

SHAFTS

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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What the Editor means.

"THE wise are slow to judge; they know that they are hedged about with precedent and prejudice; they think the thoughts of their ancestors, and are warped in judgment by the narrow opinions which they engendered. What proportion of this mentality is theirs, and what that of their environment, is difficult to determine. In dense ignorance they pass judgment upon the truth or falsity of a proposition with a glibness that would astound an archangel. What they worship as truth to-day, to-morrow becomes rank heresy."

"Women and men all over this planet are awaking to a higher life; a grander horizon opens before them, and they pant to be free from the narrow creeds and lifeless forms of a dead past. Some are yet timid in pushing from the shore, but the majority grasp the rudder with a firm hand and boldly strike out towards the great ocean of liberty."

"Truth remains forever the same; but her rays are broken, and often disturbed in the human mind. Those who can see only the distorted image, but mistake it for truth itself, live in illusion; those who can see truth itself, see the reality, and are in possession of knowledge."

"Oh human being, poor down-trodden spark of divinity, did you but know the cyclone of energy latent within your own being, you might renovate the world, make gods of men, and lend to this gross earth the lambent flame of a perfect star."

FROM *Modern Thought*, 1889.

SHAFTS' offices are now removed to the address given in the columns of this paper, where all business will proceed as before. All new arrangements are explained on last page, and will continue so to be. I earnestly ask those who really desire the continuance of the paper to come *now* to my help. It is instant help I require, such freely given would be as light in a dark place. I ask my readers also kindly to recall to mind the object for which SHAFTS was started; to remember that SHAFTS is not a newspaper, not a dealer in gossip of any kind, has no fashion plate, gives out no patterns of dressmaking, etc., makes no pretence of being an "entertaining monthly," or of filling its columns with smart whisperings, questionable jokes, or meaningless tales. Everything contained in SHAFTS is with a purpose! to help women in their onward-going, in their uprising; to give them an opportunity of expressing their opinions, desires, and especially their determinations anent all conditions of things; as they have been, as they are, and as they (women) mean them to be, in a happily reformed future. This future shall be of woman's making, she has designed it through her years of long-suffering; she will carry it out. Those who write, those who speak, those who work in any way, and those who give from out their stores of wealth to help these, all are building for this great and glad future, which is most surely on its way, though the wheels of its chariot may seem to tarry. Stand steadfast all who would help; do the Right.

I ask my readers to help me by continuing their subscriptions, loyally refraining from discontinuing unless urgent reasons call for it. I rejoice to say I rarely have notice of discontinuance.

The first inaugural meeting of the women who meet for deliberation and thoughtful consideration of matters which

the progress of evolution is ever bringing to the surface, was held at the office of SHAFTS, 11, Westbere Road (by Edgware Road), W. Hampstead, on Wednesday, the 8th inst. The hopes entertained for the day were more than fulfilled, and the proceedings were full of promise. At present it has been arranged to meet once a fortnight, Wednesday, from 3.30 till 5.30 p.m. The subject of discussion on the 8th was "Planes of Evolution;" it roused decided interest and awakened thought. The debate on the 22nd was: "How are we to arrange our mode of life so as to meet the demands made, and which will continue to be still more largely made, by women, owing to the ever-widening sphere they are creating for themselves?"

Some of the most thoughtful women of the day were present on the occasion of the first meeting, both manner and matter shewing how great a change has taken place in the thoughts and opinions of women even during the last ten years—yes, during the last five. We are active and busy in the midst of changes, in Church, State, Society, and even our own individual organisms. Everywhere are we conscious of great changes, of forces around us, working onward whether we will or no. Be it ours to assist, to be, each of us, one in the party of advance.

A name has not yet been selected for this Society, it is under consideration. Any suggestions will be gladly received.

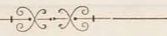
To reach this office, from Baker Street proceed to Brondesbury Station, Metropolitan. By North London line also book for Brondesbury. Another route is to take omnibus from Marble Arch. It is an easy walk from different parts of Hampstead.

The question for women to consider carefully and dispassionately is, how best to work for the suffrage? For all progress for women is, and must be, delayed until it be obtained. Men, very few in number, and M. Ps., fewer still, have been working—ostensibly—for this principle for many years; still the suffrage remains a desire unfulfilled. Why? The "why" is a tremendous why; women must ask themselves the question and proceed with tireless determination to answer it. "What we pray to ourselves for," says Emerson, "is always answered." To whom have women been praying for an answer to their demand for the suffrage?—to themselves or to others?

When a community, a class, or a power, of whatever nature, subordinates any other country, power, or section of the community, is it to their interest—apparent interest, at least—to voluntarily resign that power? Do the annals of our race record many, if any, instances of such resignation in the cause of right and justice? If history teaches us anything, it teaches surely that help comes to us as individuals, as nations, as a community, or section of a community, first of all from ourselves. If women mean to gain the suffrage it is from *themselves* and through *themselves* they must seek it.

"Self-abasement paves the way
To villain bonds and despot sway."

Self-respect places the individual and the community upon a ground of vantage, the vantage of perfect freedom and equality of rights which *nothing* can destroy. When will women with one voice demand that their just claims be conceded, that those who hold more than their own yield at once their unjustly-usurped power—in short, when will women possess *themselves* of the civic powers and political powers which without *any* exceptions are their birthright? Until they do so the evils of our social life, our national life, and our individual life shall not cease.



Wait.

BETWEEN the dead and the living the veil of the glamour lies,
But softly it melts asunder just as the spirit flies.

Wait by the bed of the dying, wait till the last sharp breath,
Then sit in the silence watching the eyes that are closed in death.
Thinkest thou all is o'er now thy heart stands still for fear,
Nay, something stirs in the silence, listen and thou mayest hear.
Thou art closed around by the glamour, its darkness covers thy head,
But something walks in the chamber and looks in the face of the dead.
Wait for a little season, be patient yet for a day,
Before the breath of thy going the veil shall dissolve away.
Thou, too, shalt stir in the darkness, no man deeming thee nigh,
And look on thy worn, white raiment before they lay it by.

R. BUCHANAN.

Twilight.

THERE is a hush about the twilight hour,
As the last sunrays kiss each sleepy, closing flower;
When sounds and voices wafted from afar,
Ring strangely near, freed from day's restless fret and jar.

There is a hush at twilight in the Soul,
Which waits expectant, as earth's sunset mists, roll
Backward, and clear from out the evening sky
There speaks the first star friend—the message, "God is nigh."

In the Soul's hush, there lies a hidden power;
Then comes the Voice of Silence at the twilight hour,
Unheard at noontide, in day's fret and jar;
List to that inward voice; it speaks as doth the star.

"Our God is nigh, within us, 'tis that voice
"Which still and small, whispers, and prompts the better choice;
"Bids us renounce desire that binds to earth,
"Holds forth to those that overcome a blest rebirth."

Cherish this silence of the twilight hour,
Let thy soul close to earth, as doth the closing flower,
Within thee lies thy fragrance, strength and life,
Learn but to shut the door on outward stress and strife.

As the light merges into evening shade,
Merge thou the Lower in the Higher Self, till fade
The mists of earthly sense, while the shades fall,
The ever Silent Watcher waiteth for thy call.

Death is but like the gentle twilight hour,
Which ends the long day's work and closes every flower;
Hushes earth's sounds, and sets the spirit free,
Too long in bondage held, by life's captivity.

Welcome be twilight, and thrice welcome Death;
Welcome the hush of night, the star-friend's voice that saith,
"Rest for a space, thy journey partly run,
"Thou oft re-incarnate ray of the Eternal Sun."

D. B. M.

I LABOR all I can to establish the principles of truth and justice. It is not much that I can do, being alone and with my chances so circumscribed; still, whenever I can get in a blow at ignorance and fear—twin relics of barbarism—I do it.—Miss E. M. GLEASON, Geneva, Ohio.

CHOICE BITS FROM CHOICE PENS.

In this day of almost idolatrous devotion to creed and party, it is a grand step forward to contend for the truth, because it is truth, and for justice because it is in accord with divine law, the eternal fitness of things, and the best interests of all concerned.—Mrs. JOHN LEITRY Tiffin, Ohio.

If the many honourable and well disposed people who are thoughtlessly living on usury, without returning any equivalent to the working world where their sustenance must come from, could realize that they are virtually paupers, would not their self-respect lead them to use every effort in their power to change the unjust conditions which perpetuate their pauperism?—ROBERT LINNICKSON, Trenton, N. J.

As long as men continue to cheat women out of their dues I want the monopolistic system to grind the souls out of them. Let them be just before they kick about the injustice of others.—Mrs. P. A. CRUME, Montgomery Creek, Cal.

Preach the doctrine of universal suffrage by all means, but be instant in season and out of season in preaching the gospel of woman's financial independence, since the latter circumferences and includes the former.—FRANCES AMES COLLAR, Denver, Col.

It is with infinite sorrow that I see earnest women wasting so much enthusiasm on intemperance, polygamy, prostitution, all outgrowths of woman's degradation, instead of utterly and completely repudiating the idea of her "divinely ordained subjection" wherever they find it.—ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The truth seekers are the only real blasphemers, since it is they alone who heap distrust upon established creeds.

"Land monopoly has come, and will ever come by usury, if it come not first through conquest by force of arms. The land is the last and final investment of the proceeds of usury. When all things else have been gathered in by the usurer, then, if not before, the land must pass into his hands also. Any other result is impossible. Usury is a flame that consumes all things. It is an ocean that swallows up all. Its power to accumulate, to draw to itself, is beyond computation; its practice begets a spirit of greed which the whole world cannot satisfy.

"It is a crime from which crime breeds, and its ultimate effect can only be the destruction of all government and all society. It is the great crime of our so-called civilization to-day, and such a crime as only a civilization in which the intellect has been cultivated at the expense of the love nature—a civilization from which the mother element has been eliminated or suppressed—could give birth to."

When we have come up from the under world of chaos—wherein prejudice bars the operation of the natural growth principle—and hold ourselves malleable to the divine influence of truth, then the law of elective affinity begins its operation within us; then all that is our own by reason of the power of our native genius to absorb and assimilate floats to us from near and far, and we become the focus, the aggregating centre from which a god is grown.

"In no case," says a somewhat recent writer, "has England come the Great Mogul over inferior powers where it did not afterwards appear that Evolution was backing her. 'Come out of your hole,' she has said to the stagnant nations around her. She has put the inhabitants of those nations upon their manhood; and though her injustice has crushed millions of worms, it has called into life as many men who would never have known themselves to be other than worms but for the resentment she awakened in them. Evolution permits no stagnant pool to remain on earth."

Do you not see that our great trouble is our numbness? Do you not have occasion to curse the want of thought in the people who sit tamely under wrongs that ought to waken the dead?—Oh soulless ones! why should we weep or wring hands of anguished despair over you? Your time is to come.

We don't believe a lie to be a truth, let it emanate from pope, priest, imaginary devil or Deity. We believe in equal and exact justice to all men and women. We believe in the religion of humanity; we believe in doing right because it is right; we believe in investigation, looking at both sides of a question, pro and con. We believe that heinous wrongs exist among the human race. We believe that these wrongs can only be corrected by proper efforts of intelligent men and women; we believe that a free press, free speech and discussion are the great means in accomplishing this end.—I. M. DARBY, Xenia, Ind.

Belonging as I do to the order of the Knights of Labour, and being a close observer, I have concluded in my mind that the greatest enemy that we have to combat is not the capitalist or the capitalistic system nor the taking of usury, but the dull, terrible apathy of those to whom the abolition of these robbing methods means all that is worth living for.—HARRY H. BRIDGEWATER, Cheboygan, Mich.

Pioneer Club Records.

"The belief that every human soul is creating by its inmost thoughts an actual influential force which goes forth for good or for evil, travelling far and wide, like the most ethereal thistle-down, only with far greater certainty of fructuation than any physical seed, till it finds congenial soil, in which to grow to action, is one of the most solemn creeds that the world has ever known. If we try to define this idea of the power of thought we find that, briefly expressed, it is the belief of many wise minds that we are on the verge of discoveries which will prove that thought creates on the ethereal plane vibrations which travel until they are neutralised by transformation into action on the material plane. To be so transformed, it is necessary that they meet with affinitive conditions, or they may be neutralised by opposing thought vibrations of counter tendencies. The germ theory of which we now hear so much in the physical world will serve as an illustration of the working of this doctrine of thought-creative power.

"Every human soul is constantly engaged in creating and throwing off germs of thought, good or bad, exactly as germs are being created and thrown off by the physical system, these traverse the ether as microbes traverse the atmosphere, and fall upon the soil of other minds as physical germs upon the body. In both cases, if the receptive organism be affinitive, the germs find congenial soil for development, if, on the other hand, in the one case, the germs of physical disease fall upon a perfectly sound body they find no conditions suitable for their growth, or in the other, the thought germs are fructified or sterilised according as their character, good or bad, meets with minds receptive to their influence. Such a belief is full of terrible significance, let us see how it works out. It means that each one of us who is living a life of apparent honour and respectability may be responsible to a greater or less degree for the sinking of some erring brother or sister into the slough of actual crime.

"Every thought of greed or wish to get the better of another in business or social intercourse, though we may never actually cheat or steal, has given birth to a germ, which flowing outwards, finds responsive tendency in the morally weak mind of another whose environment is less favourable to virtue than our own, the temptation ceases to be resisted, our evil desire is translated into actual crime, and perhaps the first fall is due to the suggestion of our unspoken thought. But, on the other hand, we have the glorious assurance that every pure unselfish aspiration streams forth no less potently to aid and strengthen the struggles of upstriving souls. And, further, we have to remember that we are in like manner subject to the influence of the thoughts of others. All round us waves of thought are being set up, and we either keep open house to receive the suggestions of evil, or we carefully guard the portals of our souls and accept only the germs of purity and justice. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." To none does that benediction come more surely home than to those who realise all its wonderful intensity of meaning."

EDITH WARD, *Shafts of Thought*, 1892.

SO frequent have been the requests from subscribers to SHAFTS in the country and abroad, for some information regarding the Pioneers in their individuality and their special work, that we hasten briefly to comply with a request so natural. It cannot but be a great help and a gladness to women leading lives in the country, at home or abroad, quiet ordinary lives—uneventful and possibly full of cares, that weary with their sameness—to hear what other women are doing towards the producing of that condition of things towards which their own hearts aspire, vaguely longing, the "infinite longings that arise which this world never satisfies." For all over the globe there is a stirring of wings, the rustling of awakening life, the quickened breathing of the coming day, and souls are upward gazing and outward gazing for the Light. So women who are unable to enter personally into the field as yet, send forth compelling thoughts, which stir others into increasing vigour of action; of which action they desire to know. Such knowledge re-acts upon their own being, imparting strength everywhere. In this way the women of the Pioneer Club are doing a work mightier than they perchance wot of. First in the list of names whose work is sought to be known, comes the President.

To Mrs. Massingberd is due the establishment of the Pioneer Club, now proving itself so great a factor in the onward path of women. She is an "all round" woman, as the term goes, an ardent promoter of temperance, for which cause, as for woman suffrage, she has worked devotedly and well for many years. She is a woman of high purpose, kindly and generous. Her outlook is a broad one, and in all her working for progress she seems to understand fully the law of Evolution, that step by step advance which takes us onward almost insensibly from post to post of observation, higher and yet higher. She possesses a very decided histrionic ability, and has established in connection with the Club a dramatic class, of which she is herself the

able head and instructor. For the sake of the cultivation of the voice in clear articulation alone, and the acquiring of the very desirable accomplishment of reading aloud, so as to be easily understood, in a clear musical voice (a rare accomplishment indeed), these classes are a great boon. As a politician the President holds a distinguished place in the Liberal ranks, loyally fulfilling the duties devolving upon her from such a position. She has the rare gift of being able to obey, as well as to command; a faculty not often found united in one person.

The Pioneer Club is in every case interested in the WOMAN, not in the chronological tree. It holds out the hand of true fellowship to all who desire to work for the good and for the development of humanity. Such has been Mrs. Massingberd's own initial policy, naturally attracting towards the Club, to the interests of which she has devoted so much, women of like mental calibre, and similar outlook.

As President of the Club she has founded, she is not only just and impartial in her decisions, but also generous and kind, a fact which has certainly helped to win for her the love and esteem in which she is held by all Pioneers.

"DEBATES."

The Debate opened by Mrs. Brownlow "That Free Education must be supplemented by provision of Free Meals" was in its leading address an excellent one, and was followed by an animated discussion.

Richard le Gallienne in his address on the "Influence of the Press on Society," treated his audience to a satire, some of the points of which were very good and much appreciated.

Mrs. Leighton made an admirable reply: and several others in close debate expressed opinions well worth hearing, not only from an argumentative, but from an educational point of view.

A meeting and debate of great import was held in the Club more recently, when Mrs. Stanton Blatch addressed the assembled Pioneers and friends, on "The Factory Acts' 'Overtime Clause.'" The decision arrived at almost unanimously by Pioneers was, that no restriction must be placed upon women's work, for which women did not ask; that the Act must apply to men and women equally, that laws must not be made affecting the work of women, until women themselves had a voice in making them. It was perceived clearly, that the motive underlying all such legislation was to drive woman back into the home, as her only place of action and only refuge. Testimony was abundant to show that the women themselves preferred the work by which they could earn some independence, even when the doing of that work implied the doing of housework also. The desire for financial independence, personal independence, social independence, and political independence, growing more and more powerful among women, will culminate directly in a necessity for legislation from and by women for women. This will mean the Suffrage and more than the Suffrage.

SUMMER SESSION, 1895.

Thursday Evening Lectures, Debates, Discussions, etc., 8.15 p.m.

May 16th.—"Paying Calls—A Survey and Suggestion." Debate opened by the Viscountess Harberton. Miss Whitehead in the chair.

May 23rd.—"The Stage as a Factor in Education." Debate opened by Miss Rose Seaton. The President in the chair.

May 30th.—"Women's Work in English Fiction." Debate opened by the Rev. Professor Shuttleworth. Mrs. Jopling Rowe in the chair.

June 6th.—"Have all the greatest Women of the Nineteenth Century aspired to Liberty?" Debate opened by Mrs. Wynford Philipps. Mrs. Holroyd Chaplin in the chair. Women only.

June 13th.—"The Policy of the Independent Labour Party." Debate opened by Tom Mann. Honor Morten in the chair.

June 20th.—"That to drive all work into Factories would be a National Disaster." Debate opened by Miss Heather Bigg. Mrs. Stanton Blatch in the chair.

June 27th.—"That Indiscriminate Almsgiving is a Virtue." Debate opened by the Rev. C. L. Marson, C.S.U. Mrs. Morgan Dockerell in the chair.

July 4th.—"Is Poverty Diminishing?" Lecture by J. A. Hobson, Esq., M.A. Miss March Phillips in the chair.

July 11th.—"That Civilisation is impossible under the Mussulman Rule." Debate opened by the Rev. Canon MacColl. Mrs. Stephenson in the chair.

July 18th.—"The Censorship of the Stage." Debate opened by Edward Rose, Esq. Miss Whitehead in the chair.

Subjects for Debates to be sent in before May 10th, addressed to Convenor of Debates Committee.

Woman.

A RETRO- AND PROSPECT.

I was the Helot of the home one while,
The next, man squandered armies for my smile:
Slave or enslaver, which is the more vile?
I knew the tears of blood, the tears of fire,
Worship and stripes, and spurning and desire;
Knew than to wear man's yoke no service higher.
I knew man in his weakness and his might;
Deemed myself his for labour and delight;
Nor dreamed of equal law and equal right.
The law—it was a mirror with its base
So shifted as to image half the face
Of Justice, which in full we there should trace.
No hand save mine, in late found strength out-thrust,
That served and partial glass could re-adjust,
And show the normal countenance august.
For wider knowledge if, athirst, I cried,
My master would contemn me and deride,
But teach me self-distrust, false shame, false pride.
Yet not unschooled, the dawn predestinate
Though tardy which distralls me, did I wait;
Some lore I compassed in my low estate.
The lore of love was mine; I had its whole
Music and mystery, its inmost soul
And subtle science, under my control.
The diapason in its rise and fall,
From lowest note to highest, kenneed it all,
Through each minutest hidden interval.
And I was versed in all the lore of pain;
Nature and man together made that plain,
And seared its runes upon my heart and brain;
And practised deep in patience; and, at price
Of many an unguessed bosom-battle, thrice
O'er-fought ere won, I learnt self-sacrifice.
Lowly self-sacrifice, which earns no meed
Of praise or thanks, and hardly any heed,
Frittered in many a humble household deed,
Till love, in some lorn hour, casts up with meon
Its record,—this I had from God alone,
Never may I forget it or disown,
As strenuous and elate, toward that sublime
Hereafter held in trust for me by time,
Hewing my stairway step by step, I climb.

ELISE COOK in *The Woman's Herald*, 1890.

A HUMANE MILLINER.—Readers of SHAFTS will be glad to know of a milliner who can make or trim hats and bonnets without using the corpses of birds or their torn wings and feathers. She has invented, moreover, an aigrette of wire and beads to take the place of the beautiful aigrette for which fashionable ladies have hitherto murdered the mother-bird on her nest. The beads may be of any colour to suit the headgear. Frosted white or pale blue look well for evening wear, made up with ribbon to match. Miss Ivy Maude, 125, Earlscourt Road, S.W., will sell these aigrettes separately, or will trim hats and bonnets, but must, in the first instance, be communicated with by letter only. She is a member of the Pioneer Club, and an ardent humanitarian.

This never will be a government until both sexes are admitted to a full and equal share in its administration and emoluments.—BED ROCK, Gold Hill, Oregon.

"I sometimes think," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "that God must be a woman—He is expected to forgive so much." She might have been sure of it.

Women's Liberal Federation.

THE May meetings of the Federation, held this year at Westbourne Park Chapel, Porchester Street, W., showed a marked advance in tone, in resolute purpose, and in determination towards the overthrowing of many evils.

On the programme, as was due to its great importance, the first place, after business arrangements, was given to Women's Suffrage.

There was a large attendance of persons whose enthusiasm in their work, it was evident, had not one whit decreased. Many workers of old standing were at their posts, also many new, and equally eager souls, coming fresh to the fray.

Among the subjects for consideration embodied in resolutions were, "Home Rule, Women's Suffrage, and House of Lords," supported by fifty Associations. "Registration Reform and Women's Suffrage," supported by 104 Associations. "Labour Questions," supported by sixty-three Associations. "Welsh Disestablishment," supported by ninety-six Associations. "Temperance," supported by 172 Associations. "Land Reform (Irish and Welsh)," supported by fifty-seven Associations. "Peace and Arbitration," supported by seventy-two Associations. "Removal of Disabilities on Women in Local Government," supported by 133 Associations. "Appointment of Police Matrons," supported by seventy-eight Associations. "Anti-Vivisection," supported by forty-six Associations. "Midwives' Registration."

The subjects aroused the utmost interest, notably the question of VIVISECTION, at which the voting was so eager as to necessitate a division, which resulted in a large majority on the side of the Anti-vivisectionists.

The Conference on Thursday, the 16th inst., presided over, as on the two preceding days, by Lady Carlisle, devoted itself to the discussion of: 1, "What Preparations Women's Liberal Associations can make in view of the General Election." 2, "Criminal Law Amendment." 3, "Indian Cantonments." 4, "Poor Law Reform." 5, "Leasehold Enfranchisement." 6, "Advertisements in Rural Places."

The Countess of Carlisle, in moving the adoption of the report, alluded to the fact that "gallant little Wales" in its National Federation had placed Women Suffrage on its programme. During the first year the affiliated associations had risen in number to 442, with an aggregate membership of 82,000. Mrs. Louise B. Swann moved a resolution declaring confidence in the Government, which was seconded by Mrs. Wynford Philipps.

Mrs. E. O. Fordham then proposed a resolution on the subject of "Registration Reform," and a little later on there was an animated discussion on "Labour Questions."

Mrs. Stanton Blatch, for North St. Pancras, moved "That this Council declares itself in favour of the abolition of overtime equally for men and women workers, and, while it warmly approves the general provisions of the Factories and Workshops Bill (1895), nevertheless views with apprehension those clauses which propose certain restrictions on women workers which are not extended to men, and which will therefore increase the existing disadvantages under which women labour; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Home Secretary." She said there was no doubt that many persons performed their daily work under conditions which were far from what they should be. It was necessary that the workers should be protected in their occupations in these competitive times. There should be the same restrictions imposed in every direction, and the restrictions on women workers should be the same as on men.

Mrs. Brownlow seconded the motion, and urged on all persons present to make a study of labour questions. She thought that if workers were "protected" out of industrial life they would be protected into the streets. She said, "See to it that this question does not come to be a sex competition." In this country a child of eleven can become a half timer, and for every two half timers one man is thrown out.

Maude Muller.

[Taken from an old number of a paper sent me, now I believe out of print.—ED.]

I HAVE seen a good many poems with the above title, and as there seems to be no law against writing them I have made up my mind to take advantage of this criminal negligence on the part of government, and write one myself. Not being even so much as third cousin to a poet, I hope the reader will excuse breaks.

Maude Muller on a sunny day
Sat in the parlor making hay.
Beside her, robed in glory, stood
A very pink of perfection dude.
An utterly utter tie he wore;
An eye glass on his cheek he bore.

(Spoken.) He was another bore of the largest calibre himself, but Maude did not know it. Maude had no time to think of anything outside of her own hardships, and to backbite her father for not giving her more money. And no wonder, for

Her Sunday bangs were half worn out,
And curled as limp as a gobler's snout.
And out of a closet full of shoes
There wasn't a pair that she could use;
(Chiefly because they were No. 2's.)
And in all her life of seventeen years,
She thought, while a freshet of woman's tears
Burst forth, and fell from her soft blue eyes
Like summer showers from cloudless skies,
And a mighty sob her corset string broke,
"I have never had a sealskin cloak."

(Spoken.) No ordinary corset string of spun cotton either; but a ten-mule-power, double-back-action leather thong, cut from the old man's saddle skirts years before, when in her dawning teens she first began to realize the importance of pinching her body in two at the middle. By the way, that was the reason she could not think. The connection between her stomach and brain was cut off. She had dyspepsia of the head, no blood to digest her ideas, and no ideas to digest; a very common disease now-a-days. And thus it was that life was so beset with trials that she resolved to end them all in marriage. So she consumed valuable time (that she might have used to advantage in chewing the hard end of an old file) trying to rope in this caricature of a donkey for a husband.

He was far from the cheapest of his clan,
He was no three-for-a-quarter man.
With a five-cent cane and a rubber collar,
He ranged as high as a "helvadollar."
He was the dude that ruled the roost,
And gave to dudedom its biggest boost
When first from out the cosmic past
This genus homo took its cast,
Some twenty years ago or more
When the whole tribe scarce reached a score.
He was soft as mush, yet hard as steel;
Soft in the head and hard in the heel.
When it rained he knew enough to go in
As his marriage proved. His "old man's tin"
He had squandered fast, till the old man said,
"I wish the ejot were dead or wed."

(Spoken.) Therefore it happened that when Maude bade him good-bye that night, the wedding day was fixed, and she told her father, and asked him for a check.

The next day she asked him for another check.

The next day—but why regale the printers with "fat takes" when they are already making so much money their purses are threatened with apoplexy, and they themselves are becoming bloated bondholders? She was very happy about this time, up to her eyes in velvets and brocades and laces. She tripped about

And trolled an operatic air,
And smiled to hear the old man swear.

She specially wished that married women should not be excluded from factory employment.

Mrs. Bamford Slack then moved the following rider, "That after the words 'women's labour,' to insert 'this Council opposes the amendments proposed by Mr. John Burns, M.P., Mr. Samuel Wood, M.P., and Mr. Hazell, M.P., to extend the time during which women are prohibited from working after childbirth, and to add new prohibitions to their work before their confinement.'"

If this clause as proposed should become law a woman's work would be only legal for four months of the year. She could understand well why John Burns wished to get this law passed; he, like other good men, did not like to look on and see women working when their husbands could support them, but if this Bill were passed in many instances women would then have to starve, as they had some of them sickly husbands and some husbands who would not work. Mrs. Boon, from Ramsbottom, a Lancashire operative, made a most eloquent speech vindicating the right women had to work. If trades are pernicious, she would like to see alterations made in the surroundings, and not the exclusion of women. She has worked all her life in a cotton-mill, the same number of looms, the same number of hours, and has earned pretty nearly the same wages as the men working in her factory, and has kept her health and brought up six healthy children, all of whom now earn their living in the mill.

Mrs. Baldwin, a lady from Brighton, of wide experience among the working classes, then spoke indignantly of John Burns' proposal, and argued that as under common law no wife can claim personal support from her husband unless she comes on the rates by going into the workhouse, the nation has no right to prevent a woman earning a living.

It is a well-known fact that a woman is likely to suffer far less at the time of her confinement if she continues her usual avocations, and is not put to any sudden strain, than if she is deprived at that critical time of the necessaries of life.

Mrs. Hepburn supported the rider from the point of view of the inquisitorial enquiries which would have to be made in every woman's life if this Clause should become law.

Lady Mary Murray opposed the rider from this point of view.

Miss Balmorie supported the resolution and deprecated taking, as one speaker had suggested, the opinion of Mrs. Sydney Webb as she was against her own political freedom. Let us, she said, at all risks ask for what we think right; if we restrict women and throw difficulties in the way of their entering the Labour Market, and gaining for themselves economic independence, we place them in an unfair position, we make them come to their husbands as paupers or look upon marriage as a profession into which they must enter because they are forced to find a home.

After further discussion Mrs. Stanton Blatch's resolution with the rider was carried, about 80 voted against it and the rest of the 800 for it.

MADELEINE GREENWOOD.

The annual meeting of the Federation was held in Queen's Hall, Laugham Place. Lady Trevelyan occupied the chair, and addressed to her audience a few most earnest words. Major Evan Jones, M.P., and Mr. Acland, M.P., occupied a considerable portion of the evening in going over what the Liberal Government had accomplished; leaving a very short time for the women speakers many of the audience had hoped to hear. Mrs. James Stuart "ventured to allude" to the Suffrage for one moment. Miss Florence Balmorie made an excellent speech, and Madame Thoumaian, an Armenian, by her simple, earnest directness of utterance in the cause of Armenia, won the sympathy of all who heard her.

She had the world by the tail at last,
And made up her mind to hold it fast,
Till tail holt for ear holt was changed by the priest,
And all was secure for this life at least.
For this life forsooth! It was hardly a day
Before she knew the de'il was to pay.
It was work or starve. As the weeks passed by
She silently dried the tear in her eye.
A dreary legend above her door
A dilapidated shingle bore;

'Twas this: "Plain sewing wanted here."
So Maude worked on from year to year.
She made the living, and sawed the wood,
But like death to a nigger she stuck to that dude.
Children came with their flaxen curls,
And he swore because they were "no-'count girls."
Lofty the scorn he brutally hurled
On the wife who only brought girls to the world;
Until to the dread of the motherhood pain
The dread of his anger was added amain.
There came a day when her poor old dad,
Together with all the baggage he had,
A ghostly valise with his battered soul,
Away from his earthly haunts forth stole.
'Twas the saddest day of the saddest year
In all Maude's years and days so drear—
Since her father first had stroked her curls,
And called her the dearest of little girls.

She thought of this as she looked at his clay,
And many a thought she had that day.
She thought of the chicks in her own home nest,
Who had sheltered beneath that loving breast,
And fed and warmed from his limited hold,
When her cupboard was bare and her hearth was cold.

She knew at last of the warm, true heart
That had no thought from his child apart.
"Ungrateful," she said of herself that day;
"Unloving to one who was loving alway."

And she hid her face in a vain regret
While blistering tears her hot cheeks wet.
"Too late," she said, "is the bitterest word
That ever the heart of a mortal stirred."

"And she took up her burden of life again,
Thinking only it might have been."

She split the wood with a nix-come-arouse,
While her dude lay snoring the roof off the house.
She ran the eternal sewing machine
To keep the fire in his black dhudeen.

She paid for his cocktails round at the store,
While he sused the whisky a la galore.

But one morning she got up "tother end to:"
Her temper was riz and her blood was blue;

"This state of things will never do,"
She said; and I tell you she meant it, too.

Throughout this dreary world so wide,
From Alfred to Omaha," she cried,

"All things conspire through thick and thin
To keep the women under and in."

(Spoken.) I tell you she was mad as sin.

Up rose her dude's commanding voice:
"What right has a woman to have her choice

Of the walks of life? Her duty is clear,
To wait on her husband, his life to cheer.

"Go pray for the spirit to bear your life,
As becomes a dutiful loving wife."

Taught to pray from earliest youth,
Taught to look up for every truth,

She thought for a moment her dude was right,
And promised to pray that very night.

But when she kneeled her down to begin
"Eleven years," she said, "I've prayed,

Crying aloft for foreign aid,

With what result all eyes can see.
If ever answer came to me
Since first I bent the nimble hinge
In abject helplessness to cringe

To some outside and unknown power,
That answer's here this very hour

And sure it has a sterner ring
Than preachers preach or psalmists sing

TRUST NEITHER GODS NOR POWER NOR PElf,
USE YOUR OWN BRAINS AND HELP YOURSELF."

(Spoken.) This was the crisis of Maude's life. A great truth had dawned upon her intelligence, and she began to cast about in her mind how she could actualize it. To get rid of her dude for a few days, to convert their effects into coin, and run off to Dakota with the young ones where land could be pre-empted was her best thought. This she carried out to perfection. Her dude made no very vigorous attempts to follow, discouraged in his desire to do so by the kicks she sent by mail. In Dakota the neighbours helped erect a shanty for her, and all went well.

[The poem goes on to say, how a feeling of independence backed all her efforts, making life glad and full of vigour, which before was depressed, hopeless and strength destroying; how she grew more and more prosperous, but here the scrap ends. If anyone can supply the continuation I shall be glad. I insert it here, because it teaches a powerful lesson forcibly, and as such, will, I trust, be assimilated by the readers of SHAFTS. It is taken from a paper so excellent it astonishes me to hear that it is not now in print. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, but it is a great loss. The paper is full of power and truth in the number I have before me.—Ed.]

Humanitarian League.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Humanitarian League was held in the Lecture Room, 32, Sackville Street, W., at 3 p.m., on Thursday, April 25th. Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., took the chair, and there was a large attendance of members and friends of the League. Among those present were Mr. Alfred Webb, M.P., Mrs. Jacob Bright, Mrs. H. Stanton Blatch, Mr. Edward Maitland, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Brownlow, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bell, Mrs. C. Mallet, Mr. J. Collinson and others.

The Annual Report for 1894-1895 having been read by the Hon. Sec., its adoption was moved by Mrs. Stanton Blatch, who laid stress on the impossibility of realising a humane treatment of animals under the present social conditions, when the working classes are themselves the victims of injustice, no less than the animals committed to their charge. In alluding to a notorious criminal case then awaiting trial, Mrs. Blatch commented on the strong prejudice shown by the popular judgment, and the fact that the law does not afford to girls anything like equality of protection with the opposite sex. No one who had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Stanton Blatch on this occasion will easily forget her earnest, penetrating words, especially on the subject of "Equality of Protection."

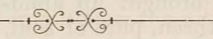
The Report was then submitted to the Meeting, and adopted unanimously.

NEW OFFICE AND BOOK CLUB.

THE office of the Humanitarian League is now at 79A, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. This office has been taken for the ordinary work of the League, in conjunction with the new Book Club, which, under the name of the People's Library, has been started in order to extend the influence of the League by the circulation of humane and instructive literature in Schools, Reading-Rooms, Village Libraries, and Working-Men's Institutes.

"It is hoped," writes the Hon. Secretary, "that the use of an office in a central position, with shop front and opportunities for exhibiting and selling literature, will be of great

service to the League. But we wish to impress on our friends the need of making a strenuous effort to utilise these advantages. There seems to be no reason why the number of members on our list should not be raised from three hundred to three thousand, if everyone would make some attempt to interest others in the cause."



Reviews.

"WHEN," says "Nunquam," in *The Clarion*, "I see a callow young critic, on some obscure local paper, dashing off a confident verdict on such a book as *Merrie England*, or *The Fabian Essays*, or *Progress and Poverty*, after a couple of hours' hasty perusal, I am simply petrified with admiration of his god-like cheek. I can't do that sort of thing myself. I am too old. Modesty is like avarice, it creeps upon us stealthily with the tide of years. I have received a copy of a novel called *The Daughters of Danaeus*, by Mrs. Mona Caird, and I have read it. Well, if I were equipped like our young local paper critics, with a gorgeous panoply of unblunted impudence, and of experience without a stain, I might rattle off a sparkling, satirical, daringly-foolish, and ineffably-useless column of impertinences and mistakes, and call it a 'review'; but, you see, I'm 'turned of forty year,' and I've done a good lot of hard thinking, and have tried to write books myself, so that I've lost a good deal of the dash, and some of the insolence of youth. My way would be to read the book several times and think it all out very carefully. Then I might venture to offer a mild and guarded 'opinion.' One might review such a book in a month, if one had no other work to do. And then one would very likely make a mess of it. I mean to say that when one has tried to do artistic work one's self, one does at least acquire a habit of reverence for all forms of art. One also acquires sympathy with all manner of artists. Under these circumstances, how is one to rattle off brilliant and slashing criticisms 'while you wait'? There is only one critic in a thousand who ever understands any work of art as well as the author understands it. When I approach a work of art I approach it with my hat off. Art is a holy thing. Your average flippant, self-confident critic behaves to art and to artists, as a Bank Holiday cad behaves to nature—like a cad."

THE DAUGHTERS OF DANAEUS, by Mona Caird (continued).
FAIN would we linger long with these young Fullertons, in the enthusiasm of their youth; while life lies all before them, the sunshine of young hopes bright upon the forward track, the utter fearlessness of untrammelled thought, their only check. Undaunted, prophetic visions hold gay revels of exultant joy in those mental chambers which time will fill with chastened experiences, possibly with illusions vanished, and cherished dreams cruelly extinguished. How fascinating they are with their exalted ideas, and their determination to conquer obstacles; strong as young giants in the might of their unchecked resolves and the ingenuous frankness of expression, heard in the voices that have not learnt to deceive, seen in the faces that know not as yet how to wear a mask. Their developing thought holds us, and we realise with painful intensity the pangs which must have struck the heart of the author as she pictured youth so full of promise—especially in the case of her heroine Hadria—and knew what lay before it of bitter disappointment, of—for this stage at least—seemingly unavailing regret.

Ernest thinks his sisters are exceptional, and tells them so. Hadria's reply is characteristic of the strong young soul Mrs. Caird endeavours here to depict, a soul too eager, and wide of out-look and aspiration, to bear life's conventional strapping down, which is still too powerful for her fettered struggles to overcome; a soul that is taking its first grave, half frightened peep into the realities; that is only half conscious of

the conflict before her. Alas for Hadria! our hearts bleed for her in the coming strife, type as she is of many ardent women souls struggling as she is, to be pitied in their great sorrow, to be envied in the rich dower their experience will bring, and in the grandeur and gladness of their final triumph over all opposition.

"Girls," she tells her brother, "are stuffed with certain stereotyped sentiments from their infancy, and when that painful process is completed, intelligent philosophers come and smile upon the victims, and point to them as proofs of the intentions of nature regarding our sex, admirable examples of the unvarying instincts of the feminine creature."

Ernest replies,

"There are such things as natural instincts."

Hadria answers, "There are such things as acquired tricks."

The sisters and brothers discuss life and its problems with that width of comprehension, and scorn of conventionalities, peculiar to young and ardent minds.

Hadria asserts that what always bewilders her, is, 'the enormous gulf between what might be and what is, in human life.'

"Look," she says, "at the world—life's most sumptuous stage—and look at life. The one splendid, exquisite, varied, generous, rich beyond description; the other, poor, thin, dull, monotonous, niggard, distressful. Is that necessary?"

A "Mrs. Gordon" is mentioned by Ernest; in reply to some remark made Algitha says, with a passion that makes the reader's heart ache for her:—

"Look here, Ernest, you said just now, that girls were shielded from the realities of life. Yet Mrs. Gordon was handed over by her protectors, when she was little more than a school-girl, without knowledge, without any sort of resource, or power of facing destiny, to—well, to the hateful realities of the life she has led now for over twenty years. There is nothing to win general sympathy in this case, for Mr. Gordon is good and kind; but oh! think of the existence that a 'protected,' carefully brought up girl may be launched into, before she knows what she is pledged to, or what her ideas of life may be! If that is what you call protection, for heaven's sake let us remain defenceless."

During this conversation, Fred hazards the observation that—

"Algitha has evidently got some desperate plan in her head for making mincemeat of circumstances,"

the circumstances of hindrance in a woman's life of which they have been speaking.

In saying this, he hits the truth, though unaware of it; for Algitha's force of character, strengthened by her sister's opinions and thoughts, has been developing a decided and practical line. She has begun to form plans as to her future, which have already tumbled over some pet plans of her relatives concerning her. She asks why Mrs. Gordon did not take the rôle of "a human being," as she had "once aspired to do?" Hadria replies:—

"Instead of doing a thing, she had to be perpetually struggling for the chance to do it, which she never achieved, and so she was submerged."

In this sentence Hadria reveals the whole tragedy and pathos of a woman's life. Indeed in this conflict of words among her young characters Mrs. Mona Caird leads us, with wise suggestiveness, to the central purpose of her book; to the beginning of that wonderful and profound revolt, the revolt of women against the existing conditions of their lives, especially against those imposed upon them through marriage.

This revolt is not originated by the author of this book, as has been insinuated, but it receives here an impetus so powerful that it will carry on the influence of Mrs. Caird's work through many years of ever-increasing power and success, its popularity becoming greater and greater as its readers grow in capacity of thought and comprehension and in enlightened capability of assimilating its teachings. It will do splendid work, for it strikes the very keystone of the edifice which false reasoning, unworthy beliefs and selfish desires have raised for the imprisonment of earth's highest creature

—woman. No theory ever theorised owes its existence to literary fancies. It exists in the spirit long before it is demonstrated in the letter, it has grown considerably in the world of thought ere it attempts to materialise into words; or to propound itself on the printed page. Thought never penetrates to one consciousness alone; simultaneously it is assimilated by many in the forward ranks of that gradual procession from one wave of thought to another, which we call evolution. These onward steps are intuitive; all revelations of truths come to us by intuition; we have in reality accepted them before our thoughts begin to pick them up for examination. Sooner or later all intuitive revelations become the accepted belief of the circle in which they revolve.

The minority in one age catch gleamings of what is to be carried out in the every day life of the next. So, *The Daughters of Danaeus* tells its all important truths to-day to many unheeding ears, opens fair and happy fields of wider, better lives to eyes that cannot see, a world of suggestive wisdom to many unable to comprehend, yet encouraged by the knowledge that the few who understand must inevitably increase with the passing of days, until the thoughts of light herein breathed with anxious, trembling, yet brave resolve, shall have become the law of the world, and the Light of Nations.

(To be continued).

It is with deep regret that I am forced through pressure of work to pause here, for this time, but it will never be too late to review this book and to bring it to the front. Its meanings widen out, unfolding new and still wider thoughts, gleamings of the future life lying across woman's onward path, meanings which grow more glad in their freedom and power as we read. It is a book to be read and re-read, a book that would, as "Nunquam" truly says, take "a month," yea a month of days to review, and are days are so full. It will be completed, however, in two more issues, imperfect as any review of it, or of any other great work involving so powerfully the destinies of the human race, must necessarily be.—M. S. S.

"ESTHER WATERS," AND WHAT IT SUGGESTS.

THREE reasons urge me to write about *Esther Waters*—though it may by some be thought late:

1. The intrinsic merit of the book.
2. The fact that so noble a book was boycotted.
3. An utterance of the author himself in regard to his book, when this boycotting was discussed, which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of May 3rd, 1894.

The great merit of this novel is:—That in perfect style and form it achieves a highly moral aim, and thus satisfies alike our artistic, intellectual, and moral senses, as a real literary work ought to do to fulfil its true vocation.

Esther Waters is the story of a girl seduced by her lover and forsaken by him, the story of a life—young, good, innocent, but broken at the very outset by the mighty impulse which sways human creatures to their bliss or woe.

It is a story old as the world; a theme treated so often already that only the touch of the true artist can raise it for us into a picture of vivid interest. Such an artist George Moore proves himself to be; *Esther Waters* is undoubtedly a book in which the author rises to a very high level; here we find the realistic method in its best expression, yielding justly to all the subtle influences of the artist's deep insight into the workings of the human heart and soul, thus maintaining the great truth, which an ultra-naturalism vainly tries to ignore: that the outward realities of fact and circumstances, the crude life, which we see with the bodily eye, are but parts of that great and mighty reality to which the inward life of the emotions lends its fullest intensity.

The book is one harmonious, well-balanced, perfect whole: naturalistic, yet touching closely the emotional and spiritual

life; artistic, and of an admirable form and style, yet pleading humanity's cause of justice, pity and charity; it (or the story) relates side by side the tragedy of one single human life with that of a whole class led to degradation and ruin by a hideous way of living.

Esther Waters, a poor girl from the London slums, reared by a good mother, brought up amidst the religious sect of the Plymouth Brethren, pure of soul, with a natural instinct to goodness, goes out to service, to her first "grand place," in the humble position of kitchen-maid. At the very entrance of the house, on her first arrival, she meets her fate: William Latch, the son of the cook under whose directions she is going to work, opens the gate for her, and Esther's pleasant appearance and good looks catch his attention.

The life Esther Waters is entering upon opens to her a hitherto utterly unknown sort of existence. Trouble she meets at first in the fulfilment of her duties, trouble with her fellow-servants and with her own hasty temper; but after a time the difficulties subside, her mistress is a very good one, and the lively life in the kitchen works rather as a stimulant on the girl's slumbering spirits.

"Wood View," her new home, is one of those where the life downstairs is more or less a copy of the life upstairs.

Mr. Barfield, the master, is a passionate lover of horse-racing—it is his one ambition, reigning uppermost in his life and that of his whole household, his wife only excepted. She silently suffers from the terrible gambling rage, which she knows to be the ruin of their house. Once, long ago, she objected; but what could she do, weak as she was, against the consuming ambition which remained smouldering in her husband's breast, and burst forth again and again, infecting all around him, all but the pious, motherly, little wife, who was powerless against it.

In this atmosphere it is not only Esther's life which is wrecked, but the lives of a whole class—of the many families whose existence is constantly threatened by the curse of this racing and gambling fever.

Hear Mrs. Randall, the wife of the butler of "Wood View," when she pours out her heart to Esther; hear the cook, Mrs. Latch, when she trembles to see her son go the way of his father; hear the mistress of the wealthy house, where the home degenerates and in the end is ruined; see Esther herself later on, in her married life, how it continues to be the force of destruction to her ever precarious existence; read the description of the treatment the jockey Demon undergoes before he is counted fit to run the race; it makes one shudder at the convincing reality of an evil allowed to hide itself, in a so-called highly civilized age and refined (!) society, under the mantle of pleasure and excitement.

Were it only for this note of warning it contains, the book ought to be placed on every billiard room table, and in the servant's hall, on every poor man's book-shelf, instead of being refused circulation.

Poor Esther, thrown amongst these scenes of bewildering excitement, is weak, too weak to struggle with her lover, who intoxicates her senses.

With utmost delicacy the author indicates the downward slide which takes the girl quickly to her fall, and we can hardly conceive anything more impressive than the way in which is described Esther's first realization of the terrible consequences of her weakness.

"She (Esther) sat on her wooden chair facing the wide kitchen window. The glow from the fire showed on her print dress. And it was in this death of active memory that something awoke within her, something that seemed to her like a flutter of wings; she was agitated to the ends of her flesh, and her heart seemed to drop from its socket. When the faintness passed she started to her feet; her arms were drawn back and pressed to her sides, a death-like pallor overspread her face, and drops of sweat appeared on her forehead. The truth shone upon her like a star, she had realized in a moment part of the awful drama that awaited her, from which nothing could free her;

which she would have to live through hour by hour. So immeasurably dreadful did it seem, that for a slight moment she thought her brain must have given way."

Surely lines like the above indicate the great, the true artist.

From this moment the author evolves his story in sober, intense earnestness through all the sorrowful and tragical details which naturally must follow the pitiful act.

First Esther's coming home, where a tired mother, to the utmost tried by her own life of married hardship, forgives where the drunken father insults, then follows the hospital, where she shrinks from the cruel coldness with which they handle human beings, like senseless things even in the most trying and critical moments of life. The horrible experience in trying to find nursing for her child, while she goes out as wet nurse herself, the Pard places she has to put up with, and at last the oasis in the house of Miss Rice, where for a time happiness and rest come to her. The great love for her child is the light on her path, bringing warmth and courage to her weary heart. No more devoted mother could be found, and here again the author is perfect in his picturing of the unfaltering perseverance and self-denial, the love and passion characteristic of true motherhood. As the story moves on again there enters into Esther's life the power of that weaver and entangler, which we call love; this time it comes to her in different guise; rot through the senses, as before, confusing, overwhelming, but quietly, through the kindly contact of a nature attuned to her own. She feels satisfied, almost at rest, so peaceful, when with Fred she goes to his home in the country, where all the early associations of her child-life with her mother, amongst the Plymouth Brethren, are re-awakened. She feels happy in their religious atmosphere, for her nature still clings to that life, it seems the natural centre for her to live in; but cruel fate says, "No;" her old lover William Latch comes between her and this peaceful prospect; he regains his influence on her and at last she consents to marry him. Why? Principally for the child, her boy, whom she adores, who is the one object of her life. She is afraid the other man will in the end never love her boy, as the real father might love him. The instinct of Motherhood is the strongest motive of her life for the future, and so after all she drifts into a home in the public house, which, never to her taste, she still raises as much as is possible, by the mere presence of her more true and tender nature.

Touchingly, she herself expresses the main motive which keeps her afloat in surroundings, which are ever distasteful to her, when Fred reproaches her with having changed so much.

"No, I've not changed, Fred, but things has turned out different; one doesn't do the good that one would like to in the world, one has to do the good that comes to one to do. I've my husband and my boy to look to. Them's my good. At least that's how I sees things."

Esther again, in the midst of racing and betting, of lowness and unwholesome excitement, but Esther, rising ever purer and better, the guardian angel of her boy, also of her husband, as far as she can reach his coarser nature.

She argues and re-argues with William to leave off betting but in vain.

"I suppose this betting and drinking will always seem to me sinful and wicked. I should 'ave liked quite a different kind of life, but we don't choose our lives, we just makes the best of them. You was the father of my child, and it all dates from that."

So says Esther, and how many of her sisters in suffering with her?

At last the catastrophe comes, unavoidable, as it will ever come in this insane hazarding of health in wretched excitements of drink and gambling. William Latch dies and leaves his wife and son in poverty; so once more for Esther a time of struggle for bread, then at last the closing scene, softening and healing.

Once more Esther stands on the platform of the station for "Wood View," her old mistress wishes to have her back. Mrs. Barfield, too, has lost her husband and her fortune. The two women end their lives together, Mrs. Barfield plants her garden, Esther serves and respects her mistress, peace comes to them; not even if Fred Parsons were to come again to her would Esther care to go with him.

"To marry and begin life over again! All the worry and bother over again! Why should I marry? All I live for now is to see my boy settled in life."

This satisfaction comes to her in the end. Pride and happiness fill Esther's heart, when, as a tall and handsome soldier, she introduces her son to her mistress.

Thus ends a novel, in which contents and form are woven into such a harmonious, well-balanced whole, that one at once recognises its author as a master in his craft. In the life of this poor servant girl, George Moore gives by his fine sympathy and artistic power a type of all womanhood in those moments and emotions of life which are common to all. Throughout the drama pictured to us, we must admire the wonderful gift of observation and delineation of sentiments and passions, of the weakness and strength of a true and fine woman's nature. It is a book we hail for its strengthening, tonic quality, as a beneficent contrast with the many second and third-rate publications, which swarm the book-market, and make sensation for a while by a few daring novelties, heedless of all true Art.

The discussion which arose from the banishment of this book from Mr. Smith and Co.'s library has, after all, only drawn the greater and closer attention to it, which it so fully deserves.

It has set us thinking, and has made us feel more acutely how utterly narrow-minded and short-sighted the standard is, by which some publishing companies judge a genuine piece of literary work, which encloses a decided moral warning, and in a most decided and clear tone pleads for righteousness.

For surely, if ever a day of enlightened judgment dawned over the bookstalls, and amongst literature, and the chaff should be duly separated from the corn, *Esther Waters* would be accepted without a moment's hesitation, while hundreds of stories, booklets, and novels, which now swarm the book-market, would be rejected without fail.

The fact is, that the volumes of fiction in magazines, weekly and monthly and quarterly, in one and many volumed novels, which are scattered about carelessly, even amongst the very young, are mostly in a deplorable state of deficiency with regard both to the standard of true art and true morality. A standard which, in a healthy condition of things, is so closely connected, that the one cannot exist without the other.

The utter trash, which is here and everywhere devoured as interesting or exciting literature begins really to be a serious danger for the right development of character and life. These eternal love stories (better called tales of vulgar flirtations), are softening to the brain and poison to the senses.

It is not Nature so much which often tempts the young into wild scenes of precocious love-making, or awakens a deadly craving for an unknown passion, but the artificial heating of the imagination by ceaseless reading of the love stories and experiences of sickly maidens and unnatural heroes, whose lives are narrowed into the one point, where heart and senses ruin themselves in a furnace of often false emotions. In pursuing the incidents of such literature, the delicacy of the subject is lost; the reverence for one of the greatest factors in human life gets soiled; the strong impulse of the passion, which is to create new beings, is weakened; the unutterable beauty of the true, great emotion scattered and stunted in the nervous, giddy round of excitements, of the little events and firework of sham feelings, which inflame

a reader's brain, and foster the desire for personal experiment. Boycotting of volumes with a tendency to influence in that way might perhaps be a helpful remedy for a time to check the nervous degeneration in our days so often apparent; but boycotting of books like *Esther Waters*, where the whole story is but one long, agonising result of a moment's weakness, is robbing poor humanity of a noble effort to warn it of the dangers and misery following a rash act.

The third reason urging me to write this article concerns an utterance of the author himself, which sent a thrill of delight through me, as being the very words, we, in our days, are wanting, of an artist about his art. George Moore wrote in *The Daily Chronicle*, of May 3rd, a letter, which ran as follows:

"I wrote *Esther Waters* in sincere love of humanity, out of a sincere wish to serve humanity. My books are not stories of adventure, stories telling merely what befalls this character and the other. Essentially they are the raiment of a moral idea, the throwing of a moral idea into the form of a story. Here the human instinct dealt with, is the love of a mother for her child through all things, an instinct battling amid our civilization, which is a far more terrible struggle than that of a tiger protecting her young in an Indian jungle."

Oh! the immense satisfaction, of hearing at last such a plain speaking out from a man, who sometimes might be supposed to rather belong to that set of artists who fear the heaviness of thought for the form they adore, and plead severely the "art for art's sake," forgetting in their eagerness the hollowness of this term, to which no serious, great artist cares really to live up.

If we think deeply and feel truly, we will find there is no separate cause of art and of humanity. True artistic greatness will find its truths, its symbols, its ideas and ideals along the same line which draws the great teachers and reformers towards light and perfection. Where the interest of humanity and art are or seem separated there is in one of them a deficiency, a weakness, a lack of vitality.

In the very greatest amongst the great leaders in both regions, the two elements, the artistic and the moral (or spiritual), temperaments are so mixed, that melted into the closest union, we find them pouring forth their noblest creations; think of the great Greek tragedians, of Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, to only name a few. And it is no wonder that such should be the case, for is not art the reflection of life, through the medium of a human being's highest gift, the soul, and is not the soul the very centre of the higher, the moral, the spiritual life through which all the impressions, sensations and emotions filter, which the artist needs in his work. And where is the artist, who will deny his soul, as the great moving power of all his labour?

In the world he desires to picture, it also underlies all the events and facts and phenomena, from which he draws inspiration for his task. It is impossible therefore to exclude the moral, the humane, which is so essential an element in life, with the scorn of a would-be artistic contempt and perversity of taste. The cause of this contempt, however, is not far to seek; it is the unfortunate confusion which exists about the word "moral," the false pretensions and meaning given to it, which has made it hateful and suspicious to many of the most daring and original artists.

The stiff drill of some supposed guides to morality, the dry-as-dust narrowness of the preaching of conventional virtues, which results in a pinching and squeezing of human qualities and immense possibilities, often rightly disgusts the artist, who loves freedom above all and shrinks back from the blows, which a sensitive nature cannot endure. But here, like elsewhere, life is ripening to higher understanding and fuller development.

The time draws near when all that is little and narrow, untrue and unfree, will make place for the larger insight and vision, which the poets, the inspired lecturers and teachers, in short, the really great artists, will utter in that form, which,

filled with the very life-breath of real inspiration, cannot fail to reach the multitude, and raise a feeling of thankfulness and recognition.

Believing this, we hail the words of George Moore about his last novel, as one of the most hopeful signs of the day for literature, for art and for morality. They show the clearer perception of an artist about the high responsibility of his vocation, the noblest tendency of his devotion.

They are a sign of a new era, of the waning away of a period of *decadence*, natural also in a time of transition, beautiful often in its lustre and gloom of decay, necessary as the stepping-stone to the first dawning of another phase of renewed life. Another period of *renaissance* will follow, bringing, like those that went before, as stars in the great tide of evolution, a new springing-up of evidences of life, purified, revised, intensified, pregnant with the promise of a glorious wave of existence, full in possession of sane, healthy, strong, balanced qualities, out of which, ever richer, the never-exhausted creating power of life will sow new seeds of wondrous variety and beauty.

For spring-time returns, the tides ever come back in the intellectual and emotional realm of being, as well as in the natural world of things, and the notes strike louder and louder, ringing in the beginning of this returning period of revival. In this re-awakening of humanity the moral factor will take its natural place; free from superstitions, free from the tight-lacing of creeds and the abnormal craving for the supernatural, it will be the love of mankind's inborn instinct for the good and beautiful; it will be the safeguard against degeneration, which followed the ultra-materialistic claims and tendencies and weakening luxury of the race, in a time when the in themselves excellent discoveries of science and general enlightening turned mankind giddy by their very success. And this safeguard will prove a better one than a desperate reaction, leading back to outworn remedies which belong to the past, to the infancy of mankind.

A reaction means always the fainting of intellect, of heart, of will; in fact, a fainting of the whole constitution of those who cannot find strength enough to resist the evils which so often accompany the treasures which nature seems to lavish all over the world, when once the human intellect wakens up to a series of conquests.

Reaction may be sometimes useful as a safety-valve for those who cannot bear the great pressure of more rapid evolution, but still the great secret of human civilization and the realization of its higher ideals lie on the forward track of *action*, which follows the historic line of light and normal development, running uppermost in the prime, in the flourishing phases of history, which by their crowning vitality stand out from all the rest. In the period we are entering now, emotional life should grow ever more intense, feeling ever richer, for they are the sap of life, but intelligence clear as crystal should point the way, not cold as sometimes it is supposed to be, but warm in aspiration, true to the ideals which it has conceived, the very life of the soul in which it centres, and from where its beams should radiate to chase away all misinterpretation and darkness.

Thus could be made perfect the reign of art and morality, of the senses and the spirit to the utmost joy of mankind.

GERTRUDE KAPTEYN.

WILTON, Q.C., OR LIFE IN A HIGHLAND SHOOTING BOX, by Mrs. Alec Tweedie (*née* Harvey). (London: Horace Cox, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., 1895.)

This book abounds in capital descriptions of the magnificent Highland scenery in which the scene of the tale is laid; descriptions so realistic, that life in noisy, busy London seems unbearable while we read. Away to the pinewoods and the moorlands! is our eager cry. But!—The author's excellence lies in her descriptive powers: she *sees* what she writes of so enthusiastically.

"Awa', awa' to the Highlands, to Scotland, from King's Cross Station," opens the tale. Here, amid the excitement and bustle, the meeting, greeting, and rushing about, we are introduced to the heroine, "Lorna Stacey"—

"A handsome girl of twenty, tall, aristocratic, a gentlewoman; with a defiant pose of the head which 'commanded respect from the porters.'"

Why *defiant*? we ask, to command respect. Why?—but alas! it is so human. Markedly among the throng figure "dogs and guns." One laudable point in the heroine's character is her love for her mother, "a delightful woman"—"with a kindly smile." The lover of "Lorna" has met the mother and daughter at the station, to the displeasure of the latter. She "was, however, too kind-hearted" not to be impressed with his love-lorn condition, to which she was unable to respond. She tells him

"It is ridiculous your wanting me to decide everything for you. You are a man, and as a man you should have *resolution, force of will, and the capacity for immediate action.*"

Ha! ha! ha! laughs somewhere derisively a cynical little fiend.

On the journey, having passed Perth—

"Lorna was enchanted with the dark, majestic pines, that raised their tall, elegant heads in solemn dignity to the sky—ever pointing heavenwards, while their topmost branches seemed almost to kiss the feathery clouds. Their massive stems and dark branches smiled down on the tender plants and moss-grown ground beneath, and on the fairy grasses swaying in the breeze."

Beautiful throughout are the descriptions of Highland scenery. The tale is full of dash, frolic, freedom, fun, the fresh air and the stretch of open, joy-inspiring moorlands. Naturally, also, are all the characters portrayed, very life-like, and human, alas! too human, too life-like. One's strongest feeling in reading is an intense sadness that they are *so human*, and that it cannot be denied. Also a desire, keen even to pain, that the free fresh air, the glad blue skies, the magnificent scenery, cannot apparently be enjoyed without such accompaniments.

For, natural indeed and human as the tale is, it is sad to say most human in the darkness of the blot that covers it, the lurid shadow of death, of bloodshed, of cruel pain, and torture, which hangs over all the exquisite landscape, which darkens the blue of the skies, which rests like a grim spectre in every corner of the comfortable home, and on the brightness of the household hearth. One wonders how the pen of a woman could have described so pitilessly, the dropping of the bright plumaged birds shot to a fluttering death by the "guns," many of which we first saw stacked at King's Cross Station, and brought to these scenes of grandeur and loveliness for the express purpose of taking the lives of the beautiful innocent creatures, whose homes are amid the glories. Gay happy young men! Gay? Happy? Men? Great Heaven! We hoped against hope that the poor stag would manage to escape, but no! remorselessly, this woman's pen follows its agonizing flight, until the strong happy creature is laid low. How many beautiful homes on that moorland were broken up to afford enjoyment to those humans, too besotted with self to think of the animals, yet tender enough in other relations of life, perchance. How many hearts beating under feathered breasts, were stricken with the pain of loss, the loss of loved ones slain "to make a *human* holiday." Have any of my readers ever heard a bird scream when deprived of her young? ever seen the agony of the young when deprived of their mother? I have; and it is a sound, a sight never to be forgotten. Thank Heaven that among *women* at least, there are few who do deeds so dastardly.

If animals and birds must be killed for food, then in the name of all that is high and merciful, let it not be done for sport, call it not by a name so degrading to our higher nature. But, *must* they be slain for food? Is there no alternative? When we have reached the comprehension of

what animals really are, namely, the manifestation of the same spirit which eventually manifests in the human form: so going through all experiences, we will cease altogether from such cruelty, such insanity of folly. The fact that these things are done so frequently by those who do not see the cruelty they practise is barely an excuse. "Thought would *soon* destroy their *fool's* paradise." Let them think!

The book is full of conversations, which are really dissertations, the lecturers invariably being men, while the women look up and listen. These dissertations consist of interesting descriptions of Highland customs and old superstitions, Wines, Theology, Literature, and, finally, worst and darkest blot of all, *VIVISECTION*. This Horror is defended by Wilton, Q.C., himself, in some of the most stupid arguments ever put into print.

Wilton, Q.C., is a clever barrister who has worked too hard and so injured his heart. He falls deeply in love with "Lorna" but having "a past," hesitates to speak. We feel he might have been made something of, and are disappointed when he dies so suddenly. We feel "Lorna" *ought* to have been made something of, and regret sorely that she is left, as it were, an open question. Unhappily, that also is like life in many of its developments. We take leave of Lorna as she is receiving a letter in a large blue envelope—sent by Wilton, Q.C., before his death—and a visit from the lover whose acquaintance we made at King's Cross. Her story ends with a rather large query. Altogether the book is incomplete, and painfully wanting in purpose, but that also, sooth to tell, is like much of human life, "more pity that 'tis so." Perhaps the writer meant it thus, or has she been so much engaged in looking upon the *animal* creation only, and that simply as food for her gun, that she has lost the ability to comprehend truly, the human, or the animal that shall become human. This is a terrible question and concerns us all. There are many words which are a disgrace to our vocabulary and ought never to be so much as named among us. Of these are Cruelty—Torture—Sport(?)—*VIVISECTION*. When shall we draw the humane pen of a higher understanding straight through them?

M. S. S.

BEST FOOD FOR ATHLETES.

UNDER this heading the Northern Heights' Vegetarian Society publishes a pamphlet, at the nominal price of one penny, answering the question—Does abstinence from flesh-food beget physical weakness?

The articles, slightly revised, have been, it is stated, selected from *Wheeling* and *The Herald of Health*. The captain of the Vegetarian Cycling Club writes a good leading article defining the meaning and origin of the word vegetarianism. The little book is excellently got up, and is well worth study. The subject of what is best to eat is increasing in importance among all classes of society, and if the practice of cycling, requiring muscle and sinew and a general condition of health and vigour to keep up, can be continued with advantage, especially with more advantage, on a non-meat diet, it will prove much.

"I will effuse egoism, and show it underlying all—and I will be the bard of personality; And I will show of male and female, that either is but the equal of the other."

("Starting from Paumanok.")
—WALT WHITMAN.

EMERSON (*on Beauty*).

"All that is a little harshly claimed by progressive parties, may easily come to be conceded without question, if this rule (law of gradation) be observed. Thus the circumstances may be easily imagined in which the woman may speak, vote, argue causes, legislate and drive a coach, and all the most naturally in the world, if only it come by degrees."

On Vivisection.

THERE is always cause for satisfaction when an adversary comes out into the open, and I am therefore glad of the article which appeared under the above heading in the April issue of *SHAFTS*. There is nothing very new in it, except indeed the extreme disgust expressed by the writer for the natural accompaniments of illness; many of the arguments are very old, having seen service in defence of other abuses; still, it is as well to reply to them, and therefore I will, if I am permitted, take them *seriatim*.

First, the writer considers hospitals to be full of frightful cases of physical corruption, producing terrible and long-continued suffering, ending certainly in death—the cancer and lying-in wards and the operating theatre to be full of repulsive and disgusting details, and that therefore vivisection must not be condemned on the ground of its “terrible and disgusting aspect,” which he does not seek to deny. Now I submit that there is no connection whatever between the condition he dwells on in hospitals and those he admits as existing in vivisection laboratories. In all properly-conducted hospitals, the first duty should be to relieve the suffering which is witnessed; the first object, the predominating motive, should be a direct and immediate one—the relief of that individual suffering, the symptoms of which may, possibly, appal the new-comer, but in which there is nothing which should injure the tenderest sentiments or the most punctilious morality. That students are, as the writer says, often none the better for their hospital life is true, but it is not the result of their work, but of the influences under which they fall: much depends on the teachers, just as the tone of a regiment greatly depends on its officers. It is not the work that is to blame, and I confess that I have little sympathy with those who harp on the painful sights of a hospital, for I think that if one’s heart is right, and one is commonly healthy, one will quickly take little heed of them, except as details indicating the suffering and damage which it is our duty to seek to alleviate and repair. And here we see the absolute lack of connection between the hospital ward, properly conducted, and the vivisection laboratory. In the laboratory the immediate object and aim is not the alleviation of suffering nor the repair of damage, but the causing of both; so that one may truly say the accomplished vivisector is the precise reverse of the accomplished butcher, for the object of the latter is to take life with as little damage to the organism as possible, while the object of the former is to preserve life with as much damage to the organism as possible. For this reason the vivisector tells us exactly what class of animals are required for certain experiments; how for protracted and desperately-mutilating work you must take the sheep-dog, who can sustain life through all the lengthened torments inflicted; how for other experiments very special care must be taken to have dogs, incapable, it is true, of lasting through prolonged operations, but whose highly-strung nervous system will re-act readier and more markedly to acute suffering than the more enduring class of dog. Where is there any connection between such work as this (English work, I may add) and the work of the hospital ward? Or is the hospital of which the writer treats of the same class? Is it a laboratory where experiment, not treatment, is meted out to the patients? There are such hospitals, I know, and if the writer alludes to such, of course they are in the same category as the laboratory; but if he means hospitals of the sort of which I have had experience, then, I say, there is no connection whatever between them, and any one who will honestly consider the matter will know this to be true.

Secondly, the writer advises those who denounce vivisection to abstain from “harrowing their feelings into a condition of unreasonable strain by searching out the facts” of this ques-

tion. That plea is constantly set up in order to prevent abuses from being looked into. Slavery, State regulated prostitution, abominations of every sort have been protected in exactly the same way. But all who have a moral sense must grant that what is too harrowing for men and women to hear and search out, is too harrowing for any sentient being to be asked to bear; and that as long as man, woman, child, or animal has to suffer, it is the bounden duty of the community to know what that suffering is, and to judge if it shall be permitted. This is not the duty of a part of the community, but of the whole community—no individual has a right to stand back, on the plea of the duty being too painful.

Thirdly, the writer charges his opponents with “effectual blunting of the sense of truth in consequence of the distortion of their moral perspective.” Now I do not pretend to know anything about “perspective” in morals; I fancy it must mean something the same as “expediency” in morals, a word I likewise do not understand in that connection; but I do know that any one who will read what the vivisectors say to the public, and compare it with what they say to each other in their reports, publications, and letters, will be disposed to “fall into a laughter” (as Clarendon says), and will admit that of all the charges for a pro-vivisector to make against an anti-vivisector, this is perhaps the most absurd and the most ill-advised.

Fourthly, the writer further states that his chief sorrow at the articles against vivisection which have appeared in *SHAFTS* is “because of their pronounced want of sympathy with Science,” and adds that “if not a single discovery useful to mankind had been made by means of vivisection, I should still uphold the practice, because, in our hopelessness and despair, it is the only scientific method open to us.” Now that I absolutely deny. I indict vivisectors as not only wasting valuable time in trifling—disgusting and cruel trifling if you like—but still in trifling, but as wasting time in proceedings which are misleading and absolutely unscientific. For what is science but classified knowledge; so classified that you can at any time appeal to it as an arbiter if in doubt? The basis of science is composed of perfectly trustworthy facts—your chain of evidence must have no weak links—it must be sound and thoroughly reliable. What does vivisection give us? A series of shifting hypotheses, based on constantly changing data. Let us look at a few samples of what in the vivisection laboratory is called Science.

1. M. Pasteur, constantly changing his theory and practice in his inoculations; his weak virus, his strong virus, again his weak virus, his arbitrary curtailment of the time which can be allowed to elapse between the bite and the treatment; his equally arbitrary rules as to what deaths he will not allow to count as deaths “after inoculation”—and with all this a continually increasing tale of deaths. 2. Snake bite—declared by one vivisector after another, and on the strength of elaborate experiments on animals and reptiles, to be impossible of cure by strychnine, yet of which men have been repeatedly cured by this very drug, both in India and Australia. 3. Chloroform, with a constantly increasing death-rate, ever since operators began to rely on the ill-fated Hyderabad experiments on animals. 4. Abdominal surgery, thrown back by animal experiment, and only taking its wonderful start forward since the methods suggested by vivisection were finally abandoned. 5. Contradictions innumerable: *e.g.*, The experimental study of the parasitic origin of cancer; various researches as to the necessity or non-necessity to the organism of the supra-renal capsules; the vaunted experiments as to central localization. In these we find Charcot, Pitres, Hitzag, Heymann, Munk, Luciani, Tambusini, Schape and Goodhart contradicting Ferrier and each other. 6. Ferrier exclaiming that “experiments on animals, even on apes, often lead to conclusions seriously at variance with the well-

Women's Vegetarian Union.

A MEETING, which gave great satisfaction, encouragement and hope to all participators, was held under the auspices of the above Union, at the house of Miss Wardlaw Best, on Saturday afternoon, the 11th inst. There was a very respectable muster of the members of this woman's society, so recently formed yet already so promising. Music and singing were on the programme, and were greatly enjoyed. It was, however, a remarkable and truly significant fact very pleasing to note, that the *greatest* attention was apparently paid to, and the greatest approbation bestowed upon, the speeches, each of which was brimful of earnest conviction.

Miss Wardlaw Best, a very earnest worker in reform and a highly useful member of the Hammersmith W.L.A., the Vegetarian and other Societies, gave the assembled company a few eloquent and much appreciated words on the duty of the human to the animal world, pointing out how a vegetarian diet helped towards a true conception of the rights of animals.

Mrs. M'Donall, who is busily engaged in philanthropic work, followed with a stirring appeal, full of practical good sense, which made a powerful impression.

Madame Veigéle, the founder of the Society, read a very earnest paper explaining the objects and aims of the Society, and urging upon all the careful consideration of the matter of reform in food, the importance of which was becoming every day more fully recognised.

Correspondence.

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

VIVISECTION.

MADAM,—Although it may seem like flinging another shaft at an opponent who has made known his intention of offering no further reply, I should like to send a few criticisms upon Mr. Ebbels' defence of vivisection. First I consider that part of his argument perfectly sound which shows that an action repulsive in its details is not for that reason to be condemned; often indeed, the performers of such actions are rather to be commended for their self sacrifice of feeling. But in vivisection something immeasurably more important than “feeling” is violated, *viz.*, the sense of justice. Neither can we perhaps in all cases condemn at once all actions which prove occasions of stumbling to some, provided they are not necessarily so, and where the stumbling is avoidably the fault of the stumbler—although it is of the utmost importance to remove occasions of stumbling out of our brothers' way as much as we possibly can.

It seems to me that Mr. Ebbels overlooks the fact that the moral degradation which we assert to be an essential accompaniment of vivisection, *i.e.*, the infliction of prolonged torture for a scientific purpose—is not an *after consequence* of the act, to be dreaded, and possibly, in some cases, avoided, but *consists in the performance of the act, viz.*, in the infliction of a wrong or injustice upon the defenceless.

The idea that vivisection is degrading in its after effects merely, would be justly paralleled by saying that we object to lying because we fear that a habit of lying may tend to undermine the sense of truth in some liars, or to robbery because there is a danger of its destroying a man's honesty. In vivisection, lying and theft, the degradation (whether it corrupt the man's nature in other directions or not) is *intrinsic*

established facts of clinical and pathological observation;” the *Lancet* declaring that “if Ferrier's suggestions are to be acted upon, cerebral localization will have more deaths to answer for than lives to boast of” and the *Medical Press and Circular* pronouncing that “If such cases [prospecting for brain tumours], prove fatal, the jury must give a verdict against the surgeon who operates.” What use is there in pretending that vivisection is scientific after this? or that it will help to banish disease? But not only do I indict it as dangerous in itself, but as destructive of all that is most necessary to those who have to deal with that marvellous machine, the human body. Of all qualifications that the intending physician or surgeon should cultivate, perhaps the most necessary are a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and a habit of careful and intelligent observation of those details and symptoms which, to quote Dr. Anna Kingsford, nature is constantly showing us, in experiments far more delicate than any we can perform. Yet we find repeated charges of neglect of anatomy, of careless and superficial observation, of inaccuracy and one-sidedness, brought against some of the leading vivisectors and their present method of teaching and study, not by hostile, but by friendly critics, one of these going so far as to assert that he would rather, if suffering from a “strangulated hernia, try and operate on himself than place himself in the hands of a learned surgeon of the new school.” This, and more to the same effect, is it not written in the pages of the *Lancet* and other medical publications? “Hopelessness and despair” may, indeed, will be the frame of mind of those who trust to vivisection as a guide—it is like Egypt of old, and pierces the hand which leans on it. Utterly unreliable, misleading like the *ignis fatuus*, the most unscientific of methods because the most inexact, the most illogical because its premises are constantly shifting and changing, it is, as one of the French vivisectors said, “*une edifice qui pêche par la base* ;” and its sole use is but to prove once more, if indeed this needed proving, that what is morally wrong can never be pathologically right.

W. W.

The Independent Anti-Vivisection League.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Independent Anti-Vivisection League will be held on Wednesday, May 29th, at St. Martin's Town Hall (small Hall), Charing Cross, at 8 o'clock p.m. Mrs. Besant, among others, has kindly consented to speak.

A special effort is needed at this extremely momentous crisis in our movement to prevent a great calamity from befalling it. There is now serious and imminent danger that vivisection, already protected by law, may become also a State-aided practice; for the promoters of the Institute of Preventive Medicine are working hard to obtain for it State endowment, and if they succeed, all rate-payers will be forced to indirectly support, and to assist in establishing vivisection on a firmer footing than ever.

The critical moment has arrived, and it is of the utmost importance to arouse public opinion, and to make clear the nature of the practice, and the perilous consequences of the doctrine on which it rests.

All in earnest on this matter are earnestly requested to attend the meeting on the 29th inst., and to bring as many unconvinced friends as they possibly can.

No tickets necessary. Opposition invited.

MONA CAIRD, President.

and not an after consequence of the practice merely. What can we think of a logic which argues thus:—"And that granted (the absolute duty of wrestling with disease) the right of vivisection is involved." Let us take a parallel:—"and that granted (the absolute duty of maintaining one's family) the right of robbery or fraud is involved, because that may sometimes be the only method to hand."

It can never be taken for granted concerning any end, however noble, that it is to be sought by all means, whether just or unjust.

To turn to another part of Mr. Ebbels' letter—how, I wonder, can he desire the elevation and emancipation of women (the weaker sex, so-called) if he hold the vivisectionist doctrine that the weaker race must always be subjugated to the advantage of the stronger. On the contrary, to be consistent and logical, he must hold that women ought to be subjugated and utterly crushed whenever such a course serves to augment the enjoyment and comfort of man. It is to be feared that in this case even Mr. Ebbels has allowed his feelings to get the better of his logical consistency.

Vivisection is unjust towards the least, and "he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

I believe that the writer, to whose position I am utterly opposed, is actuated largely by feelings of pity for human suffering, and by an honourable desire to minimise its sum total, only he has forgotten that there are worse things than suffering, viz., the propagation of injustice and of principles of oppression.

Yours sincerely,
LESTER REED, F.C.S., F.I.C.

MADAM,—As you invite replies to the article by Arthur Ebbels which appears in your columns last month, I venture to comment upon his criticism of those of mine to which he refers as appearing in *SHAFTS*, and first let me ask, why your correspondent should be "grieved that he is led into this controversy"? He says he hates fighting, but is there any need for the latter in the earnest discussion of a question of profound importance, and in bringing to its consideration the best powers both of mind and heart?

It seems to me that we have no right to shrink from the consideration of a subject so momentous, or to allow that which many of us feel to be a moral question quite as much, or more, than it is a scientific one, to be decided by interested representatives of the latter only.

As far as I have read and heard of the utterances of women on this subject, they have discussed it not unfrequently from a scientific point of view, and that also with much ability, and it becomes sometimes just a little tiresome to find logic, which is often unanswerable, set aside or confounded in the masculine mind with mere sentiment, simply, it seems, because it emanates from a woman.

Admitting fully Arthur Ebbels' contention that "the repulsiveness of vivisection is unavoidable," I do not admit that it is forced upon men by duty—an assumption which begs the whole question.

As to his second contention, that physiologists declare it to be "the only means open for learning the operations which proceed in the human body," etc.—that is an astounding assertion to make in the face of the large number of distinct testimonies and opinions to the contrary, from unquestioned authorities, and one to the support of which, also, he, like other vivisectionists, brings merely dogmatic assertion.

But there is a certain confusion of ideas in Arthur Ebbels' statements on the subject of repulsiveness. I do not admit that any of the "necessary daily operations of a medical man," in the legitimate exercise of his profession, or in connection with any natural function, are repulsive, in the true

sense of the word. They may be sometimes painful, and in some instances disagreeable, but if necessary or natural, or done with the object of relieving human suffering, I fail to see that they are, or should be, deemed repulsive. Vivisection is repulsive in quite another sense and for a different reason.

In its very essence it is an outrage upon nature, and according to some of the greatest scientists, living and dead, it is also totally unnecessary, and more than unnecessary, it is a hindrance to the true advancement of science. In its whole nature and details it is a deliberately perpetrated cruelty, in thousands of instances of the most abhorrent and revolting kind, upon sentient creatures, and for which, supposing even a modicum of scientific benefit, there is no adequate return. While it is undoubtedly true that "science embraces some of the noblest, most patient, most humble-minded, and most truly moral men," it is, as your correspondent, Henrietta I. Munro, pertinently remarks, equally true of science as of religion that that is no argument for crimes committed in the name of the former, and no amount of sophistry, or of *suppresio veri* as to facts, can twist these into necessary methods of scientific research. Arthur Ebbels says truly, I "might weep," but in this case it would be, not for physiologists, but physiology!

I do honour and admire true science, as one of the most glorious aids to the progress of our race, but when science seeks divorce from morality, then it seems to me, a stand must be made against the unlawful severance.

A tender heart may be an inadequate master, but it is a better one than a head devoid of heart, and *this* is what man, as the so-called scientist, is seeking to make his master, and which will reduce him to a slave.

Finally, in the name of women, a word of thanks for the proffered help in store for us, we are, and ought to be, grateful, knowing that many of the best of men have helped, and are helping us every day, to our emancipation, but it does not seem to have struck Arthur Ebbels that women are possibly as good judges as men as to what they require in this direction, and that that is not emancipation "from" but *towards* their true selves!

MARY McKINNEL.

ONE OUT OF MANY VIEWS OF VIVISECTION.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—If you have not already read Mrs. Boole's address before the Christo-Theosophical Society on "Modern Logic in Relation to Biologic Study," may I draw your attention to it? No one interested in vivisection should fail to read it. Mrs. Boole can hardly, I think, be accused of a "want of sympathy with science," nor does she speak from the point of view of one "in a condition of unreasonable strain by searching out the facts regarding vivisection." She does not ask us to enter into the details of what vivisectionists have done, but to consider whether the method is a true one.

Did animals suffer no pain whatever, many of us would still believe that vivisection is wrong. We do not think that the "good of mankind" justifies any wrong done to other animals, as we do not think that the good of mankind justifies any wrong done to womankind, for we believe that no true good can result from wrong doing. The "good of mankind" was the excuse put forward for the infamous C. D. Acts. But those who go deeper than the surface think that man suffers a less punishment when he has to bear the physical consequences of his sin, than he does when the legislature steps in and allows him to sin with apparent impunity. For the moral degradation that ensues when any human beings sin and willingly put the consequences upon others, needs no words to realise its awfulness. All wrong-doing is sin

(violation of law), and its consequences inevitable; the scientist knows this better than the religionist. The vivisectionist laughs at the Christian who offers up to an angry Deity the sufferings of a sinless victim to escape the results of his own sin, but wherein is he wiser? He does not tell men to try to cure their diseases by ceasing to live the life that caused them. No, some animals shall have those diseases laid upon them and by this means the people's sin shall be healed. So far the people's sin has not been healed, nor does it seem likely that physical salvation can come to us thus. What is morally untrue can never be intellectually true. Mrs. Munro in your last issue reminds us, "how often, under torture, the tortured ones have uttered what was not true." Mr. Lawson Tait, who, I presume, "possesses a moderate acquaintance with the subject," and is able to speak not only out "of opinion but knowledge," confirms this, for he tells us "that in the art of surgery, the practice of vivisection has done nothing but wrong," and it is well-known that the action of drugs is not the same on all animals, human or other; thus we consider that we have "a strong justification" for opposing vivisection.

But to quote Mrs. Boole:—

"Nothing could be more illogical or more unwise than to treat vivisection as the vice of Biologists specially; nothing could be more futile than to hope to stop it while we treat it so; it would be on a level with trying to suppress the eruption of scarlatina, treating the spots as the sole seat of the disease. Vivisection, as I said, is the outcome of an intellectual disease, which is vitiating the whole scientific and educational life of the nation; and that disease is resistance to Truth; unwillingness to know the Laws of Thought; laziness in following such of them as we cannot help knowing; jealousy of the intellectual power acquired by those who adhere to them better than we do ourselves; terror at the blaze of light which those laws throw on the whole of our life on earth. Every schoolmaster and Bishop in this country does something to promote a state of things of which vivisection is the natural and inevitable outcome. We are guilty, too, in our own degree; you, I, and everybody. Everyone of us can do something to improve that state of things, and to create a condition in which vivisection would become manifestly useless and therefore contemptible.

"What we have to do for that purpose is to cultivate steadily a habit of treating our own Universe of Thought, whatever that may be, as a Unity, and thus to promote sanity in ourselves and those around us.

"The Laws of Thought are connected with the discovery of Biologic Truth, not in one important manner only, but in two. In the first place, if the brain does not act according to its proper laws, it becomes unfitted for its purpose as a Truth-revealer; in this respect, every possible or conceivable sort of knowledge must ultimately be dependent for its correctness on the habit of conducting the Thought-life according to the Laws of Thought. But in the second place it would seem that the Law of Thought—the Laws of the machine called brain—are in some special sense the key to the Laws of all vital forces. Newton, for instance, discovered the Law of gravity, not by observing stars more than many others were doing, but by studying and keeping the Laws of Thought; and especially that central one: Universe of Thought equals Unity. Having trained his brain in the habit of acting sanely in accordance with its Laws, he compared what was known about the movement of the stars which he could not reach, with the motions of objects within his grasp; and thus was led to perceive the action, throughout creation, of that Law of gravitation which is to a planetary system what its Life-Law is to an animal or plant. Newton, as it happens, has been accepted by the public; chiefly, I think, owing to the impossibility of evading the necessity for doing so. If it had been possible to reach the planets and make a brilliant experiment by distorting their orbits, some man would have made a hypothesis founded on his own distortion; the public would have been dazzled and distracted by him, and would have ignored Newton, and we should be, to this day, as ignorant of the laws of motion as we are of the laws of Biology."

Mrs. Boole's address can be obtained in pamphlet form from Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone. Price 3d.

Faithfully yours,

FLORENCE M. READ.

MODERN FICTION AND THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

DEAR MADAM,—The question I wish to bring before the readers of your paper is: "Does the modern type of novel help or retard the cause of woman?"—meaning by the modern type, those that bear upon the question of woman's position, and especially upon marriage and sexual topics.

I am inclined to think that we may draw a bold and firm line, dividing these novels into two classes—viz., those that are helpful, and those that are harmful, to our cause.

In the first category I would place *The Daughters of Danaeus* and *The Heavenly Twins*. The former is sad beyond expression; telling us of the battle of a noble nature to escape the commonplace fate of an ordinary woman, and then of the depths of her despair when driven to such a life through her own lack of selfishness and through her love to her relatives. The book breathes the very spirit of hopelessness, "*Cui bono*" we say at the end, to ourselves. "Why struggle? Why not drift with the tide, when nothing avails?" How many women, like Hadria, have sacrificed themselves, and welded on them chains which can never be wrenched asunder. Yet surely it is good for those who have not suffered to know that such suffering does exist, and Mrs. Mona Caird's novel, by leading the thoughtless to think, distinctly makes for progress, for no one can read it without feeling that while the unselfish love of a woman for her relatives can be used as a whip to urge her on a false path, the solution to one more amongst life's many problems still remains to be sought.

The Heavenly Twins, by raising the question of the purity of the husband before marriage has—in common with that noble play "The second Mrs. Tanqueray"—done much to open the eyes of the wilfully-blind to this question, and therefore cannot fail to aid woman in her demand for a like morality for both sexes. On the other hand, novels which are absolutely harmful to our cause are those that, while nominally lifting aloft the banner of "progress," should really march under that of "retrogression," for they aim at loosening the marriage-tie, and preach the insidious doctrine of "free-love." They pose as woman's friends, and say that, at present, marriage is degrading to her. "Ay, there's the rub;" marriage as *at present* constituted is degrading, to a woman, unless husband and wife mutually agree to let their bonds be equal. Under the present state of things, the wife is the only one really tied, but once get the idea firmly established that marriage is an equal partnership, with mutual "give and take," and then there need not be all this talk about "freedom," which in the working out would really mean licence for the man, and disgrace and desertion for the woman. No, let us hold marriage sacred when once entered upon, but then, on the other hand, every woman should be free to marry or remain single, as she prefers; and this can only be the case when every profession is thrown open to women as to men, so that marriage will be to them, as to the other sex, an *incident*, not the whole career. I need only cite Mr. Grant Allen's *Woman Who Did*, as one of the type of novels likely to do incalculable harm to our cause, for, unfortunately, the "modern woman" (who is really only a revival of the woman of the middle and later ages up to the sixteenth century, who used to vote, sit in Parliament, be Justice of the Peace, and perform other useful offices), has to bear the brunt of any foolish idea that *mankind* chooses to bring forward as her "aim." Let divorce be easier, so that neither man nor woman shall be chained for life to a convict, drunkard, or mad person; let real incompatibility of temper be sufficient ground for a divorce, if you will; but do not, under the false plea of "freedom," make woman's position as a wife worse than it is at present, which could not fail to be the case, were marriage held less binding than it is now.

To my mind, that magnificent pioneer novel, *The African Farm*, is spoilt as a moral agent by the fact that Lyndall

refuses to marry her lover. I think such an act would be foreign to such a noble nature as Lyndall has before that shown herself. and I shall never cease to regret that a truly beautiful book is rendered less powerful for good by this one blemish, than it otherwise would have been.

I hope that others amongst your readers will take up this subject and give their views upon it, and trusting you will excuse the length of this letter.

A "MODERN WOMAN."

[I hope some of the readers of SHAFTS will reply to this letter; the subject is worthy of earnest thought.—ED.]

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—Referring to last night's meeting at the Memorial Hall, I think the only tenable ground upon which vegetarianism can take a firm stand is that mentioned by one of the speakers as found in the "Law of Love." Upon all hands conflicting evidence from the other side is brought forward to prove an equal claim to consideration. Take economy, for instance, it is proved the one system of diet can be as economical as the other; or take intemperance, all are not drunkards who are not vegetarians; or take humanity, you will find that even butchers claim tenderness of heart.

Or take a higher ground, the sacrifice of life given by the Creator. Does not Nature all through the animal kingdom largely exist by sacrifice, and man looks upon sacrifice of one life for another as the highest proof of love; and even purity of thought and life is possible to high-souled men and women who partake of animal food.

But now that science has proved that we can be healthy and strong on a non-flesh diet, the needless sacrifice of our dumb, patient animals, the uselessness of all the suffering they are daily undergoing in the mistaken interests of man, is truly appalling and to all sensitive natures heartrending. On this ground only of the fulfilling of the "Law of Love," vegetarianism stands as one of the mightiest powers against the existing evils and errors of the present day.

C. EAMONSON.

DEATH AFTER ANTI-TOXIN.

MADAM,—As the anti-toxin treatment is now attracting so much public attention, I think the following extract from *The Lancet* of April 20th, cannot fail to interest your readers:—

"The death of two persons immediately following the injection of so-called *Anti-toxin* excites a profound interest in the medical profession. The facts are as follows. A boy from the country while visiting his uncle in Brooklyn developed diphtheria; as he gradually grew worse under treatment the physician obtained a bottle of ANTI-TOXIN. An injection of this fluid was made, and the boy died three hours after. On the following day a seventeen-year-old daughter of the uncle complained of a sore throat. The physician obtained another bottle of the *Anti-toxin*, and it was administered. After receiving the injection the girl said she felt a tickling sensation all through her body. She then fell on the lounge in convulsions, and was dead in ten minutes, despite the physician's efforts to save her. Her face turned black almost immediately after receiving the fluid. The physician states that the girl's death was a mystery to him, and he could only account for it by crediting it to some powerful poison in the bottle of *Anti-toxin*. He had used the remedy for some time with gratifying results, and always got it at the same place. The colour was the same as that he had used, being pink. He had never witnessed such a terrible death. There had been a mistake somewhere in bottling the fluid. The amount injected was between two and three drachms, which came in each bottle. The bottle was put up in a box in Germany, and bears the date of shipment, January 30th last. The necropsy revealed nothing abnormal."

These, I may add, are not isolated cases. We are unfortunately hearing from all sides of fatalities. Under the circumstances I think it behoves all to consider well before they have recourse to so dangerous a "cure."

Bellgarth, Hendon.
May 4th, 1895.

Yours truly,
ERNEST BELL.

Official.

ALL MSS., Subscriptions, Donations, etc., to be sent to the Editor as usual, at the new address of Office as given below. Postal Orders from subscribers, friends, etc., to be made payable to the Editor, not to Publisher, Manager or Secretary.

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Visitors will be welcomed at the new offices, as they were at Arundel Street, Strand. The best days for visitors will be Mondays and Fridays, and the hours, between 11.30 and 6 p.m. The Editor prefers that when possible an appointment should be made in case of urgent visits. In the case of foreigners remaining but a few days in London this need not be adhered to. Every effort will be made to render visits as pleasant in the time to come as they have hitherto been. Results of the utmost importance have followed from many of these office interviews, the Editor is therefore anxious that intending visitors may not be disappointed by any want of comprehension of the arrangements,

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