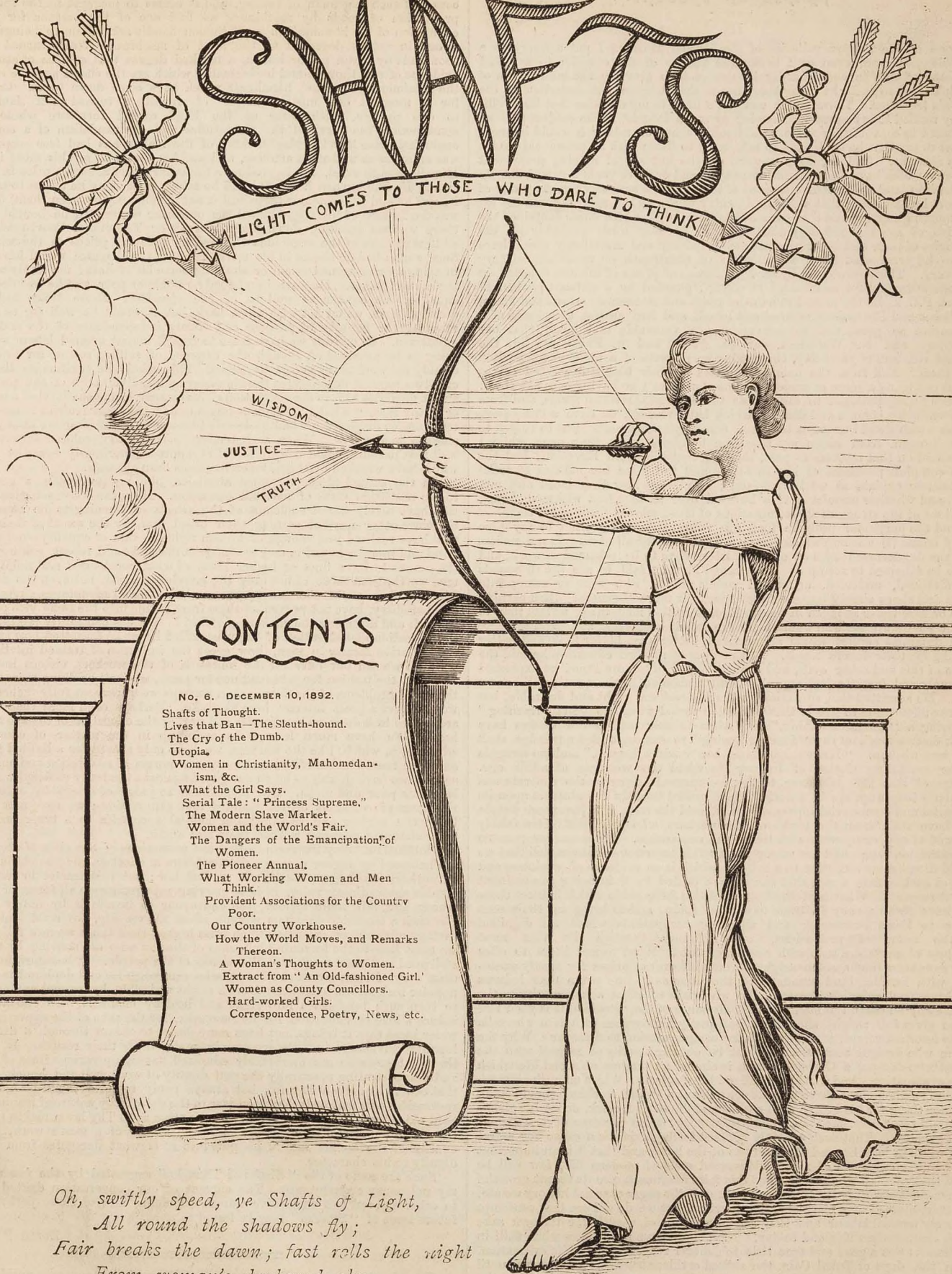


SHAFTS

LIGHT COMES TO THOSE WHO DARE TO THINK



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NO. 6. DECEMBER 10, 1892.

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*Oh, swiftly speed, ye Shafts of Light,
 All round the shadows fly;
 Fair breaks the dawn; fast rolls the night
 From woman's darkened sky.*

SHAFTS OF THOUGHT.

III.

IN one of the western galleries of the British Museum I put a query to a policeman, and, even as I broke the silence of the corridor to ask it, I remembered that he could hardly be expected to give me the information of which I stood in need, he being there not as the cicerone but custodian of the nation's treasures. Therefore it was not a little to my surprise that he intelligently replied to my question, showing so much interest in the subject that we continued to converse for some considerable time, or rather it would be more correct to say that he continued to talk and I to listen with an occasional assent to his remarks. And so, from a word on the lost art of making permanent pigments which have lasted from some thousand or more years B.C. to 1892, we drifted into land and labour questions of to-day. We arrived there by way of a report he had heard that a North Country workman had re-discovered the art of tempering copper; and there we stood against the glass case which contained the remains of some proud Egyptian, who in his day knew probably all the mysteries of that, and other processes of chemistry and metallurgy which have yet to be trumpeted forth as triumphs of nineteenth or twentieth century discovery. There, protected by air-tight cases and plates of calcium chloride, in a temperature always maintained at 65deg., guarded by a stalwart phalanx of British P.C.'s., lie the mortal remains of poets and statesmen, priests and kings, princesses and Pharaohs who lived and loved, and lied amidst the glories of a civilisation so great and so marvellous, so venerable and hoary, that our Agincourts and our Waterloos, our St. Peters and St. Pauls are but the lightest rumours of yesterday, the mushroom growths of a night in comparison with them. And from the painted surfaces of their highly decorated coffins stands out many a piece of ancient wisdom for those who having eyes use them. It needs no Egyptologist to draw from those silent shrivelled forms, and from those enduring colours and designs which have reached us from a misty past, lessons which should profit us to-day *sic transit gloria mundi*. But to return to my policeman, from whom my attention wandered more than once, while I speculated on that mysterious past, thinking that those old Egyptians had the same complex problems of life to solve, and the same inequalities of social existence to explain as we have to-day; wondering how they faced and met them, and whether unquiet shades hovered over those silent withered forms, conscious of the struggles and temptations of those who had succeeded them.

And the particular problem that was rousing the indignation of my blue coated friend (?) was one which has a vital interest for all of us. It was no less than the degenerate tendency of these latter days to be ashamed of work, and not to be ashamed to scamp it. It sickened him, he said, to see the thousands of undersized, underfed, underpaid young fellows who were crowding into offices and shops simply because they thought it more "genteel" than earning three or four times as much in the position of skilled mechanics, no less than to see the young women who would be clerks and dressmakers, and pupil teachers when domestic service would afford them better pay, better food and better training for their future needs. At the door of modern education he laid the blame of this and other evils, and though he did not quote Pope, he expressed in homely and forcible language the truth embodied in the poet's well-known lines. He admitted that education in the abstract was right and desirable, but it is our misfortune to live in that transition period when the "little learning" is proving a "dangerous thing," and when neither masses nor classes have drunk deep enough of the "Pierian Spring" to ensure that knowledge shall grow into wisdom. "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers," and we struggle in the swaddling clothes of infancy to wield the weapons of adult age. We agreed that this tendency to despise manual labour in the concrete was singularly inappropriate in a nation which prided itself in the abstract upon its industrial and commercial supremacy; and, said the man, it is just those people who have risen from the ranks of the workers, who are most often falsely ashamed of any connection with industrial occupation. There are few persons of observation who could not amply justify this assertion—is it not well that we should direct some attention to a subject which is an evidence of weakness and want of backbone in a race that has always prided itself in being pre-eminent in that respect? What is at the bottom of this false pride which induces those who have made money in trade to despise trade, and to bring up their sons either to those butchering and tinkering occupations which are dignified by the name of professions, or to lounge through life that most unhappy of mortals, a man with nothing to do? What causes them to offer their daughters (and a make-weight of metallic ore) as prizes for needy aristocrats with handles (and scandals) to their names? The pride that induces merchants to despise shopkeepers, the wholesale to affect a superiority to the retail—why on earth the man who sells an ounce of tea, provided it is good tea, and he gives full weight, should not be equally honourable with him who sells by the hundredweight, it passes ordinary comprehension to discover. Why the woman who designs bonnets should not be equally worthy of respect with the woman who designs a Christmas card, is almost an enigma of social life which needs explanation. And so, through all grades of society. Why a man who is earning from two pounds to three pounds per week as a skilled mechanic should think it a finer thing for his boy to earn eighteen shillings as a clerk, or for his girl to be a pupil teacher rather than a competent cook, is, on the face of it, a curious social problem. That such a widely diffused feeling exists is a cause for regret to all who can look beyond the interests of the hour, and that it is an important factor in the existence of many widespread evils of modern life, few will be found to deny. To what cause does this false sentiment owe its recent growth? For recent it certainly is. If we look back over the pages of social history we see, it is true, more clearly marked social barriers, but we do not see that contempt of purely manual labour and that abject worship of wealth for its own sake which characterises England to-day. Nay, there have been times when skill in handicrafts was a good and true title to general respect and public estimation. From the days of Tubal Cain, the skilled artificer has achieved renown, until now, the hey-day of mechanical invention, the man who actually handles the machinery upon which such stupendous results depend is "only a mechanic."

This singularity at once attracts our attention when we begin to cast about for causes of such a growth of feeling, and it seems to me that in the increased production of goods by machinery we find one of the reasons for under-estimation of the honourableness of human handiwork. Human beings are to a certain extent degraded to the level of machines. Wares turned out in thousands by steam power lose in a marked degree that essence of soul, that evidence of real thought and individuality which are the charm and the value of the specimens of ancient handicraft which have come down to us. Compare for a moment our modern suites of furniture turned out faultlessly to one pattern, with some of the hand carved furniture whose solid construction has survived the vicissitudes and the vandalism of a couple of centuries. See how the playful fancy of the maker has had free scope. He was an artist as well as an artificer, he loved his work and put his mind into it. His aim was to excel, not to produce a thousand pieces at such a price in such a time. Probably when it was finished he asked more than he meant to take for it, and he and his customer bargained it out humouredly between them, for that was the fashion of their day, but, if the customer wanted it, he bought it, for there was no strolling down Oxford-street or Tottenham Court-road to see endless replicas of the same idea ticketed at sweating prices in the windows. Such a man had no shame in his work, for him the disgrace would have been in using an unseasoned wood, or shuffling some bit of detail not likely to catch the casual glance. He envied and aped no noble or peer, and he was the social equal of the banker as well as of the chandler. These times had their disadvantages, we do not wish them back, but it would be well for us had we retained the honesty of purpose and sturdy independence of the crafts and guildsmen. In our day we have come to regard honest manual labour as something to be ashamed of, though the disgrace of selling cotton for linen and shoddy for wool never makes us wince. This wholesale production therefore cuts two ways, it deteriorates the character and individuality of the producer, and it degrades him in the estimation of his compatriots to the level of a machine or at any rate, "a hand." Thus it forms one of the most fruitful causes of the tendency to despise work and to dignify idleness as, if not a virtue, at any rate a state to be aimed at. When such tendencies begin to develop themselves it is well that nations should beware lest they approach perilously near the pitfalls which have wrecked even greater civilisations than our own.

In the second place, we must attribute, like my policeman, a good deal to the transition state of national education. How can we wonder that those who have barely tasted sufficient of the sweets of learning to be aware that there are other ways of earning their bread than by the sweat of their brow, who have realised just enough of human rights to talk of equality—not alas, of mind and morals, but of money and merchandise—how, I repeat, can we expect the masses to have finer or higher ideas of what constitutes real nobility and true worth, than those of not only the merely moneyed, but even the so-called educated classes, whose longer enjoyment of educational advantages, environment and heredity, have not prevented them from falling into the same vice of aping the rich and despising the makers of riches? We are constantly talking about the education and elevation of the masses, let it not be forgotten how strong is the initiative faculty in man, how great the influence of trained intellect and will. If we can but offer for the imitation of the workers, virtues instead of vices, set the fashion for gems and not for paste, we shall be doing more to solve the social problems of the future than perhaps we do at present fully realise. We women have a great interest here at stake. Perhaps even more than men we are apt to look down on handicrafts and neglect the education of the eye and the hand. We have much leeway to make up in the matter of educational advantages, which, like the workers, we have only shared for a limited period; and then too we are credited with superior powers of adaptation and imitation, so that we have doubly to be on our guard against a tendency to despise manual labour as poor and mean. Our disposition to judge of things by externals is the result of centuries of bad training and suppression; we have now to look below the surface and re-adjust our mental spectacles to a truer and fuller appreciation of men and work at their real worth.

Political economy instructs us that the attractions of one class of occupation are balanced by higher wages or shorter hours in another, and the ebb and flow of workers thus adjusts itself by a natural law; but this matter is something outside the ordinary rules, it is a growing repugnance to all forms of manual labour, and, still more serious, the endeavour to invade it by unfair means. For such a tendency economic science offers no remedy, we must look to the further advance of education upon lines higher than those we now follow, and we must look to the leavening influence of the few who are striving by thought and word and deed to elevate the masses of the people. It becomes the immediate duty of every woman and man, who can recognise and deplore the drift of popular inclination, to endeavour with might and main, by precept and example, to turn such tendencies into right and healthy channels. To endeavour to induce a love of education for its own sake, for the sake of the experience and wider ideas that it brings, not from mere desire to obtain through a little book learning advantages which are purely material in their results. It is only through those who are more truly educated, taking up various lines of labour, and demonstrating practically the real dignity of work well and honestly done, that others less given to think but always ready to follow, will be induced to re-consider this curiously begotten idea of the derogatory nature of manual work. Said old George Herbert, "Who sweeps a room as to Thy laws, makes that and the action fine," and true it is that not the nature of a man's work, but the quality of the *human nature* he puts into it is what derogates from or adds dignity to his character.

Such are some of the "Shafts of Thought" suggested by the few words of my policeman acquaintance. The current of our conversation drifted onward to other and not less suggestive human problems, and of these perhaps some future issue of "SHAFTS" may be found to treat.

EDITH WARD.

Considerations of expediency turn morality and righteousness upside down, until life is simply hideous.—*Ibsen*.

LIVES THAT BAN.



THE SLEUTH-HOUND OF SOCIETY.

A SLEUTH-HOUND more vile, more execrably vicious, more utterly to be condemned than the one described in the second issue of this paper (November 10th) it is not possible to imagine. Not even while contemplating the moral hideousness, which is the subject of the present sketch, can we shut out the awful horrors of the other. Even with the picture at present before us, we are compelled to insist upon the fact that the first place in this most foul iniquity which fills our land with dread, must be given to the MALE sinner, towards the ostracism of whom our strongest efforts must be directed, so long as ostracism is the penalty for such sin when the sinner is not of the male sex. A time is coming when other and better means will be found to oust sleuth-houndism in all its forms from every corner of the globe.

It is night, dark; the shadows fall on quiet streets and in corners where the Sleuth-Hound lurks. She is terrible to all pure and honest hearts, with a special terror, for she hunts and drags to sin, and a slow lingering death the young of her own kind. Her ample form is dressed out in a style which might betoken a kind and motherly creature, to whom it would be natural to appeal for help; whom it seems hardly possible to doubt. But those who look closely upon her face see in it, even at its best, something that deters them, something that repels instinctively, something that grows more and more apparent, that stamps itself more and more unmistakably, as the years increase, in which she plies her traffic of woe and death. What is the awful horror they see? It is a human face, a human form with the instincts of the tiger, a body, a face, eyes, but *no soul in them*. The soul seems to have gone, to have left its habitation behind; the soul has fled shuddering from the association, the body alone seems to be left to work out its evil work. But one consideration mingles with our judgment of this Sleuth-Hound of Society, which has no place in our thoughts of the other, that is, an element of pity, of pity because this Sleuth-Hound ere she started on her trail of death, had fallen so low, that there was for her no place on earth but the death trail or the river bed. There are many of her—terrible specimens of her—of many degrees of wickedness. Looking into their sin-dimmed eyes, away far back in their faded depths, lies an utter hopelessness of fierce despair. Also looking into the heart—when love reaches it, and it can be reached—is the same despair, less fierce, perchance, lying more still, looking up in the face of pity—the face of the love that has reached it—like a dumb, tortured beast, dying in slow agony, that only its fierceness can hide from the world's un pitying stare. Cruel in action, hideous in seeming apparently depraved utterly in habits, there yet lieth evermore behind

and underneath it all, this dumb, agonised creature, with eyes upturned to skies of brass and hearts of iron.

Who is to help this Sleuth-Hound, whose sex, as the world judges, is the most potent reason for her abject degradation; whose sex in the opinion of the same just, far-seeing world is a reason why she should be looked upon as the greater sinner, whose sex is the reason why every door of escape, by which she might emerge and rise, is closed and barred against her, though all know that many of these unfortunates will become of the moral type of *this* Sleuth-Hound from whom they turn in loathing.

All along her trail, pitilessly she pursues her way luring, driving, cheating, drugging souls to their death. A sickening horror seizes upon her often, but there is no escape, she cannot turn now, nor cease till she die. All along the paths her sin stained feet tread, through Sleuth-Hounds of the male type. She sees them everywhere. They seize on the prey she lures into their haunts; they hasten to complete the dire destruction of soul and body which is their devilish work; they cease not nor tire of these deeds accursed.

She sees these wretched, utterly inexcusable male sinners pass on from these haunts of misery to homes of comfort and peace; to the society of the purest and best, who know nothing of the nature of this moral leper they cherish in their hearts.

When shall these purest and best rise up in determined force to point a new moral; to place the male Sleuth-Hound side by side with the female; to judge both by the same standard, and to deal out to both the punishment most calculated to utterly destroy the type of both? Nothing else will do it. The world waits for the action—unswerving and thorough—of women in this matter. It is time, for the night of her suppression is far spent and the dawning is near.

What that dawn will bring we begin to foresee. The faces of women already brighten at its approach—the hill-tops gleam with its glory. Why tarry the wheels of the chariot of this coming sunshine? What checks its speedy approach? Women must send forth in streaming rays the light which is to disperse the dark clouds which hide from us this day of freedom and gladness. A little more enthusiasm, a little more courage, a little more TRUST IN EACH OTHER, and all is done.

THE CRY OF THE DUMB.

UNDER this heading a lecture of sorrowful interest was given at Chiswick, on Friday, December 2nd, by Miss Zitella E. Tomkins, in which she drew attention to the sufferings inflicted upon animals through the ignorance, neglect, callousness, and wanton cruelty of man.

God, she said, certainly gave man dominion over the dumb creation, but that was in the days when man was sinless. He did not fashion them that we should take from them all happiness. Perhaps there never was such a time in the world's history, when animals were so despised as now. Ancient Egypt revered all things that had life, but now in this year of grace 1892, racing is the national sport of England, and bull-baiting of Spain. What Christian martyr has suffered more for his faith than these creatures suffer for man's pleasure!

Drawing the contrast between the happy life of the milk kine in their native pastures, and the broad backed oxen, bred only for slaughter, she protested against the *needless* suffering, caused by their transit from the prairies to the public markets; herded closely together in a steaming, reeking pit of darkness, in the hold of ships for days and weeks, and landed at last in a bruised exhausted condition. To say nothing of the inhumanity, she wondered that people did not reflect that animals over-driven, bruised, ill-treated, are not fit for human food.

Taking the horses next, she spoke of the misery caused them by slippery wood-pavements which might be remedied at little cost by gravel scattered thereon; of the dreary lives of horses working in mines in perpetual darkness, and of the broken-down cab horses to be seen more particularly at night. Speaking of the good work done by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, "we need," she said, "to have the society's officers everywhere at night."

The dog (man's faithful companion) next came under her notice, and she bore testimony to his loving fidelity to his master, and his ready forgiveness of injury, and deprecated in moving terms the horrible practice of vivisection as a flagrant outrage upon God's helpless and unoffending creatures; the sin of sins against cats was desertion, she thought; and pleading for dumb animals generally, she questioned, have not they their *rights* in God's world? Why should we imagine ourselves alone partakers of His benefits? Not one sparrow falls to the ground without God, whose ears are ever open to the inarticulate, but Heaven piercing cry of the dumb?

A vote of thanks was proposed by the chairman to Miss Tomkins for her sympathetic lecture; in seconding which, the vice-chairman added, that Miss Tomkins had made us see the *moral* offence in ill-treating these dumb creatures.

At Prior-place, Acton, there is a home of rest for horses.

H. S. HILL.

UTOPIA.

II.

Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* was written during the years 1515-16. It is a marvellous production, which we who live nearly four centuries later cannot help reading without a wondering admiration at the advanced ideas which anticipate many of the convictions of modern philosophers. More himself was an adorable man. His home life was as near perfection as sixteenth century society would allow, and it was evidently with real regret that he left his home circle for the duties of a Statesman. He had lofty hopes for his country, which would not allow him to neglect the opportunities offered to him by the friendship of Henry VIII. He was a favourite at Court, Treasurer of the Exchequer, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Chancellor, without losing his uprightness, or "inclining to any practice which would not bear the light," to quote Marcus Aurelius' criterion of righteousness. He resigned all these offices a poor man, in days when bribes were the rule. He died a martyr less of Catholicism than of freedom of thought.

More wrote *Utopia* about the same time as Martin Luther first hurled defiance at the Pope and Machiavelli was writing his famous *Principe*. No one knew better than More the social life of England at that day. His book was intended for King Henry to read, and he is careful that the dark side of English life shall not be hidden from the monarch's knowledge. He writes of the troubles which seemed beginning then, and whose fruit is to-day so awfully apparent. He traces the causes of social evils as he saw them, and in the second part of *Utopia* he shows how some of them could be avoided. It is easy to criticise, in the light of centuries of experience, after the clearing away of innumerable fallacies which needed the exercise of gigantic intellects to destroy; but having said our last word of blame, there remains in *Utopia* such a dream of an ordered commonwealth that at its remembrance we sigh, and wish that the ages in More's day had learnt his wisdom and followed in the path he has sketched out.

Utopia was written and printed in Latin. It told of a traveller named Raphael Hythloday (signifying Knowing-in-trifles), who, after losing all his comrades, found himself on an island called Utopia. The King (Utopus) was the founder of this ideal commonwealth, and the maker of the laws which ever afterwards governed the people.

All offices of the State, even up to that of the Prince, were elective, so that none held position save by consent of the electors. Every thirty families chose every year a sphygrant or magistrate, whose position and duties seem to have been similar to those of Mr. Ruskin's "bishop" or "overseer" (see *Sesame and Lilies* and *Time and Tide*). He was to see that no one was idle, for in Utopia idleness was reckoned one of the worst of crimes. No man worked more than nine hours a day, and the day's work was diversified at intervals by lectures, meals, and pastimes. More had much to say against the waste of time on unnecessary articles of dress and other luxuries which serve no useful end, yet cause an expenditure of labour which might be put to service for the common good. The magistrates were exempted from the necessity of work, but they exempt not "themselves, to the intent that they may the rather by their example provoke others to work." The gold of the community, instead of being reckoned valuable, was put to basest uses, such as chains for prisoners, kitchen utensils, etc., as well as for current coin, so that its use as coin should not demoralise Society.

Sir Thomas More had the old noble ideal of war. While hating the ignoble wars of aggression, or to gain some advantage of territory or prestige, he loved the idea of fighting against injustice and oppression, or in defence against an invader. On such occasions in Utopia none fought against his will, and women, as well as men, stood up to fight for home and the right. Yet, under any circumstances, as More very quaintly says, "War or battle is a thing very beastly."

There were few laws and no lawyers in Utopia, but most of its readers will agree that insufficient allowance was made for human nature and original sin. The severe restrictions must have proved irksome to all but the most docile. There were too few outlets for the natural instincts for excitement, and the inhabitants must almost have longed for a war if this were the only relief from a monotonous existence. More could not foresee the intellectual development which would give new directions to the mental activities of women no less than men, and his picture of social life suffers in consequence.

The absence of commercialism was, of course, essential in such a dream. To imagine a Utopia, wherein mankind still sought to take advantage of his neighbour in the market, were to spoil Eden forthwith. More lived in days when there seemed nothing extraordinary in the idea of the State possessing the means of production, and using them for the benefit of all.

More was not a pioneer in the direction of woman's emancipation. He was even behind some of the old Greeks in the place he gave her. In work, as in war, he gives her her duties to perform, but in privileges she is scarcely mentioned. She is classed amongst the children and other

dependents—"the wives," he says, "he ministers to their husbands, the children to their parents." His view throughout is essentially masculine, and in his view the women rank second above the slaves or bondmen, and the husband's authority over the wife is even permitted as far as the infliction of personal chastisement—"virtue and obedience" being reckoned as of almost equal merit.

It is only fair to state that the marriage laws of Utopia were, as marriage laws go, singularly fair as between woman and man. In case of divorce, too, perfectly even justice was meted out to both.

Beside the inevitable injustice to woman, the blot of slavery disfigures More's Utopia. All the unpleasant offices were filled by bondsmen, who had to perform every task which the free men and women shrunk from. These slaves were either Utopian malefactors or prisoners taken in battle. The conception of a State where all were free was left to a later time. It was so easy to smooth the road for the citizens by laying down slaves for them to walk over. Even the great Sir Thomas More was subject to some of the limitations of his day.

The best lesson More taught the time in which he lived was that of religious toleration. In Utopia, with all its faults, there was that foundation of all liberty, perfect religious freedom. It needed some generations for that lesson to take root, but until it did so women were despised and slaves remained in their chains.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

WOMAN IN CHRISTIANITY, MAHOMEDANISM, &c.

MR. JAMES PRELOOKER lectured on the above subject before the Glasgow Secular Society, on December 4th. Having made a rapid, but highly instructive survey of the laws and customs affecting the status of woman under the great religious systems of the world, the lecturer expressed his belief that in order of merit as to the just and enlightened treatment of women, Christian, or nominally Christian, countries come first, then Buddhism, and afterwards Judaism and Brahmanism, the last and lowest place falling to Mohammedanism. Commenting on the Gospel incident of the woman taken in adultery, a passage rejected as apocryphal in the Revised Version, Mr. Prelooker thus referred to that perennial evil which grows and spreads even in the noblest civilisations:—

"This episode had an extraordinary influence, and a great and blessed result for many unfortunate women, especially in the Middle Ages. Everyone knows that many unfortunate, lost women have been led astray into pernicious ways by overwhelming forces against which they have not been able to fight, and have almost always been the victims of the deception and brutality of men. Once the false step is made it is only by unusual strength of mind and character that such an unfortunate creature can resist the forces which unite to drag her down to lower depths of degradation, for there is little or no assistance from the outside world; indeed, modern society is extremely severe to such women, refusing to believe that they can be anything good. But Christ teaches other relations towards these most unhappy of all unhappy creatures, and His true followers even in the dark Middle Ages tried to organise help for the rescue of fallen women. The Canonical Law adjudged it a very meritorious action for a man to marry a fallen woman, and communities organised funds in order to supply such women with dowries so as to lessen the difficulty of finding husbands. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries a great movement sprang up, and many societies were founded for this purpose. Professor Bucher in his book, *Die Frauen in Mittelalter*, adduces many splendid examples of the zeal of the Minister Rudolph, and the *savant* Heinrich von Hahenburg. The latter founded in Strasburg the Association of Repenting Sisters, and received upon that occasion, October 30th, 1309, the benediction of the Bishop, John von Dappenheim, who uttered the following remarkable words: "Slaves and captives being freed often receive all the civil rights of freemen; it would, therefore, be unjust not to do the same for those who were the slaves of sin as soon as they returned to another and a better life. Oh, friends, wherever and whenever you meet on your way any of these miserable creatures, be careful how you turn away with disgust and loathing, and remembering the divine words of Christ, bear in mind that they can be nothing else than the victims of your own sons, husbands, brothers, or fathers."

THE NORWICH WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

A MEETING was recently held under the auspices of the Norwich Liberal Women's Association. The hero of the evening was the Right Hon. James Stansfeld. Mrs. James Stuart was in the chair, and introduced the veteran friend and champion of women in a touching speech. She spoke of the great advance which the cause of women had made in the last thirty years, and how great a measure of that progress was due to the efforts of Mr. Stansfeld. Miss Page made a telling speech, in which she said that there was higher chivalry than carrying cloaks and handing chairs—the chivalry which gave women freedom and opportunity to remove the burdens which oppressed them; not that she thought it probable that the higher chivalry would oust the lower, and for her part she was always grateful for small services as well as great ones; men did not attempt to show their independence by sewing on their own shirt buttons! Mr. G. White said that woman should be free not only to keep their homes pure and sweet, and cure the results of outside evils, but to remove the causes of those evils. He paid a tribute to Mrs. Josephine Butler, and to the noble work of Mr. Stansfeld in repealing the legislation which had once disgraced our statutes.

WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

While the Boy was supposed to think, who knows what the girl's thoughts have been? who has chronicled them? What were the thoughts of a girl to a world composed of men, and boys who would be men? One pose was given her, the pose of helpmeet to the Boy—she has stood by. . . . Meantime both grew, and the pose was maintained. As the Boy grew, he grew still more assertive in the presence of the girl who stood by. He expressed his thoughts more loudly—the girl listened. Then the pose was somewhat disturbed, for the girl laughed—how she laughed! She laughed more, she laughed on, as the Boy gathered into his own keeping all the good things. He wanted more room also. He wanted all the room. The girl's laughter increased, for the Boy's egotism was irresistibly funny. It is amazing what he has swallowed in the way of self-congratulation; what he has uttered in the way of self-assertion. So the sound of the girl's laughter at the Boy's thoughts has been the ages' undertone; yet hath it a strange echo, surely, for laughter; it comes up to us from the past centuries like a wailing cry—terrible in its meaning.

Here and there the souls that strive have gathered, listening; dimly guessing that the girl has also thought; the air has been filled with their questioning. What have her thoughts been? What must they have been? Has all this moaning and crying that has filled the echoes of the ages with tears and sobs, been because of the girl's silence in regard to her thoughts? Why has she been silent—has she been gagged? Has no one chronicled her thoughts—is there no record? Yea, one there is who knows well what the girl has thought; and will tell it, from its vaguest murmurs to its fullest tones—It is the girl herself. Listen!

One Girl this week has something to say about domestic servitude. She hopes many will join her and say something.

The Girl says, she often wonders why a large class of women and girls should be condemned to domestic slavery, not only by thoughtless, but by many, so-called, emancipated, women.

The Girl thinks that no "other girl" or woman can come to the work of progress and emancipation with a clear conscience if *her* freedom—for literary or other refined work—is obtained by her power to get others of her sex to perform for her the coarser work of the household.

The Girl would call in the aid of one of that wretched army of helps who are many degrees worse off than the regular servant—the girl who will clean the steps for a penny the set!

But the Girl stops to consider. Her considerations often take this form—Will this army of unskilled labour have a better chance of improvement by our employment of it (while we go on refining ourselves), or by our reduction of the cleaning necessities to that point at which we ourselves can satisfy them—still leaving time to help on their improvement in other ways?

The Girl applies this argument to regular domestics also. Lady friends say to her: "But, my dear, *these people* like the work. They don't care for study and exercise and the fine arts. They would not thank you for an offer to change places with them."

The Girl says she never admits that this is altogether true; but, even if it were, she sadly reverts: "Are not you, by appropriating almost all their time and energy for the satisfaction of *your* material wants, robbing them of the chance to fit themselves to habits of study, refined recreation, and manners?"

The Girl thinks of fashionable streets on fine afternoons—of the fashionable churches, picture exhibitions, etc., and the crowds of elaborately-dressed girls who find time to fill these places. She wants to know *how* they find it.

The Girl asks, is it not by taking advantage of an unfortunate class which an unjust social system has flung on their mercy?

The Girl often notices the crowds of "other girls" purchasing ornamental trifles, costly or cheap. She sadly wonders how many of these would be bought if circumstances had not given to the buyers power to force a number of their sisters to keep these "troublesome trifles" orderly and clean?

Personally, the Girl has come to the conclusion to buy nothing that she cannot, with her own hands, keep in order. Never to purchase cleanliness, refinement, and leisure at the cost of the direct enslavement of her less happily circumstanced sisterhood, while she has strength and health sufficient to satisfy her needs. She will be glad to hear some "other girls'" idea on the subject.

NOTE. The Girl this week writes under the pseudonym of "Fabianne." No name is ever attached to the sayings of "The Girl," as we hope to take them from many sources. Her opinions this week will startle many, and, we hope, startle to the extent of replying. An exchange of opinions between different girls under this heading would bring about much enlightenment.

[What does the Girl propose these persons—whose engagement as servants she reprobates—should do to obtain a living? Is well paid work of any kind a humiliation?—Ed.]

THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

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

THE "thin red line" has played its part of war and bloodshed in all the history of the world. The tale of the passing ages, and a higher consciousness are fast depriving it of its glory. Posterity shall judge whether the part played has been an absolute necessity as some say, or no. Meanwhile, we have ceased to contemplate its allusions of fame—the awful other side is more within our ken. Women are gathering together their armies for another battle; for strife of another nature—the war of Women against injustice, impurity, tyranny, cruelty and falsehood. Against these, Women have ranged their "Steadfast Blue Line," which grows stronger with every hour. Their weapon is the "Sword of the Spirit," sharp and keen, and it will never be sheathed till the "winter of their discontent" has passed away for ever, and the time of the singing of freedom's jubilant song of victory, has come.

MISS OLIVE SCHREINER'S forthcoming visit to this country will be eagerly anticipated by all lovers of her first work, *The Story of an African Farm*. We hear that now, as formerly, she brings a book with her. Whatever this may prove to be, we may be certain that it will contain careful, earnest thought.

LADY DLKE, like Lady Salisbury, is a firm supporter of the ready-money system. The former pays for everything "on delivery." A steadfast determination on the part of women to act thus would soon result in the solution of many social problems.

MISS GERTRUDE JACKSON, in her recent address at the annual meeting of the Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, said she believes that "flabby womanhood" is passing out of real life, and that the time is at hand when women should interfere in great moral questions, however appalling.

MISS KATE MARSDEN is being attacked by the Russian newspapers. The Moscow *Vyedomosti*, says the *Daily Chronicle*, publishes the following grave charge:—"Our lady traveller of the past year, Miss Kate Marsden, has very much exaggerated what she saw, which was reflected in the Press of the capital, the newspapers stating that 10,000 persons die of leprosy every year, whereas I repeat that there are only about one hundred sick in all." If our Steadfast Blue Line had only to confront those special wrongs and diseases which they nominally array themselves against, their work would be comparatively easy. As it is, misrepresentation, evil report, and unappreciative "friends" (!) too often constitute their strongest opposing forces.

LADY BATTERSEA made a suggestive speech on Monday, in opening the Egyptian bazaar which is being held in aid of the extension fund of the Westbourne Park Institute. Having eulogised the comprehensive curriculum of the Institute, her ladyship spoke of the necessity for moral and physical education as a preparation for the battle of life. In respect to women, she said, they have emerged from the "worsted-work period," and female scholars as well as male ones must save the world.

MRS. SALIS SCHWABE early next year will start a National Kindergarten College. The sum of £6,000 has been subscribed. The college will be on the same system as Mrs. Schwabe's schools at Naples.

TRAINED lady gardeners are in frequent request at the present time. The owners of graperies, ferneries, and hothouses are beginning to realise that they cannot do better than place plants in the charge of women who have studied horticulture. Two ladies at Swanley who recently distinguished themselves at the Horticultural examination, have been offered local and permanent employment by a nurseryman.

THE Royal Female School of Art intends to celebrate its jubilee in February by an Art Exhibition. Mrs. Allingham, Mrs. Normand, and Miss Blanche Jenkins are amongst the past students who have promised contributions for the occasion.

THE statement that this year in Wyoming women voted for a President of the United States for the first time is a mistake. Women voted at the first three Presidential elections in New Jersey. Through the influence of a Quaker preacher, the convention that framed the constitution under which New Jersey came into the Union substituted for the words "male freeholders" in the provincial charter, the words "all inhabitants worth fifty pounds." Under this constitution, tax-paying women and tax-paying negroes voted. But the tax-paying women were most of them Federalists, and at the Presidential election of 1800 they voted for Adams against Jefferson, and were said to have carried the State in his favour. Consequently, as soon as a Democratic Legislature came into power, it abolished the property qualification, and excluded from suffrage the tax-paying women and tax-paying negroes, decreeing that suffrage should be limited to "white male" citizens. George Washington was the first President to be elected in part by women's votes.—*Woman's Journal*.

PRINCESS SUPREME

BY O. ESLE-NELHAM.

Author of *A Search for a Soul*; or, *Sapphire Lights*.

CHAPTER V.

Jerome resigned himself to the inevitable: sent to Serome for his things, and remained where he was.

At first he seemed much disturbed, but, after some time spent in serious thought, arrived evidently at a point of decision. Taking advantage of a moment when the attendant having left the room to obtain something for her patient, he was alone with Isolde, he said suddenly, "I will not stay here accepting your generous hospitality, under a feigned name, I am the son of Sir Claude Vykyr"; he spoke with half sullen frankness, feeling a sort of dreary satisfaction in openly stating the truth.

The name evidently conveyed no meaning to Miss Courteney, who answered suavely,

"Thank you for your confidence, but I was quite ready to take you on trust."

"Take me on trust! do you know how my father died?" he asked, with reckless bitterness.

"No—was it in some painful way? Do not tell me; do not trouble about it; never mind," she said gently, touched by the distress in his face.

"I cannot tell you; I cannot; ask someone else—anyone will be able to give you the information."

"Very well; but let us forget the subject now; let me think that you do not remember unpleasant things under my roof."

Jerome bowed his head in assent, feeling it impossible to speak of such a thing as disgrace in her hearing; he had made love to many women in his day, and had always felt well satisfied with himself in their presence, but there was something about the gracious sweetness of Isolde that caused him to judge himself by a new standard; there was a psychic grace and force about her that repressed passion; a quiet but potent influence emanating from her that impelled her friends' thoughts towards things spiritual.

Jerome had been an entertaining companion, and had never been at a loss for complimentary speeches and bright turns of fancy. Before the majesty of Isolde's lofty womanhood he was dumb.

In her maiden stateliness she seemed so aloof, so rare, and pure, and fair, that nothing he could think of seemed suitable to say.

Isolde was, however, very human—simply a good, pure, and noble human being. She had *done* nothing grand so far, but the controlling force within her, urging always towards the highest in all things, made itself manifest and suggested high thoughts in others.

To Jerome she seemed like a pure white flower—not a showy anemone, not a frail flower on a slender stem—but a pure white cactus blooming on a strong stem (with prickles, too).

"If any one hurt her pride, let him beware! A little Lucifer, I should imagine, would startle him," he mentally added, gauging Isolde correctly, finding her a new and interesting study.

He respected her because she awed him, but it must be admitted that he privately preferred intercourse with the kind of woman who made him feel better satisfied with himself. However, he had judged rather rashly. Isolde had met him in her character of lady-castellan and hostess so far, but having made him welcome and having placed her stronghold at his service, she encountered him upon a different field. She had feudal ideas upon many subjects, and the stranger who had eaten her salt was sacred in her eyes. He had thrown himself, wounded, upon her mercy; she was accountable for his well-being, and it behoved her to spare no ministrations that might conduce to his comfort.

She read aloud, and he discovered that she had a keen and delicate sense of humour, and that her favourite authors were those who provided the strong meat of literature. She read several languages with facility.

"You pay me the compliment of considering me as much of a cosmopolitan as you are yourself," observed Jerome, languidly. He was very conscious of Isolde's influence, but he resisted it, thinking, "People are never what they appear, why should I be subdued by a certain air about a mere slip of a girl, innocence is more often ignorance?" Intercourse with the shady side of life had made him suspicious; he distrusted Miss Courteney, and, telling himself that he would not bow before her, he threw into his voice a masterful imperiousness which he was far from feeling.

Isolde did not approve of his tone, but, making allowance for the fractiousness of pain, she answered:

"Do you call it cosmopolitan to possess ordinary culture? I thought you had the air of a citizen of the world, but as you prefer to be taken for an insular Briton, I will translate the quotations in future," and she quietly read on as though unaware of Jerome's mortified discomfort. He had thought she would justify herself, that she would give some explanation agreeable to his own vanity, to account for her proficiency; instead she did not even take his words seriously, but, looking upon them as the petulant outbreak of an invalid dismissed the matter, salving his heart with a little judicious flattery; "she had thought he looked a man of the world!"

He knew that she had intended the salve and contemplated her with increased interest.

She read on sedately for some time, first giving the quotations in the original and then rendering them into English with swift exactness. After a time a false translation seemed to slip out, and she glanced at him with aroused attention waiting the results of her mischievous experiment. Jerome tried not to move an eyelash, he lay still making no sign, but Isolde saw some slight quiver of amusement, and Jerome had not experienced enjoyment of so refined a nature for a long time; he was charmed with her witty quickness and listened eagerly for the next evidence of it.

When she had made, in the verses, some clever change appropriate to the occasion she looked over in his direction, and he could not resist the great starry grey eyes turned full upon him. Such innocent enjoyment of her own little scheme sparkled in her face, and there was such a sprightly, child-like air of taking pleasure in naughtiness that, against his will, he was beguiled.

A spirited look had taken the place of the spiritual one that controlled him; and, lost in wonder at the nobility of the face which had such varying aspects he gave way to the enchantment stealing over him.

He could not disappoint her, and, unable to hold out any longer, he smiled.

"Thank you very much. I never knew Danish writers were so humorous. I must study them more attentively. Do you think," he proceeded, "that it shows such everyday culture to know Danish?"

"No," she allowed; "I daresay Danish is different from the others—it is not very generally known. I never thought of it as a foreign language, because my mother was Danish, and I have spent half of my life in Denmark."

"It must be nice to have the blood of two great nations in your veins," said Jerome, thoughtfully. "The fact of belonging to two countries must of necessity make one more enlightened—more broad-minded. You have two different sets of ideas and feelings to go upon—out of your own consciousness."

"You miss the sentiment of patriotism, however," suggested Isolde, although she did not regret the lack of patriotism, and Jerome was evidently of her mind.

She was, however, bent upon ascertaining Jerome's views upon things, rather than upon developing her own.

"I am sufficiently patriotic, though, to feel that I would rather be half English than half anything else."

"She looks on life as a bright farce," Jerome mused, after Isolde had left him. "Strange that we two should have been brought together—she who has everything and I who have nothing," and he felt that the fates, considering her surroundings, might have withheld a portion of the grace which they had given to her outward being.

Isolde's draperies had something to do with the fairy-like fragility of her appearance; she could indulge her fancies in every way, and her summer gowns were all of zephyr, lace, or gauzy muslins enriched with gossamer lace. They were all white or pale delicate shades, everything she wore looked picturesque.

She had always been sheltered from the rough blasts of life; the heat and dust of the common highway she had never known; the hard toil and suffering of the poor had not been revealed to her.

She flitted about in easy elegance, lively, clever, enjoying perfect health. She seemed, indeed, so highly favoured by fortune that the superstitious approaching her might have paused in awe, wondering, "What dire things have the gods in store for her?"

Those who did not wait for the end of a life before they pronounced that life favoured were inclined to resent Isolde's advantages, and to think that she might well be amiable since she was so fortunately placed. But, good fortune has not always a favourable effect on human nature.

Prosperity makes some people hard, on Isolde it had quite an opposite effect. She had a lovable disposition, good fortune seeming to have developed all her most winsome qualities.

She revelled in little harmless rogueries, but she would not have caused a real hurt to the tiniest sentient thing.

She had been as a child a little tantalising, sometimes teasing Madame de Baromprez with her mischievous tricks; sitting gleefully down in the distance with a low gurgling laugh of delight to watch the effects. But at the first look of vexation on her governess's face she would be on her knee with her little white arms clasped tight round her neck. On being forgiven she would patiently set to work, steadfastly insisting on making good what she had done; and, nothing would distract her from her self-imposed task until its difficulties were overcome.

Madame de Baromprez was glad to see the signs of character evidenced by such episodes, and never allowed herself to absolve her charge from making reparation.

A sense of discomfort took possession of Jerome when Isolde left him.

He lay still thinking, but the feeling striving for utterance would not be suppressed, and he muttered impatiently: "I could not be so mad as to think of one who is as far removed from me as though she were my Queen!" He did not believe that he should be so unhappy as to love Miss Courteney, but he had an unaccountable craving for her return—a feeling that was strangely like the longing of love—and, gazing drearily before him, he said, with exceeding bitterness, "That is all that was wanting."

The dismay of the thought that assailed him was great, and he sat silent for a long time overcome by it.

"I to think of her?" he ejaculated after a time, with sardonic grimness. "I?—love would be nothing but tragedy for me, like most other things in my life; to her it would be a passing comedy. Most things probably partake of the nature of comedy to her thinking. She does not appear to have a care, and probably she has not an idea or a feeling either!"

But at the thought of her his own judgment seemed to him like desecration, and he said tenderly: "She walks through life with a face like sun-light, and sun-shine in her heart. Would I grudge her happiness?"

(To be continued.)

All the evils that have resulted from dignifying one sex and degrading the other may be traced to this central error: A belief in a trinity of masculine Gods in One, from which the feminine element is wholly eliminated.

Old friendship does not rust.—IBSEN.

Man, having excluded woman from all opportunity of mechanical education, turns and reproaches her with having invented nothing. But one remarkable fact is overlooked. Society limits woman's sphere to the needle, the spindle and the basket; and tradition reports that she herself invented all three. If she has invented her tools as fast as she has found opportunity to use them, can more be asked?—T. W. HIGGINSON.

THE MODERN SLAVE MARKET.

THE slave market of the nineteenth century is often a beautifully arranged place, rich in flowers and ferns, in paintings and drapery; and in place of the clanking chains, the wailing of tortured Africans, the shuddering silence of fair quadroon girls, and the deep, though maybe voiceless, anguish of dusky Aunt Chloes and Uncle Toms, we have the sound of laughter and song, of dancing and flirtation, but yet the traffic is as loathsome and the results are as terrible as any of those of the old dark days of African slavery.

The buyers and sellers and the slaves themselves mingle freely with one another, and many a purchase is made and many a bargain struck to the sound of dance and revelry.

Let us first take a peep at the dealers. They have none of the traditional attributes of their class. The whip and goad are absent, and in their place we have feathers, jewels, silk and satin, and all the pretty etceteras which go to make up the grand dame of fashion; for, alas! those who sell flesh and blood in this English slave market are for the most part not those who have starvation as their excuse; nay, they are the *élite* of society, and with each successful sale they rise a step on the social ladder, and all their fellow slave-dealers congratulate them, saying, "See how well So-and-so has sold her daughter."

Only they do not use the *word* sold; these society traders still keep their class notions that trade is lowering, but still, so long as the name is not mentioned, they do not hesitate at the fact.

What do they demand from the purchaser? Well, first *money*, that's the chief thing, good houses for the slave to live in, fine clothes for the slave to wear, servants to wait upon her, and a place in Society; that idol whom they all worship, rank, too, is a thing they seek in the would-be purchaser, but it is not so important as money, they say in effect.

"Wed money, my daughters, add rank if you can, but in any case wed money."

And the slaves themselves, the fair young girls crowding under the gaslight. What do they think of the farce in which they play so tragic a part? Do they try to escape?

No, as a rule they play into the hands of those who have the disposal of them; they are brought up to it from their childhood; they are educated to attract purchasers; they are taught to regard it as a disgrace if they fail in their mission. They are taught to struggle and to strive for high bids, and, as a rule, they blindly submit. Here and there one fights against her fate, and refuses to be sold, but then for the most part they love their place in Society, and the slave dealers turn up their eyes and hands and deplore the depravity of So-and-so in marrying so much beneath her, or in obstinately refusing good offers and electing to live single.

Happiness? Do the slaves get that? Not always, not often. Alas! how can they when the moral character of those who buy them is not considered, when the broken-down roué, or the man whose name has been dragged through the mire of the Divorce Court, if he be but rich enough, can claim his choice of the fairest and sweetest of our girls. They go blindly to their doom, thinking that all will be smooth as a summer sea, awake to the cruel fact that the ship on which their life's happiness is embarked is worthless and rotten—to know that the orange blossoms are a mockery and the wedding bells are jarred and out of tune. Then, as time passes on, these slaves become slave dealers themselves, and other fair young girls are bought and sold in the slave market.

There is another part of the market, too, where the same trade is carried on, but with a different name, and those of the Society market look with disgust on their sisters who carry on the other branches of the same ghastly trade; they ignore it altogether when they can; and when it is forced upon their notice they say it has no connection at all with their business. The latter is sanctioned by the Church and by Society, and as for the other!—why, no woman should know about it, except, of course, the unhappy victims themselves, whom ignorance or want has driven into the horrible morass.

Where is the difference between the two? She who marries for money as truly sells herself as she who helps to fill —; and mothers who bring up their girls irrespective of the love and esteem which alone make marriage honourable and right, are traffickers in flesh and blood no less than those who sell their children to the highest bidder for hard cash.

Oh, the wickedness and the shame of it! We do well, indeed, to talk of the blessings of our Christian civilisation with this dark blot in our midst. How dare we look down on "heathen" nations who sell their daughters into slavery while the same thing is done year in year out in this Christian land of ours.

There is no more shameful thing in our modern civilisation than the practice of regarding marriage as the only legitimate pursuit for the daughters of our upper middle classes; it drags that which should be the most sacred of relationships through the dirt, so that love and esteem count for little in the ghastly bargain.

But what are the unfortunate women to do? Trained from babyhood to attract, and only to attract, they *must* marry if they would live. It was not long ago that a well-to-do lady said to her young daughters, "Remember, girls, you are flowers in the market; you must look your best."

It is not everyone who owns it so frankly, but, alas, the action is far from rare. But if our daughters do not marry, what can we do with them? What provision is there for their after life? Mothers and fathers, it is your business to make that provision. Do you ever contemplate the necessity of your *sons* marrying in order that *they* may live? I trow not. Do you not rather hold it a shame and a disgrace for a *man* to marry that he may live in idleness? and is it less a shame for a woman? Give your girls a fair chance, then; let them have the same education, the same professional or commercial training as your boys. Give them the tools to carve out their own way in the world, and, then, if marriage comes it will be of free choice not of compulsion—a union founded on affection, not a resource against want or helplessness.

But, say some, if women are to compete in every field, the already crowded labour market will be flooded and *no one* will be able to get a living. The argument is plausible, but has no facts to support it. This world is wide enough for us all—more heads, more brains, more hearts are needed to do its work. The harvest of the world is great, and yet one-half of the labourers stand all the day idle, and these must live. Unless our girls are put out of the world they must be fed and clothed—someone must find the money for this—why not the women themselves? Where this to become the general rule women would gain in strength and dignity, a purer, holier life would grow up in our midst, and an age more glorious than that of chivalry would dawn—when woman and man should rule the earth together, and call into being all its latent possibilities.

NORA BROWNLOW.

ART.

MESSRS. DOULTON AND Co., of Lambeth, have given many a rare art treat this week, in allowing visitors to see their recent productions in "Doulton's ware," "Lambeth faience," Burslem china," "Crown Lambeth," "Chaumplece ware," "Marqueterie ware," "Earthenware," etc., prepared for the Chicago Exhibition of 1893. Those who had visited their other collections for public exhibitions from time to time were struck with the immense advances they have made in every way. All success to them, they richly deserve it: for here art labour is what it should ever be—the joint production of women and men; if anything, women's work predominates. This firm has always employed women on equal terms with men, and this present exhibition certainly shows the finest results. The largest vase in the show was painted by Miss Florence Lewis. It is over six feet high, and is a wonderful production of the potter; and now that it is adorned with palms, cactus, thumbergia, birds, etc., it is, indeed, a masterpiece. This talented artist has painted other vases in the show nearly as large, and her work on some of the "Crown" is exquisite. Mr. M. V. Marshall has shown himself at his best; the "Marqueterie" is beautiful. Miss Esther Lewis has many lovely pieces, and before Mr. John Eyre's large vase we pause and enjoy a rare art treat. Miss Barlow's life-like subjects ever please; to see little geese not three inches high, full of life, with their little necks poked up at you in defiance, makes one smile. But each piece is a gem, such tints in colour are fascinating and the forms of many are so elegant, one can but wonder at the clever fingers that formed them, and the skilled management in the kiln. The colossal statue of the late Professor Fawcett will soon be known to all, for this handsome work of art is to be placed in Vauxhall Park, a gift to the public from Sir Henry Doulton. There are many of Mr. Tinworth's wonderful life-like panels; they would take hours to thoroughly inspect, and well repay the trouble. Altogether it is a most lovely collection, and we are proud to think the Chicago Exhibition will have such a collection of art work of our men and women.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Mr. John Burns addressed a full meeting at S. Saviour's Hall, Battersea Park Road, on Wednesday, on the subject of old age pensions. Reference was made to the proposal, already referred to in these columns, for a Royal Commission on the general question of poor law relief. Mr. Burns laid stress upon the point that no scheme would be satisfactory which involved contributions from those who were to receive the pensions. The necessary money should be raised by means of general voting.

Party-programmes wring the necks of all young living truths.—Ibsen.

The Lancashire lock-out still continues, and both sides are firm in their determination to hold out. The spinners seem to be in a good position financially, their balance sheet showing a gain of £1,000 in their funds in spite of the heavy drain of the past month.

Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

A Paper for Women and the Working Classes.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10th, 1892.

WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

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

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

IN consequence of repeated and continued inquiries we think it best to stereotype the statement already so clearly made, that the columns of SHAFTS are open to the free expression of opinion upon any subject, however diverse. These opinions will be welcomed, however widely they may differ from our own, as the *vox populi* which leads to higher things; advancing by slow and sure degrees to more enlarged views of life; to juster and grander conceptions of what may lie before us. Our object is to encourage thought—thought, the great lever of humanity; the great purifier and humaniser of the world. It seems to us a good thing to put into circulation a paper which takes no side save that of justice and freedom; a paper which invites the opinions of women and men of any party, creed, class, or nationality. Any views may be stated in articles or letters, and any person who may think differently from the views therein stated shall be free to discuss or refute, as the case may be. All will be treated with equal courtesy. The paper is started specially in the interests of women and the working classes; but excludes no individual and no class. All subjects must be treated with moderation and in a spirit of calm inquiry—a spirit that while it earnestly works for the triumph of right, while it unhesitatingly denounces wrong, also perceives how easy it has been to go wrong, and that love, kindness, and patient determination shall yet win the day.

ONLY those who have lived in small towns in the country, can know how difficult it is to raise any enthusiasm of feeling in regard to any new movement, especially when that movement touches anything which religion, or long standing custom has seemed to sanction. Those who live in large towns, and are in the full rush of the current of enlarged thought and broader views of things, find it difficult to realise the obstacles, in the way of those pioneers of thought in country places, who can seldom even induce persons to think, for a few moments upon any given subject; or how depressing and discouraging is the ever-recurring answer, which harks back to past ideas, past beliefs, even at the expense of their own personality. "Whatever is, is right" with such, not that only, whatever has been is right; it is too much trouble to think otherwise, so they stifle the voice within, which cries to be heard. Thought would disturb the existing relations with many things, so, coward-like, they let be, what they really do not like best. More care and trouble, more determination and resistance than they care to exert would be demanded of them by that inexorable voice within, which will not be hushed when once heard. Those of us who have larger privileges, have laid upon us a great duty—to help those with less. Town should help country; life that stirs should help life that is still; money should help impecuniosity; talent and genius should help where such gifts are not. For the wheel of life is turning ever, and we know not how soon we who possess may be in the position of those who have naught. One very good work might be done by those who earnestly desire to help their fellows, and that is to bring together those who can help each other in any way. There are so many who would do much did they but know how to do it. Another action much needed is the action every woman should take when she hears another accused. There are so many who, because of their position or want of influence, are constant sufferers from unjust accusations. So little would set it right, but that little is never done; the persons themselves do not meet, and not one is generous enough to throw all personality aside and give time and trouble to make two souls—whose union might be sweet, whose work together might benefit the world—understand each other. The greatest enemy of progress is SELF. We want something for Self; we want to be put forward, to be in the first place, to be spoken about, counted among the world's great ones, and we pay no heed to the disappointed hopes, the crushed and bleeding hearts upon which we tread. Nothing of this ought to stain the onward path of Woman's progress towards that future which promises to be so great and so rich in results.

WOMEN AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE World's Fair which opens in Chicago in May next will mark the most wonderful epoch in the history of woman upon which she has yet entered. Mrs. Bertha Palmer, President of the Women's Department, said in one of the early meetings in connection with the work, "Much will be expected of women. We shall be on trial before the world, and we must use every agency to make a good record, such as will astonish the world." That the record will be good, that the surprise will be great, none can question who is informed of the extensive preparations being made in the various departments of the women's auxiliary. All that woman's brain can design and her skilful hands execute will be arrayed at that great Exhibition to proclaim to the world the skill, industry, and genius of that half of humanity of whom the world as yet knows so little outside of the home circle. The World's Fair affords a most fitting opportunity for an exhibition of the skill and genius of women, and America the most appropriate place in which such an exhibition could be made. That "the nineteenth century is woman's century," as Victor Hugo so aptly said, will be forcibly demonstrated none can doubt who glances over the vast amount and variety of work completed now, and still in preparation for the coming Exhibition. De Quincy made a clear distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, holding that the mission of the former was to teach, while that of the latter was to move. The literature of the women's department of the World's Fair will perform both functions. Not only will it teach the great truth of the skill, industry, genius, and diversified gifts of woman, but, out of the great multitudes who will look upon this work, many will be moved to a higher appreciation of woman's ability, hence to a juster estimate of her value to the industrial world, which will lead to larger opportunities of activity and fuller compensation for her services. It is not the protest that women can do, but it is a demonstration of what she has done that argues most eloquently for her work and wages among the workers of the world. In this practical age theories and sentiments have but little effect. That which most thoroughly convinces those whose opinions and influence are desirable to enlist in a cause are facts—plain facts. With these they have a perfect understanding, and can examine and estimate them apart from everything else. When sentiment is wanting, theories rejected, and prejudices insurmountable, strong facts may come in, and in an instant convince, and so accomplish the whole work through their moving power. It is this sort of literature concerning the true place of woman in the material and intellectual world that will be spread before the nations of the earth, as the representative people, gaze upon the wonderful display of the products of woman's heart, brain, and hand.

The time has fully arrived in the history of the intellectual development of the human race when its measure is to be taken by a representation of the progress woman has made along the many lines of thought and activity that characterise civilisation. "Not matter, but mind," is the motto taken for the World's Congress Auxiliary, and one which the women's department of religion will most conclusively represent. None need be told of woman's ability to create with the needle all that can delight the artistic sense, of her power to nurse the sick, train the young, and make the home complete. But the time has fully arrived when there should be some recognition of her ability and achievements in the things of mind as well as of matter. This there will be in the great congresses of philosophy, education, music, reform, and religion, which will be held during the month of September.

Among these congresses none, however, will make such a revelation of woman's work, sacrifices, and achievements as will that of the department of religion. The chairman of the Women's General Committee in the Religious Congress is the Rev. Augusta J. Chipin, who for thirty-four years has occupied the pulpit, exercising all the rights and performing all the duties that pertain to the ecclesiastical office. It is most fitting that one so richly gifted, and of such wide and long experience as the reverend lady, should be assigned this important position. Nothing can convey a better knowledge of the scope of this department than the preliminary address issued by her, a copy of which is submitted to the careful consideration of all who are interested in this most characteristic phase of the women's work of the nineteenth century. Under the department of "Woman in the Pulpit" there will be a practical demonstration in the delivering of a number of sermons by some of the most eminent among the ordained women ministers of America, of which there are several hundreds.

The women's department of the Religious Congress will be in its truest expression an act of common justice to the women of Christendom in general and of America in particular, upon whom the great burden of Church work is being laid. Not the pulpit work, not the discussions at conference and synod, not the voting of funds for this or that purpose—all this the men are doing uncomplainingly, and are not asking to be aided in their duties. But of these weightier obligations that rest upon the Church—gathering children into the Sunday-schools and instructing them; looking up the sick and poor of the Church and caring for them; raising money to build churches and to pay badly managed financial obligations on old ones; to cook, and make, and sell, to earn money for foreign missionary work, or for some home mission; to keep the Church furnishings fresh and attractive that people may be drawn to its services; and finally to attend them themselves, rain or shine, sick or well—in all these particulars the women of America are freely assigned full leave to do, and how nobly they have done it all any candid minister will testify. It is just and most fitting that the work of women in the department of religion should be known, that the demand which she is making now in every denomination for a full and free participation in all the duties and obligations of the Church may be recognised as being based upon what she has done toward making the Church a power for the dissemination of religious truth and the blessing of mankind.

FLORENCE E. KOLLOCK.

There is only one principle of public conduct—Do what you think right, and take place and power as an accident. Upon any other plan, office is shabbiness, labour, and sorrow.—Sydney Smith.

THE DANGERS OF THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN.

BY ADELE CREPAZ.

I.

NOW this is an admirable essay in favour of any and every movement which has for its object the bettering of woman's social and political position. The title is misleading, unless it be ironical. The pamphlet is in fact a careful and painstaking *reductio ad absurdum* of the various arguments of those opposed to woman's emancipation. There are some slight indications in the essay which make us doubt whether this net result was intended by the author, whether in short her advocacy of the woman's movement—by contraries, as it were—is not an unconscious advocacy; in fact here and there it would seem that the author was an opponent of *Frauen-Emancipation*. This, however, must not be imputed to her in blame; these slight blemishes, notwithstanding the arguments of the opponents of woman's emancipation, have been rendered as foolish and fallacious, and made to look as supremely ridiculous as it was decently possible in a pamphlet bearing the title it bears. If not too colloquial an expression we should like to characterise the whole essay as a subtle plant, a sly, ingenious, dig-in-the-ribs, poking-fun-at-the-reader kind of composition. Consciously or unconsciously, it is cleverly conceived. The title is suggestive of opposition. The opponents of the movement read the book to fortify themselves—opponents of this movement want a lot of fortifying!—while friends will buy the essay in the hope of finding it a convenient peg on which to hang an essay or a speech on women's questions; at least, it will serve, they think, to point the moral of the justice of their claims, and to adorn the tale they have to tell of the follies of the opposition. In the essay itself there is just that element of doubt as to the real intentions of the author, which provokes discussion and so serves a cause. But in all this the balance of practical advantage inclines to the side of the supporters of woman's emancipation, and for this reason. A presentment of their case so delicately ironical, so refinedly argumentative, is unsuitable for public use, especially in dealing with opponents who number among them such a large proportion of unintelligent (N.B. *not un-intellectual*) persons; consequently Emancipationists will read it and smile, and will set it up on platforms only to knock it down, and will bring it out at meetings only to raise a laugh; by this means they will avoid the dangers of founding an argument upon irony, while enjoying the advantages of cutting a presumed opponent to pieces—argumentatively. On the other hand, all those opponents, and they are many, who belong to the unintelligent majority will rush in blindly and madly where Emancipationists fear to tread: eagerly will they seize upon the double-edged arguments of Adele Crepaz, appropriating them to their exclusive and peculiar views, ignorant in their want of perception, and careless in their great need of something approaching to an argument, of the double meaning and the double application underlying this pamphlet.

In a good deal that is ambiguous in Mr. Gladstone's letter to the author, this at least seems clear, that the Grand Old Man, with his keen intellect and unrivalled powers of casuistical analysis, was not for a moment deceived by the implication of the title, or blind to the double possibilities of the essay as an argument for or against woman's emancipation. He declined, and wisely, to commit himself in any way to a description of the tendency of the pamphlet; but now that we have read the pamphlet for ourselves, we venture to attach an obvious interpretation to his statement that his perusal of the essay had "called to life new thoughts" in his mind. His meaning is plain. The *reductio ad absurdum* was not without its effect upon him. So unexpected a presentment of the case in a work bearing so suggestive a title gave him pause, and was eminently calculated to put "new thoughts" into his mind. He admits this, but is too wary to indicate the colour or complexion of those thoughts: still one unfailling index we have in his former attitude towards the question of Woman's Suffrage, as shown in his recent pamphlet on the subject. And so we have little hesitation in assuming that "new thoughts" means "other thoughts," "different thoughts," and that these in differing from his former thought must be more favourable, as they cannot be more opposed to the emancipation of women. This we conceive to be the effect of the pamphlet on Mr. Gladstone's mind, and this is the meaning, which after reading the essay, we think we may not unreasonably attach to his words upon the subject.

Now the key-note of this pamphlet is *marriage*. Upon that theme the author rings a whole series of distressing changes; upon marriage as a paramount necessity for the State, and as woman's chief duty and ultimate goal, she lays a dismal and a sentimental emphasis; throughout her essay the babies of the community occupy a position of importance unsuited to their years and derogatory to their elders and betters; to the whole fifty-five pages of the pamphlet there is an implied accompaniment of the screams of a troublesome infant intermingled or alternating with the sentimental lullaby and soothing hush-a-by-baby of the German mothers—things in themselves most excellent, barring the screams, but not paramount, not the most important things in human life, not the most compelling things in human action, and therefore not rightly the sole, ubiquitous and predominating arguments in a pamphlet on woman's questions.

With regard to this same question of the rearing and bringing up of children, one is apt to forget how largely human beings are the creatures of habit. Man is wont to shirk his share of the trouble and responsibility of bringing up the children on the plea of much business; woman is wont to excuse her ignorance and want of interest in matters of importance to the community, on the plea of much housework and of many stay-at-home cares. In saying this we speak of types, and we do not blame the average individual man or the average individual woman, we merely note a circumstance, which, whether it be to the best advantage of the community or not, is undoubtedly fostered, if not engendered by custom and is in no sense the sole result of natural causes. The argument on which we found this controversial statement is very simple. We have it admitted by our author that such difference as now exists between the weight and cubical capacity of the male and of the female brain is largely the

product of artificial causes, as the difference, of slight amount among peoples in a state of nature, increases with the degree of so-called civilisation to which nations have attained. It is true that immediately following this admission, substantiated further by a quotation from Darwin, our author says flatly that nature, and not law and custom is responsible for woman's present position—but such little vagaries as this must be put down to the exigencies of her method, which compel her to maintain a kind of dubious and ironical inconsistency throughout. If this difference of the brain is so largely artificial, why not the present division of labour between the sexes? Without necessarily saying that physical causes and natural inborn aptitudes have played no part in the production of modern civilisation, it is surely permitted us, in the face of so grave an admission reluctantly made by a possible opponent, to assert that most assuredly they have not been the sole determining factors in bringing about the modern woman and the modern man. We may mention here once for all, that, in order to facilitate criticism and to avoid confusion, we shall deal with the arguments of the pamphlet as those of a serious opponent, ignoring for this purpose their obvious irony—and only occasionally adverting thereto when it is necessary in the interests of the author of the pamphlet to assume and point out their evident want of seriousness.

But I find that I have nearly consumed all the space which the editor has been able to allow me this week, so I must reserve further and more detailed criticism of the pamphlet for next week.

H. MORGAN-BROWNE.

THE PIONEER ANNUAL.

THE Christmas Annual of the Pioneer Club contains much interesting matter. Its editor, Mrs. Massingberd, is also the president of the club, and the kind, affectionate little letter which begins the annual is characteristic of her. Among the names of women who deserve respect, affection, and all honour for their untiring efforts to help their fellows, the president of the Pioneer Club, 180, Regent-street, holds her own place. "Club Notes" gives a short account of the formation of the club and of some of its first promoters and supporters. The Christmas carol and other poems by Pioneer 22 are very beautiful. Especially beautiful is the one called "A Purchase." "The Old, Old Problem" is full of earnest thought, and must inspire such in all who read it. Several interesting tales—tales not without their strong purpose—fill its pages. Tannhauser's "Message to Women," with what flows from the writer's mind in connection with it, has a high spiritual tone, particularly refreshing to sad and weary souls, embittered, alas, too often by contact with a world where sympathy is, or seems to be, scarce.

A most interesting article is contributed under the title of "Women's Clubs in America." Interesting sketches are given of some of the Pioneers, and silhouettes which embody principally the same persons. The poetry describing them and others is piquant and pretty; suggestive too. "What we can do" will help those who are anxiously asking, "What can we do?" An article on Chinese women is full of information and worth study.

The Bond of Union, founded by Miss Frances Lord, is described on pages 46-48. It ought to be carefully read and digested. Its influence is all for good. Miss Lord proceeds on the ground that the position of each one is that of "a student," and our endeavour—the effort of our life—should be "to find out what is best to do," while we feel that our action may be no more than that of "clearing a stone out of the path of progress." Miss Lord's Bond of Union members work in groups of three, each of whom again form groups, so acting and reacting upon each other. She acknowledges that the Knowers, "after all, only know a little of the mighty movement of things, for the realisation of which in events for humanity the workers must work faithfully to the end." The remarks upon "Intuition" are felt in the innermost consciousness of those who read. The study of the entire idea revealing itself in the society, and its objects, opens up wells of thought.

The Pioneer Annual is a Christmas thought of gladness to Pioneers. There is nothing in it that is not well worth reading. It argues well for the club that anything so pleasant, so friendly, so well intended and so excellently carried out should be the work of the Pioneers and their president. It is to be hoped all are proud of it, and that another will be forthcoming for Christmas, 1893.

TUESDAY EVENING MEETING AT THE PIONEER CLUB.

An amusing and spirited discussion took place in the rooms of the club on the evening of December 6th, on George Meredith's types of women. The subject was well handled in a paper read by Mrs. Grenfell. Many present had not read this writer's books, therefore with the exception of Miss Whitehead, who spoke against, and a lady of the Fabian Society who spoke for, there was not much more said on this special subject. The discussion drifted off more into an animated conversation, most entertaining and improving upon the need of personal independence for all women, both married and single. Both President and Pioneer kept up the interest of the meeting, and all felt refreshed and invigorated by the opinions called forth and so frankly and pleasantly expressed.

In these days it is you, women, who are the pillars of Society.—IBSEN.

Our ill-balanced society seems as if it would take from woman all that nature had endowed her with. In our codes there is something to recast. It is what I call the woman-law. Man has had his law; he has made it for himself. Woman has only the law of man. She by this law is civilly a minor and morally a slave. Her education is imbued with this two-fold character of inferiority. Hence many sufferings to her which man must justly share. There must be reform here, and it will be to the benefit of civilisation, truth, and light.—Victor Hugo.

WHAT WORKING WOMEN AND MEN THINK.

OUR "MERCHANT PRINCES."

One of the most pernicious results of the competitive system is the evolution of the millionaire. It is a fixed law of economics that for one man to become rich many must become or remain poor. Why do the "masses" spend their lives in a ceaseless round of toil? Why do railway men work 14, 16 or 18 hours a day, and shirtmakers stitch far into the night to secure their daily bread? Why do Lancashire looms maintain their ceaseless "whirr," and the iron furnace its eternal blast? Why do the women of the potteries spend six days out of the seven in an atmosphere charged with "Dust Death," and the "salt-cake men" of St. Helens engage in their fatal work? In short, what creates the need for the "rush" and "hurry" of modern life? Why is it that people cannot take things quietly, and find enjoyment in their work and ample leisure in its intervals?

Because the "competitive system" has been inaugurated and is controlled by those who are "making haste to be rich."

All this labour and travail is not necessary to produce what we require. For a shirt, money is paid amply sufficient to provide the seamstress with food, shelter, work and leisure. There is no need for the cups and saucers required in England to bring disease to their makers. It is not an essential attribute of chemical manufacture that men should enter the death-chamber. Let trains run the twenty-four hours through, and let their relays of men find leisure and enjoyment in their lives—nothing stands in the way but the dividends.

Wherever we turn, this ceaseless striving after bread on the one hand, and wealth on the other, presents the same dreary scene, and it will continue to do so until Labour recognises that the turmoil is all "vanity and vexation of spirit," and will have no more of it.

Although the worker is, of course, the sufferer under this "system of rush," even the millionaire does not find unalloyed content. The papers give an account of the death of the American "railway king," Jay Gould, whose fortune is variously stated at from \$75,000,000 to \$150,000,000. When, some years ago, his solvency was questioned he exhibited securities to the value of ten millions of pounds sterling, and his annual income was so enormous that he confessed to finding some difficulty in investing it. But Gould had another "income" besides the financial. A special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* gives an account of the millionaire's life, in which the following appears:—"When the panic of 1857 spread disaster all over the States, Gould began buying railway bonds, and, just before the opening of the Civil War, moved to New York City and went into stock speculation and the manipulation of railway shares. The exciting time of 1861-65 promised splendid chances for Gould, who took no interest in the war, simply gambled in gold, equally satisfied with a Union defeat which advanced the quotations or a victory that depressed it. After the Civil War closed a period of wild speculation and railway building ensued—then was Gould's great opportunity. Legislatures and Courts were clay in Mr. Gould's hands, and valuable land grants, priceless charters, and sharp practice to oust foreign bondholders were the order of the day. His millions grew as his reputation for sharp practice increased, until his name became the synonym for railway wrecking. After exploiting the Erie Railway Company, assisted by Jim Fiske (who was a few years later murdered by a local politician), Gould turned his attention to western and south-western railways, one after another securing control and "wrecking" some of the finest properties in the United States. Nothing ever stood in his way when personal interest was at stake. Rate wars were inaugurated, strikes brought about, debts created, simply to influence the course of the Stock Market and add to his private fortune. Always keeping just within the letter of the law—always flying the 'black flag' working by every legal means to increase his fortune and power, merciless alike to man or woman—he at last secured a position from which it was impossible to dislodge him. About five years ago, however, outraged nature, with whom he had, too, been playing double, decided to strike back, and from that day to this his life has been one ceaseless round of suffering. Neuralgia, dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion, and insomnia have been his portion, and a doctor his constant companion."

What a picture! The prince of Capitalists, a man whose wealth invested him with the power of a state. Net income: unlimited cash; neuralgia, dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion and sleeplessness! For this he ruined thousands of persons. For this he spent his life in a state of dread, guarded day and night by hired bullies. For this he was treacherous to his friends and merciless in his business dealings. "Almost every one, except the very few strong enough to take care of themselves, who joined with him in any enterprise was ruined. His financial partner committed suicide. The man who saved him from bankruptcy by a large loan was

afterwards invited by him, ostensibly from gratitude, to invest his fortune in a specially promising venture, and was left a beggar in consequence. At either end of the commercial scale, therefore, we get the same result—either literally or metaphorically, the "hunks that the swine do eat."

Where is the profit? What time is there to think, to read, to enjoy nature and art? The beauty and joy of life are wasted in an insensate struggle for bread or wealth. But the system which creates the millionaire contains within it the germs of its own destruction, and although that day is not yet, a time must come when justice shall receive greater praise than riches, and the wealth of a nation shall be found "not in the amount of its funds but in the welfare of its people."

SAGITTARIUS.

"PROVIDENT ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE COUNTRY POOR."

UNTIL three or four years ago I lived near a large manufacturing town, and, by working among the poor, learnt in some small degree the ways in which they most need help. From the busy town, alive with ever increasing noise, where the life of thousands stimulates its workers to fresh labour and greater energy, I came into the quiet of the country, two miles from any village, and five from the nearest small market town. Here, I immediately began to visit the people, who were living a monotonous, dreary life in the thirty cottages near my new home. Outside their homes, they had absolutely nothing to interest them; no change from the daily round of a life filled with the difficulties of making the weekly wage sufficient to bring up, and start in life, a family of seven or eight children. I naturally thought the country folk very slow and deliberate, and I was much struck by their callousness to everything outside their home life. I wondered, but not for long, for I found that few of them took even the weekly paper, and many of the women never went into their village for months at a time. All seemed glad to see me, but how to help them was a problem. There was no room in which we could meet for music or any kind of relaxation; it was out of the question for them to walk the two miles to the village. For some time I visited the people—some near my home and many two miles away—regularly, hoping in time to learn how I could best help them. After a time it struck me that even the poorest among those I visited could be taught to save a little, if that little was banked for them every week, so I determined to start a "Provident Association," or "Savings Club." I first talked the idea over with a few of the most intelligent of the women, but did not get much encouragement. At last twelve gave in their names as willing to join, and with these I started my now flourishing association. My twelve members kept on alone for three months; after that more joined, until at the present (two years since its formation) the association has sixty-eight members. In spite of what I thought clear explanation of the idea of association, some, I fear, thought that I was "paid for my trouble" out of the savings. Suspicion is rife among the agricultural poor, and no wonder, for distrust and dislike will ever be the outcome of oppression and poverty. There are always prejudices to be over-ridden in every movement, whether it be for rich or poor; and a new departure from the ordinary routine of life brings difficulties for a time. Fortunately the idea that the association was to benefit me, speedily disappeared, and some of my best savers now are those who were most suspicious of "that 'ere Provident Club" at the beginning of its career.

All rules and regulations were entered inside the books, and two distinct rules referred to the regular payment of money and when it could be drawn out.

At first most of the members drew out their savings at the end of three months, but they soon improved on that point. In six months the members were doubled and the association has gone on prospering ever since.

Now I am almost at a standstill. I have an average of over two members to every cottage within two miles, and as the young members frequently leave to go to towns or other villages, I scarcely expect to get more than I have at present. For the first year or so only the women saved, and then some few of them, "reapin' the benefit," as they expressed it, asked me to take in their bigger children, who earned a little, minding cows or weeding. Then things looked well indeed, for I have always thought it important for the girls and boys to learn to save, as they can often put by twopence or threepence a week and leave it to accumulate; while for the mothers of big families, most of them members, some pay in threepence a week, some few sixpence, and the children generally twopence. The latter during the summer months give me what they can spare from their harvest wages, and odd sums earned on the farms.

In two or three cottages where the family are growing up and keeping themselves, I have mother, father, and several children, all putting into the Association. "This 'ere Provident Club's a wonderful good thing," they tell me, as I sit down on the dusted chair to enter the money in their books. "We feels the benefit of a few shillings when we has it out, and more as if we'd kep' it at 'ome we'd sure to ha' spent it on some'at, for there's always somethin' wantin' with a family."

Those who are able save their money for a whole year, and take it out after harvest, when the men have their new shirts and the women the few things they can afford for the winter. "Yes!" says one woman, proudly, rather better off than her neighbours, "I'm not agoing to draw my money, I'm savin' of it for the children." This same woman, her husband, and three children have paid in regularly since the formation of the Association, and have now between them about £6. With a sum like that the whole aspect of a poor woman's life looks infinitely brighter, for there is the money saved to fall back upon if trouble or sickness comes to them.

The weekly visit to the thirty cottages is as real a pleasure to me, as it is to them. I have the splendid opportunity of studying their life, and character. By degrees all their shyness and brusqueness has worn off; as we sit down together, I hear all their little troubles, and joys; how Tom has done so and so, Lillie has such a nice place in the next village, little Alice is getting on so well at school, and has brought back a shilling. We all need sympathy in our

OUR COUNTRY WORKHOUSE.

ONE OF THE FEW PUBLIC OFFICES WHERE SEX IS NO BAR TO ADMISSION.

OTHER things being equal, applications for admission to the House go up and down with the price of bread. Nothing gives such a complete check to pauperism as a cheap loaf.

Closely following in order of preventative values come education, well-taught trades, and all that fosters independence and self-reliance in women—and in a proportionately smaller degree, as being inferior (numerically), in men also. These are active agencies which retard and prevent our sliding into and helping to increase the numbers of that hopeless crowd, the unhelpful poor—facts from which those who advocate trade and independence for woman should take heart of grace to persevere in their unselfish work.

It must not be supposed that regular paupers are principally drawn from among those who, starting well, have failed in life, or even that they are the most destitute amongst the impoverished who are the readiest to claim union aid.

The majority of men in our union have not been real skilled workers at any trade, but half-taught jobbers with rather dull wits, rarely in regular employment, whose taste for work does not develop till hunger assists. When industrious, good artisans apply to us, drink is nearly always at the bottom of it.

The steady workhouse bird comes rather from small towns than the farm-lands. True, hardworking country toilers, whose lives are too often passed on the best side of a line that means starvation, only come to the union when they are struck down by disease to die. When their strength fails for work they will, if they can, draw a lingering starvation pittance of half-a-crown a week and a loaf outside "the house" till they fade away.

The country women follow much the same course. Many of them will cling starving to their cottages till death breathes on them, rather than enter the union.

Old women live longer than old men, and it often happens they have outlived their friends and relatives. If they do go to the House they soon get accustomed to its routine life, and are often useful lives—"chirrupy and bright."

It is not so easy to lighten the lives of these old folks as at the first glance one would think. Few of them can read; their knowledge of needlework is very slight; they have lived hard and unsympathetic lives; and have never been in touch with any ideas beyond the most primitive circle of civilised life. Kind hearts find out the right way to interest them, and are rewarded by the hearty gratitude with which their efforts are appreciated.

Among the most constant of our inmates are the unmarried women who come in for confinement or directly after it. Sometimes the same girls again and again—those, too, whose mothers and grandmothers can be traced as using the house for this purpose, as if heredity were a factor in the deplorable result—a phase of things not to be dealt with in a wholesale manner, but restrained with firmness and some tenderness for those too near to Nature's freedom to suit civilisation, and for whose right guidance and restraint civilisation has not yet learned the secret. We have for many generations lashed the woman with social scorn, and done our best to break her heart with every epithet that can degrade her without improving things much. I suggest that we try what whips and thongs we can find to mark THE MAN. Let us have these matters out and make it well worth a young or—God help us!—too often an old man's while to resist temptation; let us be fair—from within or without!

The girls are drawn from the servant class. And I have noted—and all honest and responsible women please note also—that girls who are in close touch with their mothers, or other keen-eyed women, are safest.

Exalted mistresses, who hardly know their servants' right names, instead of subscribing to "Homes for Fallen Women" might save their money and their girls by a little more womanly interest and sympathy with those who live under the same roof and eat from the same loaf as themselves, but who—God help them!—love, fall, and die in quite different places. The men have failed; let us see what the women can do.

I am only a country guardian, and therefore to be vigorously sworn at by all who demand five shillings a week of somebody's hard-earned money, for all who think they want it, though they may never have done an honest stroke for anyone in their lives.

But I do not see any machinery better fitted to pay out proportionate assistance to the poor and needy than an improved and popularised Board of Guardians, with increased powers for aiding what used to be called the "second poor"—viz., those who sometimes wanted aid, but were not destitute paupers; and I hail Mr. H. H. Fowler's £5 qualification as a good step in the right direction.

Working-men are not unlikely to prove severe guardians; but they will bring a very real personal knowledge of the folk to be helped and their just necessities, and will prevent many abuses of public funds. Many a name will come off the "old" lists as soon as working-men of the district and parish have real weight in parish affairs.

We have tried to check one of the sources from which paupers come in our country unions—the workhouse school—the old brass-buttoned, scared, white-faced, evil-smelling corduroy and duster-clad little herds. We have broken up the school—dressed the children in different styles and colours—and sent them to the local schools like Christians. Sent them by themselves, to go and to return by themselves, to give them a lesson in self-reliance. They are tamed, and the industrial trainer looks after them when in the house out of school hours.

We have a capital staff of officers who heartily help this work, and the health, brightness, and intelligence of the children is greatly improved.

We have also comfortable rooms for old married couples. We have had them for years. BUT—journalists and public speakers, have mercy!—the old people prefer separation.

The wing is unattended, ready, but empty. Verily we have much to learn.

JOHN HIGGINS.

(MRS.) E. MARY FORBHAM.

lives, and few of us get enough; the mere telling of their troubles and joys seems to leave them brighter. I go home feeling that there are happier people in the cottages I have left, for they know I sympathise fully with all they tell me.

As a general rule I walk on my "rounds," wet or fine, never missing, unless the weather is very bad, or I am absent from home. The poor seem to think "ladies" prefer sitting by the fire, or "riding in a carriage" to walking, and they often express astonishment when I arrive on a pouring wet day, or in the middle of a snow storm. "Well! I never did! You have 'ad a rough journey to day; it's a coarse day, and bad travelling, I know; 'ere's sixpence for me, and threepence for John; it's all I can spare to-day, but I kep' it same as I knew you'd come, although it's sometimes hard to spare it for you; I does it cos' I expects you for it."

The Association would not be so successful if I did not fetch the weekly pence. The distance is too far for them to spare the time to bring it to me every week, and most of them are too poor to save at home and bring it monthly.

Since Free Education has come into force I have enrolled many children as members, the school pence being given to them to pass on to me. They are proud of "belonging," and having a book, and often give me small sums they have earned, as well. Just a few of my members are very poor, and quite unable to save much. These few use the Association more as a "Clothing Club," taking their money out in goods. The village shops are rather dear, and two miles away. Groceries, bread, etc., come round in carts, but for other things, such as materials, boots and shoes, the two miles must be walked before they can be got.

Every spring and autumn I send for patterns from a large firm in Manchester and take orders from these from the women, sending for goods to the amount of £5 or £6, each choosing what they require from the patterns. In this way they can easily save twopence or threepence a yard on such things as shirtings, flannels, and calicoes, and sixpence on a blanket or sheets. At the same time the goods are better and last longer. A lengthy business it is when on "Provident Day" I go round the cottages, armed with patterns. What a time it takes to get the orders! Each pattern must be "thumbed"; I must give my opinion on each, even going so far as to help them to decide which coloured shirtings will best suit their husbands and sons. "Well, now, Tom's fair, and I don't somehow fancy as red or pink'll suit him. What say you to a blue? He's won'erful pertickler like is Tom." I could pass an examination with honours, on the different shirts, colours, and prices worn by the men in my thirty cottages.

I felt something between a shopwoman and commercial traveller, which feeling was intensified when a woman, suspicious of my patterns, came to the door, saying, "Nothing to-day, thank you." Few meet me with that greeting; most of them buy all they can, knowing that they get the goods better and cheaper than from the village shops. "They're won'erful good at the price."

I always keep a stock of socks and stockings as well, hand-knitted by very poor people in the Isle of Harris, and purchased through the London depot. They are very thick, beautifully made, and inexpensive, some socks as cheap as 10d. a pair wearing a whole winter without need of darning. Most of the members pay me for their things when I take them round, leaving their savings untouched, for I send for things for all; but the very poor take their money out to pay with. I think that the idea of buying, as I do, outside the village should not commend itself to those who are working among people in the villages; it is unfair to draw away the little trade the small shops can do. The people among whom I work, living away from the village, would sometimes go to one and sometimes to the nearest town, and the case is altogether different. By purchasing elsewhere I am only depriving three or four villages and two little towns of a small, very uncertain custom.

Last summer I gave a "Provident tea" to all my members. We had a glorious day, bright and warm, and tea in the garden. How they chattered! How they ate! especially the girls and boys.

I am anxious to hear of other "Provident Associations" being started in the country. I am convinced that they are one of the best means possible of helping the people to help themselves. What we want to do, what we must do is to teach them to raise themselves by themselves. The giving away of clothes, money, etc., pauperises, destroys independence, and only teaches them to rely upon those who are better off than they are.

Let us "speak to the people that they go forward," teach them to be independent, and to help themselves. Teach them to start their own clubs and associations, and not look to their richer neighbours to do it for them. In this I allude especially to the country folk knowing them to be far behind the towns in these matters. Working among them in towns or country with a true wish really to help them, we must start with teaching the principles of self-help, co-operation, and combination, before we can hope for any independence among the majority.

Let us cry with *Mazzini*: "Our intimate union with our fellows is a duty. Each of us lives, not for herself, but for all; and we cannot therefore fulfil our own progress apart from others. We believe in the people, one and independent, so organised as to harmonise the individual faculties with the social idea; living on the fruits of its own labour, united in seeking after the greatest possible amount of well-being."

I know the difficulties of the poor, I realise how hard it is to save, but I know that if the idea is put to them, it can be done by a little effort and self-denial. Poor as they are, my members rarely miss their weekly payments, and are amply repaid for the difficulty of saving when they draw such sums as 10s., 15s., or £1. "It's like a present to us," they tell me.

Since I started my "Provident Association" we have got a room for the people in which they hold a simple Sunday service, concerts, and tea. This winter we shall start classes for the girls and boys, evening classes for the women, and evenings for the men, and happy evenings with songs and musical drill for children. When we think of the dreary lives of the poor, of the future—often the workhouse—when health has passed away and work comes no more, we must realise that only through learning early the habits of self-help and thrift can they hope to live in any comfort and ease in the sunset of their lives.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES, AND REMARKS THEREON.

The number of women in the professions in Chicago is really remarkable. Doctors' signs bearing women's names confront the traveller about the city in numbers literally by the hundred. Architects, lawyers, and ministers of the gospel who are women are comparatively numerous. Of women dentists there is a colony there, and half-a-dozen are conspicuous in their profession, as well as very busy and prosperous. In the course of an interview with one of these ladies in a Chicago paper she made some interesting comments upon her professional experience. "I am sorry to say," she remarked, "that at first the most violent opposition I met with was from women. They thought that one who would adopt such a profession must be dishonest or coarse; that it was impossible that she could be womanly or in any degree refined. You cannot think how they have broadened and how they stand by one another now, as compared with their attitude at the outset." This was the first woman dentist in the city, and the only other one in America when she began to work was a Kansas woman, to whom admission to an Eastern College of Dentistry had been refused. She was obliged to go West again, to Cincinnati, to study for her profession. And now the pioneer dentist of her sex remarks confidently that "in ten years it will be considered a disgrace for a woman to speak slightingly of another who is trying to make her own way in the world, or to refuse to assist such a one."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

*An interesting meeting of the Ulster Astronomical Society was held on the 24th ult., to hear an address from Mrs. Proctor-Smyth on "The Life and Death of Worlds." The chair was taken by President Hamilton, D.D., who, after briefly referring to the future arrangements of the society, introduced the lecturer to the meeting. Mrs. Proctor-Smyth commenced by pointing out the analogy between the growth of vegetable and animal life, and the growth and development of planets. The planet too, like the animal or the plant, passed through the stages of perfection and decay. The cooling process, which every planet undergoes, was also described, and it was shown that this process must have been millions of years in duration. The five stages of planet development were: (1) the vaporous stage; (2) the stage when the planet begins to lose its light and heat, though still retaining a large amount of activity, Jupiter and Saturn being cited as examples; (3) the life-bearing stage, when the planet has cooled and contracted into a solid globe, with oceans, rivers, and seas; our earth and Venus being given as examples; (4) the stage of cooling, when the planet has a diminished water surface and much thinner atmosphere. Mars is probably now in this stage. Lastly, the fifth stage, when the planet has parted with all its heat, and is cold and dead, as the moon, which is airless, waterless, dreary, and desolate. Illustrations were given by means of an oxy-hydrogen lantern. The lecturer stated that Mars was far advanced towards planetary old age, its air being thinner, and animal and vegetable life more sluggish than ours. Recent discoveries have, however, shown that Mars possesses two moons, but not large enough to give very brilliant moonlight to the inhabitants of Mars, if such exist. Photographs giving the results of astronomical observations on the moon, and an imaginary sketch of its barren plains and fireless craters, were also exhibited on the screen. Mrs. Proctor-Smyth in conclusion recited "Voices of the Suns," a poem by her late husband, Richard A. Proctor, and a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer brought the proceedings to a close.

A Labour Bureau for finding employment for deserving pupils is to be started in connection with the schools in Walthamstow (Essex). The idea is good. We hope the bureau will offer equal benefits to girls and boys. Schemes such as this frequently set to work as if it only were *lads* who want situations.

A deputation from the National Union of Teachers on Saturday waited upon Mr. A. Acland to urge the establishment of a public fund for elementary teachers' pensions. Mr. Acland could give no pledge that the Government would deal with the question next Session, though he admitted that the teachers had a strong case.

It is good that women's voices were heard at the Conference on Poor Law Reform held at the college for women and men, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. Mrs. Finlay, Miss Baker, Miss Lidgett and Mrs. Broadley entered ably into the discussion. A resolution was carried that "this Conference expresses the hope that the terms of reference to the proposed Royal Commission will be large enough to secure a complete investigation of the entire Poor Law system, including the various suggested schemes of State Pensions and National Insurance, and believes that the appointment of women on the Commission is a necessity."

* This, though late, is noticed by express request.

Christmas toys are unusually beautiful and elaborate this year. A forward-moving world is doing much in the interests of the little ones. Our only complaint against the charming toys which are exhibited at this festive season is the too-perfectly finished condition of most of them. There is nothing left for the child's ingenious mind and hand to exercise themselves upon.

Winter weather is with us. In many parts of Ireland snow lies to a great depth. In England the snowfall has been heavy in Devonshire, Derbyshire, and Westmoreland. Now is the time for thinking women to execute some practical non-pauperising ideas whereof those less wealthy and fortunate than themselves may receive the benefit.

Women and Work is the subject of an interesting article by Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi in *Hygiene*. Dr. Crespi says that if women are to be the companions and equals of men, and his rivals for employment, they must be treated like men, with courtesy and consideration, but still as equals, and they must not look for special favour.

This is Cattle Show week. Let the vegetarians remember the fact. The poor beasts whose lives are overloaded with fat are practical texts for vegetarian and hygienic advocates. If flesh-eating leads to *these objects*, the sooner it is abandoned the better.

Cruelty to Animals is the subject of a protest from the North just now. During the Christmas cattle sales, a correspondent says, not only are young beasts kept without water, and for the most part of the day without food, they are also subjected to wanton beatings and sharp pokings with sticks. Cannot public indignation arouse itself and do something to sweep away this disgraceful state of things?

Holmes, the signalman who was legally, though not morally, responsible for the late disaster at Thirk, has been bound over in the sum of £50 to surrender for judgment when called upon. This sentence being passed in relation to a verdict of manslaughter, amply proves that public, even judicial, feeling is considerably in advance of our written law, no less than of the official ethics of great financial companies.

The prosecution of a certain weekly paper by the Government in connection with the new form of gambling by means of "missing word" competitions and the like, has given rise to some rather hair-splitting distinctions being drawn between six and half-a-dozen. The virtuous "dailies" are commendably shocked at the weekly lotteries of their contemporaries, but they see no inconsistency in devoting column after column to sporting and betting news. While we should be only too pleased to see the iron hand of the law stretched out to suppress *all* kinds of gambling, and trust that the present action may assist to that end, it must be admitted that betting is many degrees worse in its effect on the public morals than any form of lottery, not to say more dishonest.

Let the "dailies" set their own house in order and suppress their betting news before they rail at other papers for adopting the lottery as a means of increasing *their* circulation.

Further, we regard *Pick-me-Up* as being somewhat severely treated in being alone selected for prosecution. In the event of its defeat half-a-dozen journals will be affected by the decision arrived at, while the whole cost of the proceedings will fall upon *one*. The Treasury might very well have proceeded against three or four simultaneously. Some of these offenders have, we believe, considerably larger circulation and resources than *Pick-me-Up*.

M. Sergius Stepniak lectured on Anarchism and Social Democracy at the Democratic Club, Chancery Lane, last Wednesday. He emphasized the difference between Social Democracy and Anarchism, pointed out the evils of the Russian and other forms of Government, in which the people exercise no control over the State, the result being that reformers can exist only as a protest against the State, whereas in England they fall into line with other parties, and their movement becomes a propaganda. One sentence expresses clearly the value of the constitutional method. "Violence is a necessary factor in all economic change, but we in England can exercise that violence vicariously by means of the soldiery and the police acting as agents of the State."

Miss Frances Hicks has communicated to the Press a memorandum giving in condensed form the purport of the evidence she was prepared to lay before the Labour Commission, had opportunity offered. It is stated that Miss Hicks had the option of appearing before the lady Sub-Commissioners, but regarded her evidence as sufficiently important to be taken by the Commissioners direct.

Undoubtedly this is the case, and it is much to be regretted that one so thoroughly conversant with the conditions of labour in an important

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS TO WOMEN.

LET us be truthful; for happiness and true consciousness of repose come only from a feeling of trust, and there can be no trust where there is not truthfulness.

Let us be tolerant. For in everyone of us, there are shortcomings. But by insisting on that which is good, we hope to grasp and blend into a type such elements of excellence as women are capable of.

Let us be generous; for promise and agreement are more harassing than helpful where there is not determination that they shall hold good over and above the words' fullest meaning, and the thought's widest interpretation.

Let us be generous, for where there is so much uncertainty the best of intentions sometimes fall short of the mark.

Let us wisely encourage each other and strengthen in each other feelings of self-confidence; let us mutually help and cheer one another, for the feeling that we are beloved gives us encouragement and hope, and we are by so much stronger and happier as others have smiled on the cherished darlings of our thoughts.

A WOMAN.

EXTRACT FROM "AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL."

"SLOWLY. The idea is working itself clear, and I follow as fast as my hands can. Is the face better, do you think?" said Becky, taking off a wet cloth, and uncovering the head of the statue.

"How beautiful it is!" cried Fanny, staring at it with increased respect.

"What does it mean to you?" asked Rebecca, turning to her with a sudden shine in her keen eyes.

"I don't know whether it is meant for a saint or a muse, a goddess or a fate; but to me it is only a beautiful woman, bigger, lovelier, and more imposing than any woman I ever saw," answered Fanny, slowly, trying to express the impression the statue made upon her.

Rebecca smiled brightly, and Bess looked round to nod approvingly, but Polly clapped her hands, and said, "Well done, Fan; I didn't think you'd get the idea so well, but you have, and I am proud of your insight. Now I'll tell you, for Becky will let me, since you have paid her the compliment of understanding her work. Some time ago we got into a famous talk about what women should be, and Becky said she'd show us her idea of the coming woman. There she is, as you say, bigger, lovelier, and more imposing than any we see now-a-days, and at the same time she is a true woman. See what a fine forehead, yet the mouth is both firm and tender, as it could say strong, wise things, as well as teach children and kiss babies. We couldn't decide what to put in the hands as the most appropriate symbol. What do you say?"

"Give her a sceptre; she would make a fine queen," answered Fanny.

"No, we have enough of that; women have been called queens a long time, but the kingdom given them isn't worth ruling," answered Rebecca.

"I don't think it is now-a-days," said Fanny, with a tired sort of a sigh.

"Put a man's hand in hers to help her along, then," said Polly, whose happy fortune it had been to find friends and helpers in father and brothers.

"No; my woman is to stand alone, and help herself," said Rebecca, decidedly.

"She's to be strong-minded, is she?" and Fanny's lips curled a little as she uttered the misused words.

"Yes, strong-minded, strong-hearted, strong-souled, and strong-bodied; that is why I made her larger than the miserable, pinched-up woman of our days. Strength and beauty must go together. Don't you think these broad shoulders can bear burdens without breaking down, these hands work well, these eyes see clearly, and these lips do something besides simper and gossip?"

Fanny was silent; but a voice from Bess's corner said—

"Put a child in her arms, Becky."

"Not that even, for she is to be something more than a nurse."

"Give her a ballot box," cried a new voice, and turning round, they saw an odd-looking woman perched on a sofa behind them.

"Thank you for the suggestion, Kate. I'll put that with the other symbols at her feet; for I'm going to have a needle, pen, pallet, and broom somewhere to suggest the various talents she owns, and a ballot box will show that she has earned the right to use them. How goes it?" and Rebecca offered a clay-daubed hand, which the newcomer cordially shook.

DEAR MADAM,—I got our "P.M." to copy out fully the above extract. Is it worth while, and may you reprint it in *SHAFTS*? To me, it seems so beautiful and fitting, that it's a pity it should not be more widely "known," only a very few would pick up such an insignificant looking book, as *Old-Fashioned Girl*. The other paper, *A Woman's Thought*, was given me by a friend, a lady, some time back. I have written for and obtained her sanction to send it on to you. I am glad you like my letter, thank you for correcting it. Its such a comfort to feel my papers are in the hands of a "friend" who will remedy instead of pointing out the faults of composition, yours truly,

L. CUNNINGHAM.

There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon different characters; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age and care, and pain to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing people nearer together, and, like the combined forces of wine and oil, giving everyone a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavour of the mind.

industry should be ignored by the Commission. At the same time, we cannot regard Miss Hicks' attitude as well advised. The lady Sub-Commissioners sit practically as a *branch* of the original Commission; and, apart from the fact that Miss Hicks is in a position to furnish much *special* evidence as to female labour which could more suitably be laid before the Sub-Commissioners, the general advantage to be derived from placing her evidence before them is shown by her own words in concluding the article referred to:—"This is a general statement of the whole trade, but, not being protected, as would have been the case if stated to the Labour Commission, no instances are brought forward in proof."

Of course, the value of the statement is heavily discounted by this lack of chapter and verse. While we are free to admit that woman does not "stand on her dignity" anything like so often or half so sturdily as she ought, we would have forgiven Miss Hicks in this instance if—for the sake of labouring, suffering womanhood—she had sacrificed her *amour propre*—after all, but a small thing compared with the sacrifices she *has* made in her devotion to woman's cause.

There is nothing particularly new in Miss Hicks' statement. Reference is made to the unsanitary and disgraceful condition of the lower class of workrooms, especially where the work is taken home to be done. These places are alike destructive of the health and morals of the workers, and dangerous to the public who run the risk of infection from the clothes produced.

All things considered, the risk of infection is not, perhaps, a bad feature under the circumstances. It is the Nemesis of public apathy. If the leisured cultured "classes" *cared* about the conditions under which their dress suits and regimentals, their riding habits and "tailor-made dresses" are manufactured, they could cause those conditions to be altered off-hand. A vigorous outburst of typhoid, a busy frolic of the diptheria microbe, a prolonged visitation of the bacteria of cholera will not be an unmixed evil, if peradventure it should rouse the comfortable, selfish, easy-going "British Public" to a sense of its responsibilities.

We are each in a very real and true sense our "brother's keeper," and if we unnaturally ignore his claim, *nature* has her penalties for the disobedience, and they must be paid to the uttermost farthing, as thus:—

Consumer's selfishness } produce "SLUMS."
Manufacturer's greed }

Slums ... produce EPIDEMICS.

The whole thing works out from cause to effect with the simplicity and certainty of the multiplication table.

It might be well if the promoters of the Women's Trade Union Association would furnish some information as to their *modus operandi*.

The Rev. Dr. Gritton was examined last week before the Labour Commission on the question of Sunday labour. Considerable reform has been effected recently in this direction, although there is room for very much more.

The great point to be emphasised is the right of every worker to *one day's rest in seven*. It is impossible that this can be Sunday for *all* classes of public servants—using the term in a wide sense—but that all should get one day is a *sine qua non*. We cannot agree with Dr. Gritton that Sunday labour should be obviated whenever practicable by working during the night; "turning day into night" would be infinitely worse for the workers than Sunday labour; nothing is more important than *regular* sleep. Sunday labour will be shorn of its evil so soon as commensurate leisure—with, if you will, extra pay—is guaranteed to every Sunday worker.

Apropos of this, the objection to the Sunday paper is another example of Sabbatarian consistency. The *work* of the Sunday paper is performed on week days. The only Sunday labour incurred by journalism is in the production of the *Monday* papers.

We have pleasure in noting that the County Council has decided to apply to Parliament for powers to accept the gift of the Albert Palace, and maintain it as a place of public recreation. It will be an enormous boon to the densely populated district in which it is situated.

Battersea at least ought to be very grateful to Mr. Passmore Edwards for his munificence and to Mr. John Burns, for the tactful way in which he has "engineered" the project, so far, through.

The important debate in the L.C.C. on the taxation of ground values concluded one stage on Thursday in the passing of Mr. J. Stuart's amendment, by a majority of 45 votes out of 87. The debate is adjourned until Thursday next.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

A REASON FOR THE VOTE.

DEAR MADAM,—We are sometimes told by opponents that women are not logical in expecting to obtain the vote whilst acknowledging the physical supremacy of man, and that even most advanced women err by allowing themselves to be aided by this physical superiority while laying claim to equality. But it seems to some of us, Madam, that the holders of these views are the illogical folk, and for this reason:—Physical strength is not the ground on which men enjoy the franchise. It is a property qualification, or something equivalent, which enables one man equally with another to have an indirect voice in the management of his country's affairs. Were it not so, men who are in delicate health, or feeble in frame, or paralysed in limb, or deaf and dumb, etc., etc., would be voteless. So, too, would all elderly men become a part of the great unrepresented. Few men of fifty will say that they have suffered no diminution of their muscular force since they were twenty-five. Being thus practically unfit for war and other service requiring great bodily strength, they would, as a matter of course, have to give up their vote. Do we thus deprive them? Certainly not. Take the average age of the Houses of Parliament and what do we get—a mean age of twenty-five, as should be the case whilst we so much worship muscle? Far from it. Something beyond fifty would, one believes, be much nearer the result. So that instead of taking away the vote from our elder men of diminished strength, we put them in the places of greatest honour, knowing that there we need brains and life's experience much more than we need brute force.

Women have an intuitive knowledge of human nature, born of their long and intimate contact with child-life (for the home is but the State in miniature), and also a quicker discernment than men have, and on the whole a higher moral nature. These are the gifts which should give them the vote, not for their own sakes only, but that a rapid and general improvement may ensue for the race. If we postpone this happy change till women have attained to the present physical strength of man, or till man, by selfishness, has degenerated to ours, we may wait for ages. It were as wise to wait till women grow beards, although beards are not necessary to politics.

Why politeness and respect should depend on the possession or non-possession of a vote by any person it is difficult to see. We all show as much deference to the aged voteless lady as to the aged male voter. And if a father and son are seen walking together, it is the young man who carries a burden, if one there is to carry, and not the father. The young man does not shirk this duty because his father is on an equality with him as a voter. His action is guided by the difference that exists, and not by the similarity.

Why do women think they have a right to the vote? Because in all things which are necessary for its use, they are the equals of men. If they do not fight for their country, neither does the masculine voter—that unpleasant business is delegated to the voteless soldier.

I am, Madam, yours truly,
ESPERANCE.

ANSWER KINDLY INTENDED.

DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to contradict the letter signed "M.E.G.W." in your issue of December 3rd. Reference to the pages of the *Woman's Penny Paper* will show that I adopted no one's suggestion. No one need join or belong to our society who is dissatisfied with it. Further comment on the letter is unnecessary. People who work themselves have no time to grumble at fellow-workers.

Yours faithfully,
WARNER SNOAD,
President Women's Progressive Society.

KIND WORDS.

DEAR MADAM,—I have read with much interest the first issues of SHAFTS, and wish it all success. We certainly need such a paper, for women are yet slow of heart to see and understand what their influence on the world might be if emancipated from the common idea that they simply exist to please men, and not for their own and the world's good. I think it was Laurence Oliphant who said that a woman was the moral part of a man; anyhow it is this vital truth that women should be brought to recognise.

Yours truly,
E. R.

[While subscribing heartily to the sentiment of this excellent letter, we do not look upon a woman as any part of man. A woman is herself a human creature.—Ed.]

DEAR MADAM,—I have received a copy of SHAFTS, and am much pleased with the frontispiece and motto. Hearing from many friends (women) the hope which I, too, share, that such a paper will act up to its motto, and "dare to think," and, I hope, that I enclose subscription. I believe a paper boldly speaking out on all subjects will answer.

Yours truly,
S. S.

A CRY FROM THE COUNTRY.

MADAM,—I am delighted to see that another correspondent takes up the matter of the election of women Poor Law Guardians. That the entire number now should only be 136 in England and Wales is deplorable. It clearly proves the truth of what I have again and again said about the need there is to arouse

women in the country. As far as I know, there is in my county (Gloucestershire) only one lady Guardian—my excellent friend, Mrs. MacLiquam, who is on the Tewkesbury Board. I know there are some in Bristol and, perhaps, in Bath; but I speak of country Boards. How is it that no one takes the slightest interest in trying to get at our country women? The state of things at present is this: The Women's Liberal Federation gets hold of nearly all the Radical women and enrols them. They hold aloof with the loftiest contempt from the Primrose dame, whom they consider as too foolish to be even spoken of. Now I do not defend the Primrose League; yet I think that it is something gained if women go so far as to associate together for any cause. In considering the intellectual condition of the prosperous, comfortable lady in the country one is thankful for very small signs of life. Where, I think, the Women's Liberal Federation does real harm is that by their undisguised contempt for every woman who does not worship Mr. Gladstone, they effectually prevent any general union of women for any cause outside Home Rule and the Radical programme. Of course, where women have men relations who are M.P.'s or intending to stand for election, one understands that every moral consideration should be sacrificed. But there must be some independent women. Why will not the members of the Women's Liberal Federation join with the Primrose dame in the work of securing the return of women Guardians? If I knew where to write to the secretary of the society for the return of women Guardians I would beg for help, first by getting letters on the subject into our local papers, and then by calling together meetings of ladies in private houses—public meetings do not draw in country places.

Easter falls early next year, so the elections will probably be about the end of March or the beginning of April. Will anyone help me? One or two letters are not enough; we want to attack several papers at the same time.

Our staunch friend the *Stroud News*, a weekly Conservative paper, published every Friday, always has its columns open to any subject affecting women.

I shall be most grateful for suggestions or help of any kind; only please let everyone remember that women in the country are far more difficult to arouse than townspeople. A lady with a title who was announced as coming to speak would probably get plenty of hearers. Then there is another difficulty which is as bad as the political one, and that is that Church and chapel will not work together. The clergy, as a rule, are against the woman's movement in any form; therefore the pious women who do the district visiting, Sunday-school teaching, etc., will have nothing to do with Guardian elections. (This, I know is not the case in London.)

Our hopes ought to be raised by the promise of the reduction of the rateable qualification for Guardians. When it will come into force I do not know.

Madam, do not let this subject drop. What is the good of all the societies and unions for women if, when a time for real hard work comes, not one be found ready for the battle, because, unfortunately, the field is not in a large town?

Some of your readers must have relations or friends in Gloucestershire; cannot they try what personal influence will do? Like the man in St. Paul's vision, I will end my letter by the cry to my sisters, "Come over into Gloucestershire and help us."

Faithfully yours,
MARGARET E. G. WATSON.

FROM YOUR EDITOR.

DEAR READERS, SYMPATHISERS, AND FRIENDS.

Many letters have reached us which merit reply. As this, individually, is impossible, we have thought it best to reply collectively, and we trust to the sense and kindness of the letter writers to accept such answer in good part. One lady writes that she is no advocate for woman's rights, that she disapproves entirely of Mr. John Stuart Mill's advocacy of such, and that she considers the New Testament does not place women on an equality with men. With these opinions we cannot sympathise, but our love goes out to this dear lady and we trust she will soon alter her views. Another objects to the letter relating to the description of the torments of hell (as described in a book called *Hell Opened*), published in one of our early issues. It is a matter of the deepest regret that such doctrines are taught, and taught to children. We hoped that some reply to the would have appeared, thus causing a discussion which might have opened the eyes of many persons to the horrors of such teaching. If such things are taught the fact ought to be known, not hidden. A third lady and a fourth write to call the editor's attention to the faults on the frontispiece. May we say to these ladies that we were perfectly aware of these faults, that the matter was partially explained in our Editorial, and that the Christmas number will contain the new design, which, we trust, will please all. We have purposely given precedence to those who found fault, though the faults were slight and the expression of objection kindly meant. The remaining large bundle of letters were to us a source of unalloyed pleasure, full as they were of congratulations, of encomiums, and encouragement, many of them even highly praising the design on the cover, through the temporary faults of which they were able to perceive the deep meaning of the idea itself. We tender our deep and grateful thanks to these and all friends and sympathisers, and we trust that every succeeding issue of SHAFTS will prove how highly we appreciate these kind wishes, whether expressed in the form of fault-finding or generous praise, so ready to trust in the promise of better things.

How rare and how beautiful is this trust, how helpful to weary hearts that struggle to keep their places in life's hot race, weighted down with many hindrances. It is inexpressibly sad to know how many drop out of the course, dragging themselves to the wayside to die for want of the help in their attempted work which might be so easily given and is so thoughtlessly withheld. Many persons have time on their hands which they know not how to employ, wealth in their coffers which they can never in this world spend, talents which serve more than their own need. Where such are used to help those who need them, "there Happiness descending, sits and smiles."

WOMEN AS COUNTY COUNCELLORS.

THE London County Council, at their meeting on December 1st, decided to ask the Government to give women power to sit as County Councillors. It is very much to be desired that all who take an interest in the progress of women, and who wish to see them take their proper place in "national house-keeping," will do whatever they can to arouse public opinion on this matter, and back this application, made by men who have had experience of lady colleagues and know what they are asking for, by every means in their power.

Women who are working amongst different societies will probably each find some suitable means of promoting this object, but it might be well to suggest that a very simple and efficacious method of giving assistance is in the power of almost every one—to write letters to the member of Parliament in whose constituency they are living or to the public Press. This latter form of aid is particularly desirable; it does not take long to write a letter to an editor—if it is not put in no harm is done, and, if it is, it may reach thousands of readers.

There is a very pressing reason why the question of women possessing the privilege of sitting as County Councillors should be supported at the present time. The existing Government have undertaken to deal with Poor Law Reform, and will probably do so in the course of the coming Session. Now, as Professor J. Stuart, M.P., pointed out at the annual meeting of the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, what will be done will be in the direction of placing part at least of the functions of Boards of Guardians in the hands of County Councils or Parish or District Councils, on none of which women have at present the right to sit, so that they will lose the privilege they now possess of serving as Poor Law Guardians. In course of time the School Board also will, in all probability, be placed under these Councils, with the same result.

The mere fact that there are in England and Wales alone nearly 800,000 paupers, and that it is estimated that of these four-fifths are women and children, shows how much work there is for women in connection with the Poor Law.

If we take merely the questions connected with the clothing of these 600,000 and odd souls, we shall at once recognise how unfit it is that they should be regulated by Boards composed exclusively of men. The following incident will illustrate what suffering is caused by the absence of womanly superintendence at our workhouses. A newly-elected lady Guardian, on her first visit to a workhouse school, was struck by the number of children incapacitated by chilblains. She was informed that this was the normal condition of the children during the winter, and neither the doctor nor the male Guardians had ever been able to discover the cause. After considerable resistance on the part of the matron and her assistants, she succeeded in getting the children's boots removed, when she found that few if any of the children had feet to their stockings; the explanation being that when a stocking needed darning the foot was simply cut off. The cooking, laundry, and house-work in large establishments like our workhouses would certainly gain by the superintendence of qualified ladies; while much might be done by them to increase the efficiency of the infirmary arrangements and the comfort of the patients, particularly those in the lying-in wards. It is on record that at one infirmary the sheets had not been changed for sixteen weeks. At another union the paupers had been served with cold suet pudding for Sunday dinner for many years, and food had been thrown for a sick man on to a chair standing near the bed instead of handed to him on a plate.

Above all womanly, motherly care is needed by the children and young girls brought up in the pauper schools. A lady Guardian is invaluable in questions of boarding-out young children and placing girls out in situations, domestic or industrial. The most well-intentioned, clever male Guardian cannot befriend these young things as a woman can. In cases, too, where women enter

PRIZE CHRISTMAS TALES.

The sum of £5 will be awarded to the writers of the two best tales suitable for Christmas and New Year festive times; also, for short terse expressions for the column "What the Girl Says."

The money will be distributed as follows:—

For the best tale, £3.

For the second best, £1 10s.

For the short paragraphs under "What the Girl Says," 10s.

The tales must not exceed two or two-and-a-half columns in length. They can be treated according to the writer's pleasure.

All must reach this Office by Monday, December 19th.

OFFICIAL REGULATIONS.

All copy sent to this Office must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only, and must arrive at the Office on Monday morning, or by twelve mid day, at the latest, if intended for insertion in the current issue. Persons desirous of remuneration for MSS. must make previous arrangement to that effect. Such arrangement cannot be made after the article is in print. In the writing of all articles, tales, letters, &c., the use of the masculine noun and pronoun, in expressing general thoughts or facts, must be avoided as much as is possible in the present jumbled state of things. Persons may use nouns and pronouns of either sex alternately if they choose, or they can use the plural, which signifies either, but pronouns and nouns of sex must refer to the sex alone, not to the race, which is of both sexes.

the workhouse for confinement imagine how distressing and hardening it must be for them to have to apply to a Board consisting exclusively of men. In the cases of unmarried mothers the contact with cultivated women desirous to do all that can possibly be done for them has in many cases been the means of bringing them back to a respectable status in life. Besides all this, the women ratepayers ought to be represented by their own sex.

These and many other urgent reasons may be given to prove that the position of Poor Law Guardian, or whatever its equivalent may be after the reforms are made, is one which women should not resign without a struggle. For this reason they should support the application in favour of women serving on County Councils, which, if granted, would probably be accompanied with the right to serve on district and parish councils; but the duties of the County Council itself afford opportunities for womanly work quite as ample.

In the London County Asylums alone there are 4,500 female pauper lunatics to whom the proper superintendence of a cultivated lady would be a boon for countless reasons. The women who attend to them would also be benefited. Then the Council has to carry out the Act for Protecting Infants who are farmed out to nurse. The splendid services of Margaret, Lady Sandhurst, show how much could be done by women in this connection to remove one of the most cruel abuses that disgrace our civilisation. Housing of the poor, licensing places for music and dancing, obtaining and maintaining open spaces, and protection of the children and young persons playing in them and in the parks, and the licensing of slaughter-houses and cow houses, the proper regulation of which prevents much suffering to animals, all give scope for work which women can aid materially.

That veteran supporter of women's progress, the Right Hon. Jas. Stansfeld, M.P., speaking at Norwich on November 30th, touched on this subject, and no more appropriate conclusion to this paper could be made than by quoting his eloquent and beautiful words: "He had always," he said, "since he entered political life believed in the doctrine that man and woman together constituted our common humanity." In the course of his practical acquaintance with administration he had come across the fact that there were things and subjects which men could not sufficiently and completely grasp, comprehend and direct without the assistance of their partners in life. They had been told by Miss Page that in his time he had appointed a woman to be Poor Law Inspector, and he did it on that ground. The Parliamentary system was one which was concerned with the charge and care of pauper men and women, of boys and girls, and infants, and of those who took charge of them in the pauper institutions of the country. He declined to see every question concerning the administration of those laws through the eyes and on the advice of men, when he found, practically, that there were many subjects connected with the management of Poor Law institutions, for instance, in the treatment of infants and young children, in which men—whether they were laymen or doctors—were about as blind as men could be, and what was wanted was the keener insight of a woman and a mother to tell men how to deal with cases of that description.

MATILDA M. BLAKE.

HARD-WORKED GIRLS.

A deputation of girl workers employed at the Colonial Ammunition Factory in Melbourne recently waited upon the Minister of Defence for Victoria, to lay before him certain grievances arising out of a stoppage of work at the factory. The deputation consisted of thirteen girls, each of whom was said to be the support of aged or infantile relatives. One of them being invited to become spokeswoman, explained that she had been supporting an aged mother and crippled father on sixteen shillings a week, and that the stoppage of her work resulted in these helpless dependents needing bread.

At this point her feelings overcame her, and she burst into tears, her twelve companions mingling theirs in sympathy. The Minister might well be "embarrassed." How would our late Home Secretary have comforted himself in similar circumstances?

The girls received the usual assurances of sympathy and promise of official "consideration."

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Berceannette perambulator, 4 bicycle wheels, reversible hood, rug, loose cushions, tufted throughout. Cost 75s.; bargain, 17s. 6d. No approval. Seen. Mrs. Ward, 173, Westminster Bridge-rd., Lambeth.

DOVES.—Pair ringdoves, splendid plumage, fit to show, 3s. 6d. Brown, bookseller, St. Albans.

4 pairs splendid ringdoves, 1s. 9d. pair, packed, or 6s. 6d. lot. G. Hayward, 50, Bath-street, Stoke, Ipswich.

4 hand reared woodpigeons, very tame, 2s. couple. Fry, Curry-well, Taunton.

2 pairs pure white Java doves, 2 pairs ringed, from prize birds. Hall, Park road, Teddington, Middlesex.

13 fine healthy ringdoves for 10s., or offers. G., 14, Christie-road, South Hackney.

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PROVISIONS.—Oiler of the best quality, growth 1891, 10d. gallon in 30 gallon casks, casks 6s. Henry Gillett, Marshall Farm, Langport, Somerset.

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MISS EVELYN BURNBLUM, the writer of the articles on Typewriting in this Journal, will be pleased to give any advice to ladies wishing to enter the profession, if they will communicate with her through this Paper, or direct to herself at her Chambers,

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