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 representation 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 translation 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—may, will rather be against us—till they have been educated in our principles, and can see what tends most to their 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 leaders also. We have the Scotch leaders, the Northumberland-Durham leaders, the Lancashire leaders, Mr. PICARD and friends, "MABOX" and friends, and the London Socialist leaders, all divided in politics—each against the other. Nothing will reconcile them; and Liberals and Tories, 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 masses 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 hope 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, concocted 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 of improvement. Unrest and great expectancy have taken possession of the masses. The

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

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 permanent 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 politics, tempering the extreme rigour of the capitalistic zone or atmosphere. And, in spite of the amphi-tonic 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 lock-outs; no more inter-ecne 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 constituencies if a candidate put forward by another party (whether Liberal or Tory) will reasonably approach our political or 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 independently, 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

Liberals have had the support of the aristocracy of labour; and unfortunately their fault has been

"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 was 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. I 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. GLADSTONE'S first Home Rule Bill. But I was not powerful enough to get the Liberal Association 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 Liberal Association it is from our point of view, a farce. Its committee meetings are seldom attended by any genuine working man. They are chiefly composed 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 display his disapproval of the Labour movement, I have known a secretary of a Liberal Executive (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 working 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—a cause for regret—the severing of the bonds which have kept us, and our fathers and grandfathers before us, attached to the Liberal party; but stern necessity leaves us no choice! We have one life only, and what remains of it must be spent in permanently uplifting labour and our common humanity. The cry of the oppressed and the suffering has become a 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 us, compels us to a warfare with the destructive Competition, Greed, and Industrial Inhumanity, which form our Stygian environment daily, on every side!

R. HARTY DUNN.

#### 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 sweater out of the business. The sweater's employer is the first factor in the case. The consumer, 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, however, 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 cease.

A well-balanced judgment is, however, almost as necessary as a large heart, and it is useless merely crying out against cheapness in the hope 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 cheap goods or none; even the question of relative cheapness is a minor one; an immediately low-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 challenged, 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 forces—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 earnest 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 source of misery.

But, after the general, particular cases remain to be dealt with; and thousands of individuals fall far beneath the average type. In my own private advocacy of Unitary Home 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 perceive that to be mistress in her own house necessitates 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 into 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 remuneration 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 arbitrary 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 wage-slave era. By a high premium she may still secure the servile deference she claims, and it is a lesser evil to foster "flunkeyism" 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 life 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 *pro 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.)

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

### Labour Notes and News.

#### THE SOCIALIST CONGRESS AT GHENT.

April 3rd.

The Socialist Congress sitting at Ghent has 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 men."

The assembly decided, besides, that the eight hours day should be valid for all co-operative employments, and that a woman 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 comments 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 interest of labour at heart; and it is not too much to expect that trade unionists, labour leaders, and public men who profess sympathy with the workers, should do a little practical work in carrying out their professions by aiding with their custom well-directed 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 combination. 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 question 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 combination.

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 necessary or unnecessary—

right or wrong. But such is undoubtedly, the case. For the shipowners of Hull have issued 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 reason." For the British Labour Exchange is 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 benefits which trade combinations have conferred 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 conditions as to hours, &c., have been obtained."

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 considerable trouble lately. Then, again, there is Ben's trial, which is fixed to come off at the Old Bailey during the week ending April 15th, for alleged incitement to riot at Bristol in December last. Much indignation has been felt amongst trade unionists in Bristol owing to the men indicted for rioting having (by advice of their counsel) pleaded "guilty" to the charge, as it is feared such a course will prejudice Ben Tillet's case, and do harm to 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 acts.

The past month has almost outrivalled all its predecessors in the variety and multiplicity of important events in the labour world. 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 additional 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 superintendence of Mr. J. B. Lakeman. Miss May Abraham and Miss Mary Patterson are the two women inspectors. Mr. Lakeman is holding 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 reductions in wages have been affected. In Durham 9,000 pitmen are out of work, and the employers in the North and in the

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 unsatisfactory, 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 employes 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 distributed. 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 any use it must be exercised.

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.
		£.	£.	£.	£.
1887	220	420	20	2800	230
1888	304	1420	81	8600	544
1889	578	3480	173	13674	1092
1890	708	4371	184	19730	712
1891	757	4776	250	25134	927
1892	846	6666	388	35000	1695

The total profit has been divided as follows:—  
Credited to workers £1874 being 40 per cent.  
" Customers 937 " 20 "  
" Officers and Committee 562 " 12 "  
" Provident fund 468 " 10 "  
" Capital (in addition to 5 per cent.) 468 " 10 "  
" Reserve fund 348 "  
" Education 234 " 5 "  
" Special service fund 140 " 3 "  
" Propagandist and charitable agencies 102 "  
" Other purposes 67 "

The society's affairs are managed by a committee elected from the workers, each department being represented on the committee. 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 sale-room 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







## 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 be 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 be 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 is 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 road.

H.

## HEREDITY VERSUS THEOSOPHY.

I.

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 egos 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 conclusions from its speculative wanderings; but the result is after all only hypothesis, and if 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 even 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 consciousness, and might make the fatal mistake of rushing into the form of a stray cat.

The cobweb structure of the argument for pre-existence afforded by fancied remembrances of places, has been no obstacle to its being effectively used by Theosophists, and it has caught so many flies that it is well worth the spinning; 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 feel any evidence of it within themselves. Indeed many great thinkers maintain that the roots of all religions spring from this personal feeling; therefore whatever argument can appeal to it is worthy of high consideration.

As to sentiment none of us, whether Christian, 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 affections 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 branch 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 hindrance to research, but in cases where records have been kept the doctrine of heredity is verified.

The able letter of your third correspondent being a clear and pithy sketch of Theosophical opinion, 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 of 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,  
JAO’N.

## 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 eye 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 its 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 Worpleston Station, and that it was said by one who saw the two carcasses that he had never seen any deer sent to be dressed so terribly torn and mangled.

Here are the facts as related to me. Any-

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.

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 some practical 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, require all 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 unassisted—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, selfish 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 way 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 adjustment.

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 yept 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 Minister under whom should be placed the

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 interecne 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 of 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 interference? 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 manageable 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 connection, 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 I grieve to say prevails in all large public schools.

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

## LET ALL BE PURE.

MADAM,—Some thoughts on the difficult question of prostitution have risen in my mind 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 there.

Another point is, would it be possible to increase women’s work and wages sufficiently to provide for all the women who are at present

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 they wish to work. If the 80,000 women leading an immoral life in London were to change to-morrow, how could they be supported? 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 respectability. What is most wanted is to get men to take a better view of this question. Many, if they realised the suffering and misery that 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 SUFFERINGS, 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 regardless 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 pocket-handkerchief, 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 protest 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 Union at Westminster Town Hall on 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 lesson. We find this notice:—

"Bathing Lake. Men and boys only during bathing hours." Well and good, but in vain do we look for any baths for women and girls. This is the pleasantest, coolest 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. If, instead of blunting their vivacity, we tried to guide it, what might we not make of a happy nature?"—*Vauvenargues.*

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