

SHAFTS

A PAPER FOR WOMEN



THE WORKING CLASSES

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M.A.

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WISDOM
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TRUTH

LIGHT COMES TO THOSE WHO DARE TO THINK



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

FATE.

"What, then," I asked, "is Fate?" One replied, "The powers above us; the powers around us; the powers within us; yea, any or every power, which through darkness or light, joy or pain, moveth humanity towards the consummation of its ideals."

WHERE great Ygdrassil's branches shoot up to the highest heaven, Sit the Fates three, to whom the care of Urda's fount is given; Mighty, mysterious maidens, dwelling in heights sublime, While through their busy fingers run the golden threads of time.

Verdandi, all too eager, teareth and spoileth sore, But Urd, the past, with calm, sad touch, brings healing evermore; Skuld's fingers none can follow, nor see her threads unrolled; She is the Future, closely veiled, as she weaves her wool of gold.

Strong grow the hearts that bravely prove the Present's bitter creed, From Urd such wisdom we may learn, that she who runs may read, Through the close veil of Skuld, there gleams a glad and steadfast soul, Cheering the weary toilers who press onward to their goal.

'Mid fairest foliage tender green, near Norna's halls of light, Work evermore the Wilful Three, in potent strength and might; The ancient swans swim, white as snow, where Urd's pure waters stream, Rising and falling crystal clear amid the purple gleam.

Oh, human things, that onward go thro' sorrow, shame, and sin, Scan well the open page of life, Fate lies ourselves within, Help every halting footstep, grasp every weary hand, Souls are our fate—oh, see that none die faint in a full land.

R. TREVOR.

"A DREAM."

IN a dream I saw a bright star which seemed to lead other stars across a dark path in the spheres. I drew nearer, longing to be bathed in the soft, yet strong radiance of this star. I found in the centre of the light, which streamed forth in golden rays, was a woman with starry eyes. Up through the gloom, attracted by the shining beams which clothed her as with a halo, came pilgrims, some bearing burdens, others weary and cold; and as they passed by the golden shafts fell upon them, and their pale faces glowed with renewed hope, and strength to go forward on their paths of work and duty.

And I, too, drank in the golden light, and all things seemed new, and I felt that this light was the spiritual electricity which might conquer the darkness which had so long held women's souls in bondage. And I brought up other pilgrims to receive the blessed light.

While gazing into the starry eyes I saw them grow weary and filled with yearning, and I questioned "Why?" She answered, "I am always giving—giving—"

Suddenly I saw the radiating light which surrounded her grow pale, and, behold, another but darker star came swiftly towards us. Then I perceived that the golden warmth of the bright star's rays was reflected from a great central Sun—The Divine Source of all Light. And the approaching body came between and shut off this sunlight.

In the dark star, which shone with a lurid self-centred light, was a woman's face with glowing eyes and thin, cruel lips; and some of the pilgrims resting in the light of the golden star were burnt and shrivelled up at her approach, and she passed over their crushed bodies. Then, looking into the bright one's weary eyes, she raised her hand and closed the eyelids, and the golden light faded, and the rays grew dim and cold, while the lurid mist of the darker star enveloped the shining one, and she was hidden from those who had followed her; and when she again looked on the pilgrims they were distorted through the red, misty medium which now swept over her and surrounded her and hid her from their sight. But the dark star smiled triumphantly, and I heard a voice say—

"The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude."

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

ON December 30th a dinner and entertainment were given to over 2,000 poor children by the readers of the *Young Woman* and the *Young Man* at the People's Palace. It took place in the Queen's Hall, which was gaily decorated to please the little ones. During dinner popular airs were played by the band from Dr. Barnardo's Home, which delighted the youthful audience, the performers being about their own age. After dinner, a cheerful variety entertainment was provided, consisting of waxworks, music, and ventriloquism. This is especially pleasing, as it savours largely of women's work and sympathy. Last year a similar effort was made by the *Young Man*, and the sum of £80 was collected. The *Young Woman* joined with the *Young Man* in collecting and subscribing for this special dinner, and the result was £400. We congratulate the *Young Woman*.

Influential Lives.

THE REV. FLORENCE KOLLOCK, M.A.

IN recording the lives of those who have made themselves useful in their day and generation, who have come to be known and loved by those who perceive; those who have done, and are doing, something to help the world along, it is curious to note how the youthful days of each have been spent; how the power of these days has cast its shadow or sunshine all along the track. Those who enjoy intimate intercourse with the Rev. Florence Kollock, if in the possession of even ordinary perceptive powers, will readily understand that the bright-eyed, sunny-faced woman must have had a bright and joyous youth.

And so indeed hath it been. To hear her tell of those days, with kindling eye and flushing cheek, is to hear with her the merry voices, the rippling laughter, the swish through the keen, frosty air as on flying skates she sped among her loved companions in graceful, swift evolutions; now here, now there, with heightened colour, spirits all alive with the gay gladness of the hour, every drop of blood in her veins tingling with delight; laughter and joyous greetings ringing through the moments as they flew like shafts of light, filling the corners of her heart and brain with memories—undying memories—whose sparkle remains to this day in the bright, dark eyes that look us through so kindly. Thus ever doth the past leave its impress on the present, and the actions of later years bear the character of our earlier experience.

Many earnest souls, whose young years have been full of trial, have come, it is true, in later life, to drink deep of the well-springs of happiness; their lives have led them into pleasant places, and a calm and glad content has taken the place of sorrow and suffering; but *joyousness* as a rule is a habit of the heart and mind acquired only in childhood, which once acquired and confirmed is not easily lost. "Be true," says the Greek proverb, "to the dreams of thy youth," and those who have known how high and grand such dreams can be will understand the full meaning of all the adage conveys. Who dare prognosticate the possibilities that lie within the innocent, unclouded eyes of children that look out so clear, straight, and true upon the world which is to them a source of never-ending wonder and delight—a sanctuary, a holy place? "Train up a child in the way in which it ought to go," Solomon is supposed to have said; but Solomon, like many others before and after him, omitted to take into account the immense amount of training which the child gains for itself; the decisions at which it arrives with regard to the world and its ways, with regard to the precepts and actions of those with whom it comes in contact, the experiences it undergoes so quietly, the mistakes it makes; and sees, when least its elders suspect, the love which going forth from the young heart transfigures all upon which it rests. Solomon and other wise ones, having omitted all these minor details, have failed to touch the most important of all important causes which produce for their ultimate effect a thoughtful, capable human being. In the days of her childhood and early girlhood, the Rev. Florence Kollock enjoyed the free glad life which fell to her lot with all the heartiness and fervour of that strong, high purpose which she now brings into her present earnest work—skating, riding, driving, entering into all the happy, innocent pleasures belonging to her youth, position, and the land of her birth, America. The hearty fun, the laughter, the glad merry days were predicative of the deeper life to come, for which she was even then preparing, though she knew it not. Many tasks, imperfectly executed, much work, performed with little earnestness, came under her observation. Many words carelessly spoken displeased her sense of thoroughness, all of which sank into the good soil of her heart and brain and brought forth splendid fruit.

She was born in Waukesha, Wisconsin, U.S.A. Her mother was a woman of great capability and intelligence, and the possessor of a fund of good sense. She considered that every girl should be put into possession of some means of livelihood which would render her perfectly independent and free, "after which," said Mrs. Kollock, "let her marry or not, as she pleases; but a girl should never marry for a home alone." It was the mother's intense desire that her daughters should be useful, and that women should show unmistakably to the whole world how capable they were, if trained, to do anything they might choose as their life's work. She insisted that women should be financially independent, or, she said, "they would always be subject. We must be able to command our own pocket, because as long as women are dependent on men they are in peril."

Miss Kollock says:—

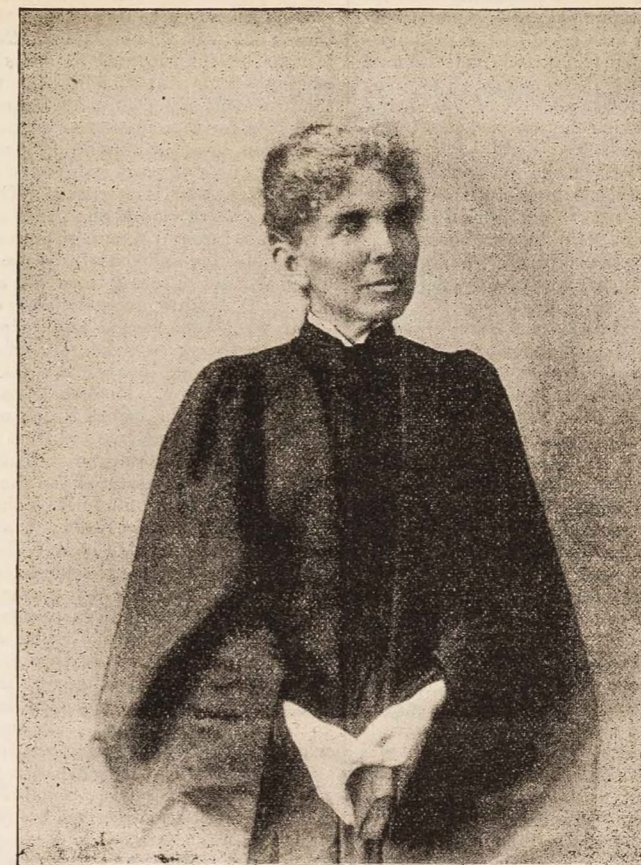
"My sister Harriet was one of the most brilliant women I ever knew. One woman is so great an inspiration to another when such inspiring power is used that it is much to be regretted it should ever be otherwise. This strengthening and encouraging influence was exercised over me by my sister Harriet. One day as I was reading a very stirring sermon on "Some Phases of Liberal Thought," written by

a Congregational minister, I felt my soul suddenly awake within me, and I exclaimed aloud, 'Oh, that I were a minister, I know what I should say!' My sister Harriet looking at me steadfastly said, 'You can be if you wish to be.' She conferred on my account with Mrs. Livermore, who strongly approved of the idea. Shortly after I went to live with Miss Augusta Chapin, strengthened by this pithy advice—'Be careful; if you like it, then go for it, but be careful.' I went. I lived with Miss Chapin, and attended the university there."

It was Mrs. Livermore who sent the enthusiastic young aspirant to Miss Chapin. "Go," she said, "live with a woman minister who is actually engaged in the work; then you will know what you are undertaking before you decide." The wise reserve of caution which is a part of Miss Kollock's character approved of this advice. She accordingly took up her abode with Miss Chapin, where she gained much experience. Mrs. Livermore's direct influence may be said to have ceased at this point, but she remained a specially warm and devoted friend, watching with great sympathy the onward course of the promising young life which so interested her. Every portion of an earnest, energetic human life in the full possession and conscientious use of its capacities must always be of the deepest interest; but particularly, perhaps, the time when the first important step is taken by the brave work-seeker. There comes a point—a tide, as it were—in the career of the prepared and waiting soul, when it seems to be taken hold of by the circumstances surrounding it, and launched forth suddenly on the restless ocean of life, there to do its part. Such was this soul's experience. What hopes filled the ardent heart; what glad convictions of ability and success, side by side with depressing feelings of unworthiness and incapacity; for the greater the abilities by any human being possessed, the stronger will be ever these two apparently paradoxical views of its own powers.

Blessings on the brave, steadfast souls who, putting aside personalities, discouragements, and doubts, buckle on their armour to do or die, suffering all things cheerfully, if so their work may be accomplished. Such go from height to height; the spirit grows as it wrestles with difficulties, and gains strength invulnerable for the battle. The influences which nature so brave shed around them is inspiring and ennobling beyond their ken. It may, therefore, be well understood that the young minister who commenced her work in this spirit has carried, and is carrying, it on with unchanging zeal; helping, encouraging, and uplifting those under her charge, to whom her ministry has come as sunlight from clear skies.

While Miss Kollock was earnestly studying Miss Augusta Chapin's work and the discipline of her life, that lady was closely studying her pupil, and soon perceived her capabilities. "You know enough to catch up the classes for this year, so lose no time," she said. These cheering words decided Miss Kollock to take her friend's advice, and she accordingly went off to join the Theological School of the University of St. Lawrence, New York, having been with Miss Chapin two months. Looking back upon this period she says: "It was an exceedingly interesting time to me, that time spent with Miss Chapin in Iowa City, where she was engaged in building a beautiful church; overlooking all the work, giving instructions as to wood to be used, deciding upon, and arranging the style of pews, windows, &c., being given full power by the trustees, and consulted by the architect on all points." To see a woman's skill and ability so fully and publicly recognised, was a new experience to Florence Kollock, and delighted her beyond words; the more so that she much admired the calm, collected, untroubled manner of Miss Chapin, who,



THE REV. FLORENCE KOLLOCK, M.A.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar.

trailing clouds of glory do we come.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

class, it bears in itself the elements of the destruction to which it is doomed. As the race rises all such littlenesses will die out, and be remembered only with shame that they ever were.

In preaching and preparing sermons, in diligent study, in pleasant recreation and friendly intercourse, creating deathless memories, Miss Kollock's college life passed away; leaving its wealth of training and acquired power, as a rich legacy to herself and those who studied with her. She then went West, and began her new duties by two years and a-half of missionary work in Iowa. She rode many miles in those days across the prairies from village to village, to preach three or four times a day, in school-rooms, halls, anywhere; never refusing if possibly she could comply with the eager, kindly demands made upon her. Her heart was filled with surprised rejoicing to find how gladly a woman's ministry was received; how eagerly the people welcomed her; how white-haired women and men came to her in their perplexities, doubts and fears. She felt herself so unworthy of it all, and especially humble in the presence of the dear aged people who trusted her so fully. Very gratefully glad also to note how large her audiences were, so much larger than usual. "What," she asked herself, "can I do to make myself more worthy of so much love and trust?"

Busy, active years were these, passed in the performance of duties so sacred, so dear, to the sincere, devoted woman. Years never to be forgotten, for the gladness they reflected into her own soul, from the comfort and joy she was enabled to bring to others; years which crown her now with their peace and their great reward.

Here, in 1876, she was ordained minister, Miss Chapin preaching the ordination sermon, full of pathos and fervour. Endowed now with the full powers of a minister of the United States, Miss Kollock proceeded to Blue Island, having accepted the post about to be left vacant by Miss Chapin, who had received a call to a larger parish.

Miss Chapin's congregation were so pleased with one woman's teachings

managing all connected with her new church so easily, fulfilled quietly at the same time her regular duties as minister, and abated not one jot or tittle of all she had to do, holding her high place in Society with the same perfect self-possession. Miss Kollock's face is full of delight as she describes all Miss Chapin did, and the life of a woman engaged in the ministry, "than which," she says, "no life is more glorious."

Miss Kollock alludes to her days at college with enthusiastic pride and pleasure! Old memories ring their music in her heart as she recounts them, making those who listen almost live the life over again with her. "No difference was made," she says, "between the students on account of sex; they studied the same subjects, had the same opportunities, enjoyed the same privileges, shared in the same sports—riding, driving, rowing, skating, playing croquet and other games with equal skill and an equal sense of pleasure. The male students, instead of objecting to the women's presence, felt glad and honoured by it, and the idea of a greater right on their own side never occurred to them."

This must have indeed been a pleasant condition of things for both sides. Can anything more absurd be imagined, than that one sex should question the right of the other to share what this rolling ball, which is equally the heritage of both, affords in the way of benefits? Can any greater meanness, anything more contemptible, be imagined than the disgrace which rests upon those who, possessing themselves certain privileges, question the right of their fellows to the same, scrambling like a lot of greedy, selfish boys to keep all the good things to themselves? Wherever such meanness exists as between men and women, or class and

that they desired another's, but Miss Kollock found the work here not quite enough to satisfy her ardent yearnings, so after consulting with the trustees she started missionary work at Englewood, then a suburb of Chicago, now included in the city, beginning in a hired hall. Her congregation soon became so numerous that she left Blue Island and built a church at Englewood, which also was finally outgrown. The delighted, untiring pastor then proceeded to build the present commodious and beautiful church at Stewart-avenue, the pastorate of which she resigned just before her visit to England.

Miss Kollock received her early education in the Wisconsin State University, where, as in other American schools, girls and boys were educated together. For five years after leaving this institution she held the position of instructor in the public schools of Wisconsin, before the coming of that inspiration which called her to the ministry. While at the St. Lawrence College she received her diploma, and had the degree of M.A. conferred upon her by the Wisconsin University.

Two of Miss Kollock's sisters were physicians, one being the first woman who matriculated at the Michigan State University. Another, the second woman who matriculated there, was a dentist. She has three brothers, who are severally lawyer, dentist, teacher. Her mother was an ardent believer in woman's suffrage, as must have been gathered from what has been told; she advanced it in every way, and brought her daughters up with a firm faith in women's capabilities and possibilities. Both parents were of the same mind—indeed, with such a mother in the home, and such daughters, it is hard to imagine how the father could have been otherwise. He was, however, large-minded himself, and used often to declare that he would never support any institution which would not receive his daughters on exactly the same terms as their brothers.

Miss Kollock has always taken a great interest in suffrage work, also in spreading the cause of temperance and education. In America the public schools stand side by side with the Church, and the churches themselves possess something of the nature of a social institution, commodious, comfortable; containing large halls with pews, pulpit, &c. (the church proper), smaller rooms for meetings, rooms which answer the same purpose as our ladies' clubs; also rooms and stalls where refreshments can be partaken of at any time within the allotted hours, so that the churches, it might be said, are homes in which, while the wants of the soul are looked after, the wants of the body are not forgotten.

"There is nothing," Miss Kollock says, "more stimulating and strengthening than to have someone to stand by you and say, 'You can do it.'"

This she found; her efforts were appreciated by the earnest, large-minded workers of America. What a rock of power to a sensitive, eager soul! Would there were more of it here in England! She preached in California, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine. It is difficult to get her to speak of herself and her doings; only by urging the good the knowledge of what one woman can do and has done brings into the lives of others—so often taunted on account of their sex—could her reserve be quite melted away.

"It is considered," she says, "that one great result of women entering into the ministry will be to do away with sectarianism. The Presbyterians have a rule against women preaching, but they really like it, and say, 'Come on.'"

Miss Kollock advocates perfect equality of rights and privileges between the sexes—"they are all human beings, and should not be divided into classes." She hopes "to see the day when women will be in our legislative body."

In her ministry she has found that the womanly element of intuitive perception of the wants of her people—in adversity or prosperity—of their joys, sorrows, aspirations, was gladly welcomed, making itself felt by all wherever she or other women ministers went. She is proud and glad, as she has a right to be, yet her eyes fill with tears, in which is the very tenderness of humility, as she tells in her genial, frank way little anecdotes of the people for whose welfare she cared, and whom she loved so well.

Miss Kollock has, during the course of her ministry, assisted at ordinations, dedicated churches, married persons, buried and baptised her fellow creatures, acted, in fact, in every capacity, demanded from one in the position of a minister in full orders.

For many years the indefatigable worker went on her zealous way, having been refreshed by a holiday trip to California at one time, during which she worked there with so much success that the pastor said, "When you are free, Miss Kollock, remember that we want you in California." It is singular to note here, that the sudden summons which calls her back to her native land is one from California.

For into the busy life came at last the touch of a great weariness, a want of change and rest. Not wishing to leave until the new church was in full use she occupied it for one year, then set forth on her journey to this country. But before leaving, as she desired to be quite free—and had consequently resigned her church at Stewart-avenue, Chicago, one

year before leaving—she was asked to select her successor, as she knew her people and their need better than anyone else could know them.

She journeyed to Boston, and there found the Rev. R. A. White, who turned out to be that exceptional thing, a round man in a round hole, and just the kind of successor for whom she sought; he also happened to be looking out for a new field. This was to Miss Kollock even more than the fulfilment of her hopes. She rejoiced greatly then, and has continued to rejoice, for the church she worked so hard for, and brought up to such perfection, has continued to prosper steadily under this gentleman's care. He was a man of great energy and determination, joined to such remarkable ability, that it was said, "The choosing of such a successor is the crowning act of the retiring pastor's work in Chicago." The congregation gave her a farewell reception, presenting her with many tokens of their warm affection and grateful sense of all her earnest work among them. "The thought of seeing them all again," Miss Kollock says, "pulls me across the Atlantic, to see my dear old people who loved me, and whom I loved, who strengthened and helped me, while they said I helped and sustained them; to look into the faces of my dear young people, so dear to me, who love me dearly; to think of preaching to them once more fills my heart with joy. For I shall stand in my own pulpit and preach to my loved people again before I seek my new field of labour, where also are dear souls for whose love and trust I thank God.

"My present summons came from the pastor and the Rev. A. G. Throop. I am appointed co-pastor of the church, which is established in connection with the University founded by the Rev. A. G. Throop."

The Rev. Florence Kollock is a Universalist, which church somewhat resembles our Unitarian body. She came to this country hoping to study English literature in our colleges, but was much disappointed to find that they possessed no chair of literature. She, however, attended lectures at Oxford, taking note of all that came in her way, seeking out all that did not. She was often to be found seated at earnest study in the British Museum. She attended the May meetings and met with many of our interesting Englishwomen, who are foremost in the advanced guard of the Steadfast Blue Line. She has preached in many churches, received invitations to do so, and been heartily welcomed by all, save the Episcopalian body, which does not receive preachers from other denominations.

Just before leaving she had a most enthusiastic farewell evening at the Offord-street Congregational Church, of which the Rev. — Stockwin is pastor. She then received many tokens of respect and goodwill. The pastor gave the farewell address, and was warmly seconded by others. To this the Rev. lady responded. Music and singing. Earnest expressions of regard, earnest hopes for the future were expressed on both sides, and made all hearts glad. Hopes of meeting in the years to come were uttered with full meaning by all.

Her visit to England has been a joy that will remain with this dear American friend. She also visited some of the most beautiful parts of Scotland and Ireland, and liked the people well, though she mourned over the poverty in Ireland. The Scotch she thought more like the Americans than any friends she had seen. For a few weeks of last summer she travelled on the Continent, and brought back rapturous accounts of its beauties of scenery, of architecture, of art. There has been fulness of pleasure to her in her trip to the Old World, which we are all glad to know, also it has been the gratification of a long-felt desire, a longing to see her English sisters.

Among those whose beautiful character had so attracted her, either from former personal acquaintance, from hearsay, or from having read of them, may be mentioned here—Miss Frances Lord, Mrs. H. Stanton Blatch, an American like herself; Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mrs. Comyns, editor of the *Feathered World*, and others. Of these she says: "I have held their kindly hands, looked into their honest eyes, read their warm, true hearts; and I return to whence I came all the richer for having seen and talked with them." There are some things the gifted lady is sorry to see. One is the monopoly of the platform by a few; another, the apparent objection shown by workers, who have more than they can do, to let their work be shared by others who, coming fresh into the field, are eager for opportunities.

But the flecks are few. The memories she carries away with her are indeed sunny memories, which will keep her heart warm for many years to come. She will think of those she has left behind, and in spite of the faults she could not but see she will have grown stronger by her contact with our island virtues, as many of us have grown by our contact with hers. The writer had the great pleasure of seeing the rev. lady soon after her arrival in London, from which has sprung a friendship and affection not likely to be extinguished. She rejoices, with many others, that with the sorrow of parting there comes no trace of that "sorrowing most of all" which would be ours, could we think that we should see her face no more.

The first part of the above article, "Influential Lives," has been reprinted from last number to make it complete in one, as many copies have been ordered for America.

WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

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

The Girl says she is so weary of the cry "Fashion, fashion," reiterated until her very character seems moulded by it.

The Girl says fashion orders people to keep late hours, to go out to theatres daily, to talk frivolity, &c., and she rewards her slaves by narrowing them down to automatic machines, needing constant repair. Things have come to a pretty pass, reflects the Girl; because some ladies in high society do not choose to work, labour is thought degrading.

The Girl says fashion dictates, "It is grand to be lazy." The Girl says, what short memories people have nowadays. She remembers that the highest, noblest Man was a carpenter. And she rejoices to know that.

The Girl says she cannot fancy a world in which everybody resembles everybody else. She says, "Dear me, we should have to wear bits of coloured ribbon like twins; only, perhaps, we might run short of colours, and what a muddle it would be." The prospect makes the Girl laugh.

The Girl says, wait a bit! Ought the endless variety shown in all the works of Nature to be crushed out of her highest development?

The Girl says, she hopes people will ponder this question most seriously; as she thinks there can be no reason why fashion should rule the world with such a sceptre of might.

The Girl says fashion when followed makes its devotees very uncomfortable, also very unhealthy; at the same time it cramps and destroys their intellect. She asks, why do women follow this fashion?

The Girl says how strange it is that she may speak or write what she chooses about women. She cannot say anything too bad about them, but let her or anyone else say a word against men, instantly both women and men are up in arms protesting against it. The Girl calls this a paradox.

The Girl says for many years, even centuries, women have been sneered at, jeered at, scoffed at, their very sex with its attributes made a by-word; now, if any woman retaliates ever so slightly, protests, denunciations in words or letters are heaped upon her.

The Girl herself does not wish to be hard on men or to retaliate; she does not know any woman who does; all this is very puzzling to the Girl. She often does not know what to think, or how to put her finger on the why or wherefore of anything.

The Girl says we ought to draw our soul and spirit life from the highest and loveliest sources. Oh, what a world we should make if we all did so, sighs the Girl with a longing intense.

The Girl says her mother used to tell her of a motto which she said taught all that need ever be taught. It was, "Do to others as you would they should do to you."

The Girl says the more independent people are the more will they be loved. It will be just so with women. As they become quite independent of men they will be more loved and respected by them. Real helplessness, such as that of the child, is attractive; helplessness which ought to be capability only induces contempt.

The Girl says Diogenes in his tub must have been a sorry sight. Still he was respected, because he had some learning, and he wanted nothing from nobody. But the girl's mother tells her we have outlived Diogenes.

The Girl says she read something she liked to-day. She would like to give it. Here it is: "The people who demand authority for every thought and action, who look to others for wisdom and protection, are they who perpetuate tyranny. The thinkers and actors, who find their authority within, are they who inaugurate freedom. Obedience to outside authority, to which woman has everywhere been trained, has not only dwarfed her capacity but made her a retarding force in civilisation. A writer, alluding to Turkey, says, 'All attempts for the improvement of that nation must prove futile, owing to the degradation of its women, and their elevation is hopeless because they are taught by their religion that their condition is ordained by Heaven.'"

The Girl wonders why age is despicable in a woman. She has heard men say of other men that they were "no better than a parcel of old women," meaning by this to convey the greatest contempt they could express. The Girl thinks she has heard that George Eliot was an old woman when she wrote her latest (and some think her greatest) works. The Girl says that the men who speak in this way have wives and daughters who will be old women some day; that they have had mothers, who may have toiled and struggled for them, who have loved them and made sacrifices for them. The Girl thinks to allude to old women in this way is the gabble of silly tongues guided by silly brains, but fools will always "rush in where angels fear to tread."

THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

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

THE "thin red line" has played its part of war and bloodshed in all the history of the world. The tale of the passing ages, and a higher consciousness are fast depriving it of its glory. Posterity shall judge whether the part played has been an absolute necessity as some say, or no. Meanwhile, we have ceased to contemplate its fame—the awful other side is more within our ken.

Women are gathering together their armies for another battle; for strife of another nature—the war of Women against injustice, impurity, tyranny, cruelty and falsehood. Against these, Women have ranged their "Steadfast Blue Line," which grows stronger with every hour. Their weapon is the "Sword of the Spirit," sharp and keen, and it will never be sheathed till the "winter of their discontent" has passed away for ever, and the time of the singing of freedom's jubilant song of victory has come.

* * * * *

In vain would women's hearts,
In love with sacrifice, withstand the stream
Of human progress; other spheres, new parts
Await them.

ROLL CALL.

NAMES are given here of all Women who work or have worked towards women's freedom, or freedom generally, whether still in this life or gone to another:—

ISABELLA CLARKE.	ISABELLA LINNÆUS BANKS.
BEATRICE CLUGSTON.	ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY.
MARY COWDEN CLARKE—PROMOTED.	ELISE C. OTTE.
DORA GREENWELL.	HENRIETTA KEDDIE.
MARGARET HUNT.	LYDIA BECKER—PROMOTED.
HELEN TAYLOR.	EMILY CONYBEARE.
HELEN NEW.	AUGUSTA CHAPIN.
ARABELLA SHORE.	HELLENA RICHARDSON.
MIRIAM THE PROPHETESS—PROMOTED.	MISS COLENSO.
MISS — ORME.	MARY A. LIVERMORE.
EMILY HILL.	ANNIE SWAN.
CHRISTINA OF SPAIN.	MRS. KENDAL.
MARGARET BRIGHT LUCAS—PROMOTED.	CATHERINE M. BUCKTON.
LOUISA STEVENSON.	ELIZ. SURR.
MRS. FAGAN.	ALICE WESTLAKE.
MARTHA CRAWFORD MERRINGTON.	HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.
AMY MANDER.	ELLEN L. BROWN.
DEBORAH THE PROPHETESS—PROMOTED.	ELIZABETH CHARLES.
	MABEL SHARMAN CRAWFORD
	LILLIAN HENDERSON.
	ROSE F. COOKE.
	FLORENCE BOURNE.

MISS HELLENA RICHARDSON
(Member of the Bristol School Board).

Women are more free from party politics and party bias than men are, and, consequently, more likely to take measures on their own merits. And, therefore, it is probable that she would vote more fairly for what is likely to benefit the nation in its domestic relations. And as woman is not considered so inferior to man as to require that she be excluded from paying taxes, it seems but just that she should have some voice in deciding how the taxes should be spent.

MRS. SURR
(Member of the London School Board).

So long as there is no slackening of strenuous effort among the noble and patient band who labour for the extension of the franchise to women—their ultimate success is certain.

Surely the hour is not far distant, when thoughtful and honourable men will blush that their sisters should have been debarred so long from exercising a right to which, as ratepayers, they have an equal claim with themselves.

PRINCESS SUPREME.

By O. ESLIE-NELHAM.
Author of *A Search for a Soul*; or, *Sapphire Lights*.

CHAPTER VIII.

Leonard stood glaring into the brilliance for some moments in a kind of ecstasy; then, in a passionate abandonment of joy, wrenching off the glove that Olive's hand had touched, he pressed it to his lips and cast it into the fire, feeling, perhaps, that he might so best sanctify the thing that had been made too precious for common contact.

He remained for some moments lost to everything around, then with a long sigh he walked rapidly away. Having proceeded far enough to tire his energies, he seated himself on a felled tree-stump, and, baring his head to the cool night air, began to think.

He might well ask what it meant, the tumult in which he found himself, for he was trembling all over with nervous excitement. The inevitable reaction had set in; his ecstasies had vanished and a peculiar lassitude had taken their place; an indescribable depression had seized hold of him, so that he felt wretchedly ill at ease. Hitherto he had been master of himself, even to austerity, grave, sedate; and since he had become a deacon especially he had been a zealous worker in the great vineyard, thinking nothing of enduring the most rigorous fasts, exulting rather than finding rapture in enduring hunger, cold, and fatigue for Christ. He had felt himself ineffably privileged in being able to do the slightest services, in resigning, bearing all, living on the barest pittance by which he could keep body and soul together; and although he was a man of unusually fastidious tastes, he felt as though he trod on air, felt divinely happy in the most offensive slums, as he fed the poor with the food that should have nourished his own frame.

So he went his quiet way for many years, then suddenly promotion came. He took his honours sedately, prepared to work in his new sphere as he had done in his old. The living of Scrome, however, was a very valuable one, and it gradually dawned upon Leonard that he was accounted a person of much consequence.

There were good reasons for the homage shown him; in the first place, he actually was socially important, the vicars of Scrome most frequently being preferred to posts of high honour; he was young and eminently handsome, and he had a goodly reputation.

Finally, as the few representatives of the county families in the neighbourhood were either invalids, octogenarians, or absentees, and the doctors and lawyers of Dustleigh quite old men—Leonard was the one interesting masculine feature of his parish.

He noted all this, but without pausing to consider that he would have been equally distinguished even had he been devoid of shining merits, he accepted the distinction as given to his deserts, and grew vain.

His parishioners did all they could to spoil him, and succeeded. So the vicar of Scrome grew pleased with himself; his word was so invariably made law that he took it as a matter of course, and soon learnt to brook no opposition.

He preached remarkably well, and had a clear, resonant voice, of singular force, even sweetness, an acute discernment, and a stately presence. He had no fear of falling. He did not alone believe that he stood; he was firmly persuaded that he towered in his strength, firm as a rock.

While preaching such doctrines to others he never said to himself, "Take heed!" no still small voice whispered, "Beware!"

Self-righteousness held him in chains. So satisfied with himself and his vocation was he that the very expression of his face changed. A look of power remained, but something that had been peculiarly his own, very winning, was gone. He had worked for worthy ends hitherto, and he himself was hardly conscious of the reserve of passionate force that had not yet been brought into play. As he had done good with all his might whilst his mind had been set upon things holy, so it was possible for him with all his might to do evil.

To some of us a terrible strength is given.

Leonard had been made much of by everyone, but he himself had not been especially attracted to any. No maiden had stolen into his heart. He viewed the fairest faces with indifference, and as he had felt no tremor of love at any time he had grown to consider himself superior to what he had begun to regard as a weakness.

When at St. John's, Dustleigh, he had seen one face looking up at him from out of the sea of blurred visages. He started at the new and strange emotions produced.

As he turned to that face again and again, he felt as though he had not lived until that moment. From those eyes gleamed fire and capacity equal to his own; and with daring delight he vowed that those forces should merge with his own and form a magnificent whole.

For many days he kept to himself, roaming for miles across the wind-swept downs; gladdening over this new meaning of life which had come to him. He did not seek Olive; but that night, as he stood looking into the fire, he glanced suddenly across through the flames and saw the dark splendour of her eyes glowing on the other side.

There was no question of disappointment—his fancy had fallen short of the living reality.

After resting for some time on the tree-stump, he grew suddenly sobered. The thought of Olive's coldness incensed him, and he asked himself, wondering, What did she mean? A fierce jealousy sprang up within him as he remembered "that fellow who had the accident. She attended him; did" He would not pursue the thought to its bitter conclusion; but his transports having exhausted themselves, he began to reflect in angry indignation. "Perhaps it is only a temporary hallucination, a demoniac visitation to try me," he pondered, for his pride shrank from the thought that it might be

given to him to lie at a fellow-creature's feet bereft of all his old exulting authority. "I must make sure that it is for life and death before I condescend to sue," he imperiously decided, and set off for a holiday tour next morning.

The following day he found himself in France, having resolved to take a walking tour through Brittany.

He scoured the country for long hours every day, always alone; he made friends with no one, and wandered restlessly forwards, knowing nothing of weariness; the feverish energy within sustaining him so that he performed marching feats which astonished himself. But he saw one face only before him—he was conscious of nothing but Olive! Olive! The name burst from him at times, stirring the weird solitudes like a cry from the soul's depths. At such times he experienced an almost irresistible desire to set off for England at once. But he had determined to remain far away for a fortnight, and he kept inflexibly to his self-imposed bond, the holding to which was one of the hardest things that fate had ever given him to do. The craving that possessed him was like a mania; his feelings had been dammed up within himself until they had seemed frozen. The warm light from two soul-lit eyes had streamed down on those frozen feelings, and with headlong turbulence they now coursed onward, threatening to overleap every consideration.

After hurrying on for ten days or so, he put up at Treguier, intending to give himself a day's rest before pushing on homewards.

He rose late, trifled over his breakfast, wrote letters, and tried to read, but the unquiet influence that urged him onwards would not be stilled. Against his will he was forced to saunter out once more.

He strolled aimlessly forward, and presently his steps led him to a shrine. As he halted some words of the guide-book that he had tried to peruse recurred to him and he knew that he stood before the chapel of "Notre Dame de la Haine", "Our Lady of Hatred"—he said the words slowly to himself, pondering. The description of this strange sanctuary had made no impression upon him at the time, but as he rested there the sentence seemed to dim into his brain suddenly with compelling force: "Three aves repeated with devotion at this odious shrine are firmly believed to have the power to cause within the year the certain death of the person against whom the assistance of Our Lady of Hatred has been invoked."

As he ended he seemed to hear in the air, thrice repeated, the name "Jerome Vykyln!—Jerome Vykyln!—Jerome Vykyln!"

Leonard would not admit to himself that he was jealous of any man, but in those words that seemed to speak themselves without his own volition, the jealousy, the mad hatred of a fellow creature that had pursued him for these ten days found piteous utterance.

"An ave—it is an easy thing to say an ave," he reflected, "one, two, three short aves, what harm could they do to anyone?" and almost involuntarily, more with a feeling of showing fit reverence to a holy place than with any evil intent, he fell upon his knees and murmured the first words of the prayer, then stopped short.

Leonard's mind was most readily assailed by superstition. He was narrow and bigoted, and firmly believed in hell-fire and such horrors, although he was exceptionally cultured, even to some extent broad-minded. He possessed knowledge, but no originality, no intuitive breadth of vision. He believed, as his profession taught, that the world was perfectly well ordered. He indulged in no inconvenient qualms.

Superstitions of several kinds assailed him and found ready welcome. It was, therefore, a meaningless form when he asserted that the aves could do no harm.

He remained still for a long time looking into the shrine, the influence of the place casting its spell upon him, [so that at last, he hastily uttered the words indicated.

Having prostrated himself before Our Lady of Hatred with pious fervour and having made the sign of the cross he rose and hurried away.

When he reached his rooms and sat down to think, sudden fear came upon him. What had he done?

He hardly knew whether the scruple that made him shrink into himself arose from remorse or from fear. He strove to believe that it was regretful compunction that moved him now that he realised that he had fallen short of his own high standard and had done a most unworthy thing.

He was disappointed in himself, shocked—at the shameless temerity of his own prayer—yet the emotion that chiefly filled him was fear; fear of retribution from a great and terrible Deity whom he had offended.

Leonard's God was the Jewish Jehovah of vengeance. He had given glad and willing service of love to his Creator in his first youth, but the more he studied the Bible the more he realised that the Spirit of the universe was too awful, too apart, for love—venerating awe was the more appropriate feeling wherewith to regard the Spirit as revealed in the Bible, and Leonard felt this awe to the uttermost. He was imbued with an idea which he would not have put into words, but which swayed him none the less—the idea that it was well judiciously to propitiate the dread power on high.

A deadly weariness having stolen over him, he decided to torment himself by assigning as his own punishment enforced wakefulness during the next twelve hours.

Turning back the strip of carpet that lay at his bedside he found, as he anticipated, that the floor was rough and uneven underneath. Rolling the drugget aside, therefore, and taking out his breviary, he knelt with bare knees on the cold, hard boards, proposing to spend the night thus—in expiation.

He knelt on for hours, holding open his heavy lids by main force. When the cramping pain of his position grew too intolerable for human nerves and his self-imposed chastisement. Even as he lay there, worn and broken, he involuntarily thought: "Perhaps the invocation at that shrine may have served its purpose after all."

(To be continued.)

Scorn trifles, lift your aims, do what you are afraid to do.—MARY MOODY EMERSON.

A PLEA FOR LADY MACBETH.

(Continued.)

ADDED to this, her natural instincts can also find an outlet only in love for her husband, because her children have all been taken from her. Thus the great tragedy opens. The death of Macbeth's father Sinel, gives him the title of Thane of Glamis, by the treachery and subsequent execution of the Thane of Cawdor, that title comes to Macbeth, the third greeting of the witches "that shalt be king hereafter" alone remains to be fulfilled. Two incidents seem to point conclusively to the fact that the idea of murder was present in Macbeth's mind before the encounter with the witches.

First, Banquo's remark:

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?

Does not this sudden start of Macbeth suggest a guilty conscience, fearing that its secret is known? Again, before the murder, when Macbeth's courage gives way temporarily for fear of the enterprise failing, Lady Macbeth asks angrily:

What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?

Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you.

It is Lady Macbeth who grasps the opportunity to do the deed when Duncan is beneath their roof. At the conclusion of her soliloquy on receipt of her husband's letter, when the messenger announces the advent of the king, Lady Macbeth, following the train of her own thoughts, says—"Thou'rt mad to say it"; a remark clearly out of character with his simple statement. She and her lord meet before the King arrives, and he, as if to test her share in his plot, says simply—

My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
And when goes hence?
LADY M. To-morrow—as he purposes.
MACBETH. Oh, never
LADY M. Shall sun that morrow see.

He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Words of prophetic truth, full of bitter irony, as she came to know, when the weary years dragged on, and she found herself outside her husband's secrets, with no outlet for her energies except the constant watchfulness which she exercised to save him from self-betrayal, the strain of which was so great that madness seized her in its iron clutches and brought about her death.

The actual part she plays in Duncan's murder must, of course, never be forgotten or excused, and it can only be urged in extenuation that Macbeth meant to do it sooner or later, and she grasped the opportunity; but, as Mr. Henry Morley says, "A wife true to a man's best aims may strengthen him in hours of weakness and sustain his honour to the end; but if she be true to his aims, evil or good, a time may come, as it came to Macbeth, when he is on the brink of a precipice desiring to go forward, and the loving hand that could have drawn him back to safety, helps him to his death."

Even in this cruel deed we must acknowledge the power of the woman who planned it, and had her husband followed her directions implicitly, the plot would have succeeded perfectly. See the answer of Lennox to Malcolm's question.

Oh, by whom?
LENNOX. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
Was to be trusted with them.

The murder of these grooms in a moment of suspense and desperation spoiled everything, and, in the eagerness to excuse himself, Macbeth wavers and makes a false step in his statement. At this crisis Lady Macbeth faints, and in the confusion which ensues the crisis is passed.

Act III. is the culminating point of the tragedy. Banquo must die; he is the most dangerous man about the Court, both for his unflinching uprightness, and also because from him is to spring the line of future kings. At the great Council of State on the morrow his presence is to be feared, so his murder on the evening of the banquet is planned by the tyrant. In the afternoon of that day Lady Macbeth, incessantly tortured

by the fear of Macbeth's self-betrayal, sends for him. A sad change has come over her. She says wearily:

Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Her husband is not much happier, the curse of sleeplessness has sapped his life, added to "these terrible dreams that shake them nightly." He, too, has found that a just retribution still pursues him:—

"Better be with the dead," he says,
"Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy."

In this interview he dares not do more than hint at Banquo's "taking off," owing to his wife's dejected state of mind. In the well-known Banquet Scene, however, it is she whose untiring watchfulness and tact almost avert the calamity brought about by Macbeth's extraordinary behaviour on seeing the ghost; then finding remonstrance and raillery alike unavailing, she breaks up the feast and disperses the guests, begging them to

Stand not upon the order of their going,
But go at once.

When this has been done and stillness settles once more upon the palace, no word of reproach escapes her lips to the man who had played such a sorry part in the spectacle.

Then follows the last sad scene of all; the over-wrought brain and overstrained nerves succumb to the inevitable result—madness. The kind gentlewoman has summoned a doctor to witness her mistress's sleep-walking and pain of mind, in the hope that he may give her some remedy. But he is powerless to "minister to a mind diseased," or "pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow." Lady Macbeth has been seized with a horror of great darkness, and, as a poor attempt at consolation, "has light by her continually." Night after night she rises from her couch and wearily recounts the terrible scene which has robbed them both of sleep. "In her delirium," says Mr. Moulton, "three distinct tones of thought are working into one another as in some weird harmony. First, the reproduction of the horrible scenes." "One, two; why, then 'tis time to do 't. . . . Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?" Second: "Her struggles to keep her husband from betraying himself by his irresolution."

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afeard? No more
O' that my lord, no more o' that. . . . You mar all
With this starting. . . . Wash your
Hands, put on your night-gown.

Third: "Inmost of all, the uprising of her feminine nature against the foulness of the violent deed."

"Out, damned spot! out I say! Here's
The smell of the blood still: . . .
All the perfumes of Arabia will not
Sweeten this little hand. . . . Oh! oh! oh!"

No wonder the doctor says, "What a sigh is there!" The sigh of a broken-hearted woman who has lived to see the total wreck of the man she loves, lost to all sense but the lust of power and cruelty, taking for his guides fiends of hell, who mock him with their half-truths, and vanish at the critical moment, thus leading him on to the awful Nemesis which is approaching. In the sleep-walking scene, Lady Macbeth comes before us for the last time. Her death is shortly after announced to the King, who seems to receive it with indifference, so much has everything changed. On the brink of the grave she hovered, without one hope left for this world or the next; into the darkness of eternity she stepped, leaving behind a name, which has been, and will ever be, to generations yet unknown, a bye-word for insatiable ambition and misdirected energies, immortalised by Shakespeare's pen. To her own place, she has gone, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Let those who read this tragedy of supreme truth and merit—pause and think.

EDITH BRADLEY.

LADY DOCTORS.

"THERE are now," according to the *Young Woman*, "about 200 women doctors in this country, and about as many who are preparing in the medical schools and universities for that career. The enormous development of the study of medicine among women is most noteworthy. The number of trained nurses must have reached a total of thousands. Women who wish to qualify as medical practitioners have the London School of Medicine for Women, which has been founded to afford facilities additional to those offered by the Universities and the Colleges of Medicine and Surgery, many of which have already opened their doors to female students. But it is in India, among the native population, that the greatest demand for women doctors exists. The native women, in their closely guarded zenanas, are not allowed to come into contact with any man, and are, therefore, wholly dependent on women doctors. To qualify as a medical woman the cost is about £400, except to those women who can live at home during the period of study, and can thus economise a portion of the direct outlay."

Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

A Paper for Women and the Working Classes.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1893.

WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

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

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

"SHAFTS" strives humbly yet determinedly to help the cause of freedom, progress, and unfettered human thought. In this work it invites each of its readers to take part; it begs each carefully to note that all honestly entertained, openly stated opinions upon any subject whatever will have place in its pages, but that such must be moderately, purely, and undogmatically expressed—the expression, that is to say, as of one who is a seeker after truth, a learner, not a teacher. All who differ from opinions as they appear are invited to answer through the paper, not in private letters to the Editor.

"SHAFTS" is the organ of no party, no creed, no class; it is not connected with any other paper; it does not uphold exclusively the interests of either sex. Its arrows are sent forth from a height, where the holder of the bow overlooks:—

This great roundabout,
The World, with all its motley rout,
Class, Party, Creed, Sex,

or any other of the lines mistaken, which divide human beings, hindering progress where no such division or hindrance need be.

"SHAFTS" CARES FOR NONE OF THESE.

ATTENTION is now being directed to the condition of the aged poor in workhouses; and the subject is earnestly taken up by dailies, weeklies, and different periodicals. When the strong search-light of determined inquiry is brought to bear upon existing institutions many abuses are discovered; neglect and even cruelty, which are surely unnecessary and certainly ought not to exist in the present age of greater discernment and greater humanity. The miserable conditions of workhouse life are generally considered to be the product of two causes—the carelessness and ignorance of those who administer the law, and the blameworthy apathy of the public. It is a matter of the most serious and vital interest to all that persons located in our workhouses as aged non-workers should be reasonably comfortable. Many of them have been active workers while young, strong, and healthy; they have contributed their quota to the country's wealth in produce; they have contributed also their share of the influence which a good moral life of steady industry exercises upon the spiritual and intellectual growth of the commonwealth. Now that they are disabled by age, it is their right to live at the expense of those who are still able to run life's race. We do this part of our social duty at present in workhouses; and while this is so it becomes an imperative duty that such workhouses should be made not only decently comfortable but interesting to the extent of making the existence of the inmates for the remainder of their days as pleasant as is consistent with the expenditure possible.

These aged poor, thus compelled to become members of a Union, are, many of them, parents of workers in the hive; they do not cease to be human beings with natural desires, and such, in moderation, should be supplied in the shape of books, newspapers, pictures, games, with tea, tobacco, &c. Such things by skilful management might be easily obtained. Many plans could, and will be, suggested. There are in every household many things thrown away which might be utilised for our workhouses. Such assistance is not charity.

WOMANHOOD FROM THE THEOSOPHICAL POINT OF VIEW.

BY "LIBRA."

PART II.

BEFORE entering upon the question of race-production which is so intimately associated with the present and the future condition of womanhood, perhaps we may be permitted to say a few words on the subject of that philosophy of re-embodiment which unlocks the first door towards the knowledge of ourselves. *Know thyself* is the first and last motto of the individual who desires to penetrate beyond the phenomena presented to a few very limited senses. For the "Kingdom of God," as Jesus of Nazareth, the Sage and Seer whose work and utterances have never been fully understood, truly observed, is "neither here nor there, but within us." This is why the freedom of woman can never be created by laws or institutions, or exterior methods, but by a mental attitude, a ripeness of spirit, which extends fraternity to her, sees its necessity and justice, and thence naturally expresses itself on the external plane. The reason why womanhood has been misunderstood and degraded is due to the action of human passion during the period in which our race has strayed like lost sheep from the divine light of wisdom, and sought its happiness in sensations and selfish and personal gratifications of all kinds. The law of duality having once given place to the differentiation of sex, the feminine became obscured by the development, and, finally, the terrible abuse of functions, which in higher phases become exalted powers. The lowest phase of this differentiation on our planet has been that which has regarded woman only as a sexual being, enslaved by the desires and feelings of her ignorant companion—man. That we are still low down in the scale of our human life is evidenced by the ideas and customs of almost all the savage races, and the laws, institutions, conceptions of morality, and religious errors which stain the most civilised. But in view of the law of re-embodiment, the degradation of the idea of womanhood is more apparent than real. All souls have contributed to it alike, and all alike are guilty, if such a term can at all be legitimately employed, of producing this darkness and wrong. The sex which possessed motherhood, which bore the burden of child-bearing, and which suffered physically by so doing, was naturally placed at a disadvantage with the sex which found paternity to mean a passing enjoyment, and created no other disability than the necessity to work to sustain the offspring produced. And that work tended, after a while, to develop muscles, brains, and inventions of all kinds, including arts and sciences. While the more domestic the other sex became, the more purely occupied by maternity and the concerns connected with the management of the family, the more negative did it grow in its relation towards the outside world. But for the unceasing readjustment of exchange of sex, the human being as woman would have been almost destroyed, and the destruction of man, it is needless to say, would have speedily followed. The reason why the woman's movement, as it is called, has made itself felt in the leading nations of the world is because a certain number of both sexes have at last reached a point in which, if we may so express it, the unconscious knowledge of this law is making itself felt, and many men are awakening to the truth that it is disastrous to limit woman to a sphere dictated by selfish passions; while women in still larger numbers—for they are the *inspirers* of feelings and ideas on the part of the other sex, and must be the first to lead upwards—have begun to recognise that liberty must control and even precede maternity, and that pure domesticity is an experience which they have lived out and done with.

Those who quarrel with this law of re-embodiment are those, therefore, who refuse to accept the only justification on the part of Nature for what is called the subordination of womanhood, due to the necessity of experiences born of human desires, passions, and ignorant materialism. Humanity is divine in its origin, and its descent thus into matter is redemptive in character, and productive of glorious results. These very passions, which have thus enslaved all alike, are the bases of Knowledge, Wisdom and Power. The root in the mud shoots upward at last with irresistible force towards the light, and becomes a thing of beauty, of leaf, of blossom, of fruit, something fair and free and fragrant, and the life-story of the flowers of the field, which "toil not, neither spin," is repeated with a hundredfold force in the history of suffering Humanity. It is degraded, as it were, outcast, crucified; it dies to awake to a greater life. It has been well said that "a perfect Man must have experienced every type of earthly relation and duty, every phase of desire, affection and passion, every form of temptation, and every variety of conflict." No one life can possibly furnish the material for more than a minute section of such experience; and "some of the richest soul-acquirements come only through contact with human relations and through suffering from ills, of which sympathy, toleration, patience,

energy, fortitude, foresight, gratitude, pity, beneficence, and altruism are examples."

There is nothing new in the knowledge of this law. It was recognised ages ago by the most advanced men of all nations, Egypt, Persia, India; it has formed a part of the teaching of the most valuable sacred writings; it is inferentially taught in the Christian Scriptures (Matt. vii. 14, xvii. 10 to 13, and other passages); it was the creed of Origen, Porphyry, and others, the Neo-Platonists, Pythagoras, Plato, Philo of Alexandria, and other ancient Jews, Giordano Bruno, Campanello, Paracelsus, Boehme, Swedenborg, Schopenhauer, Lessing, Leibnitz, Herder, and the younger Fichte, Henry More, Cudworth, Soame Jenyns, William Law, William Alger, Hume, Southey, the Beechers, I. Freeman Clarke, Aldrich; and is more than hinted at by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lowell, Emerson, Tennyson, Rossetti, and others. All the deepest thinkers who possess the intuitional faculty have either endorsed or been led towards it.

Since womanhood is so intimately related to race-production, it may interest some of us to regard the latter not only in this fresh light, but to forecast the great future of the former. If we accept the law of re-embodiment we at once recognise that parentage does not produce souls, but bodies—"that which is born of the flesh is flesh." It, therefore, serves a great purpose, but is very far indeed from occupying the position it otherwise would. An act of generation cannot produce an immortal soul; immortality does not lie within the compass of personal desires and passions. A Divine origin alone predicates an infinite future. And the soul is a ray of the Divine Essence, seeking expression in the material, and returning finally to its Creative source. This assigns to marriage its right place, as the physical expression of something far higher, as an experience which is temporarily a necessity, but which may give place to other conditions of race-production in which sexual union does not take place. Few persons realise that celibacy is the natural state of the perfected human being. But this celibacy differs profoundly from the merely barren condition of the monk or the nun. Single life, especially if enforced, may, indeed, arrest development, and tend to limit rather than free a nature in which there is even a latent conflict between will and desire. So long as a person feels that he needs personal loves, and finds his highest happiness in their experience or expressions, so long does he send out a force which will bring him within the range of the married relation sooner or later. But there is and has been always a small minority who have lived out all such desires, and who have attained powers only possible in a celibate life which are far more fertile and far-reaching than marriage. In such there is always a perfect balance of the masculine and feminine qualities as in the Christ, and this spiritual equilibrium having been attained, or Womanhood being enthroned within the Man, he does not seek or need woman in the character of wife. To him she is a human being, a sister, and if sufficiently advanced to be his equal, a companion in work for humanity.

It is well sometimes to cast one's eyes upon the mountain-tops which future races will reach, and not to imagine that even the highest and the best of our present conditions are the limits of all that humanity may attain, or that they are without drawbacks which the deeper thinkers cannot fail to perceive. On the realisation of these truths depends in a far larger degree than would now be generally admitted the *redemption of Womanhood*. It must be accomplished by altered views of her nature, and the destiny of our race, by the power of truths which will dethrone the material desires of man and force him to recognise that the sexual subjugation of another human being has been a means, but never can be an end. Once understood, it will be seen how vain is the attempt, nay criminal, to close the door to freedom to her who must become free in the very course of evolution! The changed mental attitude will speedily seek its expressions on all outer planes. It has been well remarked by a writer of deep experience and knowledge of occult subjects that "the subjection of woman, and interference with her liberty of person and of conscience, are the principal causes which have sapped the foundations of existence, made the world a prison-house for humanity, and given to disease, want, and death such sure hold of the race that it has required man's entire strength and time to fight them, and has left him no leisure to confront the higher problems of being. The truth should be shown to all willing eyes, and man's awakened conscience trusted to work out his own salvation."

In the great future, then, in which the physical marriage of to-day will have been outlived and cease to exist, how will the race be carried on? Here again we will quote from the same author: "The married relation which accentuates the differences between man and woman is utterly incompatible with the higher life. . . . Those who are acquainted with what is called the evolution of the astral body know how sexual feeling devours that energy which alone can liberate the astral man from the physical encasement. What man has been, the same and much higher he will be again. Immaculate conception, which is accepted as a dogma by many religions, will certainly be the prevalent mode of reproduction where the higher races appear, races in which all men and women will be 'enlightened.' This knowledge of spiritual reproduction is one of the highest secrets of adeptship, but until its day arrives the duty of every

spiritual-minded man and woman is to accelerate the advancement of the race by individual purity, which is the first step in the path which leads to adeptship."

Another writer of high authority observes as follows:—"In a woman is manifested abnormally the occult force represented by *Sakti*. She is moreover gifted with a wonderfully vivid imagination—stronger than man's. And as the phenomenal is the realisation, or rather the manifestation, of the *Ideal*, which can be properly and strongly conceived only by a powerful *Imagination*, a woman-adept can produce a race "born without sin." The more and the sooner the animal sexual affinities are given up, the stronger and the sooner will be the manifestation of the higher occult powers which alone can produce the "immaculate conception." The adept is able to bring a new being into existence by the manipulation of "cosmic forces." Also, an eminent occultist says: "It is the mission of woman to become the mother of future Christs. On the elevation of woman the world's redemption and salvation hinge. And not until woman bursts the bonds of her sexual slavery, to which she has ever been subjected, will the world obtain an inkling of what she really is, and her proper plane in the economy of nature."

In connection with this it may be remarked that even in the present condition of Nature "by far the larger proportion of living forms has come into existence without the aid of sexual propagation," and that although this process now takes place in the higher forms of life, including the human race, it is by no means the sole method of reproduction possible, and, in fact, is one which will be impossible to a more perfected humanity. The human race, it has been pointed out, "can be created instead of begotten, and this power will be attained by it when it will discover and really appreciate the vast problem of sex, which will be as the 'light that never shone on sea or land.'"

However strange this forecast of the future may seem to our unaccustomed minds, limited as they are to an acquaintanceship with the mere historical period of a few thousand years, or the geological evidences which concern our immediate race alone, it opens before us a vision of womanhood so exalted in its power and freedom that all lesser conceptions pale before it. A womanhood not only possessing vast occult power, but who will be the *race creator*, free from all sex-domination, and as far above our present plane as we are above the animal kingdom, is one, however, which it may interest some of us to think of as an essential feature of the Master-Race.

The Woman's Movement is really an evolutionary force, and in the immediate future it will tend to produce a moral equality in marriage which will cease to regard woman as the object of passion, and will behold in her the guardian of the moral and physical health of coming generations, to whom perfect freedom is an absolute necessity for the progress of all. If we keep our eyes steadily fixed on this nearer goal, the one visible to us all, we may safely leave to great Nature to outwork the divinity within her, resting assured of this, that by the eternal law of Justice, and the reaction which forms a part of it, the very source of the abasement of woman—her capacity for maternity—shall one day, transmuted and spiritualised, uplift her, as it were, to the very throne of God. In that era there shall be "no more curse"; man will be a living temple whose "measure" will be that of "an angel," for the higher self, the soul, will have triumphed, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.

THE ANTIPODEAN GIRL.

"From fourteen to seventeen years of age," says a writer on this subject in the *Antipodean*, "our girls are at the zenith of their beauty. Slight in figure, small featured, with delicate complexion and tiny hands and feet, the native daughter of this sun-loved land can hold her own in physical charm as rival to the maids of Europe or America. Guarded from the sun's familiarities by an enormous mushroom hat of brown straw, her youthful complexion is delicate as the wild rose leaf, but perishable as a camelia petal. Fearless and open-eyed she looks out upon the world from babyhood; shyness is an unknown word in her vocabulary. The little tot of six takes her seat beside you on the steam ferry crossing the Brisbane river, and as she swings her brown bare legs, is quite ready to enter into conversation, and tells you how long her brother Tom takes over his lessons at night, and all about the grannie she is going to see over at the Point; and when the ferry-boat stops, giving a nod and a cheerful good-bye, she steps off with an infantile dignity all her own. At sixteen or seventeen our society young lady tells her maternal relative that she means to 'come out.' Her mandate is obeyed, and the regulation white silk and chiffon *debutante* appears at a Government House ball. She is pretty and fresh, with an ease of manner acquired by knowing all about everybody and everything in her small world from babyhood upwards. Her flirtations with detrimentals such as budding bankers and junior civil servants are pronounced and inartistic; but she keeps her weather eye open, and means to commit matrimony speedily, with money, if possible, but speedy matrimony anyway. And after marriage, with an annual new baby, and a monthly ebb and flow of servants, our girl becomes one of those beauteous matrons whose sphere is strictly private and domestic, gyrating 'twixt babies and bed, kitchen and toilet table."

WHAT WORKING WOMEN AND MEN THINK.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BURGLAR.

WE live in an age which is characterised by, at all events, one useful trait—a wholesome curiosity which demands investigation into the causes of all things, in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. The examination of mere effects, however critical, is conducted mainly with a view to their underlying causes.

Nature in her almost every phase is brought under the white light of science and made to yield up the causes of her phenomena.

Social science, however—younger than physics or astronomy, and possessing that uncertain element of human passion to complicate it—is commencing to enter into the investigation of causes. It is sufficient to the mind of the savage to predicate an angry god behind the thunder and to regard the lightning flashes as the messengers of his rage. There has been too much of this rough and ready method in all past reading of the complex problems of modern civilised life. Have we poor? They have been improvident. Prostitutes? Thieves? Murderers? They possess a double dose of original sin.

And our "remedies" for these sore places upon the body politic have been as crude and unscientific as our ideas of their causes. The "parochial prison, social ostracism, hard labour, and the gallows" have been hitherto our entire pharmacopœia: the relieving officer, Mrs. Grundy, and the judge our only physicians.

It is time to reconsider the position and the methods of cure. The problems of modern life, particularly of city life, regarded as effects, are analogous to the phenomena which come within the province of the botanist or the chemist in one important particular. They are, one and all, the result of causes adequate to their production.

This fact is so self-evident that we cannot but marvel, why similar methods of investigation have not been employed in regard to them as the scientist adopts in other fields of research. Our "plan of campaign" in regard to the social incubi to which we have alluded is as though one should propose to remedy river pollution by the injection of a disinfectant, ignoring the chemical works on the river's bank; or a physician seek to cure small-pox by the application of plaisters and emollient ointments. While we recognise at once the futility of these methods in matters sanitary or pathological, we are very slow to learn that the pollution of the stream of human life must be stopped at its source before the water can run sweet and pellucid to the sea of human kinship and universal peace.

Character itself is an effect, not a cause; it is in every case the result of two factors, heredity and environment—and it is useless to deal only with effects.

What sort of character may we expect in the children of poverty and vice, born in a slum, nurtured in an atmosphere and amidst surroundings rendering physical development of a healthy sort impossible; lisping oaths with their earliest speech, imbibing the taste for alcohol, and learning later to indulge it from the example of those around; without modesty—for how can modesty exist where both sexes and all ages are herded together in one room?—taught from the beginning to regard themselves as social Ishmaels whose hands are against everyone, and to have but one virtue—looking upon cunning as a virtue—the cunning that can evade the police?

When, unhappily, the slum-child is a girl, and woman's estate is reached amidst surroundings such as pictured, the result is still more disastrous individually, although, perhaps, less injurious directly in its reaction upon society. (Indirectly, far worse, for the fountain of life is poisoned at its source.)

From the "slums," then, comes the burglar, and the machinery for his production is so ample and so well adapted that the retention of a few specimens of the genus here and there in penal servitude will never affect the supply seriously. It is merely disinfecting the river in the wrong place.

No one can advocate freedom for the burglar to pursue his way unrestrained. At the same time, punishment is valuable only so far as it is remedial. It is absurd to manufacture criminals with one hand and lock them up with the other.

Our social system as it exists at present, with its competition and private property, is responsible for the slums and their products.

The industrial revolution, with its introduction of machinery and displacement of human labour, created the unemployed, and led to the aggregation of large masses of the population at the seats of manufacture. Land values in the cities went up with the increased demand for housing, and overcrowding, with its consequences, was the disastrous result.

Here I may advantageously quote the words of a thoughtful writer on this subject:

"But it is not in the mass of the proletariat that the action of our

property system in destroying elementary morality is most conspicuous. The great bulk of the wage-earning class in modern civilised countries is so far assured of its livelihood that it remains thoroughly permeated with common social morality.

"It is in those whom it excludes even from the proletariat proper that this extreme result is more clearly seen. The operation of the modern industrial economy is continually and repeatedly to thrust out individuals or bodies of workers from their settlement in the social organism.

"The capitalist farming system expels the agricultural labourer from the village, the machine expels the craftsman from the ranks of skilled labour, the perpetual competition and consolidation of capital in every trade alternately, destroys the opportunity of employment in that trade and disorganises others.

"Over production in one year leaves thousands of workers wageless in the next. The ranks of unskilled labour, the army of the unemployed, are thus day by day recruited.

"If the worker is able-bodied, intelligent, and fortunate he will struggle with hard times till fresh occupation be found amongst strange surroundings; but woe to those who are weakly, old, or unpractical. Such will almost infallibly become paupers or outcasts, adding to that residuum of unskilled, unemployed, unprofitable, and hopeless human beings, which, in all great cities, festers about the base of the social pyramid. And their children will become street-arabs, corner boys, sneaks, thieves, or even worse if girls; these, when they come of age, accept their position as outside of social life and resume the position of wild beasts, with the purely predatory and unsocial activity of harrying their neighbours for their own support.

"Before society was, morality was not: those who have no part nor lot in the ends for which society exists will adapt their morality to suit their outcast state; there will, indeed, be "honour among thieves," just as there will be cant and insincerity among the parasitic rich; but the young who have been nurtured between the reformatory and the slum have little chance of finding a foothold, if they would, in the restless world of modern industry, and still less of retaining permanently such foothold as they may manage to attain.*

Hence, while prisons may repress a certain amount of crime, they will not and cannot effect any radical or permanent improvement, while the present systems of land and labour obtain. Until the STATE is the only Employer and the sole Landlord the present fringe of barbarism must remain around the clearings of civilisation.

The curse of the prophet of old has come upon us: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." "Woe unto them that build houses by unrighteousness and chambers by wrong, that use their servants without wages, and give them not hire for their work"—which quotations may be fittingly supplemented with the economic dictum of a later age: "Property is robbery." (Proudhon.)

SAGITTARIUS.

LABOUR NOTES AND NEWS.

The Tower-hill meetings of the London unemployed continue to take place every Friday. Last week's meeting was the scene of a significant occurrence. A Jewish Anarchist named Samuels was doing his best to inflame the passions of the crowd, by suggesting that they might, by using violence, easily possess themselves of the wealth around them. The listeners showed their sense by hissing the speaker, and refusing to allow him to proceed. The good which might have been done by some well organised and orderly meetings of the unemployed has been greatly hindered by the Tower-hill organisers of the Social Democratic Federation allowing absurdly wild talk to take the place of organisation.

With the New Year begins an important alteration in the age limit for the half-time workers in the cotton trade. Last Saturday's *Daily News* gives a graphic description of the miseries of this class of worker. The *D.N.* correspondent writes as one who knows:—"Go through the day (he says), as I have done often, with the infant cotton operative! He is dragged out of bed at five in the black cold of a winter's morning. He tramps off one, two, three, and even four miles to the mill with a crust of bread for comfort. He is there at a quarter to six, before the adult operative under whom he works, touching things up, and putting every requisite ready to hand. From six to half-past twelve, and sometimes one, he imbibes his 'light, easy, technical education of an interesting character,' which means, soberly put, that he plays the part of a wretched little scavenger, running here there, and everywhere—oiling machinery, sweeping floors, sprinkling water about—a rough-and-ready means of 'humidifying' the air in order that very fine 'counts' of cotton may be SPUN WITHOUT FREQUENT BREAKAGES; 'piecing' broken

* Sydney Olivier, in "The Moral Aspect of the Basis of Socialism."

"NEW YEAR'S EVE." A FANTASIE.

"Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

I THOUGHT I was in the Spirit-land, in the Home of the Ages, among a throng of bright spirits, some of whom looked old, some middle-aged, and others young, as we mortals count age, and I was struck by the varied expressions on their faces, some looking as if they had known much care and anxiety, with faces full of deep thought, while others shone with a light of joy and hopefulness. There were children, too, sweet, rosy, dimpled little beings, playing and rejoicing in all the happy innocence of childhood, and even tiny babies, who were sleeping peacefully and contentedly. I saw that they were surrounding a bright young figure full of life and happiness, whose whole being was radiated with the buoyancy and vigour of the, as yet, unshaken hopefulness of early youth. On her head was a bright star, which scintillated with rays of wondrous brightness; and on looking closer I saw that all the spirit forms were thus adorned, only some of the stars were smaller and burnt dimly, but still distinctly visible.

"Who are all these?" I whispered to the bright being by my side, who appeared to have constituted herself my guide. "These are the Guardian Spirits of the Years," she replied, "the Past and the Present; and these little ones are the Spirits of the Future, infants, and undeveloped, for the future is hid in a veil of mystery." "Why do they all assemble here to-night?" I asked. "To speed the young Spirit of the New Year, and to receive back the Spirit of the year just ended—the 'dying year,' as you mortals say—forgetting that Spirit never dies, and that all the thoughts, words, and deeds of past ages live on from generation to generation, inasmuch as 'their works do follow them.' They come to give the young Spirit just starting on her course all the help and advice they can, gleaned from their own experience, to help her in her year's reign, though, of course, her career must be run alone. Still, each year learns by the experience of the past, and each young Spirit is hopeful that her career may be freer from disappointments and failures than that of the year just fled." Then I noticed that some of the older Spirits at the further end of the long line looked very worn, and I asked why. "Because of all they suffered during their year's reign," she answered; "look at the Spirits of those years when war was raging. Could they look otherwise than sad after seeing the children of men go to battle over the division of a tract of land, and those who, by virtue of their Divine birthright, were brothers, kill each other, and ravage not only their land, but make havoc of homes and families, stirring up all the worst feelings of which human hearts are capable? See the Spirits of the years when famine stalked the land! Does not a mother's heart bleed to see her children drop down and die for want of bread, and the Spirits of the years when plagues have devastated the countries? Surely all these sorrows must bring grief to the heart of the Guardian Spirit, and make her creep back, when her year's reign is ended, weary and sick at heart to the Home of the Ages; so many have started out full of hope and youth, and have returned almost overwhelmed by the contemplation of the woes and the struggles they were powerless to heal. No Spirit ever returns as lighthearted and buoyant as she left us, for even without war, famine, and pestilence, the injustice, the sufferings, the sorrows she sees, make her return silent and sad; we see farther than you on the mortal plane, and we know that Might is not, nor ever will be, Right, and that strength and possession is not the only power. To us, coming from the Realm of Spirit, it would seem as if everything in the mortal world were enveloped in a thick, impenetrable cloud of materialism, through which spirit cannot pass. You wonder why some of our stars burn so dimly; their light was well-nigh quenched by that thick, stifling mist during their year's reign.

Mr. Schloss, in the current *Fortnightly*, gives some remarkable figures, illustrating his contention that highly-priced labour is essentially cheaper than so-called "cheap" labour. For example, comparing the years 1860-4 and 1875-9, between which the cost in wages for each ton of iron smelted had decreased 14 per cent., the actual annual earnings of each man had increased 37.68 per cent., and his output had increased 55.82 per cent. These figures are very suggestive.

Mr. Burt seems to have taken to heart the advice given in *SHAFTS* a fortnight ago on the subject of the labour department. He has always been an active worker in the interests of labour, and as a member of the Government he evidently does not intend to turn his back on his creditable past. Speaking at Newcastle a few days ago, he announced that he had obtained from Mr. Gladstone a promise to make the labour department worthy of the prominence which the whole question of labour has obtained in recent years. The Government will earn the applause of all friends of labour if this department is generously staffed and influentially organised. We venture to hope that the mistakes of the Labour Commission will not be perpetuated, and that the great industries affecting women will receive satisfactory attention. Women should certainly be in charge of the section of the department dealing with female labour, and it would not be difficult to name half a dozen prominent women whose work and influence would be invaluable in such a section. Miss Black and Miss Hicks should take care that this question is not lost sight of when the re-organisation of the labour department is begun.

A Cheshunt railway lad, aged 18, was cut to pieces by a train last week. He was a gate-keeper, and had been on duty for seventeen hours, performing the work of fog signalling and other trying tasks. A Great Eastern express train dashed past the place where he stood, and he met his fate in a second. The lad's wages were two shillings a day. Readers of the newspapers are too used to reading similar cases for this instance to have much effect upon them, but the facts should, at least, be borne in mind when a bill for shortening the hours of such people is brought before Parliament.

Labour troubles in Germany are beginning to assume a formidable shape. About 10,000 miners are on strike in the Saar district. Socialists in Germany are generally considered to be more numerous than in this country, but however this may be, there is no doubt we are far ahead in the matter of trade organisation. German workers receive very considerably smaller wages than English people would care to work for, and German food is about twenty per cent. dearer.

A Royal Commission is being appointed to consider "whether any alteration of the system of Poor-law Relief is desirable, in the case of persons whose destitution is occasioned by incapacity for work, resulting from old age." There is a popular and not altogether ill-founded prejudice against Royal Commissions—most people regarding them as convenient methods for Governments to shelve difficult questions. The public will read with interest the names of the Royal Commissioners, the most noticeable being that of the Prince of Wales. As a means of weaning his Royal Highness from races and other favourite resorts of his, the Royal Commission may perhaps be the moral salvation of the heir to the throne, but his usefulness as an authority on the poor-law question is more problematical.

"But each year there is more hope for the young Spirit going forth, for the Material Age is drawing to its close, and the Era of Spirit is approaching. Little by little mortals are beginning to grasp the knowledge that spirit is the only life, and that matter is nothing, and to recognise their Divine heritage of immortality; and although at present those who do hold that glorious truth are called idealists and regarded as dreamers, still we are hopeful and rejoice, and whisper words of love and encouragement to those seekers after truth, thus strengthening them against fear of failure, and helping them to breathe through the mists of error. But, see, there is the young Spirit going forth."

A bright light shot across the dome of heaven, which was lit with innumerable stars; next day mortals were talking of the marvellous brightness of the starry heavens on New Year's night, and specially of the glory of one particular star. But I smiled; I knew better; I knew that the Spirits of the past years had been speeding the Guardian Spirit of '93 on her way.

R. J. C.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, PAPERS, &c.

WE have received the following papers:—

"THE PERSONAL RIGHTS JOURNAL," which is fighting its way onward, not one whit discouraged, brave and steadfast in doing its duty.

"THE LABOUR PROPHET" contains an interesting account of John Burns and his work, also a sketch of special interest, in which the reader makes the acquaintance of Louise Michel. The cause of the children is well taken up in this earnest paper.

"FRIENDLY WORK," which does its best to understand SHAFTS, and much good work besides. It gives a friendly little notice of the Conference of Women Workers at Bristol. Read "What can be Done with a Penny," and "The Use of a Reading Room."

Read "LEAFLET NO. III." of the Women's Progressive Society, on "The Education of Daughters in the Middle and Upper Ranks," &c.

"THE FUNERAL REFORM ASSOCIATION" advocates a gradual but thorough reform in "Funeral Usages," in the use of mourning, &c., and is decidedly in favour of cremation. We trust this association is not allowing its courage to sink under difficulties. It is doing good work, for which high effort is needed.

"WHY WOMEN SHOULD BE SECULARISTS" is the title of a clever little pamphlet by Louisa Samson, which deals comprehensively with many subjects connected with the great movement among women. Mrs. Samson draws attention to the charity schools being opened for boys only." Replying to a supposed question, "What do I mean by Secularism?" Mrs. Samson answers: "The religion of this life." "Secularism," she states, "sees only this world"—it cannot see beyond, so it caters only for this. Throughout the pamphlet it is clearly shown that it is to their training alone the faults of women are due, which are made so much of by men, and laid down as a reason why they should not have the vote, or any other privileges.

"THE FUTURE OF UNIVERSITY HALL" is a reprint in pamphlet form of an address delivered by Mrs. Humphry Ward, at Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, in November, 1892. She describes University Hall as "a settlement among the poor of London, having its headquarters in Gordon-square." She gives a clear, concise account of the origin of University Hall, its objects and its motive power. "The first aim of the new hall," Mrs. Ward says, "will be a religious one." The settlement is not intended to represent any religious body but a school of religious thought. The subject is well-handled, no part is left untouched; all is well explained both in idea and detail. But to understand it aright the book must be purchased and read with the interest it deserves.

"THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE JOURNAL," Sydney, N.S.W., is a sparkling little pamphlet, full of witty sayings, pungent remarks and truths sent straight home, which will fulfil their mission. It is a monthly, and though small, bids fair to increase in size and circulation.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE prospectus of the second half of the Crystal Palace series of Saturday concerts offers no very great attractions. Messrs. Otto Hegner and Slivinski have, unfortunately, both elected to play the same concerto, Chopin's first in E minor. Fräulein Wietrowetz, Miss Mary Cardew, and Miss Fanny Davies are the lady instrumentalists. Mons. Josef Slivinski's appearance at Sydenham will be looked forward to with pleasure. After Paderewski, he is certainly one of the finest artists that have appeared for some time. A new Mass by Antonin Drovák is promised on March 11th, and at the nineteenth concert Berlioz's *Faust* will be given. This grand and beautiful work is gradually gaining the popularity which it deserves. It is to be regretted that Herr Manns has not been able to give us an opportunity of hearing some of the fine artists belonging to his wind band: piano, violin, violoncello, are the only solo instruments in the list; clarinet, flute, and oboe would make a welcome variety. Mozart, Handel, Haydn, have all written fine concertos for the wind, and with such performers as Mr. Clinton, Mr. Fransella, and Mr. Malsch, the neglect of these instruments is to be greatly deplored.

A gentleman signing himself, very modestly, "Only a Fiddler," writes to *Musical News* on the well-worn subject of unpaid rehearsals. Among the numerous grievances of orchestral players, this is one of the greatest. That a man should be obliged to work three or four hours a week, in addition to his engagement, and receive no remuneration for this extra work, seems almost incredible. It is time that all musicians took up this question, and earnestly discussed it. As "Fiddler" very rightly says, "There is no profession or trade in which such a system prevails; why, then, should lessees and managers be permitted to exercise so unfair a privilege?" We once knew a musician who had been for years a member of a London opera orchestra; his greatest grievance was always the injustice of non-paid rehearsals. When Wagner's operas were first given in England, a certain instrument in the score not being in general use no player could be found; however, this gentleman had some knowledge of it, and undertook to play the part, on the condition that he was paid for rehearsals. He was paid; but when Wagner's operas failed to draw, and he resumed his usual instrument, the payment ceased. Strange to say, this gentleman has not become an ardent Wagnerite.

On Christmas morning, Mr. Santley produced his new Mass at Brompton Oratory. A small orchestra was conducted by the composer, who had every reason to be satisfied with the rendering of his work.

The copyright of "Parsifal" having expired this year, performances will be given at Munich, Prague, and New York. We may hope to see the opera in England also; it is the culminating point to which Wagner's theories and tendencies have led.

Those who protest that England is not a musical nation, as compared with Germany, must have received a considerable shock through the announcement of an eminent critic, who asserts that the inhabitants of Berlin do not appreciate music which requires understanding and mental exertion.

Mascagni has commenced yet another opera. *Nero* is the subject, and one which has been employed both by Rubinstein and Boito. One wonders if any representation of Nero's musical antics is given.

It seems that Herr Ahna, the famous violinist, is not dead, as reported, but seriously ill. His recovery is likely to be long and tedious.

In June, a grand musical festival is to take place at Cambridge. MM. Tschaikowski, Saint-Saëns, Max Bruch, Boito, and Grieg have all consented to visit the University for the purpose of receiving the degree of Mus.Doc., and conducting performances of their own works. Such a gathering of the foremost musicians of Europe is a unique event, and the programme will be impatiently awaited. Brahms and Verdi were also invited, but unfortunately are unable to come. Some English musician may also be found worthy of the degree and be asked to receive it in company with these distinguished foreigners; but this is doubtful.

V. LINDERS.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.

The Indian National Congress met for its eighth session in Lowther Castle, the property of the Maharajah Darbhanga. In the course of its sittings the Congress passed resolutions strongly condemning the withdrawal of the grant for higher education, the extravagant military expenditure, and the oppressive character of the forest laws; and expressed its abhorrence of the State regulation of vice. It also recommended the reform of the Legislative Council at Calcutta, so as to give the natives of India a greater voice in the control of their own affairs.

CHOLERA v. HAMBURG.

The recent severe outbreak of cholera in Hamburg has at last awakened the municipal authorities to a sense of the enormous defects in their water supply, and the new waterworks, the necessity for which was recognised some years ago, are now being energetically proceeded with. A report published six years ago gave the following horrifying details:—

"Up to the present time the water of the town waterworks is delivered to consumers unpurified. When the spring floods come down, the Elbe assumes a dirty yellow colour, and is quite thick and muddy. Consumers receive it in exactly the same condition. Further, the pipes are infested by most of the lower fauna of the Elbe. In many places, particularly where the current is slower, either because the consumption is less or the pipes are larger, they are completely encrusted with mussels and bryozoa among which small crustacea and worms breed in enormous numbers. Frequently in spring small eels appear in such masses as to amount to a veritable calamity."

Although the works will take some two or three years to complete, Londoners cannot but feel relieved to think that cholera stands a fair chance of being driven out of one of its strongholds so near to our own shores.

POSITIVISM AND WOMANHOOD.

On Saturday night, December 31st, in Newton Hall, Fetter-lane, Mr. Frederic Harrison delivered an address on "Womanhood" (as seen from the standpoint of Positivism) to a crowded audience. The idea of this subject for an address originated with Comte, who, in his reformed calendar, set apart the extra day in each fourth or leap year to the memory of all good women. In the course of his address Mr. Harrison said:—"If their calendar was designed to show to humanity who were her most worthy servants it would be an anomaly that it should contain the names of so few women (only twenty-eight in all). For, though the work of women had been done in private, it was none the less essential to humanity."

DWELLINGS FOR LADIES.

A lady correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has suggested that "organised philanthropy," by which it is not understood that charity is meant, should build and furnish dwellings, with attendance, for ladies. She thinks they should prove remunerative, and she drafts a scheme for

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.

DEAR MADAM,—In "SHAFTS," December 31st, 1892, I observe a letter from "Helen New," in which that lady does me the honour to refer to a letter of mine in the *Daily Chronicle*. Your correspondent says, "Mr. Dunn may not understand that to a large and increasing number of women, property disqualification appears not the only or the worst disability." I think I must have been misunderstood. My letter had reference to the administration of existing laws. Woman's enfranchisement can only be brought about by new legislation. No departmental administration can secure the full rights of citizenship for womankind. New laws must be enacted. Nevertheless, something might be done for the fair sex, by the unfair sex, even administratively. An example of the power already in the hands of the Executive Government is to be found in its appointment of Royal Commissions—or recommendations for such appointment. Quite recently we had a Labour Commission set on foot; but the Conservative Government failed to appoint women thereon. And now the Liberal Government manufactures a Royal Commission for inquiry into the administration of the Poor Laws, so far as they affect the aged poor, and omits to add a single lady to that Commission. These omissions of Commissions are very wrong, very unfair, very one-sided, on the part of any Executive—whether Liberal or Tory. But they will continue till women get votes. I am in favour of every woman (married or single) having a vote at Parliamentary and all other public elections. I claim no rights of citizenship for myself which I do not, with equal earnestness, claim for every woman. To act otherwise, I should be acting unjustly and also inexpediently. For it is not only just, it is also expedient that females should enjoy the suffrage equally with males. Nothing but wicked conceit, ignorance, selfishness, and inhumanity prevent men doing what is right in this matter. But the New Labour party is not likely to err in connection with any question relating to woman's enfranchisement. It is the duty of the working men to support the claims of working women in respect to voting power and other political and social rights; and no intelligent working man is anxious to shirk that duty, as its fulfilment will duplicate the political and social power of labour as against capitalistic or class monopolies. The workmen's party (i.e., labour and trade union associations) can carry everything before it, if it and the women's suffrage party can but act conjointly. It is to the interest of both to be in harmony, and to work for one another, constantly, with one object in view—the uplifting of both in the social scale and in political power. Of course, there are foolish and frivolous and babyish women, just as there are silly, stupid, pleasure-loving, dollyfied men; but that is no reason for withholding the franchise from them. The best preparation for freedom is freedom!

DECENTRALISATION IN RUSSIA.

It is announced that the Russian Government have in hand a scheme by which it is hoped to induce large numbers of able-bodied Russians, now living in the central provinces without any means of livelihood, to settle on land in other parts of the empire where the population is scarce.

A HINT FROM AMERICA.

It has been frequently suggested that English ladies should refuse to deal with any firm against whom the system of sweating was proved. By adopting this course the ladies of New York have succeeded in breaking several well-known sweating firms.

WOMAN IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor started from Winnipeg early last summer for the Mackenzie River delta, and from this expedition she has just returned. She started on her trip alone, and made it alone, successful to the end. She is the first woman explorer who has ventured into the polar region on her own account; and with the greatest amount of pluck and steadfastness she has carried out her programme and completed her round trip to the far northern forts of the Hudson's Bay Company.

From the famous convent of St. Bregitta the Woman's Board of the Chicago Exhibition expects to secure an exhibit of the lace, fine as a cobweb, which has constituted the principal industry of its generations of nuns since the fourteenth century.

Of 3,000 teachers employed in the public schools of Chicago, only 190 are men.

COCK-FIGHTING.

THE old adage about "living and learning" must have been invented, surely, by those who knew something of law and its "sinuous track." The general answer to the question—Is cock fighting legal?—has been of late, a prompt and emphatic negative. Now, however, this view is changed, and it would seem that people who indulge in this humane and ennobling pastime, and are punished by magistrates for so doing, are wrongly convicted. The law has been so interpreted by seven Scotch judges; and cock-fighting in Scotland does not materially differ from cock-fighting in England. The reason which Lord Young, one of the seven, gave for quashing the conviction of the four patrons of the sport whose case had been brought before the Edinburgh High Court of Justiciary was delightfully simple, and, if we may be allowed to apply such an adjective to a Judge's dictum, equally naive. For it is Lord Young's expressed opinion that, if Parliament had intended to prohibit "a sport which had been so long known and practised," it would have said so in unmistakable language. Is a fowl not a domestic animal, and therefore unprotected by the law as to cruelty to animals? And is the decision just pronounced confined to Scotch cocks, or does it extend to their English cousins as well? No comment need be made on such a decision as this. It reads its own moral.

Is it not plain that through many windows we may catch golden glimpses? It is just that question which brings us to the reflection which sums up all. It is this. All our creeds are only temporary guesses at truth, or passing descriptions of personal moods, none of them reveal God. All of them only reveal man. . . . And we, all fellow voyagers in our different crafts, small and large, old and new, are only seekers still.—JOHN PAGE HOPPS, in *The Coming Day*.

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.

DEAR MADAM,—In "SHAFTS," December 31st, 1892, I observe a letter from "Helen New," in which that lady does me the honour to refer to a letter of mine in the *Daily Chronicle*. Your correspondent says, "Mr. Dunn may not understand that to a large and increasing number of women, property disqualification appears not the only or the worst disability." I think I must have been misunderstood. My letter had reference to the administration of existing laws. Woman's enfranchisement can only be brought about by new legislation. No departmental administration can secure the full rights of citizenship for womankind. New laws must be enacted. Nevertheless, something might be done for the fair sex, by the unfair sex, even administratively. An example of the power already in the hands of the Executive Government is to be found in its appointment of Royal Commissions—or recommendations for such appointment. Quite recently we had a Labour Commission set on foot; but the Conservative Government failed to appoint women thereon. And now the Liberal Government manufactures a Royal Commission for inquiry into the administration of the Poor Laws, so far as they affect the aged poor, and omits to add a single lady to that Commission. These omissions of Commissions are very wrong, very unfair, very one-sided, on the part of any Executive—whether Liberal or Tory. But they will continue till women get votes. I am in favour of every woman (married or single) having a vote at Parliamentary and all other public elections. I claim no rights of citizenship for myself which I do not, with equal earnestness, claim for every woman. To act otherwise, I should be acting unjustly and also inexpediently. For it is not only just, it is also expedient that females should enjoy the suffrage equally with males. Nothing but wicked conceit, ignorance, selfishness, and inhumanity prevent men doing what is right in this matter. But the New Labour party is not likely to err in connection with any question relating to woman's enfranchisement. It is the duty of the working men to support the claims of working women in respect to voting power and other political and social rights; and no intelligent working man is anxious to shirk that duty, as its fulfilment will duplicate the political and social power of labour as against capitalistic or class monopolies. The workmen's party (i.e., labour and trade union associations) can carry everything before it, if it and the women's suffrage party can but act conjointly. It is to the interest of both to be in harmony, and to work for one another, constantly, with one object in view—the uplifting of both in the social scale and in political power. Of course, there are foolish and frivolous and babyish women, just as there are silly, stupid, pleasure-loving, dollyfied men; but that is no reason for withholding the franchise from them. The best preparation for freedom is freedom!

Man's old-fashioned, inordinately selfish idea of looking upon woman as a toy, a plaything, or simply as a creature meant for the perpetuation of the race, or the procurement of sensual delight, will speedily have to be abandoned. Truer ideas are beginning to prevail. Political humanity is making headway. Whether in the bonds of marriage or out of them, companionable help-meets are beginning to be sought for and found amongst womankind. What true, manly men need to aid and comfort them daily are educated, free women, with sympathies and aspirations akin to their own, but intensified by womanly love and intuition. Hand in hand—with equal freedom and matured intellect—the sexes will, I hope, soon be found marching on to greater happiness. What is needed, primarily, is the application of "the law of love" to politics and to daily individual life. In the letter to which your lady correspondent took objection, I advocated the appointment of female factory inspectors, but when the majority of men and women politicians learn in all things to do unto all others as they would all others should do unto them, we shall get even greater boons than such appointments. As the little girl once said to her teacher, We shall not object to partiality when partiality is shown to all alike—male and female!

Yours respectfully,

ROBERT HARTY DUNN,

Secretary, Labour Association of Somerset.

Street, Somerset, January 2nd, 1892.

P.S.—I will recommend your excellent paper to as many friends as possible.

APATHY OF WOMEN.

DEAR MADAM,—I was gratified to find that, simultaneously with the publication of my paper "On the Repression of Women," you published a letter from a correspondent, "G. H. Johnston," whose experiences may be taken as a support to my contention. "Personally," writes your correspondent, "I have found the real barrier to greater liberty lay in my preconceived ideal, and in the hostile attitude of my own sex." This lady is more outspoken in the matter of "the selfish apathy of women" than I, as a man, dare to be. Her pithy letter is, to my mind, a fair summary of the case; and her statement that when women desisted her for intellectual sincerity men applauded and helped her, tends to prove my thesis, that thoughtful men must at least be vindicated against an indictment of suppression. In spite of your correspondent's testimony, I have still hope that the chronic lethargy of so many women will be cured by the persistent effort and the courageous action of women and men, but more especially of women.

Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY MORTIMER.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been wanting to write you thanks for the beautiful cover you have given to SHAFTS since I received my copies last Thursday, but have been prevented by stress of work. I do not think the design could be

more artistic or more characteristic than it is. I am so sorry the financial position of the paper is not good. It is just such journals as SHAFTS that are needed to rouse the women of England from their indifference and apathy to their own and daughters' salvation. It is this indifference—in which, it seems to me, nine-tenths of our women are buried that makes the battle so difficult, and often disheartening for those—who, like yourself, are trying to help their sisters to a wider and better condition of life. I wish there was something I could do beyond speaking to friends and sending and giving away a few copies, to help on the paper. There really ought to be no difficulty about the circulation. SHAFTS grows in interest, and every line in the paper is readable. It only needs to be known by the right people, only these "right" people are so difficult to meet. There is a want of seriousness in so many women one meets. The result, I suppose, of being looked upon, and treated for so many generations as a superior kind of doll, instead of a human being.

Before closing, I should like to give thanks to the brave writers of "The Wider Life" and "The Lady and the Law," and to yourself, dear madam, for publishing them. Such things exist and ought not to be ignored. Most of us can recall instances where the subjects treated of in these two papers have, by some earnest soul, been spoken of in the presence of others. How instantly has a hush, and looks askance at the speaker, taken the place of animated conversation. Why should these things be? With the help of such journals as SHAFTS (alas! too few there are of them) we hope this with many other existing shams will be wiped away.

If there is anything I can do to help—I have only limited time, &c., at my disposal—do please command me.

Faithfully yours,
E. L. BAILEY.

DEAR MADAM,—“An Old Worker” in your last issue gives us timely words of warning for which I, as one of your readers, am truly thankful. If I understand the import of the warning aright, the danger seems to be that when women get their rights, a kind of reprisal may set in, or at least be wished for by some. And when we consider how imitative is human nature, and how unconsciously imitative, often we may well be on the outlook for anything that may mar the beautiful future that is the ideal of some of us. Did not the Puritans, after fleeing from persecution here, emulate their oppressors when in full power themselves? But the woman of the future, whom now we dimly see as a veiled form, will be the heir of all the ages, and should—and one believes will—bring about a dispensation free from the blots and blemishes of the past. She has the whole history of the past to guide her, and by its aid may introduce that “peace on earth” which man has failed to achieve. Speaking personally, my interest in our great movement would cease to-day if I thought that a change of tyrants only should take place. What we want is no tyranny at all, then each human soul would be free to rise to its utmost limits. The New Year is a good time for taking stock of our opinions, and, if necessary, to revise them. I hope that many will be led by the good counsel of “An Old Worker” to do a little pruning, and cutting, and replanting.

May I take this opportunity of thanking you for what SHAFTS already is to its readers? Being exceedingly sorry to see from your words that its existence is imperilled for want of funds, will you suggest to your readers of small means any thing they can do to help you. SHAFTS must not die.

Wishing it a prosperous new year.
I am, dear madam, yours faithfully,
ESPERANCE.

FRIENDLY MESSAGES.

DEAR MADAM,—Your appeal for funds to carry on the publication of SHAFTS is one that ought to arouse practical sympathy in the minds of your readers. It is, of course, just possible that many of them, though anxious for the permanent existence of the paper, are not favoured with a superfluity of wealth, and so, in consequence, are not able to come forward to your aid with any material means of assistance. But this need not hinder any one of your readers from helping you to the best of her or his ability. How would it be for each reader to contribute weekly, for the next six months, the sum of 2s. towards the expense of printing, publishing, &c.? A little self-denial would enable, no doubt, one and all to do this little for the life and maintenance of your valuable journal.

Very faithfully yours,
E. R.

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to thank you for the Christmas Number of SHAFTS, which you kindly sent me, and to offer you my most cordial wishes for the success of the journal during the New Year. One admirable feature of SHAFTS is the entire absence of the fashion and dress element. In this you set an excellent example and form a precedent. I have long hoped to hail an advanced woman's paper, and now that it has come, I hope it will prosper and do good work. It would give me the greatest pleasure to render substantial financial aid to your undertaking. If I were not a poor journalist, my goodwill would be more tangible than mere words. As it is, with your permission, I will contribute the best of which I am capable in the shape of articles at whatever rate of remuneration you can afford. I send with this a paper on an important subject, and one that sadly needs ventilation.

Faithfully yours,
G.

DEAR MADAM,—In your article on “Working Women and Men” there is one class overlooked—the respectable women who have time for spending the afternoons with each other, and who only have frivolous talk and harmful gossip. These need education, but as they wish to be at home when their husbands return in the evening, they do not join classes. If such could be

induced to take up profitable reading, I am sure much might be done for them. Have you thought of what reading at home under guidance might do for the cause? I am sure the respectable working classes need waking up in this way.

After Christmas I shall hope to call upon you; until then I am not free owing to difficulties officially.

I remain, yours truly,
M. C. M.

A FORTUNE TO BE MADE.

DEAR MADAM,—The dearth of cooks, the difficulty of obtaining honest cooks, or even any who can cook well, makes a splendid opportunity for the opening of a paying business. A company should be formed to establish depôts where a simple dinner of varying prices, from highest to lowest, could be sent on the same system as in Rome—that is, in a series of receptacles placed one over the other, fastened and secured by a padlock.

For three weeks I was once supplied with breakfast, consisting of coffee and tea, eggs and fish in great variety; dinner of soup, fish, entrées, joint, sweets, dessert, and coffee, at a moderate charge. Why should all our articles of diet arrive at separate times? Our baker, milkman, greengrocer, grocer, butcher, and so on. . . . Each article arriving subject to the honesty of those who receive and cook. The incompetence and impertinence of the unpunishable, defiant, impudent cook of the middle class is the misery of every English wife, unpaid, unhonoured, unfranchised, despised, and lonely.

Yours, dear madam,
N. N. T.

A STRANGE CODE OF HONOUR.
(NOT THEORY BUT PRACTICE.)

I.
THE longed-for day at last, my son,
Has come; you are a man.
Now, to uphold such high estate.
You're bound—as best you can.
All attributes bestowed on man
Your honour must be won by,
For every man must find that you
Do as you would be done by.
So mark, because so apt to err,
We know, are all things human—
I say, my son, if you must lie,
Lie only to a woman.

II.
Dishonesty is held as crime
When practised to a man,
No baseness, or you'll forfeit all,
You'll lie under a ban.
No tricks at cards, no loaded dice,
Don't try to cheat your brother,
Or you'll be banished from your club,
And may not find another.
But yet because still apt to err,
We know, are all things human,
I say, my son, if you must steal,
Steal only from a woman.

III.
Your honour must not bear a stain,
No truckling, no deceit;
This code you'll hold at club, at home,
Another in the street.
With utmost care mind you respect
The rights of man, your brother,
And guard with pride the honour of
Your sister and your mother.
But yet, because still apt to err
Are ever all things human,
Since you, my son, must traitor be,
Deceive some other woman.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

CHOICE MORSELS FROM CHOICE PENS.

Take pains to be pleasant;—or goodness' self is tarnished;
When you do a kind act do it kindly.
Get knowledge—while young brain is forming; and thought pliant,
It brings much happiness, and teaches modesty.
Do all the good you can, and think well of your neighbours.
Follow and stand by the right and true,
And the heart grows happier as life wears on.

MATILDA SHARPE.

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