

SHAFTS

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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PRICE 3D.

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 this issue returns to its regular re-appearing (monthly), from which it is not likely to be stayed again. SHAFTS has had hitherto to push its painfully difficult way through all obstacles, and that apparently is the task before it for some time. The help I seek, the help rich women ought to give, is slow in coming; it hath laggard footsteps. Am I to have the great pain of concluding that women will not help? Or is it that they cannot? Are their financial conditions so strained that they have not power over a little? or is the helping of a woman's paper a less worthy object than the purchase of knick-knacks, superfluous dress and jewellery? I shall not easily lose my faith in women; I know they seldom possess anything over which they have full control, anything which is entirely their own, as almost invariably some male relative has power to curb and stay the ready hand.

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 all 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.

N.B.—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.

A gathering together of women is now being arranged for by the Editor of SHAFTS, to gather probably once a month, and the object of their meeting will be to discuss together many subjects; all the advancing ideas of the day, which the present incoming of fast increasing light is revealing to us. This gathering will not be a society, it will not be a club; there will be no president save as may be elected for the hour, no subscription, and no committee. It is intended to be simply a coming together of earnest women at the offices of SHAFTS, or at the houses of members, for the purpose of enquiring into the why? and the wherefore? of all things that be, in so far as they may be able to accomplish this, and thus preparing themselves to express their thoughts and to let their voices be heard at their clubs, political meetings, and elsewhere, with the weight a woman's voice ought to have.

Those who wish to join us or who wish to question with a view to ultimately doing so, will please communicate with me at this office.

The Lectures upon what is called the "New Woman," and "what it all means," will be resumed very shortly. Meetings to discuss arrangements, in regard to a course of lectures, will be held at this office on the afternoon of the 19th of April from 3.30 to 5 p.m. Friends are invited to attend.

At the Northern Heights Vegetarian Society, on March 19th, an address was given by Mrs. Sibthorp, which by special request is reported here in full, giving indeed a quotation in connection with it which, owing to shortness of time, was held back on that evening. The address was on "Intelligent Effort."

"Looking far behind us," the Lecturer said, "through the restless ages, from the years when Time was young, up to the present day, we find many sympathies possessed in common by our race through all the centuries. I refer now specially to one, namely, the sympathies aroused within us by music and poetry; the music of sound and the music of expressed thought. The musician and the poet hold us in the hollow of their hands, they do with us as they will; we

sink to the deepest sadness, we rise to the uttermost heights of inspired resolve and determination, of gladness unutterable; we are filled to overflowing with thoughts for which we have no name, we stretch out the yearning arms of our spirits towards something we do not know, but which calls and draws us with a power stronger than any power we have ever known. We are lifted out of ourselves, raised above all lower motives and impressions; all meanness, all narrowness, all self-interest, pride, frivolity: self-seeking, sordid, petty aims, that have dragged us down and chained us to a baser life, are swept away into nothingness. The old self is gone, a new creature has arisen, dominant, powerful, absorbed. We have lost all that has marred; we consist but of one word—ASPIRATION, producing ever increasing INSPIRATION in waves of rapturous thought.

If we think at all of our other self, we wonder at it, we do not believe in it, we are carried away on the strong, white wings of music, away, away into the Infinite. The music holds us; music of sound or music of words, alike come down upon our struggling lives with a blessed benediction.

I will give you here, if I may, some beautiful verses written by some soul that has so aspired; they are so beautiful, so inspiring, we might store them in our memories, and let the spirit of them walk by our side in our daily life, treading where our own feet may tread. They were written by a well-known and esteemed writer on the death of a modern poet. I have simply changed the pronoun, thus adapting the words to the more general idea, equally, perchance more fully truthful. The exquisite words tell us that though the poet has departed, the poet's spirit remaineth. But I wish this now, to refer not to one but to all the poets, so I change the pronoun as I read.

"The times that greener make the sod
Are with us as before,
The songs that lifted us to God
Are ours for evermore.
'Tis ours to feel the joys they felt
The hopes for which they strave,
Kneel at the shrines at which they knelt
Forsooth, the dusty grave
Can never quench the being rife
With purpose strong and high—
The mystic seed of psychic life
Can never, never die.
A bubbling of the immortal spring
Sounds in the minstrel's lyre,
The voice of Destiny says, "Sing,"
And the coal from God's own fire
Is laid upon the ardent lips,
The seraph-flag's unfurled,
The bard evangel's charged to show,
Through lofty joy, through glorious woe,
The world beyond the world.
The subtle thoughts—half thoughts, half dreams—
'Tis theirs to touch and bless;
'Tis theirs to sanctify the stream
And light the wilderness;
'Tis theirs to tell the secret why
O'er brooks the willow leans,
To wipe the tear from the daisy's eye,
And tell what the violet means;
To catch into their drowsy song
The murmur of the bee;
To fling into their anthem strong
The thunder of the sea;
To wander 'mong the solemn pines,
And where the throstle sings;
To hear in the welkin, overhead,
The living walking with the dead,
And the rush of angel wings;
To sing to us the unsung song,
'To tell the untold tale,
To fire our souls to dream, and long
For the vast Behind-the-Veil."

Oh, dear friends, the spirit that fills us, as we read such words as these, ought to be with us evermore. What joy is ours, as we rise to their height, for on raptured wings we ascend. We have left all sordid things far behind us; we

are in touch with the immensity of spaces, with the great Unknown, Unseen; we behold all things from a loftier height.

But—alas! we return to earth. Now why do music and poetry thus affect us? Because they are great thoughts harmoniously expressed, because they produce within us perfect harmony. Why return then to sordid and to lower aims? Because we allow discord to regain possession of our nature, which ought to be one continuous harmony. In suffering or ease, sorrow or joy, when all is smooth and when all is hard, equally our souls ought to be harmonious, and would be did we but understand. Too frequently we fail to understand because we fail to try. If we desire success in any of the varied aims of life, we must make an effort to win that success. All desires demand effort, often stupendous effort, the stronger the desire, the greater will be the effort made to attain it. Life is necessarily full of effort, life, indeed, is itself effort, and the result of effort, effort is a proof of life.

As life rises in the scale, effort becomes more conscious, having more of a defined end in view and so becoming more intelligent. In the effort of the spirit to express itself, it materialises; assuming form and shape, through all the different gradations, culminating in the human as the highest on this plane.

The first and earliest efforts of the race, as of the individual, are merely physical, the desire goes not beyond the mere satisfying of the physical craving for food, warmth, rest, an illustration of which truth we can all see around us in the animal and in little children, whose cries are for food, whose grumbings are the expressions of physical weariness, cold, or pain. But so closely are the greater and lesser portions of our complex being intermingled, that the demand of the lesser awakens sooner or later demands from the higher. Hence from the demands of the physical have arisen the production of food and clothing, the building of homes, shops, public manufactories, etc., the constantly-suggesting-themselves improvements in the same, the interchange of national manufactures, and all that complicated system which we call commerce.

All life consists of spirit and matter; between these there is no real separation. Life progresses continually owing to the ceaseless procession of spirit through matter, from the lowest form we at present know, the mineral, until it reaches the highest we at present know, the human. In all life there is no such thing as death, as another poet has said:

What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call DEATH.

There is change everywhere, not death. Why should we, who live in a world of constant change, be afraid to examine the opinions and beliefs of yesterday, and pronounce them unfitted for the purpose of the greater life of to-day? And why, having recognised the justice of this, should we not recognise that the future holds a limbo for all the opinions of to-day? Wisdom recognises everywhere the "law within the law that works ever on to change." Recognising this law we should all help each other to advance, which means constant change; we are bound to take the next step we cannot remain long on one foot. So we go on, ever leaving the past behind us, ever looking to the brightness before.

What concerns us much is to know to what our efforts are tending, and with what amount of intelligence we make them. Life teems with difficulties demanding effort, often effort that seems to take all of us there is to give. These difficulties are, partly the creation of human follies and mistakes, partly what we call natural, essential to our development, but they must all be overcome, and we grow strong while we conquer them. So far life has always been a struggle; it seems indeed, as if it must be so if the soul would rise. Let us

Music.

Two larks sing in the summer sky,
Blending sweet notes, now low, now high;
Trilling forth streams of melody,
Then murmuring soft, as if to vie
With one another's joy.

Two happy children's voices ring
Across the common, as they sing;
Their young eyes full of Love and Spring,
Their young hearts pure from everything
That tastes of earth's alloy.

Two quivering, wailing bursts of song,
Which gather fulness, as along
The aisles they sweep, then sad and strong
Pour through the churchyard, and among
The whisp'ring pine trees' shade.

Upward, still upward seems to thrill
My yearning soul, as the notes fill
The summer's air with sound—until
The wild chords pulse with Life—with Will—
And all things earthly fade.

What is this mystic power of Sound,
This wheel to which my soul is bound,
This ache for which no cure is found,
This searching through the whole world round
For what I never find?

Is it an echo from afar;
A voice that calls across the bar;
A note struck in some distant star;
Whose raptures earthly senses jar,
And flesh's bands unbind?

Oh! children's voices! fluttering note
That trembles upwards from the throat
Of skylark! quivering chords that float
In langorous beauty! Ye have smote
Through matter's sevenfold veil.

Ye bring me yearnings and unrest,
Calm passions pulsing in my breast;
Ye rouse the Spirit to its quest;
Ye thrill with promises most blest,
And bid me strive, nor fail.

Sing on, sweet larks, though summer fade;
Carol, ye children, through the glade,
Sweep, mighty chords, through cloister shade;
Speak of the Home whence we have strayed,
The Ideal and Unseen.

D. B. M.

Immortality.

Never the Spirit was born, the Spirit shall cease to be, never;
Never was time it was not, End and Beginning are dreams.
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the Spirit for ever
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems

Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear to-day!"
So putteth by the Spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

—Bhagavad Gita.

expect no royal road to this consummation. Difficulty calls for endeavour, and frightens only the coward soul. We must live, or we must let ourselves die, which shall it be? If we choose to live we must make effort, and intelligent effort, effort which increases in intelligence the more it is exercised; where the huge barrier bars the way, rise above the barrier. Intelligent effort means not only a capability of understanding our own thoughts and desires and making an effort to satisfy them, that would be the earlier stage; it means also a recognition of ourselves in a deeper investigation, of what we are? from whence? where we stand? what are our capacities? what does the possession of such capacities signify? whither are we tending? and what is the height to which we may aspire to attain? We cannot answer all these questions, perhaps, in a lifetime, we must think about them! we may help ourselves, by a comparison of the past with the present, by going into ourselves, to know our higher selves, and out into Nature, to understand what its great heart has to reveal. When we have fully contemplated the growth of a seed in the ground, from its first opening to the green tiny leaf, the stalk, the further leaves, culminating in the wondrous beauty of the flower or tree, we understand in kind if not in degree the mystery of life, which is Evolution.

Intelligent effort means an application of the lessons thus learnt, to our modes of thought and action. It means also a conscious and glad acknowledgment of the presence of others on the path of life, a power of listening to the convictions of others, of learning from the thoughts of others, and of admitting the possibility of their greater insight and more correct deductions. For we are most wise and nearer the truth when we understand how little we really know.

The lecturer went on to say that toleration was one of our hardest lessons. A consciousness that we were wrong and others right, might come to us after a just and generous study of the thoughts of others, but to acknowledge it to ourselves and to others was only possible to a great mind. Such lessons must be learnt before we could work intelligently. There was such a thing as simply taking all our opinions from others. Only one thing was more blinding than this, and that was self-interest. What we all desired in a greater or lesser degree was to know the truth about all things. To gain this, thought must be free. Nature and the Divine within would be our guides, and each individual soul must work out and think out its own discoveries, each must grow by its own inward power. Every truth was an expression of Love, and was subjective or internal, or objective and external.

Intelligent effort brought to bear upon food taught us to desire and seek the best, and to know that food affected all our being, not only the physical part. But we must carefully guard the interests of the finer and higher life—the spiritual. No food into the obtaining of which, or into the preparation of which, for human consumption, cruelty entered, could be eaten with impunity. Why? People must think this out. When those who eat such food are aware of the cruelty in all its atrocious details, they will either work zealously to bring about an easier form of death to these fellow-creatures, or they will give up using such food.

Help Fund for "Shafts."

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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 outward, 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."

From *Modern Thought*, 1889.

THE club is not only a home for thought, but also for thought's expression.

Thought, however, must be *thought* before it can become expression, even as the spirit is before the material form which it adopts. The expression will not be as the thought, for in our present stage of development we do not fully comprehend the spiritual, we are, in fact, only beginning to gain some gleamings of its meaning. The free interchange of thought which takes place between Pioneers, is causing a wonderful growth and advance amongst the earnest, sensible women who compose the greater part of the club in Bruton Street. By these also is perceived a tendency to more serious thinking, even on the part of the more frivolous.

"Are there, then, frivolous ones among Pioneers?" asked a lady the other day.

"Most certainly."

"But what do these in such a club?"

"They learn *not* to be frivolous, and after all it is to their honour that they have joined, for that fact in itself reveals a desire for improvement, and proves them not all frivolous."

"Still it seems strange to me; and many say, 'Whatever we may have in society outside, we do not expect faults and littlenesses from Pioneers.'"

"Why not? We are all human beings, and human beings are very imperfect indeed."

"But you all profess perfection."

"Not so, we profess to aim in that direction, as those who strive do everywhere."

"Well, to have freedom to think is certainly a good thing, and must lead to higher things, as you say. What latitude do you allow to thought?"

"We do not limit it, we do not believe in limitations here. Thought, we believe, will lead to the understanding of all mysteries, and will

mean the throwing down of all barriers, and every form of thralldom. It will mean eventually the glad freedom of the whole human race."

"Your President seems a great favourite, I have often heard her speak upon temperance."

"Yes, our President is one of earth's noble women. She is greatly beloved."

The conversation lasted for some time, and dwelt upon many points. Its chief burden was the importance of encouraging our highest thoughts.

"Think truly, and thy thoughts will the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine will be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life will be, a great and noble creed."

There have been many interesting debates, since the last issue of SHAFTS. A paper of great merit was read by Miss Eva Young, on "The Moral Education of Children," a work in which Mrs. Kapteyn, of Hampstead, one of our busy Pioneers, takes an active part.

Miss March Phillips gave us an excellent paper on "The New Journalism," and the Rev. A. Lilley, C.S.U., opened the following, "That the House of Lords is a Hindrance to the due Development of Democratic Government."

The subject was well handled, and the Pioneers, without unseemly words of disapproval or bitterness, decided that the House of Lords' tenure of office had come to an end, and should give place to something higher, which one Pioneer, greatly applauded by the rest, suggested might be a House of Women. But most of us wish for something higher than that for women when they come into their inheritance.

"That it would be unwise to trust the Censorship of Morals to the British Matron," was discussed by Pioneers only, a condition of things always enjoyed by the Pioneers. On such evenings we have our most pleasant, most able, and most beneficial discussions. The bond between us is more closely drawn. We speak from our thoughts, earnest, strong, and true.

"Is Luxury Justifiable," and "The Fallacies of Popular Government," were both opened by gentlemen, and were followed, as usual, by discussion. The debates for this Session were closed by one on "What is the Ideal Code of Honour among Women." It was opened by the Hon. Coralie Glyn, and both in the opening, and in the discussions which followed, excited much interest. It is, however, a subject capable of great extension, and much more might have been said upon it. Many Pioneers have expressed a hope that the same topic may be brought forward later.

The Debates fixed upon for the next session are of unusual interest, and particularly well chosen. The list follows.

SUMMER SESSION, 1895.

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

April 25th.—"That Free Education must be Supplemented by Provision of Meals." Debate opened by Mrs. Brownlow. Miss Sharman Crawford in the chair.

May 2nd.—"The Influence of the Press on Society." Debate opened by Richard Le Gallienne. Mrs. Franklin in the chair. Pioneers only.

May 9th.—No Debate.

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 Phillips. 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.

Reviews.

THE DAUGHTERS OF DANAEUS, by Mona Caird (published by Bliss, Sands and Foster, Craven St., Strand, London, W.C.), is a book deserving a wide popularity, but one that will be inevitably misunderstood by those incapable of seeing beneath the surfaces. It is essentially a book of revealings; a revelation to earnest souls looking for the salvation to come; the salvation which, to Mrs. Caird's clear inlooking and outlooking, shines with so steady a light. It is a book of awakening; opening the inner citadel of the woman soul to the reception of truths; laying the woman soul bare to itself, till it reads with wondering joy the translation of its own unsatisfied longings, the why and wherefore of its restless discontent with what is, and the deep sadness of its eager outreaching towards the great triumph of the gladness to come, the joyful release from bondage whose advent it feels, but dare hardly name, the gladness which the ages have been preparing, which shall be the soul's own in the years not far off, when the ever "increasing purpose" running through them shall have completed its work on this plane of being.

That shrewd American philosopher and poet, James Russell Lowell, has said, "Never prophesy unless you know." Who will whisper into the ear of the smart reviewers of many books, *Never criticise unless you can*. What mischief untold arises from this thoughtless skimming of books, and so often by incompetent judges. What pricelessness of written words! what wealth of thought, of a power of seeing beyond, invaluable to our onward going, have been anathematised by these rash and careless pens, that, after the hasty consideration of an hour, dare pronounce judgment upon the earnest work of months or years; these pens of arrogant flippancy, which, wiser in their generation than the children of light, are profoundly ignorant of the wisdom which perceives and attains.

To an intelligent woman, of a wide range of thought, of clear perceptions, and endowed with aspirations limitless—as aspiration should ever be—it must be a weariness insufferable to read such maunderings as have been written by the greater portion of the Daily Press, upon a work so able as this, so profound in its insight, so prophetic in its suggestions. Matters connected with women, especially when on the lines of progression, seem to be beyond the capacity of the average male reviewer, and the woman who reviews, is too often, alas! so cowardly, so dominated by male opinion and conventional prejudice, as to be incapable of uttering original opinions, even if she entertains any. "Copy" for the pages of the *Daily Entertainers*, which must amuse at any expense, seems to these critics all that is required. They either cannot, or will not, know anything beyond. Would not a modest silence on the part of some of these newspapers have been more worthy of the honour which is due to those capable of recognising their own incapacity. Why bring tricks of the pen, and newspaper effrontery to bear upon subjects requiring the deepest thought, and most reverent handling?

It might be expected that to the male reader generally, the views expressed in this clever work would not be palatable; that in the capacity of reviewer he would endeavour to be severe upon the audacious revolter against worn-out ideas and savage customs. But the effusions which have filled the columns of the papers have proved only the incapability of the presuming pens which, comprehending so little, have dared to assert so much.

Papers which cater for the multitude possess many opportunities for raising the tone of public thought, which ought to be used if such will be factors in the great movements going on around them. Still it may be hard for some minds, accustomed to think in a groove, to be suddenly confronted with problems and truths, which, unless banished from consideration under the disguise of glib disapprobation, com-

pel the question: Have I been wrong? Is this new thing a gleam of illumination across the darkness within me, the darkness which I have called Light? The self-condemnation which might follow this self-examination would be, as a rule, beyond the moral strength possessed; it is therefore easier to smother the new light in a flood of condemnation, forgetting in the irritation produced by the flash of truth upon a conscience serene in self-complacency, that light cannot be effectually smothered, nor truth crushed; that though they have ever been to the unthinking merely a "stumbling block" and "foolishness," yet are they to the souls who thirst for light, a Wisdom all Divine.

Remarking upon this book, one paper in its omniscience thinks that the woman controversy "will be with us for a few more years." Mrs. Gordon and Lady Engleton, the two least desirable representations of women in this work, are fixed upon by this champion of a past enforced type of woman as the most to be commended. A paper from Ireland has dared to give its dictum, though it confesses to not having "waded through it," and hints at the possible consequences of such wading in these astoundingly silly words, "We should not have lived," yet has it the audacity to go on pouring out opinions and rage of soul, with a reckless waste of feebleness. "Mrs. Caird," it asserts, "would seem to be getting out of patience with the sex she champions." Mrs. Caird may possibly be sometimes sorely tried, as many thoughtful women are, by the acquired littleness of some *would-be* women not yet quite released from the masculine plane; forced into littleness by their hopelessly narrow surroundings and utter want of freedom; but patience with women Mrs. Caird never loses, as is fully shown in all her writings. There are, however, those who can see, and those who are *blind* in self-created blindness.

Yet another of these blind ones tells us:

"THE REVOLT OF A SEX, *The New Woman*, the novel ideas on what marriage means are rapidly being consigned to that literary limbo of the waste-paper basket, that bourne of human forgetfulness, from which there is no mundane resurrection. It is not easy to imagine anything which could accelerate the process more swiftly than a work like *The Daughters of Danaeus*, with its array of hollow masks, and its voluminous arguments. And perhaps—for I cannot get that haunting idea out of my mind—this is precisely what Mrs. Mona Caird intended."

The judgment pronounced upon Mrs. Caird's book by nearly all our leading London Dailies, and by many leading Scotch, English and Irish papers, is so puerile, so full of anger and well-simulated contempt, so utterly erroneous, that it is only another proof added to the many already patent, that the male mind is absolutely incapable of comprehending woman or the interests of woman. The new truths expressed by the high-souled author of *The Daughters of Danaeus*, not one of her critics have been able to understand. The great deep of her meaning is hidden from them, they are in absolute darkness, while, with the silly impertinence of a lower level of thought, they expect to stop the vast incoming tide of woman's power with their own rage and the waste-paper basket.

"One does not endure stuff of this kind long," chirps another mighty one, not realising that it is truth, and not what he can endure, which has to be considered. He decides that "the authoress is too clever and clear-headed to endorse the nonsense so liberally dispensed through her pages,"—what reason then for the writing of such "nonsense?" Even from a newspaper critic this is too much.

Does no feeling of pity for, and sympathy with, power crippled, and talent suppressed, ever enter the masculine infallibility, when contemplating woman's terrible struggles for freedom?

Mrs. Elmy, who writes with her characteristic fullness of expression straight to the point, and "Nunquam" in the

Clarion come upon us with a quick sense of relief after such pratings. "Nunquam" goes to the heart of the matter, when he writes what shows how fully he understands, that time, and much time, is required to study any book sufficiently to be able to review it; time perhaps somewhat equivalent to that spent by the author in its conception, elaboration, correction, and completion. He evinces a veneration for true criticism, and all true art, seldom met with. Well indeed if all women who may have read this book with an adverse judgment will re-read it with care and with their attention directed to what it reveals, and to what it predicts. For the "times," specially in all related to women, have long been "out of joint," and all things are working to change and revolution. Let each reader form her opinion for herself. The experience of deeper thinkers in regard to the reviewing of books is: What the newspapers condemn never fail to read.

The *Daughters of Danaeus* will be acknowledged by the wise and far-seeing, by those who think ahead of their times, to be one of those great developments of human thought, which every now and then stir up from the still waters of life, and waken the under currents into strong moving power; a book whose utterances will arouse those that have slept. It rings a peal that, sounding through the years, will be the death knell of that awful slavery—the more awful because it is unrecognized, because its true nature is hidden under the pretence of protection, covered from sight by the rose leaves of sentiment—the awful slavery of woman, under the conditions of married life, as laid down by man.

To the gifted author of this book, the world of women owes a deep debt of glad and grateful thanks; the work which she espouses so nobly will be consummated only, by the complete and world-wide emancipation of woman from every shadow of thralldom. This consummation, now being worked for by many thousands of women, Mrs. Caird's book will hasten, and hasten in proportion to the eagerness of intelligent comprehension brought to bear upon its pages.

The tale introduces the reader at once in a charmingly informal manner to the five young people of the family—Alghitha, Hadria, Ernest, Fred, and Austin, the last being a handsome boy of twelve and the youngest.

The young people are dancing in the dim light of a garret, into which the rays of the moonlight come, showing its ancient character, its low ceiling, and the graduated mouldings of the cornice. The introduction is a happy one, as it shows the young people at their ease, both in their gaiety and their thoughtfulness. Before the interview is ended we know them as they are, in all their developing capacities and possibilities. They are dancing, and they dance well,

"Stamping the feet occasionally in time to the music, with now and again the wild Celtic shout that sets the nerves a-thrill."

The author has a purpose in thus introducing her characters, and a special purpose in describing one of them.

"Among the dancers was one who danced with peculiar spirit and brilliancy, and her little cry had a ring and a wildness that never failed to set the others going, with new inspiration. She was a slight, dark haired girl, with a pale, rather mysterious face and large eyes.

"Not a word was spoken, and the reel went on for nearly ten minutes. At length the girl with the dark hair gave a final shout and broke away from the circle."

The reader knows what will happen, knows that the dancing will cease, knows also that the girl with the pale, mysterious face is meant to be the character of the book; recognizes that the spirit which animated her dancing was but one development of the strong, restless spirit, which would make or mar her life.

After the reel has been stopped by the desertion of Hadria, her brother expresses the general feeling that "it is no use trying to dance a reel without Hadria," and Alghitha observes that "Old Maggie" had pronounced her dancing to be no

"right canny." This incident of the reel, followed up as it was by earnest discussion, seems to open a door through which we gain a glimpse of the character of these young people, and a gleam of their probable future. So we think the writer must have meant it. They have formed themselves into a Society, these young Fullertons, which they very humbly call *The Preposterous Society*, and go about their work in quite a business-like manner. Between the spirited dancing, so natural to young people, and the spirited controversies so natural also, we are at once carried into their inner lives, we leave our own tabernacle, as it were, becoming for the nonce, one of the performers, and one of the audience.

Dancing is followed by discussions, and Hadria, who is lecturer on this particular occasion, champions, at least nominally, the doctrine of Emerson, that "the soul contains the event that shall befall it, for the event is only the actualisation of its thoughts; and what we pray to ourselves for is always granted." The members of *The Preposterous Society* settle into attitudes of attention.

Hadria said that this was a question that could not fail to be of peculiar interest to them all, who had their lives before them, to make or mar. It was an extremely difficult question, for it admitted of no experiment. One could never go back in life and try another plan. One could never make sure by such a test, how much circumstance and how much innate ideas had to do with one's disposition. Emerson insisted that man makes his circumstance, and history seemed to support that theory. How untoward had been in appearance, the surroundings of those who had made all the great movements and done all the great deeds of the world. Let one consider the poverty, persecution, the incessant discouragement, and often the tragic end of our greatest benefactors. Christ was but one of the host of the crucified. . . . In spite of the theory which the lecturer had undertaken to champion, she believed that it was generally those people who had difficult lives who did the beneficent deeds, and generally those people who were encouraged and comfortable who went to sleep, or actively dragged down what the thinkers and actors had piled up. In great things and small such was the order of life.

"Hear, hear," cried Ernest, "my particular thunder."
"Wait a minute," said the lecturer, "I am going to annihilate you with your particular thunder."

She then proceeds to do so, dividing people into two orders:

"The organisers, the able, who build, who create cohesion, symmetry, reason, economy; and the destroyers, those who come wandering idly by, and unfasten, undo, relax, disintegrate all that has been effected by the force and vigilance of their betters.

"This distinction," she goes on to say, "is carried into even the most trivial things of life. Yet without that organisation and coherence, the existence of the destroyers themselves would become a chaos and a misery."

The lecture is full of thought, and the lecturer sums up by declaring that "Emerson's beaming optimism is a worship of success, disguised under lofty terms."

Then comes a sentence well worthy of quotation. Hadria says:—

"There is nothing to prove that thousands have not been swamped by maladjustment of character to circumstance, and I would even go so far as to suggest that perhaps the very greatest of all are those whom the world has never known; because the present conditions are inharmonious with the very noblest and the very highest qualities."

In the stormy discussion which followed, Hadria declares that the success of great people was due, not simply to their greatness, but to some smaller and common quality which brought them in touch with the majority.

The pen dwells upon this episode of the dancing and of the Society's meeting, because it contains so much. Mrs. Caird plants it in the commencement of her able work as a seed is planted in the soil, because it contains the future plant, flower and fruit. Reading it carefully and between the lines, it gives us a hint of the whole. Reading it a second time after the tale is familiar, it hath a strange impressiveness; it is full of sad and pathetic meaning, as though one looked back upon the memories of early days, early aspirations, early resolves, from a point when the life with all its diffi-

culties, disappointments, and sorrows, had been nearly lived out. How we remember it all: the giant purposes of the young heart that no difficulties were to turn aside; the hope, that nothing was to conquer; the aspirations, whose banner was never to be trailed in the dust; all the restless, eager plans and outlookings of youthful days which we all understand so well. So we feel very tender to the book which takes us back to them in these its opening chapters, which so few can read aright, or feel the throbbing of the inner meaning. In the course of their conversation the girls, Alghitha and Hadria, come upon the difference in the life conditions of the sexes as created by society, and the greater difficulties arising therefrom for the woman.

"You mean," asks Fred, "that a girl would have more difficulty in bringing her power to maturity and getting it recognised than a man would have."

"Yes, the odds are too heavy."

"A second-rate talent perhaps," Ernest admitted, "but not a really big one."

But Hadria persists

"The greater the power and the finer its quality, the greater the inharmony between the nature and the conditions; therefore the more powerful the leverage against it. . . . the greatness of the power may serve to make the greatness of the obstacles."

The difference between the sisters, and the consequent difference in the lives which the future brought to them, are perceived in the remarks with which they conclude the conversation.

"Prejudice and custom Hadria declares are against the girl."

"This Ernest upholds," she ought to despise."

"So she often would," the sister replies, "but that she has to tear through so many living ties, which restrain her freedom."

Alghitha drawing herself up says:

"If one is unjustly restrained, it is perfectly right to brave the infliction of the sort of pain that people feel, only because they unfairly object to one's liberty of action."

"But what a frightful piece of circumstance that is to encounter," cried Hadria with unconscious prescience of the coming years [the italics are mine] "to have to buy the mere right to one's liberty by cutting through prejudices that are twined in with the very heart strings of those one loves."

The second chapter introduces us to the home of the Fullertons, just as dawn is touching "The Tower of the Winds" as it was called, and tinging the broad hill pastures or "airds."

It stood, we are told,

"Desolately in the midst of a wide-eyed agricultural country, and was approached only by a sort of farm track that ran up hill and down dale in a most erratic course to the main road. . . . The whole country was a singular mixture of bleakness on the heights, and woodland richness in the valleys; bitterly cold in the winter months, when the light deserted the uplands ridiculously early in the afternoon, leaving long mysterious hours that held the great silent stretches of field and hillside in shadow; a circumstance which had, perhaps, not been without its influence on Hadria's character. She, more than the others, seemed to have absorbed the spirit of the northern twilights. It was her custom to wander alone over the broad spaces of the hills, watching the sun set behind them, the homeward flight of the birds, the approach of darkness and the rising of the stars."

In this graphic description the author prepares her readers for the wonderful free loving disposition displayed by Hadria in her after life, for in those quiet hours of commune with nature and the inner and higher self, she received into her spirit the teachings so freely given to the receptive soul; she learned to look at truths, not conventionalities, to see things by the light of the inner thought, not through the prejudice-manufactured veil of narrow creeds, or false social distinctions.

During all the most receptive years of her life she was under such influences, influences which would have saved her and led her to the high life she contemplated, and for which she was fitted, had she not been constituted, through her affections, to be influenced by those whom she loved and who loved her, but with a selfish and unreasoning

affection. Observe how the sunny strengthening power of the dawn affects her thoughts, in spite of her view expressed in the garret.

"The wonder and the grandeur of the dawn supplied arguments to faith. . . . How could one reconcile the marvellous beauty of the universe, the miracles of form and colour, and above all of music, with a chaotic moral condition and unlovely laws? One aspired to be an upholder and not a destroyer."

Here she gathered the strength of feeling which was to be an aid to intellect, yet a source of much sorrow. Mrs. Caird makes us well acquainted with the young Fullertons, and especially with the heroine, in these opening chapters. She gives her readers every opportunity of studying them and their characters, wandering with them in their quiet walks, listening to their expressions of interest, of rapture, of youthful, onward imaginings, of deep and earnest thought, so that we may know what to expect of them, when they are launched into the great whirlpool; more especially preparing us to judge aright in the case of one of them, when we come to contemplate what was to her the great tragedy of her life. In a spirit corresponding to such intentions, the book must be read, it is not intended to amuse, it is even painfully in earnest.

(To be continued.)

THE LABOUR ANNUAL for 1895 is now in its second edition, revised and enlarged. It is published by the Labour Press, Manchester; and the London agents are *Clarion* Office, 72, Fleet Street. The editor is Joseph Edwards, 64, Carter Street, Liverpool, a man of marked ability and practical good sense, who has been introduced to the readers of *SHAFTS* in a previous issue. He is well-informed, and up-to-date in all questions relating to the Labour Cause, for which he has been an enthusiastic worker for many years.

The *Annual* contains many interesting portraits, among others, those of Katherine Conway Glasier; Enid Stacey; J. Keir Hardie, M.P.; E. Carpenter; J. Burns, M.P.; Tom Mann; Beatrice Webb; Sydney Webb; H. M. Hyndman, and many others, whose names are well known to us in connection with the Labour Movement. It gives interesting accounts of the advance made in the past, of intentions to be carried out in the future, of what the different societies are doing, and contains lucid and well written essays on many points, such as, "Scientific Individualism," by M. D. O'Brien, which is full of truths on advancing lines, and which, though not absolutely perfect, is tending in that direction. We have at present only one fault to find with it, that is contained in the following sentence:—"It tells us we are to look facts in the face, and only maintain such civil laws and conditions as make for manhood and tend to the destruction of every form of *effeminacy*."

I italicise the last word, what does it mean? No word derived from the feminine can possibly really and essentially signify weakness, any more than any word derived from the masculine can really and essentially signify strength. Such words are falsely used. The word *effeminacy*, and many other words derived from the feminine have been used by man to signify weakness and incapacity. Erase them from the vocabulary. Men of good feeling, with a sense of the justice for which they are working, ought to feel shame in using them.

The article by Enid Stacey, "Women's Work and the L.L.P.," is excellent. "Woman in relation to the Labour Movement," by Margaret MacMillan, is beyond praise. There are many others of high merit, fully perceived, though we, as a woman's paper, have selected these. We strongly recommend the book to our readers; by carefully perusing it each year as it appears, they will keep themselves in touch with what is very important to be known, the movements in the Labour World; they will grow in breadth of thought and consideration for the whole human race, for the Labour

World is, truthfully speaking, the whole world. In our hearts we are all socialists, we only differ in details and in what we judge best to do to advance to our highest ideal of this much misunderstood word.

We cannot do better than finish this notice by a quotation from the pen of Joseph Edwards himself:—

"Accessions to the belief that in Socialism lies the only hope of the world are coming in by the thousand and ten thousand every year. Let every earnest man and woman, then, strive towards unity. Strengthen the local organisations, help the central bodies, and force Federation to the front. Robert Blatchford, in *The Clarion*, has spoken bravely on this subject. Other men and bodies of men take up the tale. Federation will be the herald of the Great Arrival.

"Six years yet remain of the nineteenth century. They will be troubled years, full of industrial wars, of bloodshed—maybe revolution. Let those who desire the most peaceful change see to it that the years be filled with devotion to a noble ideal, and with duty to a common cause.

"The glorious work of shaping a new Society requires the worthiest material and the best attainable means. Boldness, genius, wealth alike are needed. Who will join hands with us? Who aid us by pen, or purse, or voice? Our task of bringing justice and truth, beauty and love back to weary mankind is one so universal and so high, that to have rendered even one useful service towards its accomplishment is a reward almost too great for any man. Unity alone can efficiently help us; towards Federation, then, must every face be set.

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see;
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

THE DIVINE PROBLEM OF MAN AS A LIVING SOUL.—This book, published by the Roxburghe Press, 3, Victoria Street, Westminster, is said to be "An Explanation of what Man Is." It is written by Mariquita, Viscountess de Panama, and dedicated to her mother. It is written with grace and vigour, the work of an author who is evidently in earnest and who tells us some undeniable truths, as well as awakening within us new thoughts. It is chiefly of interest as showing how the New Force is working everywhere, even in old ways; and though we may not agree with much of what is here stated, its interest holds us until we lay it down read to the end. We give one quotation, though many might be given had we space for them.

"I know nothing better, or any better way to gain Divine Science, than to instil the knowledge of all good into children, for if this training is carried out the children will grow up in the science; and if they should marry, their children will be born free, and not in sin, as all have been taught they are up to the present time. What a difference this would make, if people understood it; to know that they are holy children of God would quickly create a new race of people (good and true), even if no higher wisdom had entered their minds. They would require no written instructions to practise the law of God (which is Divine Science) as they will have become a part of it. . . . To think rightly one towards another is to speak rightly to and of one another. To carry out this we are sure to do rightly one to another"

THE PHOTOGRAM, a journal which, appearing under the joint-editorship of Mr. H. Snowden Ward and Catherine Weed Ward, has already made itself known to the public, and is winning laurels of approbation for its particular work, answering a great demand and an increasing one, now and then contains matters which are of interest to the general reader. We here note an article by Catherine Weed Ward, the able co-editor of *The Photogram*, and well known in her own country (America) as a clever amateur photographer.

This lady is a member of the Pioneer Club, and is likely to be as well known in London as she has been in America. Photography is becoming an interesting study to numbers in our day, and many persons predict that it will become a great factor in the development of spiritual discoveries.

The article in question, by Mrs. Catherine Weed Ward, on "Hints to Sitters," will be recognised as very opportune; a much needed lesson. We quote from it. In the number of *The Photogram* in which it appears, it has the advantage of five

illustrations, and readers of SHAFTS would be interested in reading it. Mrs. Ward gives in it one specially required hint when she alludes to "what is mis-named full dress." These few quotations which follow will give an idea of the article, but it ought to be read. It appears in the March and April numbers of *The Photogram*.

"There are two sides to every question, we are told, and in treating the subject of sitting for a photographic portrait I propose the consideration of but one side, that of the sitter, although there is a by no means small number of photographers whose results might be improved by a few suggestions. Studio experience, both before and behind the camera, is needed in order to fairly judge this subject, as portraiture under the skylight is a very different thing from that done out of doors, or even in an ordinary room. I do not intend touching on my favourite branch of this work, figure studies for illustrative purposes, but to give some practical help to that large class who desire, or their friends for them, to secure life-like presentments of themselves. Having had some experience in painters' studios as well in dramatic performances, added to my experience with photographic sitters, I feel that I can be of assistance to the latter. What might be excellent portraits are often spoiled for want of a timely hint, which the professional operator longs but hesitates to give.

"It has been my privilege before coming to live in England, to visit freely and often one of the leading American studios. Very often the photographer would be busy, and I waited in his reception-room, finding great benefit and some amusement watching sitters pass into the studio from the dressing-room. I was constantly impressed with the want of good judgment, not to say taste, displayed by the majority of sitters. In one case, after the lady had left the room, I said to the photographer, 'How could you let her sit in that dress?' He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and said he had become tired of giving advice on such points, but took people as they came.

"Most sitters have learned that usually dark red or green or orange comes out black in the finished print, and that blue comes out white, but they do not generally know how much this is altered by the use of colour screens or colour-sensitive plates. It would be well if these were more generally used in studios. Some materials and colours absorb light, others reflect it; and the average sitter, having given little attention to this point, is dependent on the photographer's advice. He should be able to give this in such a way as not to offend the sitter.

"This is one strong argument in favour of women photographers, for no man, however great his experience, can have the quick, instinctive judgment of a woman as to woman's dress; and it is exceedingly unpleasant to many sitters to have a man, usually a stranger, adjust any part of their costume. Especially is this true, when what is mis-named full dress is worn.

"Now a few words about posing. I don't know which is the harder to manage, an unwilling or too willing sitter. Some always know better how to pose than the operator who sees them as they will look on the plate, and tell him how they always take best, at the same time assuming a pose for which he knows he will probably be blamed. Others, and they are legion, declare they never can bear 'that horrid thing,' meaning the head-rest; and, if gratified by its removal, either assume a pose of stony rigidity or keep slightly moving, while they protest they are perfectly quiet. Let me make one suggestion about the head-rest, for, though the ideal one has yet to be invented, much can be done to make the present one endurable. Countless blessings, and some pecuniary gain, should be the reward of whoever invents a comfortable, easily adjusted head-rest. Do not allow the head to be held rigidly, but simply rest against the clamps, and the sense of being easily supported but not cramped will be at once felt."

CONSTANCE NADEN'S POEMS, WILTON, Q.C., THE MONEY LENDER, ETC., have been received and will be reviewed in our next issue of May 15th.

Societies, Meetings, etc.

A WOMEN'S VEGETARIAN UNION has been started by Madame Viegélé, 96, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square, W. Its first meeting at the offices of SHAFTS was largely attended, and was addressed by Madame Viegélé, Mrs. Leigh Hunt Wallace, and others. It is proceeding with remarkable rapidity, new members continually coming in. A report of its first *At Home*, at the house of Mrs. Leigh Hunt Wallace, has been sent to us, as follows:

The first social gathering of this recently formed Society took place at 4, Albany Terrace, N.W., the residence of Mrs. C. Leigh Hunt Wallace, on Wednesday, April 3rd, from 3 to 6 p.m.

No one present could fail to appreciate the extreme cordiality with which the hostess and her family welcomed about sixty guests on this occasion.

Ample opportunity was afforded for pleasant interchange of thought, and for the efforts of the honorary secretaries, who zealously enlisted new members and associates on their roll, which has now reached the encouraging number of ninety.

After an introduction by Mrs. Wallace, Madame Alexa Viegélé, the founder of this woman's movement, spoke a few earnest words on the subject of vegetarianism and the best ways of promoting it amongst different grades of Society. Mrs. Wallace following with a highly telling speech on the importance of women embracing this foundation of all progressive reform, illustrated by striking personal testimony, and delivered in her usual trenchant style. The songs by Miss Samuel, and the pianoforte solos by Miss Monro and Miss Clementine Ward, gave great pleasure.

It is to be hoped the Women's Vegetarian Union will take the lead in adopting a badge for members, a need so long felt at such Conferences.

A public meeting of this Union will be held at the Ideal Club, on Tuesday, April 23rd, at 8 p.m. All interested in the cause are invited. The chair will be taken by Mrs. Shurmer Sibthorp, who will be supported by efficient speakers, among whom are expected: Mrs. M'Donnell, Mrs. C. L. H. Wallace, editor of *The Herald of Health*, and earnest worker towards the adoption of rational costume, Mr. Josiah Oldfield and others. The musicians will include: Miss M. Wolff, Miss Samuel, Mr. Tracy, Miss M. Wilde, Miss E. Atkins, Miss K. Martin and others.

The Union has begun its existence in a singularly felicitous manner, and a large attendance is expected.

A letter on the subject of the Union and vegetarianism generally will be published in this paper shortly.

The meetings of the Bond of Union (Miss Frances Lord, Hon. Secretary) generally take place upon the first of each month, either at the Pioneer Club, of which Miss Lord is a member, or at the houses of members of the Union. On April 1st the subject was, "Amusements; what does amuse us, what ought to amuse us, the amusements of the past, of the present, of various countries, classes, dispositions, etc." The subject was ably handled by Miss Lord in her opening address, and discussed afterwards. A very interesting feature of the programme was contributed by Miss Green, who kindly gave her audience some of her spiritual experiences. The work done by this Union is unique in its character. It proceeds quietly but very successfully, and is producing a marked effect upon many lives. It brings together those who work upon often widely diverging lines, so destroying misunderstanding and opposition and promoting a high tone of spiritual thought in the minds of its members.

The principles of the Union and its manner of working have been laid down more than once in this journal. They are admirable in construction and in action.

The Pioneer Anti-Vivisection Society held a very interesting and promising gathering at 29, Hyde Park Gate, on Thursday, the 4th inst. Mrs. Massingberd presided and spoke some eloquent words, very earnest and to the point. The other speakers were Miss Abbott, Miss Goff, and Mrs. Sibthorp. All were listened to with marked attention, the interest evinced and the intelligent understanding of the evils of vivisection were encouraging and gladdening to the speakers. To make the horrible cruelties well known, to spread abroad a thorough and just impression of their utter uselessness as a means of relieving disease among humans; to bring people to see that these animals are our fellows in soul, as well as body; and to inspire people with courage and wisdom sufficient to see that these creatures have *rights* similar to our own, which we must not dare transgress, is all that is required to take away for ever from amongst us the awful curse of this cruelty, of the actual facts, of even the existence of which, so few are cognisant.

The New Message.

If ghosts of women dead a century
Steal back to earth,
Then verily to-night one talked to me
Upon my hearth:

And the pathetic minor of her tones,
Liquid with tears,
Was like a plaintive murmur from far zones
And distant years.

"Think not that I am come to you," she said,
"This hallowed night,"
To gossip of the secret of the dead,
Or tell their plight.

"I could not sleep; for lo! the Christmas bells
A new tune rang:
'New birth to woman!' loud the pæan swells
In rhythmic clang.

"'New birth to woman!' Once no right had she
To choose her place;
Nor place had she save as man's courtesy
Did grant her grace.

"O woman! to be robbed at last and crowned
With dignity,
Walking with lifted head your chosen round,
Unfettered, free.

"The barbarous traditions of the past
Loosed from your feet;
Life's richest goblet held to you at last,
Brimming and sweet;—

"Hark to the Christmas bells! 'Good will toward men,
Peace on earth!'
'And unto women!'—chime they forth again—
'New birth! New birth!'"

If ghosts of women dead a century
Steal back to earth,
Then this same hour one came and talked to me
Beside my hearth.

MAY RILEY SMITH, in *Home Maker*.

The following article, though in favour of vivisection and so against the principles of SHAFTS, has been inserted to give many of my readers an opportunity of seeing for themselves what many persons, believing themselves in the right, think on this cruelly painful subject. I trust that some earnest worker against vivisection will follow the example of the loyal worker who has replied in this issue.

On Vivisection.

AT the earnest request of a lady friend of mine I have been prevailed upon to read the articles published in SHAFTS and contributed by Mary M'Kinnel on this subject. Now I naturally shrink from controversy where the question is one of sentiment, because I know from experience how variously human nature is compounded, and how difficult it is for people affected by a delicate sensibility to listen to the calm but impartial voice of reason. Nevertheless, these articles have made such an impression upon me that I beg you to allow me, also from the sentimental point of view, to ask your readers to exercise their feelings for a few moments upon another aspect of the question.

The first article states that vivisection is repulsive in its nature and details, and immoral in some of its consequences. But surely that is entirely beside the question. Take the ordinary doctor. Are not many of the most necessary of his daily operations repulsive and, if Mary M'Kinnel will, degrading in their effects? Is it not known that, because of the present weakness of man, the studies of the hospital have, in many cases, a lamentable influence on students? Yet if we listen to the argument that whatever is repulsive, or likely to injure the morals of feeble individuals, must be rooted out, then, I submit, the whole surgical practice of the doctor, including his assistance as accoucheur, must be condemned and abolished. I do not deny that vivisection presents a horrible and disgusting aspect. But that is not our fault. The hospitals to-day are filled with frightful cases of physical corruption, producing terrible and long-continued suffering, ending certainly in death, and to the truly tender-hearted nothing can be more awful than our utter inability to deal with these diseases. Those who write against vivisection fill their susceptible minds with sickening details of experimental vivisection operations, but the same impression might be obtained if they traversed our hospitals and became acquainted with the blind operations of unassisted Nature, when diseases have got a grim and deadly hold of the human frame. These also are repulsive and disgusting details. And it is perhaps fortunate for sensitive individuals that they are not compelled to steep their minds in the minute particulars of the cancer ward and the operation theatre. Perhaps, also, it would be as well if they abstained from harrowing their feelings into a condition of unreasonable strain by searching out the facts regarding vivisection.

It requires a strong and able mind to stand face to face with Nature in some of her more dreadful aspects, for which aspects, indeed, we are in no wise responsible, but which, nevertheless, some of us must face. Surely, it seems to me, these are scarcely the subjects with which tender and unprepared women should seek to interfere. I grant their repulsive character. But that does not absolve those of us who are strong enough from the necessity of grappling with the most repulsive and filthy details for the good of mankind. The moral evil falls upon those who, without compulsion and without preparation, seek out these matters. And the greatest moral evil they are made to suffer, by thus incontinently plunging into a terrible question, is the effectual blunting of their sense of truth, in consequence of the distortion of their moral perspective.

Mary M'Kinnel and those who agree with her are, I know, wishful to do the right and to defend true morality. They

will therefore not be angry with me because I try to persuade them that they are not, at present, able to regard the question in a true light. I can assure them their articles have much depressed and disheartened me, not perhaps so much because of vivisection, which is safe against their attacks, as because of their pronounced want of sympathy with Science.

I have said that it is necessary for men to become minutely acquainted with repulsive details for the good of mankind. No one, I hope, will gainsay this fact. Our hospitals, and the circumstances of our entry into this world, are beyond the reach of argument. But now see where this admission leads us. We have got rid of the question of repulsiveness, but the necessity of fighting nature by "outraged man" remains. Whether Mary M'Kinnel be willing or not to grant the absolute duty of wrestling with disease, I for one cannot see how we may evade the responsibility. And that granted, the right of vivisection is involved, because in the opinion of our greatest physiologists, we have no other method available whereby we may force Nature to reveal her secrets. 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. The assertions and rejoinders of heated controversialists trouble me not. I stand firm by the principle that, however repulsive, however distasteful, it is our duty to persevere, according to the best reason we possess, in our endeavours to banish disease from our midst. Those who disagree with vivisection stoutly deny that this method will ever lead us to a knowledge of the cure of disease. I feel an infinite sorrow for these persons, for I am certain they speak thus obstinately out of ignorance. I cannot hope to convince them where better men have failed. But I feel I ought to recommend a little humility in dealing with such a weighty question. Noble men of science, and I know them to be noble, have, with full knowledge of the practices, the consequences, and the results of vivisection, declared themselves modestly and temperately in its favour. How unanimous the highest physiologists are, may be seen by anyone who can discriminate amongst physiologists and who will take the trouble to refer to the volumes of *Nature*. What good then can we, who possess only a moderate acquaintance with the subject, hope to do by putting our opinions against the matured judgment of men who are noble and truthful and calm, and who speak not out of opinion, but out of knowledge. On the contrary, we may, for aught we know, be burdening ourselves with the great wickedness of blindly opposing a principle which may lead to untold blessings for mankind.

Much has been written against vivisectionists themselves. No profession or class of society can be said to be free from dishonourable persons. Science, we fear, must bear the weight of her share. But I think it is not generally known to those who never read scientific memoirs that science embraces some of the noblest, the most patient, the most humble-minded, the most truly moral, and the most self-denying men of all time. Their virtues are unknown, because they give the fruits of life-long devotion to obscure researches to a thankless world, which seeks not to know the giver unless he force himself into recognition. The wrong done to physiologists in particular would, I think, be sufficient to make Mary M'Kinnel weep, could she but learn to appreciate it.

But I have perchance, in appealing to the hearts of others, let my own foolishly betray me. I have no right yet to sympathise with science, because custom still forbids it, and we must needs wait on custom. But the march of science is sure, and none can now lay violent hands upon her to stay her progress. Her methods are the laughing-stock of both practical and sentimental men and women. She pursues her course by following up minute indications which are quite imperceptible to the untrained eye. Nevertheless,

Some Thoughts for busy people by one who Runs.

WOMAN—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

IF we go back to prehistoric times was woman or was man the prime factor in civilization? Undoubtedly woman. She it was who nursed and tended the future race, thereby learning patience, sympathy and love—the very helplessness of her babe, helpless so much longer than any other little animal, conferred upon her these inestimable virtues, which man has in a lesser degree because he has had to learn them secondhand. She was the one who first taught us the meaning of that blessed word "home," while man went off to hunt for food, and to devise weapons to protect her, although, alas, those weapons have been used only too often by him to ruin her and her work. To woman as mother we owe the seeds of wisdom, medicine, family life, hence of immortality and therefore of religion. The whole race depended on the survival of the fittest mother, for indeed there would be one mother but several fathers in a family, consequently the mother was everything, descent was traced through her, and female deities were worshipped. She was the first to take interest in the soil. The men who formed the hunting population had not as easy access to women as those few that remained at home tilling the soil, hence brute force was used, and man instead of being protector becomes ruler, not through right but through might of brute force; descent became to be traced through the father, and males got the best of everything worth having, while the superior wisdom of woman was considered witchcraft. How different from the Greek conception of Athena! Now Christianity (*i.e.*, as generally understood) has encouraged the idea of the inferiority of woman. First of all "God" is a male deity—to most minds a man in fact—Christ says, "God is a spirit," "God is love," and surely sexual distinctions are revolting in this connection. Turning to the Bible, how often are we told that woman was made man's inferior, although the order of creation is minerals, vegetables, animals, man and lastly woman! If we look at the story of creation as a parable (which is the interpretation) Adam represents the sensuous nature in an individual (whether man or woman). "Eve signifies an over-seeing guide. When the body (Adam) is asleep the soul (Eve) is manifest," and the condition of humanity "unfallen" and sinless, is one of obedience on the part of the sense-nature or "Adam" to the rule of the soul or "Eve." If the individual is accursed who allows his body to dominate his reason, so is a nation accursed who allows the male element to dominate the female, for the male mind is materialistic while the female is spiritual.

The Fathers spoke of woman as a child of the devil. The Church left a loophole for women in convents, and this probably led to the idea that virginity was purer than married life, for the abbesses and nuns were practically the only educated women; domestication or prostitution were the only alternatives, and we may trace from these times the growth of the contempt for "old maids;" if a woman was neither a nun nor married she was not respectable. The contrast between the beauty of virginity and the comparative degradation of motherhood could not be maintained in human life so full of sexual tendencies (see K. Pearson's *Ethic of Freethought*), consequently marriage was sanctioned by the Church as a sort of legalised crime. Luther advocated early marriages in order to check vice (he did not seem to see it was possible to lead an immoral life after the ceremony), saying God created children and would certainly provide for them, and that it did not matter if women died under the strain, as that was their only duty.

Now the individual advanced woman is ahead of her sex, and it is from her we must try to prophesy the future. Woman has been in a hard school so far (whatever may be said to the contrary), necessary to her and to the race. Man, at his best, has been the rough shell of the nut protecting her, although unfortunately too often injuring the precious kernel inside. His work ought to leave her free to attend to the more delicate intellectual work in which she will prove herself superior, and to the education of the generations.

The average woman may or may not be superior to the average man at present, but it is not fair to compare her with man either in art, literature, science or commerce, with her almost useless education in the past, and her fetters, domestic, economic, social and national, and yet what wonders she has already achieved thus hampered! How can a man pass judgment on a woman's mind when he prides himself on taking longer in understanding a thing than a woman? How often does a woman "twig" a thing in a moment with her intuition, whereas precious time is wasted by arguing because man is slower of comprehension, and woman does not always care to tell man her best thoughts to be sneered at. It was Rousseau who said that girls should not be taught to read, as they would soon know more than men; and Ruskin (see *Sesame and Lilies*) draws from literature examples of her superior wisdom. As to morals woman is undeniably purer at present; to say that she would not remain so had she the same opportunity of sowing wild oats and of being welcomed in society afterwards as men

even those who secretly hate her most, and revile her methods, must perforce in these days acknowledge our indebtedness to her. Would that they might be persuaded to aid her by the fervour of their feelings, even when they cannot bear the burden of active work on her behalf.

Should anyone reply to me on this matter, I wish to say that I shall not write again. But I would ask any such person to deal with what I have said, and not with what I have not said. My contentions are two: (1) That the repulsiveness of vivisection is unavoidable and not our fault, and that other practices as repulsive are forced on men by duty; but that those who are weak and whose morals could be injured by contact with such details are not bound to intrude upon them; (2) that while the most practical physiologists, and chiefly those who have made discoveries, declare that vivisection is the only means open to us for learning the operations which proceed in the human body, we ought not to oppose their view unless our knowledge, and not our opinions, gives us a strong justification for doing so. In the centre of battle the issue is not seen. May I beseech those who have become excited with the ardour and turmoil of the strife to cool themselves awhile, and then return to the plain principles of the question.

Lastly, a word of apology. I am grieved that I have been led into this controversy, because I hate fighting. But I have been much troubled to find an advanced woman's journal involuntarily alienating sober men from the cause of woman's emancipation by pleading with the anti-vivisectionists. Some day, when I am prepared, I hope to help women towards freedom. I would only say now that the first step they must take is emancipation from themselves. A tender heart is a good servant but a bad master, and at present a tender heart is woman's master.

ARTHUR EBBELS.

Choice Sayings.

As long as mankind disregard minute evils they will never cease to have great ones. The beginnings of all human actions must be right, otherwise the resultant products will be all wrong.

COULD NOT UNDERSTAND.—If there had never been a blossom in the world, and some one should see a blossom, clairvoyantly, as the culminating effort of the plant, and undertake to describe its beauty and fragrance, they would be as little understood and believed as are teachers of truth, who essay to bring to the knowledge of mankind the harmony and peace that would be theirs if they would make the effort to live the True Life.

THE initiative must come from the mortal, otherwise there can be no conscious blending of the mortal and angelic spheres. God never makes manifest because of belief in a God, but by doing God's will continually.

We have whatever we cultivate. We can grow and increase our troubles, if we are so minded, by keeping them continually in our thought, or we can increase our happiness by cultivating happy thoughts.

No man worries about the future in this life or the next who does his very best now.

From *The World's Advance Thought*.

are, has not been proved. As a matter of fact our girls, even the poorest, take more pride in their personal cleanliness than our boys, and "at is the outer so is the inner," therefore we can but conclude that their minds are to be judged similarly. Walking through our streets we see the superior self-respect of women (e.g., spitting, taking snuff, etc.). As to unselfishness, gentleness, sympathy, indeed, all that constitutes that love which ennobles, these are considered womanly virtues, while the manly virtues of courage and bravery if disconnected with these become mere exhibitions of brute force. Women can now swim and perform many once supposed unwomanly actions, so that the weakness of the heroine of fiction no longer serves its purpose in setting off the physical strength of the hero in saving her (see Dr. Sophie Bryant's "Ideals of Womanliness" in *Studies of Character*). If "God is love" (and love is stronger in woman than in man) the sooner men seek for more of this divine virtue the better, it is in boys that we find most cruelty, not so often in girls. Also in boys and men we find a fallen idea of patriotism, which is a form of enlarged personal selfishness—a belief that might is right, governance by enforced law rather than by moral suasion—such opposes love. The most lovable men are those with the most womanly qualities.

Is woman showing her superiority? Certainly. Teaching (whether by word or by pen) is the highest profession to be followed. Clergymen as a class paid and set aside to be good will no longer be necessary when all have learnt at home or at school that the Kingdom of Heaven is within and not in the church down the street. Doctors will not be so much needed when knowledge of the laws of health are better known and followed. Lawyers, magistrates, policemen, etc., will not be wanted when the spirit of love has a little more room to grow. Woman's greater patience and gentleness is making her the better teacher. Strange that Nature should have entrusted woman with the nurture and care of the whole race if she be inferior! However, we know it is always women who train our little ones best. More and more women are entering the profession, but men seem to prefer trade. There is great difficulty in getting boys as pupil teachers in our London Board Schools (needless to say they are offered far better salaries than the girls), but they do not come forward, either because they feel they cannot teach as well or because they know that they would get more money in business. If the latter is the real reason surely the love of money-grubbing does not prove man's superiority.

That woman will some day have a vote and sit in Parliament is inevitable, that she is, and is likely to remain, in the majority is probable, hence the world will be ruled mostly by women—"mostly," of course, for man will have to help or his best qualities will be stunted as woman's have been, and will not this be another case of the survival of the fittest?

If morally and intellectually she be man's superior, is she physically so? The most highly developed animals are considered the highest: woman is more developed than man, she should therefore be the highest. She is smaller than man, but a dog is not necessarily lower than a hippopotamus in the scale of creation. The amount of bodily labour she undergoes, if less than a man's, will not necessarily prove her inferior, since their bodies are not exactly alike, but it is a moot point judging from domestic servants, peasants, etc., whether a fully developed maid cannot do as much as a man, and the strain of child-bearing is an enormous strain in a woman's life.

Now if the best-nurtured mothers produce girls rather than boys (see *Evolution of Sex*) does it not follow that women are physically superior? It is absurdity itself to say that the weaker mothers produce the stronger children. Is it the case that baby-boys are more difficult to bring up than baby-girls? There are certainly more women than men in the world, but then it is argued that men run more risks; that may be to some extent true. But let us examine these things, each for herself. How were the sexes balanced in pre-historic times.

If we grant that woman has not the physical strength of a man, machinery will make up for this deficiency; is it a deficiency or is it a grade of advance? The moral and mental characteristics will settle the question of superiority which man has raised.

Women in trade have not been found wanting, but commerce in its best sense exists for the sake of home. Business must be carried on for the sake of home, not home secondary, as is inevitably the case where schools are advertised as giving "good commercial education."

There may be much dissension from this paper, but Emerson says, "To believe your own thought, to believe what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense." . . . "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist." . . . "Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words though, it contradict everything you said to-day." (*Essay on Self-reliance*.)

T. L.

Central National Society for Women's Suffrage.

Treasurer—MRS. FRANK MORRISON.
Secretary—MISS GERTRUDE STEWART.

Central Office: 29, PARLIAMENT STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

March 28th, 1895.

THE Annual Meetings of this Society will be held on Friday, April 26th. The meeting of the Central Council, which consists of:—

- (a) Delegates from affiliated bodies,
- (b) Of all subscribers who joined before February, 1895,
- (c) Of the Executive Committee and all Vice-Presidents,

will be held in the Small Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W., at 3 p.m.

Any members who wish to move alterations in the rules, or to nominate candidates for election to the Executive Committee, must give notice to the Secretary at the above address not later than April 5th. It is necessary for those nominated for the Executive Committee to be proposed and seconded by subscribers or by affiliated bodies. The Agenda for the Meeting, and cards of admission will be sent later.

A Public Meeting will be held in the Large Queen's Hall, on the evening of the same day, April 26th. We are most desirous that this shall be a representative gathering, and we trust that affiliated bodies will make an effort to send delegates, and that subscribers from the country will endeavour to attend.

There will be a limited number of reserved seats at 1s. and 2s. 6d. Country delegates will be entitled to receive these free on application to the Secretary.

GERTRUDE STEWART,
Secretary.

A Reply to Mr. Arthur Ebbels on Vivisection.

IN the opening remarks of Mr. Ebbels, he states that he knows "from experience . . . how difficult it is for people affected by a delicate sensibility, to listen to the calm, but impartial voice of reason;" and he seems to consider that the opposition to vivisection is made from "a sentimental point of view." Now, if we feel it, delicate sensibility in this matter, is aroused by the sufferings, not of ourselves, but of other creatures, powerless to defend themselves; though it is true that *through sympathy* we also suffer greatly. We are quite ready, however, to listen to the voice of reason. Having well examined the question from all sides, and not only from the sentimental point of view, we are convinced that the system of vivisection is injurious and misleading in its effects on the treatment of human patients, as well as being morally unjustifiable.

Mr. Ebbels goes on to say: "The first article (by Mary M'Kinnel, published in *SHAFTS*), states that vivisection is repulsive in its nature and details, and immoral in some of its consequences. But surely that is entirely beside the question. Take the ordinary doctor. Are not many of the most necessary of his daily operations repulsive, and, if Mary M'Kinnel will, degrading in their effects." Here Mr. Ebbels entirely loses sight of the fact that a vivisectional experiment is not for the benefit of the vivisected animal, but that it has for its object, either the demonstration of a fact already known, or some possible scientific discovery, which *may* chance to benefit animals or men (or at least a man). As one of their own prophets has said: "I do not believe that a single experimenter says to himself when he gives curare to a rabbit, or cuts the spinal marrow of a dog, or poisons a

frog: 'Here is an experiment which will relieve or will cure the disease of some men.' No, in truth, he does not think of that! He says to himself, 'I shall clear up an obscure point, I will seek out a new fact.' And this scientific curiosity, which alone animates him, is explained by the high idea he has formed of science. This is why we pass our days in fetid laboratories, surrounded by groaning creatures, in the midst of blood and suffering, bent over palpitating entrails." (Mons. Charles Richet in *Revue des deux Mondes*, Feb. 15th, 1883.) The repulsive nature of vivisection, from a moral standpoint, is owing to its being practised to satisfy "scientific curiosity," instead of to alleviate the sufferings of the individuals upon whom it is practised. To speak of the operations of healing and of surgery, as in any way "degrading" and "repulsive" in the same sense as are vivisectional experiments, is to take a very low and unworthy view of those beneficent arts. A woman of the most "delicate sensibility," who would certainly decline to take part in a vivisection, is yet able, without shrinking, to dress the most loathsome wounds and sores of hospital patients, because she feels that she is alleviating pain. There are other aspects in which vivisectional experiments, from their unnatural character, are "repulsive." Without mentioning the worst of these, we may instance the following: fastening animals till they grow together, tying limbs over the back, stiffening a dog like a piece of wood, making brains of cats to run like cream, exchanging brains, exploding dogs, etc. Women are advised by Mr. Ebbels to abstain "from harrowing their feelings into a condition of unreasonable strain, by searching out the facts regarding vivisection." This is past praying for. The facts are patent to us all, as described in the pages of scientific journals by the persons who perform the experiments. And the facts once grasped, and the iron being thus sunk into the soul, it is fruitless to shut the eyes or to say we will know no more about this thing. The more we know, the better we can combat it; and the last thing that is likely to happen to us in the matter is the "blunting of our sense of truth." Mr. Ebbels (it seems likely) is unaware how thoroughly the question of vivisection has been studied by its opponents, who gather their knowledge from pro-vivisection journals; and though we are not at all "angry" with him, why should we be? he will certainly not persuade us that we "are not, at present, able to regard the question in a true light." Although frequently challenged to bring forward proofs in favour of their practices, vivisectionists always prove unable to find any "arguments" worthy of the name. Mr. Ebbels himself illustrates this statement. He says " . . . I for one cannot see how we may evade the responsibility" (who would deny it?), viz., "of wrestling with disease." "And that granted, the right of vivisection is involved, because in the opinion of our greatest physiologists, we have no other method available, whereby we may force Nature to reveal her secrets." Is not this language akin to what we may imagine a Bonner, a Calvin, a Torquemada, to have used? "We must (they would have said) torture these obstinate heretics and force them to recant their errors. And besides, it is for the good of humanity at large that we should make examples of them." Alas! how often, under torture, the tortured ones have uttered what was not true! And just so, the experience gained from animals under tortured and unnatural conditions cannot apply to the normally healthy subject. Mr. Ebbels forgets or perhaps is not aware, that criminals and slaves by the hundred, were habitually vivisected by the "greatest physiologists" of the day in Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies. The practice was continued in Italy in the time of the Medici. Very recently a physician brought forward a resolution (happily rejected) in the Ohio Legislature for the delivery of criminals to the surgeons to practise upon. And another physician, in Europe, avows to

having "used" children for experiments, because animals were too expensive. It would seem, therefore, that the high priests of science are not necessarily infallible, and that we must have some better reason for approving of vivisection than the "opinion of our greatest physiologists," who, moreover, are by no means unanimous in their opinions. We all agree with Mr. Ebbels in thinking it our duty to endeavour to banish disease "with the best reason we possess." Where we differ from him is, to what course "the best reason" should lead us. Would that all would follow his advice, when he recommends "a little humility in dealing with such a weighty question." Then "the noble men of science" of whom he speaks, would not arrogate to themselves the sole right of judging how it is right to deal with the animal creation. Even if their hands were as full of results as are their mouths of promises, we should still deny that they were justified in putting to the torture our innocent and helpless "lower brethren."

When it is asserted that "science embraces some of the noblest, the most patient, the most humble-minded, the most truly moral, and the most self-denying men of all time," we have no wish to question the statement, but we see in it no argument for vivisection. The same assertion would be true with regard to the religious priesthood, but it would not be an argument for the crimes committed in the name of religion in all ages. We do not fail in reverence to science and to her patient followers. We would not see her debased by false and unworthy methods. At present the wrong done not to, but by, physiologists, is, in the words of Mr. Ebbels, sufficient to make us weep.

In summing up, Mr. Ebbels again refers to the "repulsiveness" of vivisection, and he says that "other practices as repulsive are forced on men by duty." Here again he confounds *moral* repulsiveness with *physical*. What is done in the way of healing or relief to a patient, cannot with any fairness or reasonableness be put in the same category with vivisectional experiments.

May women, and men also, learn to judge each question on its own merits! More and more of the public, both in England and America, and elsewhere, are learning to think on the question of vivisection, and to realise its urgency. "Sober men" (to use the words of Mr. Ebbels) are not at all likely to set themselves against the interests of women (which, after all, are in harmony with their own), because women undertake the protection of the weakest and most helpless creatures. A popular philosopher has lately said, that "most of us like our thinking done for us." Let us do our thinking for ourselves on the subject of vivisection. It requires some resolution to study it, but we *ought* so far to acquaint ourselves with the facts, as to be able to form an intelligent opinion. If we approach the subject with an unprejudiced mind, there is little doubt where our thinking will lead us, viz., to an unhesitating condemnation of the cruel and cowardly system.

HENRIETTA I. MUNRO.

The Social Dilemma:—A Suggestion.

IN placing the following considerations before the readers of this paper, I have to crave the indulgence of those who may have formed the opinion that there are no two sides to the question I am about to raise, and of those also who may think that it is not fitting for a man to discuss such matters in a woman's paper. I am one of those who hold that matters relating to the common weal of man and woman ought to be discussed by both, if not in each other's presence, at least in such a manner that each can take an equal share in the argument. I do not believe that either sex is (more than the other) in a state of moral childhood, or that either

possesses the monopoly of the power of discrimination between right and wrong. Let us meet on equal terms, sharing alike the good and the evil of our common humanity.

For some years past the public conscience has been deeply stirred over the terrible evils produced directly and indirectly wherever large numbers of unmarried men are congregated together, as in our garrison towns, and in our foreign fortresses. To remedy the evil, a system was devised, which in its degrading effect upon the public morals was found to be if anything worse than the original evil. This system has been made illegal by Parliament, but is still in full force in places in which the arm of the Legislature can reach but feebly. Against its continued existence in these places, an active crusade is being carried on, and swift-winged and keenly pointed shafts are being darted at the foe wherever found. Let us look for a moment at both the evil itself and the equally evil remedy.

We know, both by experience and by the teachings of nature, that there are in human beings, as in other animals, certain natural promptings for the preservation of the race. But humans, who are endowed with reason by which to govern their actions, are also subject to responsibilities and temptations from which the animals are exempt; subject to the dominion of passions, by which they can be driven to their own destruction, unless they choose to restrain them. This propensity to evil grows all the more powerfully the more it is indulged; as with the liquor habit, or gambling, as with every form of vice. Except in abstinence, there is no safety from vice in any form; and this is the key-note of what I am about to put forward.

The first and primary evil to which I have alluded needs no words from me to enforce its utter detestation. Everyone knows that indulgence in sexual vice brings degradation of every kind, and especially renders the victim liable to loathsome physical disease. These diseases are afterwards communicated to any pure and virtuous woman who may marry a man who has ever given way to vice, and there is therefore no safety for women as long as their possible husbands are exposed to the infection of these terrible scourges which may thus as easily fall on the innocent as on the guilty.

As our readers are aware, the enactments known as the C. D. Acts professed to provide a remedy for this awful state of things, by deliberately condemning a section of humanity to a species of life-long penal servitude and utter moral degradation, in order that by strict supervision these diseases might be kept in check. The fetish to which these victims were offered was the supposed necessity that the other sex should satisfy to the full (under a supposed and artificial safety) the depraved passions, intensified by unrestrained gratification, that distinguish man from other animals, by debasing him below the level of the lowest brute. Thus we have presented to our eyes the stupendously wicked sacrifice of all that is noblest and best in woman, to that which is vilest and worse than bestial in man. The remedy is far, far worse than the disease.

But what is the alternative? Are we to return to a state of hopeless helplessness? Are men to be permitted through the sins of their youth to ruin their own lives as well as others that may become bound up with them? We are on the horns of a great social dilemma; destruction and degradation confront us whichever way we turn. We have scarcely the hope of improved education; for the more important lessons of self-restraint are not taught in our schools, and the students of such matters are the graduates of the pavement. The only hope appears to be in finding some means whereby boys and young men—and if it should prove necessary, young women also—can be physically restrained from vice of the kind referred to, until they have attained an age at which they can make a prudent marriage with honour and safety to both parties.

Now what if such means could be found and employed? Who is to be responsible for its enforcement? Will the women of this country, as they do in some others, make it their business to look after the morals of the men, and to rigorously boycott any man who shall lay himself open even to suspicion of immorality? Will they, in a word, demand that a censorship of morals be established, privately or publicly, and refuse to marry any man who cannot satisfy the appointed referee that he has lived a pure life, at all events for a specified period? Given that the means of restraint can be found and employed, it rests with the women to enforce their adoption.

I make this suggestion with the greater boldness because I know that you are of opinion that it is the woman's turn now. Restraints have before now been put both on women and on men, in order to gratify the selfish passions of the sex that hitherto has had the power to enforce his tyrannous decrees. What more fair then, than that woman should, for her own protection, and by means of the authority she has now learned so well to wield, impose such obligations on the man who aspires to be her partner, as may be necessary for her own preservation, and that of the whole human race. The future of that race is in the hands of the women. Men think only of self-gratification, careless whether the offspring, the result of their gratification, is fitted to continue and preserve and improve the race, or whether the coming generations to the end of time are to be cursed with the shame and iniquity of their fathers.

"LEMUEL."

Correspondence.

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

"A WORD FOR THE OTHER SIDE."

MADAM,—Referring to Mrs. McKinnel's "Reply" to my first letter upon the subject of Vivisection which appeared in *SHAFTS* of December, I will, with your kind permission, say a few more words upon the matter.

In answer to the remark about animals used for purposes of demonstration, I am informed on the best and most reliable authority, that "all experiments for demonstration are performed under anaesthetics." Where there is no feeling there can be neither pleasure nor pain, therefore the word *cruelty* is out of place.

The "Reply" states that "many of the best of these (doctors) have had little or no personal experience of, or acquaintance with, vivisection, and that many more silently or openly disapprove of this method of physiological research." But—and it is an emphatic *but*—those gentlemen, whether or not they have themselves made experiments, do not object to profit, in their profession and practice of medicine and surgery, by those made by the men whose methods they disapprove, for almost the whole of modern treatment rests upon the results of past experiments on animals.

The "great victory over diphtheria" by antitoxin treatment is, I rejoice to see, becoming more and more an incontrovertible fact. The successful results obtained may be seen every week in the pages of the medical magazines, which are open reading for any who wish to see their contents.

I approach with great seriousness the last argument brought forward by Mrs. McKinnel, *viz.*, the "moral aspect" of this question. I think it will be admitted that there are few if any systems of morals, where the *greatest good for the*

greatest number is not the object striven after. To take the most widely accepted system, the Christian: here we have the noblest example of sacrifice of one for the good of many, in the Christ's Death on Calvary. Throughout the New Testament we find many allusions to the beauty of self-sacrifice for others. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend."

To this some will answer, "free sacrifice, yes; but not enforced." Well, I think that if a favourite dog could be consulted he would just as freely give up his body to the researcher for his master's benefit, as he would pine and fret away from grief at the loss of that same master upon his grave.

In the Old Testament again, the lavish sacrifice of doves and young lambs was customary upon every occasion of moment and formed an important part of the ceremonial, to say nothing of the *daily* sacrifice.

It would open up quite an endless argument to go into the moral right of the strong to cause the weaker to sacrifice itself compulsorily but, as the whole scheme of creation is compulsory, which as far as animal life is concerned is all that affects our subject (we are born and we die subject to a power stronger than ourselves). I cannot see that any system of morals is outraged by man carrying on Nature's sequence, especially when he does so for the Ultimate Good not only of his fellow men, but also of the animals themselves.

I am, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
FAIR PLAY.

18, BARTON CRESCENT,
DAWLISH, S. DEVON,
February 4th, 1890.

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to enclose postal order for *SHAFTS* for the coming year, and I would like to tell you how great is my admiration for your paper; it acts upon me as a mental tonic, and it makes me take heart and thank God that you ladies are so awake to your responsibilities, and that after all it is a grand thing to be a woman. People here vegetate, all are more or less selfish, wrapped up in their own narrow groove, they have little or no conception of the mighty battle going on in London and the big towns between the powers of light and darkness. I lend *SHAFTS* to such, not continuously to the same household, because I want them to buy it for themselves, and thus to help in my limited sphere to get the paper known as it *ought* to be known.

I have three boys to train for time and for eternity, and God helping me, I mean they shall grow up good men.

In last February or March number there was an article about telling our children about the mystery of birth—that article caused me to think much, and pray much, and I made up my mind I would no longer be a coward, and shrink from what was my clear duty; so I too, by the aid of simple botany (and here we have every facility for it) prepared their minds for the revelation, and then I talked of birds and their young, and animals—and so while we were at dinner last Sunday week, and talking of the pet of our household, two and a half years, my eldest boy, an intelligent and very pure minded lad of ten, said, "Mother, where did Gilbert really come from." I looked at him straight in the eyes and replied, "Why my dear son—am I not his mother? I could see their astonishment was real and not feigned, and then I went on to show them what a holy mysterious thing it was, I in fact followed the line of your teachings, and when I spoke of my intense suffering, it caused an affectionate boy of eight years to put his arms around my neck, and with big eyes full of tears to say, "Dear, dear mother, and did you

suffer this for me?" We have made no further allusion to it, there has been no occasion, other matters have engaged our daily attention, but I feel they are protected from any bad words boys at school may let fall, and besides, in their daily prayer they always say, "Help me not to talk with other boys anything I can't talk to mother and father about." I wish you success in your great undertaking. May God bless and prosper you.

Yours sincerely,

E. T. H.

AN ANSWER TO "FAIR PLAY."

MADAM,—I should be glad to be allowed to make some remarks in your paper in answer to "Fair Play." The first statement made by "Fair Play" with regard to "animals used for purposes of demonstration," is that she is "informed on the best and most reliable authority that 'all experiments for demonstration are performed under anaesthetics.'" "Where there is no feeling" (continues "Fair Play") "there can be neither pleasure nor pain, therefore the word *cruelty* is out of place." Now, if the writer is really only referring to animals used for "demonstration," *i.e.*, experiments in illustrations of lectures, it is true that in these cases—permitted by a certificate called Certificate C (3)—anaesthetics are compulsory. But it seems uncertain whether "Fair Play" is aware that these cases only form a comparatively small proportion of the whole number of experiments performed by vivisectors. For example, in 1893, the total number of experiments reported was 4,046, and of these 140 only were under Certificate C (3). Of the experiments under Certificate A (1), "special certificate for experiments without anaesthetics," there were 2,183; and under B (2), which is a certificate "dispensing with the obligation to kill the animal before recovering from anaesthesia," there were 317.

"Fair Play" refers to what has been stated with regard to many doctors having had "little or no personal experience of, or acquaintance with, vivisection; and that many more silently or openly disapprove" of it. But "Fair Play" remarks on this, that those doctors, nevertheless, "do not object to profit, in their profession of medicine and surgery, by the experiments made by the men whose methods they disapprove; for almost the whole of modern treatment rests upon the results of past experiments on animals." We cannot doubt that the writer makes this assertion in perfectly good faith, for she would seem to be unversed in vivisection literature. But those who make a study of the subject are aware that repeated appeals for *proofs* of the alleged advantages of vivisectional methods have been made to the pro-vivisectionists. In spite of this they have not been able to adduce one single case in which those methods have led to any indispensable, or even valuable, discovery for medical or surgical treatment. It is not denied that discoveries have been made. Prof. Mantegazza, for example, when he placed his poor victims in the "Tormentore," for a series of experiments on the production of pain, proved that loss of appetite, great weakness, and a "peculiar inhibition of moisture" were the result of the pain inflicted. One of his engaging methods was to "lard the animals with nails"; but one hardly sees what "modern treatment" of the human being could rest on the results of such a proceeding. Nothing we have yet heard of, necessary or useful to ourselves, could not have been just as well discovered by constant *observation* by the bedside of human patients.

The next point referred to by "Fair Play" is the "great victory over diphtheria" by anti-toxin treatment (!) and she says she rejoices to see it is "becoming more and more an incontrovertible fact." "Fair Play" has evidently failed to notice several medical and other scientific opinions throwing

great doubt on the efficacy of the above treatment, and intimating that it is likely to have the same fate as the now discredited "Koch" treatment for consumption, *viz.*, to rank as a failure. The writer goes on to draw a parallel between "the noblest example of sacrifice of one for the good of many . . . Christ's death on Calvary," and that of the scientific persons who sacrifice—not themselves but—the most helpless creatures, for the alleged good of humanity or the general advancement of science! She herself supplies the obvious answer to such a parallel: "free sacrifice, yes; but not enforced." But she goes on to say: "Well, but I think that if a favourite dog could be consulted, he would just as freely give up his body to the researcher for his master's benefit, as he would pine and fret away from grief at the loss of that same master upon his grave." As we all know, there is many a noble dog who would willingly give his life to defend the human being whom he loves. But that is not quite the same thing as consenting to be cut up piecemeal and exposed to all sorts of prolonged tortures. If "Fair Play" will study the scientific journals and other writings in which experiments on animals are recorded, she will learn that these tortures include boiling, baking, scalding, freezing, mangling, slow starvation, fastening to a machine and whirling round with great swiftness, dropping from a height, excising kidneys, removing part of brains, pounding with heavy mallets and dislocating limbs—and many other torments too numerous to mention.

Add to which, the dog would not be sacrificing his life to save that of his master being sacrificed. He would be sacrificing it simply for the general advancement of science, and by which, *possibly*, something might be found out to benefit the human body (though some great scientific authorities consider that vivisection has done more to perpetuate error than to dispel it). But is it for a moment conceivable that a dog would have so little sense as to lend himself to encourage such a system, a system under which thousands upon thousands of his race have suffered, and do suffer, untold agonies? As to the lambs and the doves sacrificed in the Jewish ceremonial, to which "Fair Play" alludes, as these were not vivisected but *killed*, they do not come into the present question.

"It would open up quite an endless argument," writes "Fair Play," "to go into the moral right of the strong to cause the weaker to sacrifice itself compulsorily, but as the whole system of Creation is compulsory . . . I cannot see that any system of morals is outraged by man carrying on Nature's sequence." Here again, "Fair Play" confuses two issues, and entirely overlooks the fact that, in discussing the lawfulness of any course, one has to keep in view the question of limits and of degree. The question of whether we may slay an animal is distinct from that of whether we may torture it. It may be necessary to kill a mouse, it is not lawful to half kill it and let it go again and again, which is Nature's sequence in the habits of the cat. With this one exception—and even here the cat is very likely unaware that she is inflicting suffering—it is doubtful if any animal, excepting man, is guilty of deliberate cruelty. Murder, or cruel personal injury, is often known to follow the indulgence of hate, jealousy, and other evil passions, and may therefore count as one of Nature's sequences; but not on that account is it considered permissible. "Fair Play" says that "The whole scheme of Creation is compulsory;" and she seems to argue that because we were brought into the world without being consulted, as part of the plan of a stronger Almighty Will, we also may do as we will with the creatures weaker than ourselves. Surely "Fair Play" does not mean to imply that the Divine Ruler of the Universe would vivisect for His own advantage the human beings whose existence He has caused? Such an idea takes us back to the days of the worship of Moloch and of Baal.

Nature's sequence is very various in character, and it is easier, no doubt, to follow her lower than her higher promptings, to follow the "ultimate good" of the body rather than of the spirit, and to seek—as in vivisection—some possible physical advantage, at the risk of fearful demoralization, and the blunting of the kindly instinct of humanity. But is this really what "Fair Play" would recommend?

I am, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
HENRIETTA I. MONRO.

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. Please note new address.

The Trade will please communicate with the publishers, Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward, 6, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.

Notices with regard to concerts, lectures, At Homes, meetings forthcoming or past, or any other matter which it is desired should be made known in this paper, ought to be sent to the Office in good time. Any person not receiving within a few days a receipt for money transmitted, is requested to at once make such omission known to the Editor. *Subscribers are most earnestly* requested to pay their subscriptions *when they become due* and to keep note of such dates.

Visitors will be welcomed at the new offices, as they were at Arundel Street, Strand. The best days for visitor 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, especially during the month of May.

OFFICE OF "SHAFTS,"
11, WESTBERE ROAD,
HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

**Please note specially new address
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