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# SHAFTS

## A PAPER FOR WOMEN



### THE WORKING CLASSES

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No. 17. FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

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WISDOM  
JUSTICE  
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.

## THE BEST OF FATHERS.

## CHAPTER IV.

BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.

Dorothy's little pug-nosed son grew, in due course of time, to fulfil his father's happy dreams about him.

His yellow fluff developed into golden curls, his round cheeks grew firm and brown, and his blue eyes were bold and merry.

A bright happy boy full of animal spirits and frank carelessness, much like his father in looks and disposition, and rather impatient of restraint.

For he was an only child, and received all the attention and over-anxious watching which is bestowed on such. Two little sisters had been born after him, but neither had lived many weeks, and Dorothy's health had given way afterwards.

He had been christened Isaac, after his grandfather; it was a name of old standing in the Olroyd family. That grandfather had died when he was four years old, and he was now direct heir to the baronetcy, and had the beautiful park at Holmbury to ride his pony about in, and the old historic hall for his home; with plenty of family portraits and gleaming armour and echoing corridors to fill his young head full of chivalrous images, and fire him with emulation to be worthy of his race.

Sir Stephen was not less fond of his heir than Dorothy herself. The boy was always about with him, riding on his shaggy Exmoor beside Sir Stephen's big brown roadster, and scrambling over hedges and ditches in a manner befitting the son of a M.F.H.; but which often brought forth lively remonstrances from Dorothy when she happened to see such performances, or to find out that they had taken place by the state of the boy's garments when he came home.

"You wouldn't have him a milk-sop, Dolly," Sir Stephen would say in excuse. "If I had been one you would never have married me."

"Perhaps not," Dorothy would allow with a smile and a sigh, while a look of tender admiration filled her dark eyes as they rested on her husband. She loved him far more dearly than on her wedding day, for she had found his devotion untiring and constant, and undiminished by the demands made by her feeble health on his self-sacrifice. She could wish nothing better for her son than that he should follow in the footsteps of his father. Perhaps it would have been better for them all if she had seen his faults a little more clearly, or rather if she had known them.

Then came a season of bitter trial to Dorothy. The time had come when it was necessary that her one chick should be taken from the shelter of her motherly wing to begin the struggle of life in a public school.

It happened just about this time that a little book by Ellice Hopkins, called "Grave Moral Questions," came into Dorothy's hands, and her mother's heart was instantly awakened to the dangers and temptations that her boy would be exposed to.

The years of married life had not passed over her head without bringing some knowledge of the evils in the world; but she had accepted them as inevitable. Now she saw the remedy and yearned to begin the regeneration of the world, but above all to save her son. Long and anxiously she thought the matter over; then she yielded to what had been the first impulse of her wifely heart, and determined to consult her husband on the subject—to ask him if the statements in the book were true according to his wider experience and to beg him to guard Isaac by forewarning him before he went to Eton.

Accordingly, one afternoon when he had come into her dainty nest of a sitting-room to read to her, as he often did, she hinted at her perplexities and put the little book into his hands.

Sir Stephen was dumbfounded. Men have a strange notion that the things they don't talk about to their wives must be utterly unknown to them, as an ostrich is said to think itself hidden when it sticks its head in the sand; more-over they seem to think that ignorance is innocence and that to know is a stain. It seemed so to Sir Stephen; he deemed it almost a sin in his wife that she should even think with loathing and reprobation of such evils as he had actually committed.

"Pah!" he said. "It is a vile book! You ought never to have looked at it." And he thrust it hastily into the fire.

Dorothy's delicate face flushed rose and her heart throbbed painfully. She was not sure that she was free from guilt. She thought that perhaps matters were over-stated in the book, and that her husband was shocked as she had been shocked.

"But you will take care of Isaac?" she pleaded, looking in his face wistfully and laying her slender hand on his arm.

"Do not concern yourself with such matters, my love. Of course I will take care of him. I intend him to be an honourable gentleman. Do not speak of these things to the boy," he added, rather sternly; and as Dorothy had promised to obey, her lips were sealed, agonised as she might. As for Sir Stephen, he made up his mind, man-fashion, to think no more of a disagreeable subject, and Isaac went off to Eton a day or two later to meet the difficulties of boy-life as best he might.

Dorothy thought his heart would be well-nigh broken at parting from her and his father, as hers was almost broken at parting from him; but in fact the pleasures of home had become a little monotonous to the wild young spirit, and the boy went off joyfully to fresh fields and pastures new.

He took to his school-life kindly. The large amount of freedom on honour enjoyed by Eton boys suited his chivalric ideas and rather precocious nature. He was fairly attentive to his school-work, and having inherited quick brains from his mother's side of the family, was able to take a decent place without much trouble. But in his choice of associates he was not so fortunate. His father's reminiscences had fired him with the ambition to distinguish himself as a "wet-bob," and he became an amphibian at the earliest possible opportunity.

So far so good. Honest athletics, whether on land or water, are the best things a lad can take to. But it happened lamentably enough, that Isaac's fag-master, who became also his hero and idol, was a fast young gentleman who

had embroiled himself with the captain of the boats, and who, with a few chosen companions of similar tastes, entered into a foolhardy opposition to wholesome restraints, and preferred champagne dinners at Monkey Island or Maidenhead to the hardships and self-restraint incidental to serious training.

Isaac, seeing his mother always yield obedience, and being asked for none himself from his too indulgent father, had come to associate self-will with manliness, and to despise submission to rule as effeminate. If Dorothy had taken her true place towards her husband and her boy he might have looked on the world in little as he met it at Eton with different eyes, and cast in his lot with far other companions. For so it is, we cannot yield a right, which is truly a right, without shirking a corresponding duty. Most famous men, most men who have been successful in any way, have had mothers who practically illustrated this fact if they did not theoretically formulate it; mothers who, while loving and womanly, were also firm of purpose and strong to advocate the right.

Amongst bad habits of more serious type, Isaac developed one which got him into many scrapes—a trick of practical joking—the consequences being in some instances so far-reaching that the paternal influence and pocket had to be appealed to.

His gay temper and exuberant animal spirits, handsome face and well-lined pockets made him popular amongst masters and comrades notwithstanding.

It happened that a Royal wedding was to be celebrated at Windsor. Of course all the Eton fellows were duly excited, but Isaac looked forward to a double pleasure, for his father and mother had an invitation to be present at the ceremony from an old friend of the former who was a Windsor knight.

Though Isaac felt a little tremulous at the thought of meeting his father again after the scrapes aforesaid, love cast out fear, and the idea of showing his beloved mother over the college was one of perfect bliss.

So it came to pass in due time that after witnessing the grand pageant, for which Isaac and his comrades had, as usual, good facilities, our young hero was making his way along the crowded Windsor streets by Sir Stephen's side; while bells were ringing and cannon thundering, and officers in smart uniforms, gold laced and medal hung, members of Parliament, law lords and bishops, civil dignitaries in Court costume, Foreign Office swells and gentlemen of the Press were mingled in wild confusion with 'Arrys, and cads, and respectable working folk, and with not a few swell mobsmen and deft-fingered pickpockets.

Isaac was very proud of his handsome father, whose goodly presence and noble bearing filled his heart with affectionate pride, and he liked to show him off to his schoolfellows. Catching sight of a messmate, whom he was particularly anxious to introduce to Sir Stephen, he suddenly darted away from him into the crowd with an incoherent apology.

A minute or two later the Baronet felt a suspicious touch in the region of his coat pocket, and, turning sharply, caught a boyish thief in the act of abstracting his silk handkerchief.

He held the young wrist in his firm grip as in a vice, and looked the struggling urchin in the face, then suddenly burst into a loud guffaw.

"Pon honour, Master Isaac, this is carrying your jokes a trifle too far, to try to rob your own father! But you are well got up, I must say, and in the twinkling of an eye!"

No gleam of intelligence passed over the urchin's face which Sir Stephen recognised as that of his son.

"My name ain't Isaac," disclaimed the young thief, sullenly. "You are a rum bloke! Nor I never hadn't got no father neither!"

He was richer than he knew.

"Hold him tight, father!" said a fresh voice at Sir Stephen's elbow, "I saw his hand in your pocket."

Sir Stephen started as he saw the real Isaac beside him, a strange quiver thrilled his frame, and he relaxed his grasp upon the young pickpocket's arm. A wild wretch, and the lad had torn himself free, and had slipped away into the crowd.

"I did not want to keep him. What use to get him into prison?" said Sir Stephen, in answer to Isaac's ejaculation of disappointment. "Are you quite sure you are in the flesh, Isaac? I never saw such an odd likeness in my life. A veritable 'dopple-ginger,'" he added, more to himself than to the boy.

"I don't know what you mean," said Isaac, opening his blue eyes, and looking very spruce and gentlemanly in his Eton suit.

Sir Stephen made no answer.

"Here is my messmate, Lorimer, father," said Isaac, hauling forth the schoolfellow he had disentangled from the crowd, a bright, handsome, olive-cheeked boy, with black eyes and hair in good contrast to Isaac's Saxon gold and blue, and who stood devouring Sir Stephen's manly countenance with admiring eyes, having heard so many legends of his valorous doings in field and flood from his heir that he looked upon him as a worthy descendant of Vikings, and classed him with William the Conqueror, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon Buonaparte, at the very least.

Isaac's father showed himself worthy of his reputation. He gave his son's messmate a right royal welcome, and took the two boys into a tuck-shop, where he regaled them with the choicest that could be obtained in a holiday crowd.

But there was a strange absent look in his eyes, and every now and again his answers had little connection with the conversation in hand.

He could not forget the face of the urchin who had tried to rob him, and the strange likeness it bore to that of his heir.

When Nathaniel Hawthorne, "the Great Scarlet Letter," was in England, in 1856, that very noble and handsome gentleman and truly manly spirit visited an English workhouse, and there a wretched infant, a *filius nullius*, no man's son, fell passionately enamoured of his true and tender face, and followed him about with pathetic insistence. The incident made a deep impression on him. He wrote in his journal, "If it were within the limits of possibility, if I could ever have done such wickedness as could have produced this child, I should have certainly set down its affection to the score of blood recognition, and I cannot conceive of any greater remorse than a parent must feel if he could see such a result of his wrong doing."

That corporal punishment is never resorted to for outrages of this

Stephen Olroyd knew that it was within the limits of possibility that the wretched imp, whose hand had been in his pocket with intent to rob him, owed his likeness to that fondly-loved heir of his, to blood relationship; he knew that he had done such wickedness as could have produced such a child, and the dark shadow of the awful remorse which the pure soul of Hawthorne could only imagine, darkened his spirit with torturing unrest; for in that child's face he had seen a double likeness to Isaac, which meant also to himself (for all were agreed that Isaac was a second edition of his father) and to Nellie Miles.

(To be continued.)

## THE LEGAL VALUE OF THE UNREPRESENTED.

BY LIBRA.

II.

WITH regard to cases of immorality in which women and girls are the victims, the indifference of the Bench to the wrongs inflicted on them is frequently demonstrated. One would think that magistrates, as a rule, elderly married men, would experience feelings of indignation at assaults perpetrated on girls of the same age as possibly their own daughters. But in the large majority of men the sexual instinct always triumphs over any paternal feeling. Most of them are fathers; and so are the Congo men who bury the widows of deceased husbands alive with their corpses. They have daughters whom they are quite willing to see consigned to such a fate. It will not happen to them, and they see only from one point of view.\*

A man (married) at Exeter was recently charged with a violent and revolting assault on a young girl aged twelve, in which all the witnesses were cleared out of court during a portion of the evidence. The man had given the child a penny, and enticed her into a room. He was committed for trial, and bail was allowed. Evidently, notwithstanding the nature of the case, which involved the utmost and forcible degradation of one human being of immature years by another, thereby inflicting not only physical but the deepest moral injury, it was not regarded by the men engaged in a judicial inquiry into it as of sufficient consequence to demand incarceration until trial. A burglar who invades a house would have been remanded to gaol. The violator of the person, no matter how brutal his crime, retains his freedom for a small amount of bail, and may be able to abscond.

Another case recently occurred at Plymouth, in which a man was charged with assaulting a child three years old. He led her down a lane, and she was brought back crying, some slight injuries, the character of which was not reported, having been inflicted on her. The magistrates characterised the assault as a base and cowardly one, and sentenced the man to two months' imprisonment. By this time he is free to accomplish more mischief, for we cannot suppose tendencies of this kind are likely to be cured by a few weeks in prison.

And yet, men of this kind are, of all others, the worst enemies of social life. They are worse than the thief, worse than the tiger; for the one robs of property only, and the other kills; but the men who commit outrages and foul assaults rob others of all that makes life worth living, and inflict that which is worse than death. Degraded themselves, they live to degrade others, and those usually the most helpless and unoffending. This is the sort of deed which asks for forcible suppression, and in no way would that be so well consummated as by flogging. As a rule we object to the principles involved in capital and corporal punishment, but if either is employed, as they now are, then assuredly should they be so in cases of murder accompanied by outrage worse than murder, and vile assaults. Boys convicted of stealing apples or other property are often sentenced to a severe flogging, of a kind which has least regard to personal dignity. The birch-rod is so used as both to punish their persons and their sense of self-respect. That is the kind of practical comment on far worse deeds than apple-stealing required for the men who commit them. The Rev. Benjamin Waugh has spoken out with regard to the various cases relating to children and little girls which have come under his notice in his noble crusade for the protection of children. And what does he say? "People talk of flogging as degrading. Degrade! can you, a man who will batter into a shapeless thing a baby face with his fist? or who will inflict defilement on mere children? Let these men be degraded," he says. "Degrade them!"

These are the words of a man, and one who has been stung into an indignation which does him credit by the facts with which he has come in contact. Inoffensive and domestic horses and donkeys receive cuts with the whip all day long, but creatures who are far more cruel and lustful than wild animals are regarded as possessing feelings which would be insulted by a flogging preceding their imprisonment. And yet this is the only punishment capable of making any real impression on such natures. Which are to be considered, the innocent children, or the so-called "men"?

That corporal punishment is never resorted to for outrages of this

\*No notice has been taken of cases in which the conduct of women or girls has furnished any incentive to the assaults.

kind is the more remarkable as it is inflicted for other assaults and offences. Last week, a groom aged 28, in Oxfordshire, was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour and six strokes of the cat for robbing a girl of her purse, and on finding it empty, pulling her ear and making it bleed.

Another instance of the result of all this magisterial clemency as regards protection of the person appeared in a London daily of last week. The husband, one John Preece, charged at Westminster, was evidently imbued with the idea that he could not only treat his wife like a slave, but beat her as well. He ordered her out of bed at half-past six in the morning to find a pin, which she declined to do on the ground that her rest had been disturbed all night by the children. Preece then dragged her from the bed, hit her a violent blow on the nose with his fist, and kicked her. She had been married two years, and had been repeatedly assaulted. Mr. Close, who prosecuted for the Society for the Protection of Women and Children, said the defendant was "a young man holding fanatical views, and considered it part of his religious duty to knock his wife about. He called it correcting her." The wife corroborated this, and said that he considered he was doing his duty to the Lord, and that it was all for her good. Upon this, the magistrate asked whether if the man was "bound over" on this occasion it would suffice, but the woman had the common sense to decline, and the case was settled by a separation order, and a fine of £5, or in default fourteen days. But, be it noted, both religion and law, Church and State, have educated men into these depraved ideas of the married relation, and it is not surprising that we continually find them lived out.

Marital tenderness on the part of the husband was not long ago illustrated in the case of a poor woman at Battersea, who had been deserted before her confinement, and who, since she came out of the hospital to which she was driven in consequence, had only received four shillings from him in seven weeks. But for an inquest on the dead child, the story would never have been known. Deserted wives with children are common enough, and when the men go to America, or elsewhere, they free themselves from all troublesome financial obligations. Another pitiable tale came out at Marylebone, in which a woman was obliged to work a fortnight after her confinement because her husband gave her no support. If her work was not satisfactory to him, he knocked her about, and after being out at work all day a short time ago, he savagely attacked her on her return with a stick, and turned her and the infant out of the room. For this he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, after which, unless she is legally separated, he may retaliate like Wilmot, who threatened to kill his wife (whose jaw he had previously broken, among other acts of violence) for getting him sentenced to "seven days," and who has now shot her. In this instance the coroner said that it was a great pity a judicial separation had not been obtained. But, apparently, there are urgent cases where the magistrates do not suggest this course to the wretched women concerned.

And yet it is far harder for women, even when single, and without the burden of families to support, to obtain remunerative employment than men. In a recent case of a deputation of sempstresses who applied to a magistrate against a needlework society in Buckingham Palace-road, it appeared that the wages of the working-girls and women (about fifty) had been stopped. The evidence showed that the women made trousers at 8½d. a pair, and one who had made fourteen pairs the preceding week claimed 9s. 7½d. On the part of the employers it was stated that a quantity of work was rejected by the military authorities, who owed £100, which they would not pay until the rejections had been made good. Hence the stoppage of wages. It was decided that those whose work was not rejected could take out summonses, and only one woman possessed the required fee—one shilling. The summons would probably mean dismissal from the firm, and in any case 8s. 6d. or 9s. 6d. a week is little enough for the interminable stitching required to make fourteen pairs of trousers in six days! Such cases as these require investigation by competent women as well as men. Is it to be wondered at that so many women are forced into the streets to increase the tide of brutality and vice which sweeps over human life? Yet numbers of women suffer much before they will resort to this method of getting a living. In that striking series of articles published in the *Daily Chronicle*, headed "Death in the Workshop," which has given such mournful accounts of the victims of dangerous forms of employment of various kinds, the statement that women are "put to do the roughest and most dangerous work" in the Newcastle white-lead works is very significant. "About 600 women are to be found fetching and carrying, doing work that is quite unskilled, and only requires a neck and shoulders strong enough to bear heavy weights carried on the head, nerves sufficiently steady to climb high ladders with the head-borne freight, and physical endurance enough to toil on from six in the morning until the allotted task is done—it may be at three or four in the afternoon—or later. The women who 'take to the lead' are mostly very poor and at the last gasp for the means of supporting life. Indeed, the white-lead works are for the girls and women what the dock-gates are for men." And the precautions taken are, of course, insufficient, and the poison does its work among many of them.

All one can say of this is, that it is better to die even of white-lead than syphilis! The life, and the death also, are at least clean.

A remarkable case of sex-bias, commented on by the *Star* not long ago, was shown in the sentence of a woman to four months' hard labour for committing an offence with a man at Ponder's End, given at the Middlesex Sessions. The man was practically allowed to go unpunished, and at the utmost (if called upon) would only be fined forty shillings, while the woman, whose husband "never did any work," and who apparently expected her to support him and the four children, was sent to prison. The unpunished man was also kindly admonished, while the woman was told she had been "guilty of a filthy offence, which must be put down by the strong arm of the law." What sort of morality and justice did this involve? Clearly, none whatever!

In a recent divorce appeal case, the wife sued for a separation from the husband, who had deserted her for ten years, and connived at her living with another man, from whom, it was stated, he had accepted money to withdraw from the suit. Mr. Justice Lopes said "the court never granted relief to a woman who committed adultery, unless it was proved that the husband drove the woman to the streets, and that she had to resort to prostitution for a living." The masculine jealousy of the "unfaithful wife," even when the conduct of the husband has provoked the infidelity, always expresses itself in laws and judicial opinions calculated to punish the woman rather than the man, and to accentuate false and unequal standards of morality in which the woman alone is regarded as the sinner.

We must, however, note *one* case, in which George Warrell, who had grossly assaulted a young woman in a railway carriage last week, received the maximum sentence provided by the statute, imprisonment with hard labour for two years.

We conclude this batch of cases with one or two contrasts bearing upon the question of person *versus* property. During the session of the Central Criminal Court, the Common Serjeant sentenced a coiner to fourteen years' imprisonment, and another (previously sentenced to eighteen years) received an additional ten. Apparently, imitating a coin is a far worse crime than violating a girl, and stamping her life with associations of infamy. No public sentiment seems to exist among Englishmen which approaches the feeling with which Americans in many of the States regard the honour of girls and women. True, their reprisals on the discovery of acts of outrage, and outrage with murder, have taken terrible forms, such as mutilating, torturing, shooting, hanging, and even burning alive the perpetrators by lynch law, and it is impossible to endorse the deeds committed in some of the Southern and Western States on such occasions. Equally should it be impossible to regard such offences as they are regarded in England. The American has at least proved that he has broken through sex-bias in the feeling of indignation these foulest of all deeds inspire in him, and, so far, he is beyond the Englishman, who stolidly acquiesces in what ever may befall girls as no special concern of his. In him, the consciousness of being "a man" seems to neutralise the sense of fatherhood and brotherhood. The Press and the Bench go far to prove it. And the defenceless position of women, who are deprived of all voice even with regard to the choice of the nation's law-makers, because, according to Mr. Gladstone, a vote might interfere with their "purity" \* (!)—which is only a way of dressing up sex feeling in tinsel and laces—render those of the working classes especially at the mercy of men. Life, without money and influence, is a hard, and often a bitter, struggle to them, and it is on their class that men generally prey. No less have the wife, the girl, the child, to appeal for protection or justice to men who utterly fail to see the real issues before them, and who have been biassed and mis-educated on all sex-questions from their earliest years. Hence such results as those enumerated.

#### AN EARLIER PHILOSOPHY.

LIFE is perhaps eternal, work in consequence eternal. If so, let us finish our march bravely. If otherwise, if the individual perish utterly, let us have the honour of having done our task. That is duty—for our only obvious duties are to ourselves and our fellow creatures. Our abasement abases them; our falls drag them down; we owe to them to stand fast, to save them from falling.

\* \* \* \*

I do not say that humanity is on the road to the heights; I believe it in spite of all, but I do not argue about it, which is useless, for everyone judges according to his own eyesight, and the general outlook at the present moment is ugly and poor. Besides, I do not need to be assured of the salvation of our planet and its inhabitants in order to believe in the necessity of the good and the beautiful; if our planet departs from this law it will perish, if its inhabitants discard it they will be destroyed.

EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE SAND'S LETTERS.

\* "Enable them to defend it" would have been nearer the truth!

## A Sketch.

### TYPE WRITERS.

MRS. MARIAN MARSHALL.

NO women have done more to alter the pre-existent condition of things, and so help forward the time which shall make all things new for women, than those who have been active in industrial occupations. Typewriting is an occupation ennobling and improving in many ways. It is now very closely connected with the medical and legal professions, with literature, and with the world of art and science; so that typewriters of intelligence and capacity possess many opportunities for instruction and higher development.

Mrs. Marian Marshall holds her own place among those ladies connected with typewriting who have done much to give themselves and their occupation a high and honourable position. The steps towards and strivings for success made by human beings in their different occupations and ambitions are among the most interesting considerations which come under our notice. Mrs. Marshall says: "The very first thing which impressed itself upon my mind that I can remember as a conscious act of thinking, was whether there existed in all the world another me, another being like myself; whether, if I scratched or hurt myself, was there any other one that could feel it? I could not quite see how there could be so many people in the world, yet none of them could feel as I felt, and when I felt. This was a very curious feeling, the strong sense of my own individuality which remained with me; nor can I say that I have yet lost the sense of looking everywhere for my other self." As a child, Mrs. Marshall was an omnivorous reader, devouring everything that came in her way, books on medicine, physiology, history, Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, &c., being among the number. The greater number of the members of the family were boys, who were taught to behave with great courtesy towards their sisters. The children were carefully brought up by their mother, a woman young, vigorous, fresh, and full of life, who joined in their lessons and sports as one of themselves. This mother possessed an active young mind, but the battle of her daily life was a very hard one, and she sometimes became depressed. Mrs. Marshall says: "When we saw her looking so sad and sorrowful, we understood as well as children could what troubled her, we used to gather round her, trying to make her join in our games, as she was accustomed to do. We used to say, 'Well, mother, s'pose you hadn't us; we are a comfort even if we are naughty sometimes.'" Mrs. Marshall's early education was received at Lowood; but, while still young, her mother decided that her daughter Marian might with advantage leave school and undertake the education of her younger sisters, probably feeling that in teaching others we educate ourselves. While so engaged Mrs. Marshall continued her raid upon books, reading everything that came in her way. Thoughtful and observant, she assimilated much so acquired, and found it of the utmost use in the busy years which lay before her.

Her maternal grandfather was of a literary turn of mind, and Mrs. Marshall, who believes in heredity, thinks she may have inherited many of her own tendencies from him. There are few subjects, she says, on which she has not read something. The knowledge easily comes back to her and often proves valuable. The medical work which comes to be type written Mrs. Marshall likes very much. She is deeply interested in physiological questions, and in the subject of health generally.

She engaged herself, however, in many ways, and loved much, many forms of study and active employment such as art needlework, pen copying, copying sketches of dramatic situations, painting lamp shades—anything, to keep her healthy appetite appeased. She used to get up at six o'clock in the morning, get her day's work done before one o'clock, play tennis in the afternoon, and read in the evenings.

"In 1883," she says, "a severe domestic trouble rendered it necessary that I should earn my own living, and I commenced the task with a few shillings in my pocket, a stout heart, and some sterling friends to help and advise me."

"You have never had a chance yet," said one, "now we shall expect great things from you." She says "the knowledge that so much was expected from me spurred me on to work; so that I should not disappoint my friends. By the kindness of Mr. Charles Reade and his two nieces, I was provided with a typewriter; and after his lamented death all his plays were given me to copy, as well as many family papers. Papers were sent me also from medical men. I had made this branch of reading a special study; and now my knowledge of terms and subject stood me in good stead.

"One of the earliest steps I had taken at the beginning of my working life was to put my name on the books of the Society 'For Promoting the Employment of Women,' and, through Miss King's introduction, I made the acquaintance of Miss Ethel Garrett, with a view to opening a type-

## THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

A FABLE.

writing office, aided by them, for the purpose of opening out a new employment for women. I had contemplated starting on my own account, but was attracted by Miss Garrett's name, one borne by those admirable women of the Garrett family who have done so much to raise the social status of their sex. An article by Mr. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (the result of a letter I wrote to that paper) gave the impetus we wanted. Work soon poured in from every part of Great Britain.

"In 1886, when I was carrying on the business alone, after Miss Garrett's marriage and retirement, finding my theatrical copying increase so rapidly, I transferred my office from Chancery-lane to the Strand."

Here, in 1887, Mrs. Marshall's health broke down, under the strain of hard work, and after several serious illnesses, increasing in severity, she determined in 1890 to take a long holiday, having been ordered a thorough rest and country air. She, therefore, accepted an offer made to her by Mrs. Strutt-Callard, and the business, which at that time gave employment to fourteen clerks, passed into that lady's hands.

In 1889 she got up a committee of proprietors of typewriting offices for the purpose of forming a Union of Typists, to fix a standard minimum rate of charge for typewriting, competition having become severe. This committee also endeavoured to fix a rate of pay to clerks to prevent sweating by employers. The Society of Typists was inaugurated in May, 1889. The name has since been changed to the National Union of Typists. In 1890 this energetic lady was appointed Examiner in Typewriting to the Society of Arts, and was the only woman on the list of examiners.

Mrs. Marshall has taught a great number of girls, many of whom are running offices on their own account, notably at Oxford, Edinburgh, Reading, Christchurch, New Zealand, &c., and several in London. A great number are earning good salaries of from £60 to £150 a year as clerks and secretaries. "The most cordial and friendly feeling always existed," Mrs. Marshall says, "between my clerks and myself. They never worked better than when I was laid low by illness, so that I should not worry myself."

She invariably recruited her staff from the ranks of well educated gentlewomen.

After six months' complete rest she tried her hand at newspaper work as assistant to a lady journalist, with whom she worked for a year, then finding that some time would elapse before a sufficiently good income could be made, she resolved on going back to her old occupation, and in May, 1892, started the Cambridge Typewriting and Shorthand Office, at 33, Trinity-street. A lecture delivered by this lady in October, 1892, before an audience of professors, &c., has already appeared.

Mrs. Marshall is fond of writing articles, and manages to add very sensibly to her income in this way. She is on the staff of the *London Photographer*, a magazine devoted to the subjects of typewriting and shorthand.

She much enjoys all outdoor exercise, boating especially, being a good sculler, and spends her holidays on the river.

She takes great interest in everything connected with the progress of women, but dislikes very much going to extremes. She has theories about dress which she carries out practically. She wears closely-fitting knee-breeches, also knitted wool corsets. She believes women need not make scarecrows of themselves in order to dress hygienically—the main thing is to avoid peculiarity, and so get more disciples.

If she had time, Mrs. Marshall might turn out an inventor of no mean calibre. She brought out a rough model of a continuous paper feeder for the typewriter, to move along with the carriage, in order to save time and prevent interruption of dictator's thoughts when composing to the typewriter. Also she has quite lately had a table made for typewriters in offices, to save space and prevent typists stooping over their work.

She does much in the way of sketching and art needle work. Also in writing character sketches.

On the subject of women's advance in dress and other matters, Mrs. Marshall thinks, "If one desires to influence others, it must be done by persuasion and example, there is no need to be eccentric and odd. No style of dress should be carried to an extreme. Much is due to education and circumstances of life. You see this in the way children are brought up. Most persons seeing a boy get into a rage attribute it to spirit, but in the case of a girl, put it down to ill temper." She strongly recommends that families should associate together girls and boys in their studies and in their pastimes, and that girls and boys should equally be taught to practise gymnastics and athletic sports.

Mrs. Marshall's married life she found to be a mistake, and strongly advises girls "to know what they are about before they take a husband, and to ponder deeply the responsibilities of married life before they marry." Circumstances at last decided action; financial difficulties brought certain facts to Mrs. Marshall's notice and decided her to break up her married life. She owed much at this time to the kindness of Charles Reade, the novelist, and his family, the Compton-Reades, who gave to her much friendly help and sympathy.

MR. JOHN BULL was the proprietor of a flourishing restaurant, situated in the busiest part of that city which he never failed to speak of as the wealthiest in the world. To those who did not look at underlying causes, his unparalleled success was simply marvellous. His customers were nearly all of the male sex, and were always quite satisfied with his management, nay, more than satisfied, they were quite gratified, and paid their reckoning with that benign look which betokens the having of *quid pro quo*. Now, Mr. B. had a way of bringing about this happy state of general content. Knowing his customers to be men of business, he catered for them as such. His plan was to have a variety of dinners on the menu numbered one, two, and three, with prices arranged to correspond. The customer who wished for dinner No. 3 paid on entering price No. 3, took his seat, informed the waiter that he was a Number 3 man, and was instantly served with a meal at once appetising, digestible, and suitable. Other arrivals, whose funds only reached to the lower number dinners, were equally well cared for in a proportional way. Evidently J. B. knew what his visitors wanted, and he took care they had it. "And how should it be otherwise," he often said, "am I not a man and a brother? Do I not know by personal experience what are the wants of my fellow men? Before starting this house of business did I not for seven years dine daily myself at a restaurant, noting its shortcomings, and saying to myself how differently would I manage such a concern? Yes, I do succeed, and I deserve to succeed." With his thick white hands folded complacently over his ample figure he would generally take forty winks after this comforting speech.

But—and here must come the qualifying clause to all this self-satisfaction on the part of J. B.—things were not always managed quite equally in his very celebrated establishment. It was all very well so long as men customers only dropped in, they were sure of both fair and square treatment, but should there appear at the feast a guest not having on the wedding garment, *i.e.*, the bifurcations, &c., of the restaurateur's own sex, instantly a change came over the place, and though the unsought was not cast into the outer darkness, she was cast very much into the innermost shadow. To illustrate this, let a single instance be recorded. It so happened that one day a lady entered the building leading by the hand her little daughter.

At once, with the generosity common to women who have money at their own disposal, she paid for two dinners at the highest price, and sat down with her child, telling the waiter as she did so what she wanted. But the man looked confused, and the lady felt that there was a mistake somewhere. Plainly her procedure was unusual, and the man at a loss to tell her so. However, he at last succeeded in letting her know that the proprietor of this business always reserved to himself the right of dictating to his lady customers what their bill of fare should be. "Oh," said the lady, "then I suppose he supplies them at half price, or else gratis? Have I made a mistake in paying fully for myself and child?" "No, madam, no; in reality you pay more than a gentleman, because you eat less. But you see it is all for the good of the house." The lady said she had no objection to doing the house good, but that her child's welfare and her own must be her first thought. "You really must give me what I ask for. How can your employer know what is best for us, he is neither a woman nor medical adviser." "Madam, he is such a chivalrous man, so interested in ladies, and, too, it is generally believed that he has had in his time a grandmother, a cousin, and an aunt. Besides, it's a way he's got, and your dinner would really be stone-cold long before I should be able, if I tried, to convince him that your objections have force in them." The tired lady who had come out on business felt she must have some refreshment before she proceeded with it, and so submitted to her fate, only daring to ask that she be allowed to choose from the carte what best suited her child. Here again, she was met with the statement that once she had paid her money her troubles were at an end; the benevolent proprietor, in his omniscience, took care likewise of the children. "No, ma'am, no. You are right, he has not been a mother, nor a father, for that matter, seeing he is a bachelor, but he maintains that he knows all about children, because once, a long time ago, he was a little boy. You don't see the force of the argument, ma'am? No; some of the waiters here do not, but they think it best to say nothing."

After a meal which suited neither mother nor child, the lady hastened away to pay a large sum just due from her as Income-tax, then on to the offices of some tax collectors for a like purpose. Reaching home, tired out, she fell asleep, and dreamed that waiters were tax collectors and tax collectors were the agents of some large restaurant-keepers who took, without asking, the money belonging to women and children and spent it all on improving the dinners of well-to-do men. And then she awoke.

PRINCESS SUPREME

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

CHAPTER XIX.

(Concluded).

In tearless woe Isolde sat, gazing at her dead, feeling as though she herself were turning into stone.

She looked at the lines of endurance drawn about the still mouth, at the air of patience that had fallen across the lines of the face.

"His lonely life of unmerited suffering was over," she told herself, and as she looked at the fine form lying low she whispered:

"Oh, my love! my Jerome! your memory shall be honoured. Vikyn shall be a name for all that is good and helpful in years to come, and many will bless you."

Then Isolde took up her life's burden alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

It had been a boisterous day, waves lashing themselves furiously against the boulders as they rolled into the bay in long, frothing lines, winds wailing a dirge for the havoc wrought by the billows, hurrying, as the evening drew in, moaning back over the seas to chant their requiem afar.

The rain ceased, and Olive hastened down to the sands to watch the sun set. She had been out at mid-day in the full fury of the gale, for she loved to feel the spray and the heavy rain drops splashing on her face, to take off her hat, and to let the winds come sweeping through her hair, and the war of the elements exhilarated her. She felt glad and free as the wild sea birds, and gave a long sigh of content and rapture. The tempest was hushed when she went down to see the sunset, but the waves were restless still. She gazed over the cold, grey flood stretching far into the unseen—she looked at it intently, and a touched and tender smile stole over her features, as she thought of Leonard. She knew at last that she loved him, and she had given up the strife with herself.

As though her spirit had summoned him he came.

She stepped down from her rock and held out her two hands to him with an action that was full of meaning.

He could not fail to understand her greeting, and as he noticed the warm flush, the glad smile, he whispered with impassioned fervour, "Olive! Olive!" but as he was about to clasp her hands he remembered and shrank back in dismay.

Olive stood silent beside him, not knowing what to think, till suddenly, as though there was more in this than he could bear, he cried, with heart-rending desolation in his tones, "Too late! too late!"

"What is it? tell me," she pleaded.

Taking her face in both hands, and gazing yearningly down into it, he said: "I see it—I see it—a little spark of love for me. Oh, Olive, Olive, it is more than I could ever have dared to hope for; and now it is too late. I am not worthy now," he said in unutterable sorrow. "I am not worthy now even to stand in your presence."

"Not worthy, Leonard," she said, with calming gentleness. "If you had done the blackest deed in the world you would still be to me the beloved of my life."

He glanced at her in passionate gratitude. "Listen, Olive, I am a murderer in intent, and I do not know that I am not one in deed. I am a renegade, a false priest, a liar. I am the vilest wretch on earth, and I presume to be your lover. I was not so when I first sought you, and I will not try to soften you by saying that I became such because of my love for you, so ill-regulated; but I repeat that I am not fit to stand in your presence."

In answer, Olive went softly up to him and raising with the gentlest touch the head sunk in abasement before her, she murmured:

"Leonard, what is the meaning of love if it does not teach us the highest heights of helpfulness and sympathy? If you have erred it is my privilege and my right—because I love you—to help you back to honour. Love is not only for happiness, it shines in the world to lead us to the truest wisdom."

"You do not know what you are saying," he huskily muttered. "You do not believe what I tell you about myself."

She stole close to him and pitifully stroked the haggard grey face. "I believe it all, Leonard," she said, with grave distinctness, "but, Leonard, I love you and will love you through all."

A curious change passed over his face as she spoke, the hardness and the passion and the misery passed out of it. Something of the spiritual light which had shone a year ago lit it up. Now passion died, and the consecration of the soul took its place. He felt only a desire "to bring gladness to her," in place of his old personal craving.

"We will help each other to be worthier," Olive said. "Love will make our souls so glad, Leonard, that we shall be worthier when we are tried again."

He looked at her with impassioned devotion for a moment, as though to impress her features on his heart for ever.

"Farewell," he said; turned quickly, and was gone.

CHAPTER XX.

"Isolde!" said Olive, when she saw her friend for the first time after her loss. She said no other word, but so much was expressed in the utterance of that name that Isolde, who had declined to see anyone, who had felt that no friend could ever give her consolation any more, looked up suddenly, as though a glimmer of light had come.

As the colourless face, so full of pain, was raised to her's Olive found it hard to restrain herself, but she forced back her tears, and said tenderly, "Forgive me, I could not stay away; perhaps you did not know I had returned, or you would have let me come. You are alone, Isolde—alone!" and

the tears that did not wet her cheeks were in her voice. "He loved you so, and he is taken away!"

The unnatural composure that Isolde had schooled herself to maintain gave way as she broke into a passion of sobs. Olive drew her gently into the shelter of her strong arms crying herself in sympathy.

"It seems too bitter to be borne,"

"Thank you, Olive," whispered Isolde; "thank you for saying that, instead of pointing out to me the blessings I have left."

"I sometimes think," said Olive, talking of other things to allow Isolde to recover herself, whilst she fondly smoothed the little white hands she had taken in hers, "that resignation would not seem so hard if people would admit that a cruel blow had come."

"Yes. I want him back!" cried Isolde, drawing away her hands and locking them tight together in her effort after self-control, "I want him back!"

"Forgive me," she whispered, after some moments of eloquent silence, during which Olive softly soothed her. "Forgive me, you are too sympathetic to Olive, I thought I was quite brave and composed."

Olive, I thought I was quite brave and composed."

"You were too composed. I wanted to break it up; better for you dear," Olive explained. "You may weep for me too," she added, with quiet sadness. "My heart is desolate also!"

"Yours?" asked Isolde, forgetting herself, and looking in loving concern at Olive. "Oh, Olive, I thought life was to be so glad and bright for you—tell me?"

Olive told her as best she could, ending bravely: "And now we have had enough of me." Isolde wondered at her calm, at the curious radiance that suffused her face, at the steadfast cheerfulness with which she looked out on the life stretching long and lonely before her.

She had not seen the letter that had made Olive's soul ring with gladness, in spite of her heart's pain. The letter was too sacred—all the long life ahead seemed to be glorified by the written words in Leonard's letter. "You have sacrificed my life for ever, my beloved. You have saved me from despair. You have made it seem possible that God may forgive. I realise what His love may be when I think of the breadth and height of the love you give me; your divine pity."

Leonard had written to her some hours after their parting on the shore, telling her that he must not accept her generous gift; that he was gone to live his life out alone—to atone. This letter remained in her heart to her latest hour.

"When I say," he had written, "I love you, I mean that you are my elect lady, to whom I give worship and service for all time, whom I would guard from contact with anything ignoble. I am ignoble, my heart's treasure, and I must guard you from myself; I must see that you do not join your beautiful life, that will be full of wide usefulness, to my dishonoured one. The earthly life for us is separate, but the spirit life we shall share will be remembered, and will be again taken up. Farewell, Olive, farewell."

Olive wept over this letter, but her tears had joy in them—had read it over and over till she knew it by heart.

She would have tried to make him change his purpose, but when the letter reached her he was far away. He had left Dustleigh without leaving a trace behind by which she might have found him, and she knew he did not mean to be found. The night and her tears were past, and she, too, was ready to take up life's burden, to make of it what he believed she would.

The night she had passed through left its exaltation upon her, but the human ache of longing was hard to bear, and when Isolde looked pityingly at her, the human sense of loss distressed her anew, and she said, wistfully,

"We might have done good work in the world together."

Then Isolde, comforter in her turn, soothed Olive, and with an inspired look, with a steadfast purpose ringing in her tones, she said: "Dear, you will still work together. He is in the world still, and when he hears of any noble thing that you have done it will make his battle easier. He has a hard fight before him, and—he resigned you—that was a grand thing to do."

The two girls were both engaged in public spirited work already.

They had each a sympathetic listener, and, with the softening influence of a common sorrow in their hearts, they discussed their plans and prospects.

CHAPTER XXI.

It took Leonard many months to accomplish his pilgrimage. He left England in August, and having to give in, to rest, several times owing to illness, he did not reach Rome until November.

All his dreamings at one time had culminated in visions of the Eternal City, and he had thought to walk its streets once with a white heart and holy feet, now he arrived at the place of his desires an outcast.

Feeling that he must give himself a little rest if he intended to do any more work in the world, he walked heavily to a lowly inn he knew of.

When he had rested at the inn for an hour or two he went to the great cancer hospital, sought an interview with the principal, and made arrangements to endow the establishment with his possessions on condition that he was taken on as servitor in one of the worst wards, given an attic to sleep in, some coarse clothing, and a daily dole of food.

The peculiar conditions were accepted, and Leonard entered upon his hard life.

As he toiled up the stairs to his attic there was a sweet smile on his wasted features, and he whispered to himself, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

He knelt by his poor hard bed, his head bent reverently, and after a time a soft feeling of peace, to which he had long been a stranger, stole over him.

He went steadily about his duties for many weary months, never flinching, never giving himself pity or ease, but before the next year was ended his life was over. His worn-out forces gave way, and he died from sheer exhaustion.

As his eyes glazed in death he folded his hands meekly together, whispering in thanksgiving—

"The fight is o'er."

LONDON HORSES.

THE following is reprinted from the Review of Reviews for February, 1892:—

"The Leisure Hour continues its interesting papers on 'The Horse World of London,' by giving the horses of the Post-office, the Vestries, and the brewers. The Post-office horses its mails by contract with Macnamara, who has had the work ever since 1837. They have 600 horses engaged in the work. Forty-horses work the Brighton Parcels Post, and twenty-six the Tunbridge Wells and Watford. The Post-office horse is liable to constant service from four o'clock on Sunday afternoon to half-past ten on Sunday morning, and he only has five and a-half hours' unbroken rest. While the omnibus horse is worn out in five years, and the tram horse in four, the Post-office horse lasts six; the brewer's work from six to seven, Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's seven and a-half, while the Vestry horses last eight years. The Post-office horse costs £36, the Vestry £75, and the brewer's at least £90 a piece. Incidentally it is mentioned that in chopping the straw for Post-office horses the knives require renewing every twenty minutes. The Post-office mail-cart has sixteen different coats of paint and varnish before it is sent out. What may be called the municipal horses of London number 1,500; they average seventeen hundredweight, begin work at six and last fourteen years. The first indispensable requisite of a municipal horse is an ability to back as readily as he advances, and to back while keeping his legs in, otherwise he will have his feet run over. They are bought at £75 at six years old, and sold at fourteen for £8. The price of the cart-horse tends so constantly to rise that Mr. Wainwright, who paid 2,500 guineas for Bury Victory Chief, an old Shire stallion, expects to get his money back in three seasons. The Vestry horse has his Sunday's rest complete. He begins work at six and is about eleven hours on the road, bringing in about two or three loads in that time. He costs about 16s. a week to feed, and consumes about 40lb. of hay, straw, clover, and oats in the day. He breakfasts at three o'clock in the morning, and always finishes up on Saturday night with a bran mash. The large London brewers own 3,000 horses, which are worth over a quarter of a million sterling, and weigh about 3,000 tons. The brewer's horse is the direct descendant of the great war-horse of the armoured knights, and each one of them could well carry four hundredweight upon his back. The brewer's horses do five miles an hour, and do fourteen to sixteen hours' work daily six days in the week. [An eight hours' day for horses is required.] Hoare's only work their horses five days a week, and no horse is allowed to be out ten hours without being examined by the horse-keeper. There is not a horse in their stables weighing less than sixteen hundredweight, or standing less than seventeen hands high. The thoroughbred race-horse increases a hand in height every century. In 1700 he was thirteen hands high, now he stands fifteen hands and a-half; at this rate he will be as tall as a giraffe before very long. It is comforting to learn that the larger a horse gets the better temper he has as a rule. The brewer's horse costs 18s. a week to feed, and after he is thoroughly past work and done up he is exported to Germany and made up into sausages, and then sent back to be consumed by the British public as German sausage."

CHOICE MORSELS FROM CHOICE PENS.

A GUILTY society can more easily be persuaded that any apparently innocent act is guilty than that any apparently guilty act is innocent.

Every step of progress means a duty repudiated and a scripture torn up. Every reformer is denounced accordingly.

Of all the idealist abominations that make society pestiferous, I doubt if there be any so mean as that of forcing self-sacrifice on a woman under pretence that she likes it; and if she ventures to contradict the pretence, declaring her no true woman.

No one ever feels helpless by the side of the self-helper; whilst the self-sacrificer is always a drag, a responsibility, a reproach, an everlasting and unnatural trouble, with whom no really strong soul can live.

Only those who have helped themselves know how to help others, and to respect their right to help themselves.

BERNARD SHAW—Quintessence of Ibsenism.

The yearning for a further life is natural and deep. It grows with intellectual growth, and, perhaps, none really feel it more than those who have begun to see how great is the universe and how infinite are the vistas, which every advance in knowledge opens before us—vistas which would require nothing short of eternity to explore.

HENRY GEORGE—Progress and Poverty.

Detraction requires so little ability that I wonder we are not too proud to be guilty of it. AMELIA OPIE.

It was not for him, he thought, to add "The battle won." The end had come, and he could be humbly thankful that the hard conflict was over.

So Isolde went on her way to her own standard, battling with disappointment and weariness, battling with the human yearning for personal happiness, with the pain of shattered hopes, the longing for dead joys.

She had to wage strenuous war against puerilities, chilling disappointment, and faint-heartedness, but she was far more rigorous to herself than she was to anyone else, and by degrees she forced herself to bear small things grandly.

She did not find it a little thing to adapt herself to conditions of life lacking in ease and luxury; but she fought and overcame. She had one of the lodges of her home put in order for herself, and, dismantling the spacious rooms at the "Keep" of their rich furniture and art treasures, sold them all to bring in money.

She was conscious of committing a species of vandalism, for the rare and costly things of her beautiful old home were infinitely precious to her, and it caused her no slight pang to part with them.

She did not feel it right, however, to indulge her feelings. "All able-bodied individuals, given a fair start in life, ought to be able to take care of themselves, and to make their own way; if they act foolishly they must suffer the consequences," Isolde assured herself; but whilst there are incurable cripples and so on amongst us, we should not be able—if we know what love means—to give our thoughts to personal enjoyment until we have helped to provide comfortable homes for our poor fellow-creatures. Our time will have come when every member of the human family has had its common necessities attended to—then only.

"A fair start in life!" How could she give it? A start to those who had never had a chance given them; a second start to those who had gone wrong. It was a serious thing she had begun to do.

"Helpless women first," she said.

The wrongs and woes of women touched her sharply, for she knew how immeasurable those wrongs and woes were.

Had none of them found out that pain was not a Divine institution, but a monstrosity—a human production—a manifestation that had arisen; not a primeval law, she pondered with robust common-sense.

She intended primarily to help a certain class of persons, she told Olive.

"I am very sorry for girls who are unhappy," she said; "but somehow I am so much sorer for wives. Wives of men with little money have to endure such indescribable things. I do not think that the world at all realises what a martyrdom the life of the ordinary poor wife is."

When we are strong and well we can bear anything, but wives, as a rule, are wretchedly ill half the time—they must be taught that this need not be.

It is unnatural, monstrous, insufferable, to think of half of a long life being spent in illness and suffering—all the faculties warped. How can we do any practical or energetic work when we are ceaselessly ill? And people accept this unnatural state of affairs as a matter of course. Husbands who during their betrothal days told their beloved ones that they would guard and shelter them from ill, see those beloved ones, when they have become their wives, enduring a very Calvary throughout the best years of their lives; and they go their ways unconcerned, thinking that they are good husbands if they are patient and passably attentive.

If this matter had moved husbands as it ought to have done, they would have investigated into Nature's laws, they would have found out the rights of the case and a remedy centuries ago. That story of the apple in the Garden of Paradise has done unutterable harm. In the old Indian account of the fall the man was the one who ate what was forbidden, offered it to his companion, and at her intercession he was pardoned. Nature seems to have assigned to women things diabolically cruel. Nature in reality has assigned to them nothing of the kind. Yes. "A home for deserted wives in the first place, Olive."

She would engage a staff of trained nurses to attend to the worn and ailing creatures who were to come to her. The nurses would give proper care to the inmates of her home until they were restored to health, then would teach their office to their late patients, who, when fitted, would take their place. The home should not be a home for the disgraced, but for the unfortunate. All who had known misfortune of any kind should be welcome. New methods of hygienic helpfulness suggested themselves to her as the years passed. In fancy she saw her little band of missionaries growing and increasing, spreading valiantly throughout the breadth of the land, bearing a glad evangel of hope and leaving infinite possibilities of joy behind them. She saw her sisters emancipated from the slavery of ailing discomfort, and, as a sequence, emancipated from legal disabilities. "They will never rise up strong to fight and to conquer," she told Olive; "they will never wrest for themselves the moral and social rights withheld so long, until they have conquered health and attained to the ultimate possibilities of physical well-being."

As the years passed she saw many of her dreams realised; and as she was one of the richest heiresses in England, and spent hardly £100 a year upon herself, she had means at command for carrying out her projects.

Olive and she were firm friends, and worked together for others. Isolde had money and a talent for organisation, and Olive had scientific knowledge. Each had what the other required, and so they laboured harmoniously.

Olive soon gained a high place in her profession; she was much sought after, and grew rich and powerful; but she still lived as she had lived in her struggling youth, and helped Isolde with her wealth and skill.

WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

"What the Girl Says" will be resumed in the monthly for March.

## Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.  
A Paper for Women and the Working Classes.  
LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25th, 1893.

## WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

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

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

WE announced some weeks ago our need of funds, and we hoped that some suitable response would have been made. So far this has not been done to the amount necessary to carry the paper on as a weekly.

We have, therefore, decided to issue SHAFTS as a monthly for a time, until we can again return to the original form.

Before making this temporary change, we desire to offer our public acknowledgment of thanks to Miss Clegg, of Hampstead, who generously handed to the paper a donation of £1,000 at its commencement; also to other kind friends who in different ways have shown their good will. Among them, Miss H. New, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Reep, Mrs. Stanley Carey, Miss Wardlaw Best, Miss C. Cust, Mrs. Orr, "A. Pioneer," and others. In adopting for a time the monthly form, SHAFTS will abide by all its already-stated principles. Opinions on all points will be received, on the same conditions—moderation and modesty of expression.

A new tale of great interest, and bearing on the Woman Question, will commence in one of the early numbers. All new books will be reviewed, and all matters of public interest discussed. The columns will be headed as usual, and the paper will be the same in all particulars, save that we hope to make it still more interesting, still more full of life and the spirit of progress; rejoicing if thereby we may compensate for the disappointment we so reluctantly bring upon our readers.

We thank the many writers who have so cheered and encouraged us thus far; we trust their attitude will remain, and that they will support the monthly as ardently as they have supported the weekly, yea, even more so, seeing that our need is greater. We trust that SHAFTS will be fully as welcome a visitor, though a less frequent one, and that all our readers will aid and cheer us in hastening the time when the paper will again appear as a weekly issue. We beg earnestly to assure our readers that we do not mean that time to be delayed longer than is absolutely requisite.

The first monthly will be issued early in March, with a cover somewhat slightly altered, at a charge of fourpence per month.

The correspondence columns will continue to be a marked feature, and discussion will be invited and encouraged without interruption. All books on hand not reviewed hitherto, will be reviewed in the March number of the monthly issue, and SHAFTS will remain a magazine for Women and the Working Classes.

## NOTICES.

AT the meetings held at the Offices every alternate week, which will be announced in the new monthly of SHAFTS for March, all humanitarian and other subjects will be brought up for discussion. The subject to be discussed first will be The Horse Protection League. The first meeting for this purpose will be held on the evening of Wednesday, March 1st.

## HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

## LEAMINGTON.

A MEETING of ladies was held in the Council Chamber, by kind permission of the Mayor, in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society, on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. J. T. Hallett (Tachbrook) presided, and amongst those present were the Mayoress (Mrs. J. Hinks), Mrs. Christie Mackenzie (Bromley, Kent), Mrs. R. S. de Courcy Laffan (Stratford-on-Avon), who attended gratuitously and gave an address, Mrs. Furneaux, Miss Georgina Parr, Mrs. Thursfield, Mrs. Fayerman, Mrs. Trethewy, Miss Seville, Mrs. and Miss Lake, Miss K. Thompson, Miss Stanger-Leathes, Mrs. Ryley, Miss Atkins, Miss Allen, Miss Joyner, and others. Mrs. Hallett pointed out temperance as one of the burning questions of the present time, alluding to two articles in the *Contemporary Review*, and to the way in which the subject affected women. She urged the drinking of water by children from a hygienic point of view. Mrs. R. S. de Courcy Laffan, whose husband is master of the King Edward VI. School, gave a most interesting address on the influence of women on the temperance question. Mrs. Christie Mackenzie spoke well and to the point. She said that a united womanhood would move the world.

## A DOSS HOUSE FOR WOMEN.

During an interview with a representative of the *Westminster Gazette* on the subject of a Doss-house for Women, Mr. John Hutton, chairman of the London County Council, is reported to have said: "My sympathies are entirely with the movement in favour of giving women of the poorer classes the facilities we have given to the men at Parker-street. I think the conditions under which many of the lodging-houses are now carried on are dreadful to contemplate. There is some sort of police supervision, but it is of necessity lax. I am not blaming anyone, for I do not think the fault can be laid on any individual. It is the system that is wrong. I suppose the proportion of women who seek the accommodation of the common lodging-house is smaller than that of the men, because a woman, as a rule, endeavours to keep some sort of a home together so long as she can. Yet there must be a very considerable number of women in London who have no regular place of abode. But as regards a 'doss-house' for women, I take the view myself that it would be similarly desirable to have women on the Council first, in order that the institution might be efficiently supervised. Of course, as matters stand, we could employ matrons to do the work, but if there were lady councillors, who would interest themselves in the management, it would be more satisfactory."

"Mrs. Morgan Browne," Mr. Hutton continued, "has sent me a letter, accompanied by a memorial signed by a large number of ladies, expressing the hope that the Council will take the question of a woman's lodging-house in hand."

## LADY ABERDEEN IN IRELAND.

Lady Aberdeen is now making a tour through the centres of the lace industry in Ireland, where she has been most enthusiastically received. Her object is to thoroughly familiarise herself with all the details of the cottage industry, which will be represented at her village at the Chicago World's Fair. Speaking recently at Clones, Lady Aberdeen is reported to have said:—

"We want our association to be the means of organising these home industries throughout Ireland. We desire that this company of ladies and gentlemen associated together for this purpose should be the means of opening up fresh markets for the workers, and for finding markets for those who are not already employed. We hope also to help them to improve their work by giving them new designs, so that they may be able to keep in touch with the fashions of the day, without which we cannot get on, and we hope also we shall be able to have people in the different parts of Ireland who will take an interest in the matter, and supervise and help the workers. We hope that the prominent inhabitants of this district will perhaps take the first step of forming a committee for this purpose."

## WINDING THE HORSES.

A writer in the *Norwood Review* draws attention to a bad practice which exists in that neighbourhood. "For a long time past," he says, "I have wondered how it is that so many of the horses in this neighbourhood seem to be touched in their wind. The reason why is this. I have especially noticed it at the bottom of South Norwood-hill; the drivers of nearly all carts allow their horses to drink at the bottom of the hill, and then hurry them up the hill. The consequence is that, as any vet. will tell you, it ruins their wind. Drink a glass of water yourself and then run up South Norwood-hill. You will not do it twice. I hope that this may meet the eye of some of those Jehus who clatter about this neighbourhood all whip and no reins."

## THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION AND THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Mrs. Fawcett's Sub-committee on Women's Education, under the Royal Commission for the Chicago Exhibition, have received contributions of £100 from the Goldsmiths' Company, £100 from the Fishmongers' Company, and £25 from the Leathersellers' Company, to a fund for sending women teachers to the educational congress at Chicago. They have also received promises of £100 from the Clothworkers, and £10 10s. from the Coopers, conditionally on the total fund reaching the sum of £500.—*City Press*.

## WOMEN IN MINES.

In the House of Commons lately, Sir John Gorst raised the question of the employment of women in British Indian mines. It is a fact that women are so employed. But to put a stop to their employment would be no easy matter. Because coolies, whether from the hills of Chotanagpore or from the Southern Provinces, only know work as a family job, and very often the wife is a better worker than the man. An individual man is not engaged to a particular work, but a whole family, and very generally a whole village. A family works in common, the wife helping the husband. In a coal mine he uses the pick and she the shovel.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

## THE GIRLS' GUILD OF GOOD LIFE.

The fact that the preface is written by no less popular a novelist than Walter Besant will, without a doubt, ensure a large circulation for the little pamphlet (entitled "On Life's Quicksands") that has just been issued by the Girls' Guild of Good Life. The object of the brochure is to draw the attention of the public to the character of the work that the Guild was established a few years ago to carry on. The objects of the Guild are explained, as it were, in the form of an allegory, written by Mrs. John T. Rae, who describes with powerful pen the influence that the Guild can exercise over young girls who have either been led away by evil companions, or are in danger of falling into sin. The story, we presume, is based on fact, and gives a true version of what has actually occurred in the course of the Guild's existence. At the close of the allegory, if we may so call the narrative, there is a brief report, showing the lines upon which the Guild is worked. It seems that at the Guild's headquarters, 128, Hoxton High-street, every facility is afforded to young girls to both interest and instruct themselves. Entertainments of one kind and another are constantly held, while on each evening there are classes conducted by ladies who take an interest in the young girls who belong to the Guild. Then again, every opportunity is afforded the girls to learn cookery, dressmaking, embroidery, etc. The religious education of the members is also considered, there being on several evenings brief Bible-classes, with special services on the Sunday. In a word, the committee lose no opportunity of benefiting the girls in every way possible. To a certain extent the Guild is self-supporting. The committee are, however, put at times to extraordinary expenditure, and consequently subscriptions are invited from those who have means to spare for the furtherance of good works. Just now there is especial need for further help, as through the death of Mr. W. J. Palmer the Guild has lost one of its most munificent and constant supporters. The work is a quiet and unobtrusive one, and only on rare occasions comes before the public, but none the less it is worthy of all the support that can possibly be extended to it. The pamphlet now before us should, and we have no doubt will, be the means of doing much to enlist on the Guild's behalf the practical sympathy for which the committee appeal, and appeal so strongly.—*City Press*.

At the West Ham Police-court, on February 17th, after hearing a case which concerned the rescue of several children from disorderly houses by officers of the Children's Aid Society, Mr. W. Colman, the chairman, said it had struck the magistrates very powerfully that, although the police and officers of the Children's Aid Society had known the house to be a brothel and had watched people going in in couples, the case had to be instigated by a private society. Women should note that the law in this matter is allowed to be a dead letter. Men will not move a finger to put down immorality.

## AN ABUSE OF POWER.

A young lady named Alexandria Blonsky has, according to the *Daily News*, been condemned by the City Court of Justice of Warsaw to nine and a half years' servitude in the mines, and after the expiration of this term to banishment for life in Siberia. The crime for which this young woman has received so terrible a sentence was an attempt to burn the prison in which she had been confined in a solitary cell on the charge of stealing several hundred roubles from the family in which she had been employed as governess.

## ISLINGTON LABOUR REPRESENTATION LEAGUE.

The subjoined extract from the report of the above-named League shows the progress made by it during 1892 in the endeavour to promote direct labour representation on our governing bodies:—"In 1891, when the London Trades Council appointed a committee to found a Labour Representation League for London, our division had the honour of forming the first branch. At the County Council elections we hoped that the Progressive Party would apportion at least one seat out of the eight in Islington to a Labour candidate. As this was not done, we were left with the alternative of running a candidate of our own in West Islington as a protest. In other divisions we supported the Progressive candidates by speech and work, Mr. J. W. Miller, the president of our league, championing the cause of the workers in the West division." In concluding their report the committee took the opportunity of complimenting the *Workmen's Times* and the *Northern Light* for the impartial and valuable assistance rendered.

## "WOMEN AND MILITARISM IN RUSSIA."

In the course of a stirring and interesting lecture on "Militarism in Russia, and Prospects of an Anglo-Russian War," delivered last Friday, before the "Glasgow Peace Society," by Mr. James Prelooker, a Russian ex-Government official, the lecturer dealt at some length with the disastrous social and moral influences of the military system in his native country. The greatest demoralisation prevails in the military classes, the most sacred ties being frequently violated almost without awakening protest from society at large. During the marches and removals of the troops they are billeted on the inhabitants perforce. In such cases the young wife or daughters of the house are in a state of siege. The lecturer personally knew several instances where the parents preferred to send away their daughters at once to some friends during the whole time of the sojourn of the uninvited guests. Whole villages are infected by abominable diseases imported by soldiers. Notwithstanding the military class is regarded in Russia as superior to all other classes, and the officer has a popular nickname, "Doushka," darling. Epaulets and spurs are sacred ideals of which a mother dreams for her son, and the lady for her sweetheart.

The powerful and eloquent address was followed throughout with painful attention and rapt interest by the large audience, and at its conclusion a hearty vote of thanks was passed.—Contributed by James Edwards, Member of the Peace Society.

## MANHOOD versus ADULT SUFFRAGE.

A CURIOUS and instructive comment on the failure of the average masculine mind to comprehend the chasm of difference between these two reforms is to be found in the *Daily Chronicle* of 21st inst.

John Burns, in his maiden speech in the House of Commons on Monday last, supported the Government Registration Bill, but expressed his determination to be content with nothing less than Adult Suffrage.

The *Chronicle*, while faithfully reporting the words, in its news column, misrepresents the facts in its comments, by quoting Burns, as having spoken "as a democrat supporting Manhood Suffrage."

In the interests of both the Labour Party and the Woman's Cause it is well to have this inaccuracy at once corrected.

## PIONEER CLUB.

A musical evening, provided by the president and other gifted ladies and gentlemen, was enjoyed at this club on Monday evening last. When we say enjoyed, we mean it in the fullest significance of the word. What a rest to tired nerves and weary brains the exquisite music of voice and instrument was many can express.

On Tuesday evening, a most interesting discussion was opened by Miss Shurmer, on "Street Noises and their Effect on the Brain," which was kept up with spirit and hearty good will, presided over by Mrs. Richardson, who seems to possess the very genius of a chairman. It was a delight to watch her. All spoke well.

A PIONEER.

I was glad to see Bill Nye again. He turned up at the Everett House this morning. I like to gaze at his clean-shaven face that is seldom broken by a smile, and to hear his long melancholy drawl. His lank form and his polished dome of thought, as he delights in calling his joke-box, help to make him so droll on the platform! When his audience begins to scream with laughter he stops, looks at them in astonishment; the corners of his mouth drop, and an expression of sadness comes over his face. The effect is irresistible. They shriek for mercy. But they don't get it.—*A Frenchman in America*, MAX O'RELL.

## What Working Women and Men Think.

### LABOUR NOTES AND NEWS.

A letter published by a morning contemporary directs attention to the question of a "free breakfast table," and puts in a very opportune plea for the introduction of this much-needed reform by the present Government. This is eminently a workers' question. The incidence of taxation bears very heavily upon the producing class, while land values come off much too easily in their contribution to the revenue. A "free breakfast table" and free education also might easily be got out of a fair taxation of land values based upon a new valuation.

We presume that most of our readers accepted the chairman's declaration, at the recent London, Chatham and Dover general meeting, as to the happy and "satisfied" condition of the railway's employés with the necessary pinch of salt. *Apropos* of the "satisfaction" which Mr. Forbes has witnessed comes the following letter, which appeared in the *Evening News* of 15th inst. :-

#### THE "SATISFIED" MEN ON THE L. C. AND D. RAILWAY.

SIR,—Having read an interesting letter under the above heading in your valuable paper, I, as one of Mr. Forbes's employés, send to you the following bill of fare of how my wife, three children, and myself slowly starve on 18s. per week. I hope it will prove of some interest to your numerous readers and edifying to Mr. Forbes:

	s.	d.	per week
Rent ... ..	3	6	
Bread and Flour ... ..	2	6	"
Meat (Sundays only) ... ..	1	3	"
Vegetables ... ..	1	0	"
Margarine ... ..	1	0	"
Treacle ... ..	0	4	"
Tea, Sugar, and other sundries for household ... ..	3	4	"
Insurance for wife and children ... ..	0	6	"
Club for myself ... ..	0	4	"
Clothing Club for wife and children ... ..	1	0	"
Pocket-money for self, working away from home ... ..	1	0	"
Firing, Coals, &c. ... ..	2	3	"
<b>Total ... ..</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>per week</b>

What a blessing I am a non-smoker and total abstainer!—I am, &c.,  
ROOM FOR GRUMBING.

Mr. Cunningham Graham, in the absence of Mr. Keir Hardie, delivered a lecture at the Democratic Club last week, on "Some Recent Developments of the Labour Movement." Special reference was made to the Bradford Conference and the formation of the Labour Party. Already its effect was seen in the Huddersfield and Halifax elections. Mr. Graham disclaimed any "speaking fondness" for the Tories, of which the Labour Party has been accused, because of its action against certain Liberal candidates. On the contrary, he recognised that the Liberal programme is distinctly in advance of that of the Conservatives, but "it was idle to expect collectivist legislation from men who had drunk in from their birth the doctrines and teachings of individualism."

That is the true keynote for Labour. Neither Codlin nor Short is the friend. The Labour Party has no friend except the Labour Party.

It is gratifying to record a piece of solid work as the outcome up to the present of Parliamentary talk. Mr. Logan's Bill for amending the conditions of election to Boards of Guardians is an important step towards their complete democratisation. The fact that it passed the second reading unopposed should ensure its passage through Committee without emasculation and an early result, if the workers are not supine in availing themselves of its provisions, should be the presence of a majority of workers on all Boards of Guardians. Women as well as men.

It is said by those who should know, that if the houses of London could be rebuilt upon sanitary principles the death-rate would be diminished one-half. Seeing that we cannot enter upon so drastic a reform as that, it is of the first importance that the inspection of existing sanitary arrangements from house to house should be carried out with renewed energy and thoroughness.

The report as to the sanitary condition of the parish of St. George-the-Martyr, in so far as its water supply is concerned, recently issued by Dr. Waldo, is a terribly suggestive document.

Assisted by two sanitary inspectors, Dr. Waldo has made a house-to-house visitation of premises occupied by the artisan class, with the result that in nearly all cases the cisterns were outside the house and on the roof. In some cases they were situated within three or four feet of the "free vents" of the drain pipes. These ventilators, with the foul vapours, were, in short, close enough to the cisterns to contaminate their contents to a

dangerous extent if the surface of the water were exposed, and in most of these instances that was the case, for few cisterns were protected by complete lids from this poisonous influence. The cisterns were, as a rule, in an indescribably insanitary condition. "Decaying and decayed vegetable growths" and "black mud" were commonly found in them.

The relations between masters and men in the South Wales and Newcastle coal districts are in a very strained condition. The Northumberland miners are determined to resist the contemplated reduction of 5 per cent. in wages of which the owners have given notice. It is to be hoped that some *modus vivendi* will be discovered, or we shall be plunged into another disastrous strike.

Disquieting news comes from Lancashire as to the position of the operatives in the Cotton Strike. Seeing that nothing short of starvation can break down the determined front of the men, the Masters' Federation has brought every pressure to bear upon the Bolton mill-owners to induce them to run "short time," and thus cut off the supplies which Bolton has furnished with such self-denying generosity (upwards of £1,400 per week).

If, borne down by the irresistible force of hunger, they have to surrender at last, let the wives and workers of Lancashire remember that there is such a thing in war as marching out of a beleaguered city with drums beating, and colours flying, in a defeat more glorious than any victory. The lock-out was forced upon them, and we Lancashire lads and lassies have fought nobly and long, and have helped to hasten the day when Labour shall have the power to prevent these appeals to brute force.

The half-yearly report of Messrs. Brunner, Mond, and Co.'s Chemical Works, at Northwich, is a very interesting document, and, taken in conjunction with the terrible conditions under which the chemical workers earn their bread, may be regarded as illustrating the measure of capitalistic regard for the welfare of its profit-making tools. The balance to the credit of the company for the half-year ending December 31st, 1892, reaches the modest figure of £267,093. The dividend on the ordinary shares is fixed at 50 per cent., or £152,000, and £173,255 is carried forward. But is it not the fact that a few years ago the *nominal* capital was doubled? And, if so, is not the declared dividend 100 per cent.? And if £173,255 is to be "carried forward," does that not show a dividend of 200 per cent.? If so, we can quite understand the determination of the directors to further increase the nominal capital of the concern to £2,000,000, as it will be necessary to hide the enormous profit by some means.

### TRADES UNIONISM AND CO-OPERATION.

At last the long looked for reconciliation between the interests of co-operatives and trades unionists seems likely to assume definite shape. Negotiations are now being entered into between representatives of both parties; and after all if there is any reality of the claims of either the interests of one must necessarily be the interests of the other also. Invitations to conferences have been sent time after time from the great co-operative bodies, but hitherto the unionists have had their hands too full of what they have, perhaps mistakenly, regarded as more important matters to consider the question of amalgamation. The gigantic capital which the larger trade unions have in recent years had at their command has been sufficient to have experimented in a hundred directions, and yet until now the old traditions of fighting the masters have bandaged the eyes and fettered the hands of practical men, who might have solved some of the problems of modern industrial life.

The reserved funds of many trades unions are wasted, unless a labour war in the shape of a strike or lock-out occurs, but it is time the workers began to see that this is by no means an ideal end and reward of all their pains.

Something better could surely be done with a fund whose collection reflects such credit to the solidarity of the trades. Co-operation seems the natural granary in which the workers in each trade might accumulate their sheaves against the day when the wage-harvest is scarce. Co-operative production efficiently financed and managed by those who have technical and practical knowledge of their trade cannot fail to succeed. A trades union has the command of the flower of labour; its selection of workers in the interests of the whole body of the union would be perfect. Long experience would enable the promoters to lay their hands on the best market for obtaining raw material; personal supervision and unity of aim would guarantee reliable workmanship; these in their turn must inevitably act and react within the circle of demand, and the result must be immediately and ultimately satisfactory. The mere fact that in at least one manufactory in each trade good workmanship and an absence of wage-slavery existed would be of incalculable

benefit and influence throughout the State. As soon as one such factory succeeded its extension or duplication should follow. It is predicting very little more than can safely be calculated to say that before many years the influences of these initial experiments would bring us appreciably nearer an organised social state. Philanthropy, Science, Justice, and Art alike suggest this method of procedure. Organised industry in the interests of the workers alone can save us from the evils of competition, of which we see such awful pictures every day in our great cities, and if the trades unions cannot help us it is scarcely possible to encourage the hope of successful State intervention. GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

## WHY WOMEN ARE WOMEN.

By MRS. A. PHILLIPS.

PART II.—(Concluded.)

EVERE, we are further told, was evolved from Adam in his sleep, from one of his ribs; which is a figure of speech to express a fact difficult to convey, as the world is at present ordered, since it represents what is never seen—the union of counterparts—woman and man are counterparts of each other—that intimate union of the soul of man and woman, which all are vaguely conscious of having once possessed, by the sense of yearning to regain it; the secret spring of all poetry; the source of all inspiration; lost through the fall of man and woman by their yielding to the serpent song of sense before they were spiritually ripened; thus prematurely ultimating the marriage it was designed by the Creator should first be celebrated on the higher plane of the spirit.

But woman's redemption is at hand. She is already beginning to recognise her true place in creation, made clear by the revelation—unconsciously even to herself—of the hitherto hidden fact that in God exists the Divine Woman, One with the everlasting Father, both equal. In the golden age of the world this was known, and then men walked and talked with God, we are told.

It is interesting to learn from those who have studied the subject how the bi-unity of God and man runs through all the ancient "sruti" or "word" of Scripture of antiquity. The Vedic Aum, for instance, which corresponds, we are told to our formula: "To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit," is also emblematic of the Divine Father-Mother, Mother-Father. Now, if everything is dual or married, it is equally true that from the two must proceed a third. It is interesting to note this effect in music; if you strike the common chord of the tonic and dominant, the third is natural and inevitable.

The principle of Motherhood, or worship of the Divine Feminine, has been preserved in the Christian religion by the Church of Rome, which owes no little of its fascination and influence over the minds of men and women from the fact that it supplies its needed feminine element, lacking in our cold sexless, therefore motherless, Protestantism. But the Church of Rome is not sufficiently antecedent. It represents the feminine element as being the Mother of God instead of the Mother in God—the ever present, ever-existent fact, co-equal and co-eternal, one-twin, the eternal Mother-Father, Father-Mother. Still, who shall say that the Church of Rome does not owe her power in the past and her vitality in the present to this one thing; that she recognised the Eternal Feminine principle in creation, and its representative in woman as an object of worship; and that in raising aloft the standard of the Holy Virgin Mother, she has preserved, even on a wrong basis, this essential element of eternal truth?

Another significant symbol of the Two-in-One is the Cross. It is synonymous in its meaning with the Sanscrit "Yama" which, we are told, signifies the dual form of male and female, Two-in-One. We are indebted to the author of a book entitled *Upas Sastra* for our information on this point, which treats of the ancient "Sruti" or Scriptures of the East. The cross is made from a tree, "Danda" (Sanskrit) the "tree" is "Yama," the "judge." In analysing the expression *crucial test*, it will be found to mean literally judgment by means of a cross. Judge is the sanerit *yuj*, to conform, to unite; "Yama" means also the same thing. Judgment, literally at-one-ment is the act of bringing anything to a test or standard. Hence, running through the ancient Scriptures of the East, we are told the cross or Yama—i.e., "crucial test"—is found, which every soul must undergo who would aspire to a higher sphere of purity and truth. There are many forms of the word cross interesting to note. Cross is curse, crash, crease, cross-t, church, crust, and Christ, which means cross-d, or curs-d, in that He hangs on a tree? All these words, as to their mythic essence, are pervaded by the same radical idea—the perfect marriage union of the male and female.

[Will some of our intelligent and interested readers take up this subject? It wants much discussion. Many theories are advanced to explain why women are, and have been, such sufferers. All approach the truth; all help to clear away the mists of prejudice and ignorance, but have any yet reached the truth and given an ex-

planation quite satisfactory? There are many women who will say from deep hearts of long sorrow and endurance. "If the future can offer to us only wifehood and motherhood, then, indeed, would our desire for a further existence cease? If the pattern in the heavens is but that of wife and mother, is it to be desired by us to whom such has been but degradation and suffering?" Those who would teach to eager expectant woman a new Gospel, must speak so that they cannot be misunderstood. SHAFTS publishes all opinions, so that all may be considered and discussed. A very good plan, it seems to many, would be to make the word God a plural noun, so that instead of saying He fulfils Himself, we should say They fulfil Themselves. God as a single Being Masculine, people are beginning more and more to see is an error. If the Deity exist, the Deity is plural. This mode of expression would hurt no truth, and would cause greater advance to truth, inasmuch as the nearer we are to truth in our expressions the sooner will truth be revealed.—Ed.]

### HEREDITY VERSUS THEOSOPHY.

HEREDITY properly understood solves many of the mysteries of humanity; it works with facts for its basis, and has reality for its result; while Theosophy, based on fancy, melts away "as the baseless fabric of a vision." It is impossible to logically reconcile Heredity with Theosophy. Each individual's personality is the outcome of many progenitors, and the disposition and mental powers are as distinctly inherited as the features of the face; therefore, unless exactly the same set of ancestors with identical environments were produced over again, it would be an impossibility for the same individual to be born more than once upon this earth; the absurdity of supposing that new bodies and new mental organs are to be tenanted by ancient spirits appears so groundless from a common sense point of view as to scarcely need refutation. The solitary argument in support of it is that most people have at times a shadowy memory of having previously seen places which they are visiting for the first time; but this will upon analysis be found to arise from either having seen previously some place or picture closely resembling the new scene, or from having heard a good description of it, or from having formed a mental picture of the place before seeing it. The latter is of very common occurrence to all imaginative people. And last, but not least, is the unconscious imagination of dreams which produces upon our minds scenes which are quite new to us, but which when long forgotten we may come across in reality, and then the impression is naturally produced upon us that the scene is not new.

From an utilitarian point of view the futility of the same Spirit being re-incarnated is manifest, for when nothing whatever of its previous experiences remain it might as well never have existed at all. It is by memory that we retain knowledge, and by experience that we learn to utilise it. Of what use then would it be to acquire knowledge and gain experience during one life if all memory of it is annihilated in a succeeding stage of existence? From a practical view of the theory the scheme is an unsound one, and if regarded from a sentimental standpoint it is even still more unsatisfactory. Hope of immortality is so linked with the affections, that if the latter be killed, the former loses all charm. Christianity in its most beneficent form gives assurance of a personal immortality in another and a better world, where there "shall be no more parting." Theosophy in exchange for this hope only offers us the highly-undesirable and spurious form of immortality consequent on passing through numerous lives on this earth, with all our affections ruthlessly destroyed; such a hypothesis is not only painful to contemplate from a personal point of view, but it doubles the sting of death when those whom we love pass into "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." It would be terrible to believe that they would revisit this world in another body, perhaps to undergo a life of misery, and that we who were nearest and dearest to them should be totally forgotten. Still more harrowing would be the fear that the soul might enter the form of an animal, for there is no more ground in believing in re-incarnation than in transmigration. Before a scheme so irrational and so repugnant to our feelings could be credited, the strongest proofs of its existence should be demonstrated, whereas the absence of proof and the presence of dogmatic assertion are the characteristics of Theosophy.

Heredity makes no claims upon our credulity, it can be proved by the history of the human race, and can be verified by personal observation; and every individual is a living example of its truth. The chief hope of improvement of humanity lies in the gradual stamping out of hereditary vices, and in the more careful training and selection of the future progenitors of our race.

JAON.

[We give to all an opportunity to express opinion and to reply. We trust our readers will freely discuss under the conditions given in No. 1.]

## REVIEWS.

"THE HEAVENLY TWINS." By SARA GRAND, author of "Ideals," &c., &c. (London: William Heinemann, 1893.)

"Once in a lifetime is uttered a word  
That is not forgotten as soon as 'tis heard"?

These words and deeds so rare, so full of living energy, gather, gather like stars in the firmament of time as the ages roll along, and make the lights and the worlds of future generations. This book will take its place among that deathless company; it will accomplish the work for which it has been sent forth; those who read it have themselves to blame if they do not become wiser and gladder.

It is a book with a purpose, and a most decided purpose, but so skilfully has the clever author brought her art to bear upon each chapter, incident, and individual character combining to make up the wondrous whole, that readers are under the pleasing delusion that they make their own deductions. So numerous are the revelations that come to us, the lessons to be drawn, in-flowing and outflowing to and from the other, that as we read we are amazed, and ask ourselves, Has the writer indeed intended all this, or has she imparted to each character and incident some of her own marvellous creative force, so that thoughts and deductions flow from all continuously, with immortal power.

The personalities are not pictures, they are living creatures created by one who has learnt life's lesson; and in their turn they create within us thoughts that breathe and burn, thoughts that grow, stretching forth as they take into themselves the nourishment here supplied. It is an inexpressible joy to a woman, to know that a woman's pen has done this deed of grace, has given to society a work which even the most prudish may read and be greatly exalted. The refined purity of the mind and heart which has guided the fearless pen, is seen plainly by eyes that desire to see, in every word which is written; even in the most painful portions of this human tale, of human life as it is lived, under conditions infinitely lower than its possibilities.

The poem is in itself a life sermon, and a life sermon so vividly given and so full of interest that the lesson, here and throughout are like a refreshing draught, imbibed almost unconsciously by the soul that, in spite of itself, thirsts for it ere the book is closed. What it is to the souls who have already been drinking deep, and are still athirst such souls will understand well. How strengthening also and inspiring to those of us who have long endured evils, we have been too cowardly to resist; or too apathetic to think of the harm thus perpetuated—to hear through the pages the sharp crack! like a rifle shot, of the lash of a noble-hearted woman's righteous wrath, coming down upon the soul-killing vices which society cherishes under the name of virtues, or at least, necessary conditions. The reader is first introduced to the fine old cathedral and its chimes—

"He watch—ing o—ver Is—ra—el slumbers not nor sleeps."

This chime runs through the tale, touching every life, speaking its teaching to every ear capable of understanding; with no false sentiment, nothing of the goody-goody nature, but, strong, clear, and true, it mingles with and is a part of the lives of the interesting individuals whose life story is here drawn, and who are all more or less strong, well portrayed, and with marked characteristics. In the poem we are told what indeed all who think know well, but what comes home to us with the greater force, perhaps, on that account, that "In these latter days, however, it began to appear as if the supremacy of the great masculine idea of God was at last being seriously threatened. . . . A new voice of extraordinary sweetness had already been heard, not his, the voice of man; but theirs, the collective voice of humanity, which declared that 'He watching' was the all pervading good, the great moral law, the spirit of pure love, Elohim, mistranslated in the Book of Genesis as 'He' only, but signifying the Union to which all nature testifies, the female and male principles which together created the Universe, 'the infinite Mother Father—Father Mother,' without whom in perfect accord and exact equality, the best government of nations has always been crippled and abortive."

The great interest of this fascinating tale culminates in and centres round "The Heavenly Twins" themselves, who are a unique and incomparable creation. They are charming, natural, clever, original, the reader never tires of them. They are named Angelica and Theodore. The latter name had soon to be changed to Diavolo, but Angelica, we are told, "was allowed to remain, the irony being obvious enough." Having read all the writer gives us of them—and the end of the book comes too soon—we incline to the correctness of the name, the HEAVENLY TWINS. The hardest thing in laying down the book is parting with the TWINS, who have won their way into the very core of our hearts. Among the other characters that absolutely live before us, those which please us most are Ideals, of whom we see so little, but that little amazingly suggestive, Mrs. Orton Beg, Lady Adeline, Evadne, and Dr. Galbraith, also Mr. Ellis, the tutor. We must not reveal the plot and conclusion, or the pen might run on for long, so pleasing is the task. But we cannot stop without directing the reader's careful, serious attention to the episode entitled "The Tenor and the Boy." It is one of the cleverest satires we have ever read, inasmuch as a fresh satire seems to unveil itself every time the pages are read, and it shows up so many of the blind, utterly false and ruinous ideas, entertained by that monster of dragon-like virtue yecept Society. We would direct special notice also to Diavolo's opinion so tersely expressed, of a classical education and the far reaching evil produced. He expresses it to his grandfather, the Duke of Morning quest, somewhat astonishing that—what shall we call him? We would advise everyone who reads *The Heavenly Twins*, to wait for a day or two, then take up the book and read it carefully over again, not missing a line. It has in it a purpose most wise, and true and its purpose will be accomplished. A great temptation assails us to give some quotations from the remarks of the Twins, which are full of a flavour pungent, strong, and true, also some of the words and sentences with which the book abounds; but it is best to leave each reader to do that for herself or himself, and to do it

effectually, for the wisdom is worthy of being stored up in the memory for life use. When we add to this that it is one of the most interesting tales which have yet appeared we have given some faint idea of what the book is, and of what we trust it will convey to the minds of all its readers.

"NOVEL DISHES FOR VEGETARIAN HOUSEHOLDS." By MARY POPE. (Percy Lund and Co.).—The difficulty experienced in the preparation of vegetarian dishes which are tasty and tempting is so great, that it has been a serious question to many who are inclined, for many reasons, to adopt this plan of excluding all animal food from their daily diet. A book, therefore, of this nature ought at once to be in great demand, as it exactly meets the want everywhere felt. The author in her preface says her book "will serve no unimportant end if it acts as an indicator of the immense resources which the vegetable kingdom offers as food for man. When we remember that out of one hundred and ten thousand species of flowering plants we do not utilise more than one per cent. for food, sufficient has been said to show that vegetarian cookery is in its infancy, and an enormous amount of wholesome food stuff is being allowed to waste." Lady Paget writes from the British Embassy at Vienna to Miss Pope to say that she has found the dishes she has tried from the receipts in this book "quite exquisite, so, much so that even meat-eaters prefer them to their usual fare." Considering the amount of cruelty that might be saved if we were all vegetarians it is surely worth trying by each one of us. Some of the preparations of chestnuts, potatoes, mushrooms, and beans are especially good and nourishing.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

THE second half of the Crystal Palace Concerts was resumed on the 18th. Mr. Manns was very warmly received, great sympathy being felt for his recent severe loss. Sterndale Bennett's beautiful overture, "The Naiads," opened the concert, and was played with exquisite delicacy. Master Otto Hegner (who has grown quite tall) played Beethoven's Fourth Concerto in a thoughtful and refined manner; for solos he chose Chopin's G Minor Ballade, his interpretation of which was not commendable, and a common-place waltz of Strauss and Tausig, for which he was recalled. The symphony, Beethoven's grand C Minor, was played with precision and spirit; the Finale with almost electrical energy. Madame Duma displayed a powerful though harsh voice in "Salve d'amor" (Tannhäuser) and three little songs, by Edward Lassen; the words were by Heine, and the English translations in the programme book were execrable. Two excerpts from a Carnival-Suite, by Nicodé, were introduced at the end of the programme; they are charming trifles, very melodious, and full of refined humour.

At the Popular Concert (18th) Mozart's quartet in C was played. Mr. Leonard Borwick gave a good rendering of Bach's Suite Anglaise in A minor, No. 2. Herr Joachim played pieces by Schumann, Gade, and Schubert, and Miss Fillinger's vocal contributions were justly appreciated.

At the Albert Hall, on Ash Wednesday, a noble rendering was given of Gounod's "Redemption," the choir singing in a devotional and reverent manner. Miss Esther Palliser sang the beautiful "From thy Love as a Father" with such expression that an encore was insisted on. Mr. McKay as a Narrator was admirable. All the principals, indeed, deserve great praise for their work.

Miss Bettina Walker, the author of *My Musical Experiences*, has just passed away. From a child she showed great musical ability, which was carefully cultivated. She was a most excellent teacher as well as *littérateur*.

Miss Anna Hegner (sister to Otto Hegner) made her *début* before a London audience last week. Although only eleven years old, she played pieces by Corelli, Handel, Beethoven, Vieuxtemps, Paganini and De Bériot. Her tone was thin, and the technical difficulties at times seemed beyond her strength, but on the whole she gave evidence of becoming a clever musician. The accompaniments were played by her brother, who seemed delighted at his little sister's success.

## ON INFANT PRODIGES.

Readers of the above notes will have observed the announcement that a child of five years old is to play this week in London some of the most difficult music ever written for that most difficult of all instruments—the violin. Surely here is a case for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. However naturally musical a child may be, it is cruelty to force his powers into premature development, and as such, every humane man or woman should resolutely set their face against the practice of training prodigies. The musical activity which prevails in these days unfortunately encourages it.

Half the English world, at least, is music mad. Mushroom schools and conservatoires spring up every day, amateurs force themselves into professional appointments, and every season some poor child is brought

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

## THE SEXLESS CHIMERA.

DEAR MADAM,—May I comment briefly on "Observer's" letter in your current number? She appears to go astray upon a physiological misconception; she thinks that because man has only the bodily conformation which belongs to paternity, therefore woman has that only which belongs to maternity. But this is an error. Woman possesses potentially—and who can say to what undreamed of extent she may hereafter develop?—the masculine powers in addition to her own. Those who doubt this can satisfy their minds in anatomical museums like the one at Munich.

Coming to the spiritual side, I say nothing about nineteenth-century "theosophy." But the ancient Hidden Wisdom, as I read it, regards woman as she does of the Supreme Being, because she does not differ from, but includes, the masculine hypostasis or sex. When Christ told his disciples that the inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven should be as the angels, He did not say, and as possessing the Hidden Wisdom, He could not have meant that the angels were sexless neuters. The inclusion of manhood in womanhood, the spiritual recall of man into woman, who put him forth for temporal purposes with a view to redeem him, is the all-sufficient explanation of all these dark mysteries. The "divine feminine" is not, as "Observer" supposes, an intermediate stage; it is the very Alpha and Omega, the cause and effect of the universe.

Yours faithfully,  
HENRY R. S. DALTON.

## THE HORSE PROTECTION LEAGUE.

DEAR MADAM,—I am very glad you are taking up the case for the poor horses. I think mothers and friends of children might do much to stamp out cruelty, if in buying presents for the boys they would cease to buy whips; and when they buy toy horses would teach the lads all about the noble animal who so diligently serves the nobler animal—Man. "The Band of Mercy," both as an association and as a children's magazine, might also be better supported by parents, and by ladies interested in School Board work. Kindness to animals should be taught not only in every home, but in every school. The teaching will eventuate in greater kindness as between children and as between men and women. I am shocked and grieved every day at the gross cruelty which characterises the average man and boy. There are but faint traces of the Christ where such inhumanity is common. But what can we expect when the example set to the lower grades of society by the higher ranks is so brutal? Lords and ladies have much to answer for in the way of evil example—the ladies with their feathers and furs riding to hounds, and at other times urging coachmen and cabmen to the utmost speed; the lords shooting tame pheasants and "backing" race horses. In the London evening *Star* for Friday, February 17th, there is a splendid but touching appeal for better treatment for horses, and for better stabling, ventilation, &c. No one loved horses better, or had more to do with them, than my father; but he never used whip or spur, and it was a real pleasure to ride with him. I utterly hate cruelty, because, when it is not thoughtlessness, it is meanness. May you have every success in your humane crusade. The Bishop of Bath and Wells, and his daughter, Miss Hervey (the secretary of the Wells branch of the S.P.C.A.) are great humanitarians, and much interested in the question. Also Miss Ansell and the Misses Impey, of Street. In the village of Street Miss Ansell is building a public drinking fountain at her own cost. This will be a boon to horses, &c.

Yours faithfully,  
R. HARTY DUNN.

## HORSE PROTECTION LEAGUE AND ANTI-CRUELTY SOCIETY.

DEAR MADAM,—I have read with much pleasure the letters in *SHAFTS* on the above-named subject, feeling ever a great interest in the kindly treatment of all dumb animals and their protection from cruelty; and particularly those most useful noble creatures, horses, donkeys, and dogs, which I was taught from earliest years always to exercise kind consideration and humanity towards by my good and respected father, who, as an old army surgeon, owned two beautiful horses and a faithful affectionate dog, which was found beside his dead master on the field of Waterloo, after the battle, a remarkable instance of canine attachment and fidelity. I am sure nothing would have caused greater indignation or insult to my father than for anyone to have ill-treated or injured his "dumb friends" as he used to call them. I desire to say that I shall feel most happy to do all in my power by helping to establish a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I beg to suggest that it especially includes in its operations the protection of animals from vile *miscection*, also the protection of women and children. The said society to extend to all the chief towns and cities in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Your society should be carried out as I have stated, and as far as possible throughout England. If this is done there cannot be the slightest doubt that thousands of good men and true noble-hearted women will be found to join and aid in carrying into effect every where the desired intention.

We know that a great amount of horrible cruelty is frequently practised in a variety of forms in this and other countries, which could and must be put a stop to by the adoption of legal measures of restraint, and which must be done before the English or any other people are really entitled to be considered as Christian or civilised nations. Heathens or savage barbarians could not be found guilty of worse or more infamous acts of cruelty than are constantly being brought to light and witnessed in this land. It has been asked and argued, "Has Christianity failed?" No, and never will most assuredly, while the world endures. It is the want of it by those who profess the most and frequently manifest the least consideration for either man or beast. That there

forward, bolstered up and exhibited as an infant Mozart. And how their ages have decreased! At last it has come to only five years old! The greatest authorities have agreed that seven is quite early enough for education (as we generally understand the word) to begin. If people could only know what these poor little martyrs to fashion suffer! surely their performances in future would be to absolutely empty benches.

I remember some years ago a professor telling me about a little violinist who was playing at a New York concert hall; every evening this baby of six years old was lifted on to the platform to play to an enthusiastic audience, which constantly demanded repetitions. Then he was put into the director's seat and conducted the band for two or three pieces. One night he did not appear, the next morning my friend heard that the child was dead. He had been put to bed, and one of the actors passing by the door heard the boy speaking and crying to himself; he stopped to listen, and the last he heard was this agonised prayer "from the lips of a baby," "O God! make room in Heaven for another little child." Before another hour he was out of misery. But, oh, what a fearful thing for the mothers of these children to think of!

Who is there that does not condemn Leopold Mozart for the forcing process to which he subjected his son, the result of which was without doubt his early death. And Mozart himself tells us that the thought of death was ever present with him.

Without doubt, children who exhibit signs of such precocity should rather be held back than forced. Even genius itself is a natural phenomenon, governed by natural laws. Those who survive the process of forcing rarely display exceptional abilities in later life.

All who seriously reflect on the subject must feel pity for the victims of a senseless craze (are there not enough performers yet?) and indignation against all who inflict such pain upon them. The remedy is clear. If the concerts were not well attended they would not be given; then let all (at least) who read this journal resolve never to attend a performance at which an infant prodigy is one of the attractions.

VIRGINIE LINDERS.

## THEATRICAL.

IN the production of "Becket" at the Lyceum Mr. Irving has once more presented to the public a dramatic transcript of an important period in our country's history. "Becket," it has been said, does not compare with "Queen Mary" either in ripeness of diction or tragical effect. But it is a play replete in literary merit, and the excisions and incisions (a few of which are noticeable) have not marred its beauty or detracted one whit from its pathos. Evidently the time and labour which Mr. Irving has spent in considering the drama have been most successfully employed, for in no case is there a single superfluous syllable or sentence. The whole is a perfect stage drama, and as such is one of the most picturesque that Mr. Irving has yet presented to us.

The romance of "Rosamund Clifford and Woodstock Bower" is gracefully interwoven with the tragedy. Miss Terry, in her representation, is the embodiment of the hapless Rosamund. Tender and womanly in all her actions, she more resembles some fairy creature from another planet, as she flits across the stage to the trysting-place—a mound covered with wild flowers and approached by a ruined path—than a human being. Her joy at meeting Henry is undisguised, but only for a short period does it last. Soon Rosamund's thoughts are disturbed by the communication of the gossiping Marjery and Henry's fealty to herself is for the first time doubted. At this juncture, resting in a contemplative attitude, her arms on an old sun dial, Rosamund murmurs plaintively, "Rainbow, stay," while the curtain descends.

The next most striking scene after her encounter with Eleanor in which Rosamund figures is Canterbury Cathedral, where, after vainly praying at the altar of St. Benedict, she is obliged to witness the murder of the Archbishop. The scene here is almost beyond portrayal. The beauty and dignity of the idea attached to *The Cathedral* in those far-off days is fully maintained. At this point, too, occurs the tragic force of the play. There is something supremely sublime and touching in Becket's fearless attitude in the face of impending death, and is in striking contrast to the behaviour of the terror-stricken monks. Lightning flashes dimly illuminate the aisles after the completion of the horrible deed, and reveal Miss Terry looking piteously down upon the murdered form of her protector. Thus the drama closes—a most tragic climax to a thrilling event in England's history.

Miss Genevieve Ward faithfully portrayed the vindictive Eleanor, and Mr. Terris King Henry. Mr. Irving exceeded all his representations of great characters in his impersonation of Becket.

M. M. A.

IN observing nations I have always taken more interest in the "million," who differ in every country, than in the "upper ten," who are alike all over the world.—MAX O'RELL.

is a "good time coming" we cannot doubt, though we may have to wait some while longer. If men and women will only be true to themselves, unflinching in their conduct, staunch and fearless in the advocacy of the cause of truth and justice, humanity and Christianity, reformation and the entire abolition of all cruelty and other abuses and iniquity must take place as the never-failing glorious sunlight succeeds to the dismal gloom of nightly darkness. Wishing you every success,

Faithfully yours,  
R. L. SPRAGUE.

## CHOOSING BOOKS.

DEAR MADAM,—Though I cannot hope to add anything of importance to the comprehensive remarks from the editorial pen in reference to the letter of your correspondent "John Blunt," will you allow me, as one of the general public and an English mother, most heartily to endorse the vote of thanks accorded him for dealing so plainly and straightforwardly with a question which, being of the most vital importance to the future of the nation, is yet tacitly ignored, or if mooted by someone more daring than his fellows, is "shelved" with all possible speed?

Your correspondent goes, I think, to the root of the matter when he says that complete ignorance would be preferable to imperfect knowledge which, when accompanied by the sickly sentimentality too often engendered by the class of literature considered fit reading for the "young person," renders so many girls peculiarly susceptible to temptations of the senses. Many modern novels, while presumably containing not one word which could offend the ear of the greatest purist, yet contrive to inflame the imagination of the young by that "delicately suggestive" style noted by your correspondent; whereas, if they dealt with their subject after the manner of Zola, and presented vice in all its hideous deformity, the pure-minded of either sex, instead of being insensibly allured by it, would recoil in shuddering horror at the first approach of the tempter.

But, madam, as you justly point out, complete ignorance is neither possible nor desirable in these days; therefore the only real safeguard for our girls and boys is complete knowledge. As evidenced in a former letter, I am entirely in accord with "John Blunt" as to the source from which this knowledge should be derived.

When mothers are more generally awakened to a sense of their duty in this respect, we shall no longer find women deeming it inexpedient to inquire concerning the past lives of their prospective husbands, for, meeting them on the vantage ground of equal knowledge, girls will so respect their womanhood as to be incapable of degrading themselves by union with those who are morally their inferiors.

And here I beg to submit that the whole question of the emancipation of women hangs on this one point. Never, until the relation of the sexes is properly adjusted, and woman demands in her husband purity as absolute as that which he requires in her, will women gain true freedom. They may succeed in being elected to serve on County Councils, they may obtain the suffrage and other things for which they crave; but so long as, in the marital relation, women are in the position of accepting less than they give, so long will these things be practically of little avail. When this great fundamental wrong is righted, these advantages and many more will, if necessary, follow as a matter of course.

Women have too long endured their disabilities in silence, and now that some are daring to speak out, it is at the risk of being regarded as the "shrieking sisterhood," raving needlessly on subjects not properly within their province. But when thoughtful, clear-sighted, noble-minded men begin to appear in the ranks of advanced thinkers of our own sex, and, with the far-reaching voice of masculine authority, to second our efforts to solve some of the most difficult problems of our time, there is some hope that society may eventually be redeemed from that state of rottenness to which an effete civilisation has reduced it.

Apologising for the length of this letter, I beg this time to subscribe myself

Yours obediently,  
TOTUS CONSENTIO.

[This letter has in it strength, purity, goodness, and sterling sense; it comes to the point at once. The "far-reaching masculine authority" here referred to will soon stand side by side with an equally far-reaching feminine authority, if such letters as these are acted upon. Then the world will begin to move in the right path.—Ed.]

DEAR MADAM,—As a member of a large English middle-class family my experience has been that the indifference parents have shown in regard to their children's choice of books has created and encouraged in them an attitude of secrecy and deceit.

We are allowed to read the "harmless" *ad libitum*, but when books are thrust into our way, as they will be, however much parents may try and shield us, the burning desire in us to know compels us to read them. Knowing our parents will disapprove, and feeling the utter unreasonableness of their disapproval, we read in secret, and do not tell them; then they wonder how it is we grow not to be open with them. Can they wonder when they have not been open with us? when upon a hundred things all important to our mental, moral, and physical well-being they have placed a delicate finger of silence, and made nature a mystery to us.

If they want to guide us in paths of virtue, morality, and truth, let them teach us themselves the corresponding evils and how we may encounter them. They do not warn us of the evils in literature and in life, and we go forth to meet them unprepared, while mothers and fathers delude themselves that we do not know, and that we are innocent because we are ignorant.

In these days the young are not ignorant; let parents hear it and ask themselves where they get their knowledge, and how they get it. They had far better teach us themselves than leave us to learn in the haunts and out of the literature that we do; whereas, alas! this strangely false reticence on their part upon all the important facts of life relating to our common and individual humanity, is fatal to our truth towards them and from early years compels us to live in secret.

Most children are not naturally sly and deceptive, they like to ask questions and talk about everything they see and hear, and surely the safest and best place for them to ask questions is in their own homes, and it is there they should be allowed to give vent to all the thoughts that will grow in them, and be taught the meaning of passions and emotions that develop more or less in all of us.

But children are driven into morbid secrecy; read books alone that injure their finer sensibilities, and they would have had no fancy for them had they not in mysterious tones been told they were not the kind of books for them, and, at the same time, never been given a counterbalancing influence.

Let parents be wiser, for they are responsible for the artifices practised upon them by their children, who would never willingly have deceived them.

FANE-WILLIS.

DEAR MADAM,—I very much admire John Blunt's letter on "Choosing Books." Personally I suffered agonies for years while "wondering," and only just missed wrecking my life through my intense loathing of evil. I had to puzzle everything out for myself; all that was told, was told me by a governess who mocked at virtue! I, a young lady, supposed to be protected and cherished with a perfectly good but absolutely ignorant mother. Both my brothers' lives were wrecked.

Yours, X. N.

## SEX-ATTRIBUTES.

DEAR MADAM,—May I refer to a few comments on my letter made by a correspondent in your last issue? "Observer" remarks that the degradation of women is a strange position for the "higher sex." I do not think that I used the word "degradation" myself, and should hesitate to do so, as it involves some confusion. But, morally speaking, it is surely the person who strikes, not the person struck, who is degraded; and in a very true sense it may be said that though a large number of women are by cruelty and injustice placed in a position of degradation, it by no means follows that they are as "degraded" as those men who, out of mere bestiality, have dragged them down. In fact, the remarks of "Observer" on this subject form a curious commentary on her (or his?) own phrase as to the domination of the "external," and show a singular lack of spiritual perception. "Observer" would hardly, I imagine, like to set up the proposition that because a robber succeeds in knocking down, and rifling the pockets of some wayfarer, that therefore the victim has been placed in the wrong, and degraded! Yet this is precisely a parallel case. We have, in fact, allowed things to be called by the wrong names, but I venture to think that the time is not far distant when we shall refuse to use the term "prostitute" to signify anything but what it really is—a male.

That the whole universe has suffered from the male glamour which is overhanging the world, no one, I think, will deny; and it is because there is at the present time a rapidly-increasing spiritual sensitiveness, especially among women, that this great Lie of the Universe is being dethroned. This result will be for the good of all alike; for one thing is certain, that the masculine sex has no power or possibility of further advance or development, except through the higher influence of women. It is because man has tried (through ignorance only) to draw woman down instead of seeking to learn from her, that his spiritual vision has become dimmed, so that, at the present time, it is woman who has in nearly all cases the more highly developed spiritual powers. It seems to me that on the sex question Theosophists often obscure from themselves the simple meaning of things by over-elaboration. The adoption of some shibboleth or form of belief about sex may be very attractive to certain minds, but has nothing whatever to do with moral growth and development. This can only come about for men, as it evidently is coming, by means of a new sex-era.

With regard to "Observer's" remarks on the "higher selfhood," may I say that, when not fostered by self-delusion or morbid egotism, it is no doubt a real thing; but if it is confused with any feeling of danger or dangerous influence of sex, there is a weakness and error lurking somewhere. Nothing, I believe, more completely alienates women from sex-teaching such as this than the attempt to convey, as this writer apparently does, that the physical attributes of womanhood are necessarily a source of weakness and suffering. They are the exact contrary; in them lie the supreme strength and power of women; that they have ever seemed otherwise is one of the results of false conditions.

I am sure, however, that women will heartily welcome any practical workers for their cause from among Theosophists. It has seemed to us sometimes that both Theosophists and our Socialist friends, though eager to demonstrate, each in their own way, that their particular system was the one to suit us, have somehow generally failed to help us to take the next step towards getting what we want. I may perhaps be allowed to suggest to Theosophists that the world can hardly arrive at a state of "sexlessness" so long as sex distinctions of every kind are rampant.

In conclusion I would urge women not to be led away by vague and misleading theories from that path of unflinching self-guidance which is the only true one, and apart from which the whole woman movement would lapse into confusion and error. It is the inner voice of each one of us that has led, and will lead, us on, and to turn aside from the great issues before us to a mere trifling with intellectualities would only delay the dawn of that glad day the knowledge of which is already filling our hearts with joy.

H—

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