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# SHAFTS

## A PAPER FOR WOMEN



### THE WORKING CLASSES

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No. 12. JANUARY 21, 1893.

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OH, SWIFTLY SPEED, YE SHAFTS OF LIGHT,  
WHILE HOSTS OF DARKNESS FLY  
FAIR BREAKS THE DAWN; FAST ROLLS THE NIGHT  
FROM WOMAN'S DARKENED SKY.

## "A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE."

ALL are gathered together for New Year's Day. Mother, father, daughter, son. Two little baby faces gladden the hearts of all. "A Happy New Year, moder, a Happy New Year, fader," call Geoffrey and Kathleen, looking up from their porridge, as their parents enter the nursery. "I has no presents, dey hasn't tum," and Geoffrey looks into mother's face, his big blue eyes wide open with a questioning look, his golden curls shaking mournfully.

Scamper, scamper, bang!! The door flies hastily open, and the children run into the dining-room, where breakfast is nearly finished.

The presents are placed in the bay window on the table—excepting the big ones, which stand upon the floor.

Mother sees two barrows, horse, cart, and balls, waiting there for dimpled hands to clasp, but mother says nothing.

Soon little eyes discover them, and little hands would touch, but baby-minds think, "are dose for me?" They gaze at the barrows with longing eyes, and hands clasped behind them, then they run back to mother, feeling safer with her away from temptation. The child of three reasons more than we think.

Mother sees the look of hope and wonder in her children's faces, her thoughts fly back, and she sees herself again in the little girl looking at the baby doll with a rosy finger in her mouth.

"We've finished breakfast, now for the presents. Little ones first; come, darlings," and grannie carries Kathleen to the window.

Such a hubbub! Such a noise! as presents are torn from their paper wrappers. The bay window seems filled with paper and string; exclamations of delight and surprise are heard around.

Then two sturdy little figures wheel the barrows round and round the room, quietly happy, with the beautiful expression of absolute content which belongs to childhood alone.

The paper and string are folded and knotted, and all is tidy once again. The room empties of all but the children and their parents, who sit together watching them at play; mother dreams as they frolic round the room, and longs for strength and power to teach them to be good, true, and useful in their time; she looks at the little things with their golden curls and big blue trusting eyes, their little hearts so full of love, so fearless, so innocent of wrong. As she sees them now, her thoughts fly to their future, and she realises with almost fear that she is responsible for it, for life and doings in the future. Yes; if they are to be honest, good, and true, it will be the outcome of her influence. Their lives will bless or mar the lives of others.

Ah! the responsibility of educating the little ones; what love and patience must be given if they are to stand erect and fearless.

The girl child, especially, what difficulties will surround her!

The barrows and the handsome, upright little wheelers, move round and round the room. They pass her chair, and she draws them to her and strokes back the thick hair from their high white foreheads, holding the chubby faces between her hands. She looks into the deep blue windows, which take a solemn expression caught from hers. With a kiss she looses them. "Run on, darlings; play on, sweethearts." And soon she is deep in dreams again.

Now she sees two figures with the same trusting eyes as the children. She reads upon their faces fearlessness, love, and compassion; and as she knows that the purpose and aim of her life has been to teach them truth, love, and faith, so it has been realised, and life is beautiful to her. As she looks she sees them move across the world, doing good to all; flowers grow under their feet as they walk, and evil harms them not. The chains of ancient customs and prejudice fall from the hands and feet of the woman, and she is free, unfettered, walking side by side with her brother. Again she looks, sees that each is incomplete without the other; alone one can do little, together, everything is possible. Man learns to honour woman, and the old cry of mental and physical inferiority dies away like the snow in a south wind.

The mother realises that the desire of her life is given to her, and that the little children are the two on whom she looks. She knows that untiring love and care have given them to the world full of the love and hope which will leave it better—happier. She sees them together teach the new life and hope to women which changes the whole face of society, and makes the lives of human beings truer and purer.

The mother's face lights with the glory of hope fulfilled. The children cease to play, and stand wondering for a minute unseen by her.

What makes her look so happy? Why does she smile?

Two little warm hands pull mother's dress, and a clear voice cries, "Is 'oo finking of my ballow, mummy?—or mine, mummy?"

Mother, with a start, awakens from her dream, leaves the future for the present, and catches them to her, barrows, dolls and all. MARY FORDHAM.

## HOW OUR ANCESTORS ATE.

BOTH sober history and fairy lore have given us numerous examples which serve to show that ancient nations were not insensible to the pleasures of the table. We have all read of the glorious feast prepared by Cleopatra in honour of Marc Antony, whilst she pledged him with wine in which a priceless pearl had been dissolved. Nero, we are told, sat at the festal board from midday to midnight, and ate of a dish costing £30,000 (which it is said consisted of nightingales' tongues), besides drinking a bumper still more precious; and Seneca is responsible for the statement that Caligula spent £800,00 on a single supper.

The surroundings and table appointments were quite as luxurious as the fare. Dining-rooms at this period were upholstered in gold and silver tissues; pipes through the ceiling showered flowers and perfumes upon the guests; and when the repast was over, by a mechanical arrangement, the tables were reversed, at the same time enveloping those who sat around with petals of roses, violets, and other sweet-scented flowers, which by this movement were released. In the times of the Roman Emperors tablecloths were first used, but it was customary for each guest to bring his own napkin, which was borne off later, loaded with delicacies by a slave, and generally sent as an offering to a wife, sister, or a favoured friend.

If it be true that a nation may be judged by the food it eats, we are probably returning to the customs of the ancients instead of, as we like to believe, evolving something entirely new on our own account. When her Most Gracious Majesty entertains her lieges at Windsor at a banquet, served on a service of gold plate, she is only following in the footsteps of those governors of the world who preceded her by so many generations.

But between the luxuries of the Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians, and our own times, a long vista of history stretches. In the mediæval period in Britain it was customary to have two principal meals during the day—dinner and supper—and the table, from the Royal household to the smallest cottage, was never refused to strangers. Music at meals was always indulged in, the rich always employing their own minstrels, for whom a special gallery was provided, and the poor encouraged wandering musicians. Spoons and knives were common, but forks did not come into general use till the time of Elizabeth. Trenchers of wood, pewter, and occasionally silver were used, but those for the retainers were simply slices of bread, or flat cakes, upon which the meat was placed; and these were thrown into the alms basket when finished with, to be distributed to the needy, who always assembled round the door after the principal meal of the day.

The ceremony of washing was gone through before and after dinner. Food was conveyed to the mouth by the fingers, and it was considered impolite then, as now, to put the knife in the mouth.

In *The Boko of Curtasye* you are told "not to return to your plate food which has been in your mouth, or to dip your meat into the salt-cellar, neither must you play with your knife or roll your napkin into a cord, or tie it into knots"; and you are finally requested not to get intoxicated during dinner-time. FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

## WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

Woman! Gentle, fair, and true—  
Man's complement, and great delight!  
Thou lackest much that is thy due:  
Much is not thine which is thy right!

'Tis due to thee to have a voice  
In making laws thou must obey:  
Nor shouldst thou be debarr'd the choice  
Thine own true destiny to sway.

Men, both in Parliament and out,  
Are apt to treat thee as a chattel:  
They hold thee (though e'en that I doubt)  
A little dearer than their cattle.

As with a bird which warbles clear,  
They catch and cage thee when they can;  
To own, enjoy, with them, I fear,  
Is "the old rule, the simple plan."

But thou art not a bird, though sweet  
Thy song may be to human ear:  
Thine is the right with man to meet  
On equal terms, as peer with peer.

And, thinking of thy noble deeds—  
Of women like a Mrs. Fry,  
Or Florence Nightingale—man needs  
Be selfish should he this deny.

Howe'er this be, still Agitate!  
Band wall together, and be strong!  
Then men will surely cogitate,  
And yield thee Right instead of Wrong!

ROBERT HARTY DUNN.

## Influential Lives.



MRS. ETHEL COMYNS,  
EDITOR OF "THE FEATHERED WORLD."

MANY attractive persons pass across the charmed circle of an Editor's range of vision, and to a lover of humanity it is most interesting to watch the various developments of human intelligence, vigour, and capability. Universal observation has shown that the greatest development is the result, as a general rule, of circumstances which call forth the greatest exercise of the skill, energy, and forethought of the individual; provided such exercise be not too heavily handicapped. Where the daily and hourly needs of humanity are too easily supplied, fully developed powers are more rarely to be met with. Exceptional people, it is true, will push their way forward to their ideal of right through the greatest obstacles, and such obstacles are sometimes found in the paths of the rich and great as well as in the lives of those whose struggle for existence never ceases. Such exceptional people possess the energy of purpose, the strength of conviction, the grit, enabling them to break through the conventionalities or hindrances which surround them, and to such it is given to push the world of thought and action some moves forward into a purer and freer atmosphere. Because they are strong to say, "I dare to struggle, I will conquer," they generate within their own souls the strength necessary for the battle, which sooner or later they must win. Blessed are they who overcome! Such sit for ever enthroned.

A strong and daring soul is required to surmount difficulties, where difficulties are great, and where the surmounting of them means so much as it meant to Mrs. Comyns. Undeterred by fears within or dangers without, she put her shoulder to the wheel, which she set rolling, and which has rolled at a pretty steady pace ever since.

Mrs. Comyns' parents resided for some time in India, where her father, Major N. D. Garrett, was stationed, and there Mrs. Comyns was born. But at the age of six, owing to the unsuitable climate, Mrs. Garrett brought her child to England and placed her in the charge of her husband's mother, where she remained for several years until her parents returned to their native land, and established themselves in Suffolk, taking their daughter under their own care. They were in good circumstances, and Miss Garrett passed with her parents many happy years. Never, however, forgetting the dear old lady, her grandmother, whose name she mentions with gratitude to this day; declaring that "to her firm yet gentle supervision I owe whatever good there is in me." Looking into the fearless, truthful eyes as she speaks, it is not difficult to imagine what the old lady's training must have been. Mrs. Comyns is very proud of being a daughter of Suffolk, and refers with great affection to the old home in which life was so sweet to her. One cannot, however, sigh "alas!" to the fact, or express regret that monetary troubles caused Miss Ethel Garrett to try what she could do for herself, and to develop the latent power within her; for there is little reason to doubt that out of energetic effort wisely and

steadily put forth has arisen the capable, strong-souled woman now doing the work that has fallen to her with such steadfast purpose and honest intent. She began by starting a typewriting business in Chancery-lane in connection with another lady, which was pushed forward so successfully that when the time came for her to leave, seven clerks were being employed in the office. In connection with this typewriting the Fates, the Wilful Three, whose fiat must be obeyed, brought to this busy young woman her future husband in the shape of Mr. Comyns, Editor of a then leading paper of the 'Fancy,' which he had himself started. It was not strange that so busy a man should be attracted to so businesslike and intelligent a woman, as he here met, who with deft fingers and intelligent observant eye, put his work into type as fast as he could produce it. After their marriage Mrs. Comyns helped her husband in his editorial work, both in the paper then going on, and in that which he soon after started, *The Feathered World*. She naively says, "Mr. Comyns never did anything in connection with the paper without consulting me." This she says to praise her husband, but no observant hearer can converse long with Mrs. Comyns without understanding why her husband consulted her, and how great must have been the help she rendered. *The Feathered World* was started in July, 1889, and at Mr. Comyns' death, which occurred eighteen months after, had a weekly circulation of 12,500, and has now reached a circulation of 20,000.

The death of the husband was a hard blow, but life called upon Mrs. Comyns to exert herself. She had three bonnie children—two girls and a boy—one born a few weeks after her husband's death, so—

"Bread must be won,  
And the hard work done."

Many thought the editing of a fancy paper by a woman, *infra dig*. She, however, resolved to continue it.

"It meant to me," she says, "bread and cheese, or rather, bread without the cheese." Her paper was for some time in difficulties, and for two years she had hard work to hold her head above water—so hard that she feels the keenest sympathy with those struggling with similar difficulties. Now she has reached dry land, and can look round upon her garden where the flowers begin to bloom. She is a living instance of the advantages of pluck and perseverance, and of how those succeed who are determined to succeed. She acknowledges, nevertheless, what she owes to the "almighty dollar," with which her friends supplied her for the time being, and without the help of which success would have been difficult indeed. She is the only woman who is the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper of this kind, and her justifiable and honourable pride in its success is gladdening to see. Having resolved that no dishonesty should sully her pages, she has adhered rigidly to this rule at any loss to herself, whether in money or friends.

"People are to me," she says "all the same, whether lords or street boys." She treats all with equal justice, showing no favour, giving any advantage that can honourably be given, to all alike. Her rules are made, and must not be infringed by friend or foe. No advertisements are taken in later than Wednesday, and should a friend claim extra privilege on the score of friendship, Mrs. Comyns will reply: "No; in this you are to me only an advertiser, and must take your chance with the rest."

A great portion of her supporters are working people, many of whom are interested in birds. From these she meets with unvarying respect and politeness, and the pleasant friendliness existing between Editor and readers, is shown by a glance at the paper's correspondence columns.

*The Feathered World* is published principally for exhibitors of poultry, pigeons and cage-birds, it has however matter of interest to all bird lovers in its readable "Wild Bird Corner" and is strong on the protection of our native wild birds. Mrs. Comyns says few people have any idea of the number of shows that are held and the extensive business done in birds; some of which bring large prices. Three buff Cochin cocks were sold for £50 each by Mrs. Barton at one of these bird shows, about 300 of which take place in a year. This indefatigable lady is not especially interested in birds, though fond of all live creatures. At her home at Honor Oak she never forgets to feed the wild birds, and teaches her little ones to do the same, which the winged ones must appreciate and wish that all parents would imitate so good an example. Though not leaning to the "Fancy," Mrs. Comyns has always been fond of editorial work, and the wide experience she has gained in her labours with her husband and in her present position, has been of great service to her.

She is very much attached to her home, now, during the Mother's frequent enforced absences, under the charge of a charming young Scotch lady, to whose care Mrs. Comyns entrusts her three children, David, the eldest, Rachel, the second, and Olive. They all love their home, from the windows of which they watch for Mother's return, talking continually in pretty childish prattle of the time when Mother is to stop going out to work, and when the dauntless three are to work for her, coming home at night to see her again, while Mother is to jump up to open the door



when she hears the hurrying rush of the impetuous young feet which are to tread down such difficulties "for Mother's sake." Ah, these youthful dreams! But they are full of earnest fire, and so sweet to Mother's heart. Mrs. Comyns' children are devoted to her. There is nobody like Mother, they cannot even be coaxed for a minute from their firm allegiance. Little Rachel, the second, is a peculiar little creature to get on with, such a self-reliant little maiden, bright, too, and full of capacity, but not demonstrative. She understands fun when poked at her, will take it with merry good humour, and is not so easily hurt as her elder brother, David, who acts as his mother's special attendant. Once, when Mrs. Comyns was ill, Mr. Comyns, on leaving the house, said to the child, "Now, take care of mother till Dadda comes back," and David has kept to it ever since. His love is not more tender, but more demonstrative than his sister's.

Mrs. Comyns is bright, earnest, and kindly, and must be a true friend. It is gladdening to all women to know she has succeeded so well. Success does not always follow capable and well-directed effort. Money must be there also, but money without the powers shown by Mrs. Comyns would have been of little avail.

## NOTICE.

### ANSWERS TO LEGAL QUESTIONS AFFECTING WOMEN.

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

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

## MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.

### HIS LIFE, JOURNAL, AND VIEWS.

(Reprinted by request.)

JOURNALISM intends setting a special mark on 1893, and we shall not be very far past the verge of the new year before we see that mark beginning to appear. The clever and brilliant "Tay Pay" is now bringing out the first issue of the *Weekly Sun*, which is a development in many respects of the *Sunday Sun*, and the time is not very remote when he will embark on yet another enterprise. But let Mr. O'Connor speak for himself.

"I was born," he said, "on October 5th, 1848, and am therefore now in my forty-fifth year. That was in a small Irish county town, and if I wanted anything to confirm my political convictions it would be done by the visits which I occasionally pay to that place. I have known it a prosperous and well-populated town, densely-packed on market days, and I have seen it dwindle away to a deserted, poverty-stricken village. I took my degree at an early age, which I believe is characteristic of University life in Scotland, as well as in Ireland—that is to say, I was a Bachelor of Arts when I was just eighteen. My views as to what I should do in life were vague."

About two years before I left college I conceived the idea of learning shorthand, and as I was an extremely hard student it rather fitted in with my idea of filling every moment of the day with work and improving myself to my utmost capacity, and it was this study, taken up almost by accident, which ultimately got me employment at nothing a week on a Dublin newspaper. I got to £1 a week after a while, but although I was three years in journalism in Dublin I never got higher than £2 a week. For some years I had nothing but desultory work, and a good deal of hardship. I first attracted general notice by my biography of Beaconsfield. I worked very hard at that, sometimes twenty hours a day. Finally, in 1880, I drifted into politics. I had always held pretty much the same views of the Irish question from the time that I was one of the most prominent debaters in the College Debating Society, and I had spoken at small meetings, but without any very keen love for active political life.

"My first thing in Parliamentary journalism was to write the Parliamentary sketch for the *Pall Mall*. I went to America, and got my first experience in platform speaking, as I spoke practically every night for seven months. When I came back I wrote for several newspapers, sometimes writing two descriptions a night of Parliament, and finally I started the *Star*, after six months' hard work in raising the capital, and after many multiform disappointments. It was a great and astonishing success on the very first day, but as some men are victims of their failure, I was the victim of my success, for immediately an intrigue was started to take the paper out of my hands. After a struggle of a year and a-half, I sold out for £14,000. I then went to America at Mr. Parnell's special request, and was with Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien in the midst of a triumphant campaign when the split occurred. I returned and started the *Sunday Sun*."

"What made you contemplate a change in the paper—I mean having a week-day edition?"

"Because a paper going to press at between two and three on Sunday morning is necessarily limited for its circulation to London and Brighton. I received from many parts of the country an urgent request to make the paper accessible to people at a distance from London, and accordingly I resolved to bring out a provincial edition which would reach the people in all parts of the country."

"You have resolved to change somewhat the shape and character?"

"The shape considerably; the character not much. I am going to change it from an eight-page paper to a sixteen, because my whole experience in journalism inclines me to the belief that the most popular, because the most convenient, shape of paper is a narrow page with a good many of them. The *Weekly Sun* will not be a Sunday paper in the old sense of the *Sunday Sun*; not that I wish in the least to convey that I am not strongly in favour of a Sunday paper. I have always been of opinion that Sunday should be a day of rational recreation, and I consider that I am not acting against Christianity, but in its higher interests, in giving the people an opportunity of reading on Sunday good, sound, instructive literature."

Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn.—CARLYLE.

JEANNIE AT HOME.—A tourist, fresh from London, met a Scottish lassie walking barefoot and carrying her boots in her hand. "My girl," he said to her, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?" "Pairtly they do," said the girl, "and pairtly they mind their ain business."—*The People*.

WE are indebted to Mr. James Ball, photographer, 17, Regent-street, S.W., for the photograph of the Rev. Florence Kollock, M.A., which appeared in our issue of January 7th.

## WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

The Girl says, she has been so busy, what with friends, and what with helping little children, and what with making some warm things for poor people, and what with writing for SHAFTS, she really has had no time to wish every reader of the paper a Happy New Year.

The Girl says, above all other things she wishes a Happy New Year to SHAFTS, and above all people to the Editor, for surely she must often be very, very tired, though she is doing such a good, good work.

The Girl says, everybody who can help in any way should help SHAFTS, and she for one is trying with all her might and main to help, for it is much wanted, and she hears people on all sides say, "Why, here's a paper at last, SHAFTS—the very thing we were looking for."

The Girl says, she would like in these sentences to tell a little story of something which happened this very New Year, which in fact has just done happening, which in fact has not done happening, and never will have done happening, which keeps on happening, because its happening has brought happiness, and this happiness is always trying to produce other happiness.

The Girl says, this is what it is. She went out on New Year's Eve with her mother and father—she lives in Liverpool—to the house of some Scotch friends, to see the New Year in, as Scotch people do. They enjoyed themselves very much; she and her two friends, a girl and a boy—the boy is thirteen and the girl twelve—went into the large kitchen to see the cook, heating some mince pies, and help her to make crackers. While they sat warm and snug, there suddenly came a sharp cry, then a moan, that made the Girl feel creepy; it sounded right under the kitchen window.

The Girl says, the house is in a quiet place, surrounded by a garden and grounds, and at that side the garden-railing is close to the house wall. They ran up stairs for someone to come, and they all looked out. There lay outside, and close by the railing, a young woman in a dead faint. The Girl thought she was dead, and was very frightened.

The Girl says, her mother and Mrs. Sinclair cried: "Oh, bring her in," and she was brought in. She had hurt her arm very much, and put her ankle out of joint. She was poorly dressed, and looked so thin and white. When Mrs. Sinclair asked her where she lived, and if she was in trouble, the young woman wept so much she could not answer.

The Girl says, after some time she told them that she had been hurrying out to buy a little food for her poor old parents, having been paid for some work she had done. She was much distressed, and wanted to go away at once, but that was impossible.

The Girl says, her mother and father and Mrs. Sinclair went to see these old people, and were shocked to see their misery. They were honest, hard-working people, but too old to do much. Still they could do something. So Mrs. Sinclair has had them moved into the Gate House, as the lodge-keeper she had had for many years was just leaving for Australia.

The Girl says, she is so glad there were no other people engaged to come, for it was such joy to see the two old people seated so snugly at tea, by their warm fire, in their new comfortable home.

The Girl says she and Hester and Johnnie went in every evening to help to knock up Christmas cards on their walls, and they gave them all the Christmas cards they had. They look so pretty on their kitchen and room walls.

The Girl says, Nancy, the young woman, soon got well, and she lives with her parents, and, of course, does most of the work, indeed, all the work. But the mother knits stockings for Hester and Johnnie, and is glad to be busy, while the father bustles about the gate and the broad walk and thinks he does so much, always calling out: "Mother, come and see how this looks." It is delightful to see him, and to hear the old woman's wonder at all he does.

The Girl says, so this is why she has been too busy to wish a Happy New Year to the readers of SHAFTS, but she is quite sure they will all excuse her now they know, for the Girl and her mother have been all this time with Mrs. Sinclair making clothes for the old people and Nancy.

The Girl says, they are proud old people, and like to work for their money, that is why she likes them so much. She will tell more about them again next week.

[The Editor thanks the Girl for her New Year's wishes, and for her good wishes for SHAFTS, and says: Perhaps some day the Girl will know fully what the Editor means when she says—A true-hearted editor is the most sorely tried, yet the most blest of mortals; wants more money than most people, yet is, perhaps, of all people in this world of dollars, the most independent of money, and in return for money will give people what money can never buy.]

## 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.

### ROLL CALL.

MARY SOMERVILLE.	EMILY THOMSON, M.D.
MARIE HEIM-VOGTLIN, M.D.	(MRS.) FRANK MORRISON.
RHODA GARRETT.	LILLIAS ASHWORTH.
AGNES McLAREN, M.D.	JESSIE BOUCHERETT.
LOUISA M. ALCOTT.	JEAN ROBERTSON, M.D.
JESSIE MCGREGOR, M.D.	ALICE UMPHERSTON, M.D.
CAROLINE A. BIGGS—PROMOTED.	(MRS.) OLIVER SCATCHERD.
CATHERINE DREW.	MARY MCKINNEL.
EDITH G. COLLETT, M.D.	AGNES GARRETT.
ELIZA WIGHAM.	ROSA RUBINSTEIN.
ELIZABETH CHRISTIE, M.D.	JESSIE F. KILGOUR.
ANNIE HIGGINBOTTOM.	LUCY JOHNSTON.
BERTHA MASON.	(MRS.) SPARKE EVANS.
ALICE MOORHEAD, M.D.	E. M. SMYTH.

THE world is brimful of mistakes and misapprehensions concerning its great ones, both during life and after it; the *valets de chambre* retail all the puerilities, the friends paint their fancy portraits without shadows, the enemies daub theirs with such dark ones that the high lights stand out weird and unnatural, and the pictures thus transmitted to posterity would be totally unrecognisable by the originals if they could rise from their graves to take a glance at them. Poor human nature seldom receives its due meed of praise or blame; it is vainly expected to be either divine or diabolical, and causes disappointment to one side or the other, according as it falls short of either of these standards. Society has an unkind habit of giving a dog a bad name and hanging him; and people who strive to be fair and just in their estimate of their fellows are called Quixotic and eccentric, while their views are not only not sympathised with, but characterised as impracticable and dangerous. Of course, a great deal is attributable to ignorance. We get hold, rightly or wrongly, of an isolated fact in a person's life; one of her or his crotchets or opinions, consider it typical, and laud or condemn it accordingly, when all the time it was called forth by exceptional circumstances, and is at direct variance with the usual tenor of the existence and temper of the mind.—A WOMAN WRITER in *Nineteenth Century*.

Miss Lawrence, who has just gained her LL.B. degree at London University, is a resident of breezy Hampstead. She does not allow her studies to prevent her taking an active interest in politics, and she is well known in local Liberal circles as one of the most enthusiastic and untiring of those who try to sow the seed of democratic opinions in that quiet suburb. No one who has met Miss Lawrence can fail to have noted her modest yet earnest manner and her sound common sense, "amounting," as was said of another former resident of Hampstead, the present Home Secretary, "almost to genius." She has been acting as private secretary to Miss Orme, who, singularly enough, is the only other lady LL.B. in this country. Miss Lawrence's achievement will not appear less remarkable when we recollect that many of the questions set are of a practical nature, and can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have had the opportunity of spending some considerable time in a barrister's chambers or a solicitor's office.—*Morning Leader*.

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No hope it cherishes through waiting years,  
But, if thou dost deserve it, shall be granted;  
For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of thy being  
To chord with thy dear hope, and do not tire;  
When both in key and rhythm are agreeing  
Lo! thou shalt kiss the lips of thy desire.

The thing thou cravest so, waits in the distance,  
Wrapt in the silences, unseen and dumb;  
Essential to thy soul and thy existence—  
Live worthy of it—call, and it shall come.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX













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